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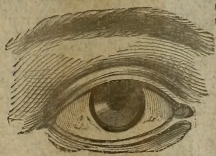

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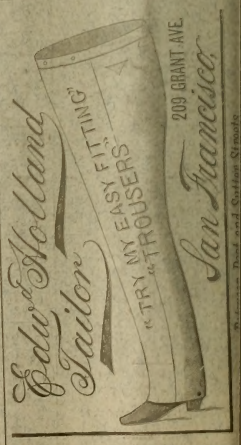

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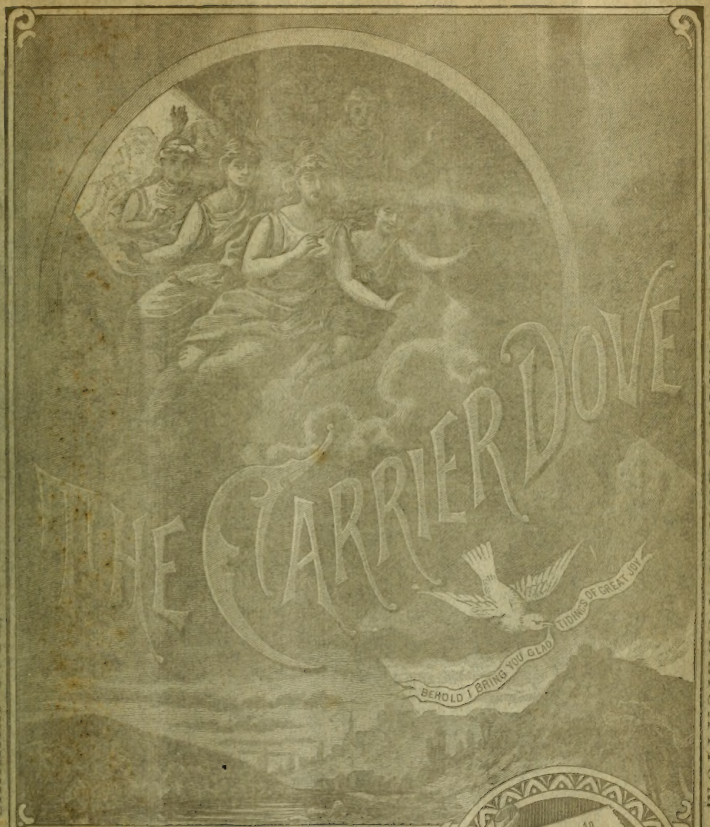

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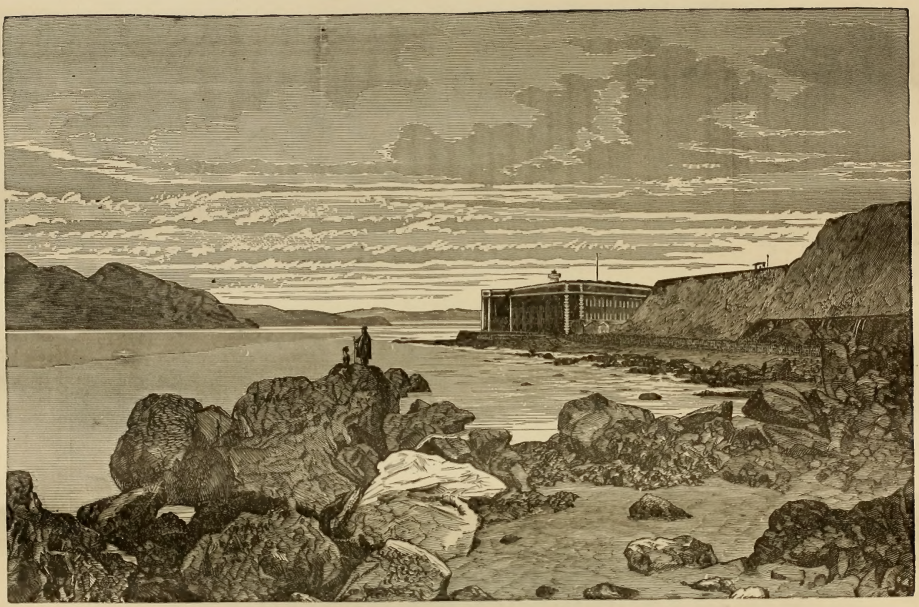

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Original Contributions.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S DECISION

His Wonderful Skill in Toe joint Spiritualism.

BY CAMERON KNIGHT.

. . . "My delicate Ariels reside in the second toe of each foot. The method of evocation is simplicity itself. I have merely to bend the toe and then straighten it suddenly. The result is a sharp tap on the sole of my shoe, which by practice may be repeated very rapidly and rendered forte or piano at pleasure. To produce the best effect it is advisable to leave thin socks and a roomy hard-soled boot, moreover, it is well to pack out a thin place in the carpet, so as to profit by the resonance of the floor. The upper leather of the boot should be kid rather than patent as a bright surface may betray a slight movement. By skillful modification of the force of the blows, and conversational misdirection of people's attention, the ordinary intelligent and well-educated member of society may be made to believe anything as to the direction of the sounds. So long as no one is allowed to touch the foot of the operator detection is impossible." . . . PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

A condemnatory decision, in the form of a solemn letter regarding Spiritualism, is now on its way around the globe. Some of the American newspapers consider it to be of great consequence, and even suppose it to be a species of death-blow to the Spiritual Philosophy, because they see the name "Professor Huxley," attached. We need not, however for this reason, conclude that the author is the same Professor Huxley who recently engaged in a polite religious controversy with the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The language seems to indicate quite another man. It is too reckless, and slightly abusive, also deficient in everything like scientific observation; and for this the original Professor Huxley is famous.

To discover the author of the effusion, is not necessary. But it is proper to here refute some portions of the decision and statements connected therewith, because if is being widely distributed, and might produce mischief among earnest young students who are searching for knowledge. An erroneous paper, book, or opinion, such, for example, as the Athanasian creed, will not do much harm until it becomes popular; and it becomes so, of course, by the efforts of Church-authorities; though, with regard to this particular creed, we may say it can never become popular, for no one can understand it. But there are also authorities outside the Church, who promulgate other mischief-making opinions, which are accepted by multitudes of persons because they see the word "Professor" at the head

The letter is a reply to an editor who thought that the Professor was favorably inclined to Spiritualism, because he had, many years before, been favored with wonderful Revelations through the famous medium D. D. Home. But the learned gentleman indignantly denies it, and gives this statement:

"I never met the medium Home, and my knowledge of him, derived from the reports of the proceedings of courts of justice, is not such as to lead me to regret that circumstance. But I have had to do with other mediums of hardly inferior notoriety, and my deliberate judgment is that they were, each and all, utter impostors, and, with one exception, not even clever at their shameful trade."

In this statement we observe that the dominant idea is a contempt for mediums in general "Each and all," we are told "were utter impostors." And, with nothing more than this queer basis in his mind he proceeds to judge and condemn the great solid, eternal Philosophy of Spiritualism. By what right, may we ask, does he thus judge? I can see no other right than that of "Might" and of "Authority." But at the present time these rights are not very heartily acknowledged, except by unfortunate persons who are forced to do so by poverty and other circumstances equally terrible. With regard however to authority, it must be remembered that the fact of Spiritualism being condemned by one Professor, is nothing, in the minds of intelligent observers, because there are so many other Professors who publicly support it. And they are the most brilliant minds of the age. Yet they consider it their duty and privilege to acquire their knowledge from mediums from persons who are, by one Professor, termed "utter impostors." He seems to forget that it is a portion of the scientific observer's duty to seek its knowledge from both the humblest and the highest members of society, from the virtuous and the vicious, the ignorant and the wise.

The Professor tells us that the ordinary well-educated, intelligent member of society is about as competent to deal with spiritual mediums as a London street boy is to deal with a dairy farm. This is, I suppose, intended to teach the public something of the sublime overwhelming power possessed by great materialists, beyond that of the well-educated intelligent member of society. We are led to wonder who ther education is of any use at all, without the aid of some great man to explain everything we see and hear in daily life.

By referring to the foregoing quotation at the commencement, we discover exactly what is the character of that instruction which the well-educated member of society needs, in order to enable him or her to deal with mediums. Here we have presented to us a species of condensed code all in a nut-shell, or, rather, in a toe-joint, by which any person can become an expert. The Professor says it is simplicity itself. And he gives such minute instructions that a pupil can thereby explode the bubble of Spiritualism and become a disciple of the materialistic Philosophy without further assistance. It is clear that he intends the world to practice precisely in accordance with his directions. We are told how to bend the toe, how to straighten it, how to produce the loud and soft raps, how to make them seem afar off, and how to make the well-educated member believe the raps come from all parts of the room; even the quality of the shoe-leather is given; and, above or below all things, the thin place in the carpet to stand on. The student who cannot succeed with the aid of such scientific simplicity does not deserve the honor of becoming a materialistic toe-joint Spiritualist.

And what sort of an expert does all this process really produce? Does it explain anything to the spectator? Can he thereby answer a question, or learn to describe the condition of a friend in the other life? Not at all! Such subjects are not in the Professor's mind. With all his amazing genius for discovering the divine powers of toe-joints, he altogether forgets to tell us whether they ever explained to him one single thing relative to the work of mediums, or to the facts of spirit manifestations. In his mind no such explanation is required. Everything connected with the Spiritual Philosophy, and the frauds of mediums, was adjusted as soon as he had learned how to perform the wonderful rap in his kid-leather shoe on a thin place in the carpet

But the truth must be told Perhaps it will prove very bitter to the learned gentleman, yet he must be informed that he has

made no discovery at all. The toe theory was fully discussed and disposed of in Rochter forty years ago, when the Misses Fox were accused of the practice at the commencement of their mediumship. And everything seems to indicate that the Professor now advances the theory because a demented medium has lately been compelled by Catholics to sign a bogus confession. His pretended discovery is merely the echo—the Amen, to the declaration of an irresponsible person.

Now let us make some effort to discover an argument, or something resembling a reasonable excuse, for the Professor's condemnation. A very small amount of examination reveals to us the fact that he either knows nothing of the thousands of manifestations which he assumes to criticise, or that he purposely ignores them. The conclusion he now presents to us to-day, is founded on two seances in a thirty-five years' experience. One of the two happened thirty-five years ago. "The performance," he informs us, "was the usual pencil and alphabet business," and he acknowledges that at first trial the medium "fooled him." But at the second trial he fooled the medium. We are told how he managed to perform the feat. He "kept his nerves and muscles under a strict control, and took care that his pencil should pass over the letters of the alphabet as impartially as the hand of a watch over the figures on the dial."

So we judge from his account that he himself held the pencil and moved it over the letters in order to answer his own questions. But we are not told what he expected to learn, or to prove by such a queer process. Neither are we informed why he selected such an ancient experiment, thirty-five years old, as a ground for his decision to-day. These things must remain mysteries to all persons but himself. It would have been more rational to have set aside all his experience of thirty-five years ago, and suspended judgment, until he had adopted some of the multitude of methods now in daily use.

We need not here notice the insult directed to the noted medium D. D. Home, respecting his arrest, etc. Yet, perhaps the learned gentleman may be reminded that when presuming to sit in judgment on such a sacred subject as the Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, it would be better to instruct the public on the one great question: Do spirits exist, and do they communicate with mankind? He may, and ought to, ignore the characters of mediums, and keep to the one question,—the obtaining of facts concerning the other life. It is not well for a scientific observer to snub Mr. Home because he was a fraud, or supposed to be; because, if anyone can prove to us there is no spirit-life, and prove it by means of the tricks of Mr. Home, or any other "utter impostor," he certainly should make use of them, as many as he can see or hear of.

We will now shortly consider the other of the two seances he describes. It was a very small, insignificant affair. On that occasion the great exploit of the evening consisted in the Professor proving to the company that the table did not move when they thought it did. He proved it by explaining that he was watching the lamp-globe and the wall-paper beyond. Because everything remained in *statu quo*, of course, the table did not move; and the victory for the scientist is considered by himself to have been magnificently triumphant.

The Professor's own account of this trivial affair indicates that it was not, in any sense, an assemblage of table-moving operators, or of any other class of physical mediums. It was a small experiment managed by a company of innocent people. And I feel amazed to meet a scientific man who can be foolish enough thirty years afterwards to bring it forward and present it to the world as proof of fraud. Truly, great men can be also very little.

The learned gentleman's deficient knowledge of seances is abundantly shown by his dread of the terrific soul-destroying agony which he thinks must be endured by persons who examine such things. To him, it appears next to impossible for any one to visit a seance without incurring risk of injury to mind or body. He expresses his alarm thus:

"Very few of us have the least conception how much more difficult it is to make such observations and interpretations in a room full of people stirred by the expectation of the marvelous, than in the calm seclusion of the laboratory, or the solitude of a tropical forest. And one who has not tried it cannot imagine the strain of the mind involved in sitting an hour or two in a dark room on the watch for the dodges of a wary medium."

Now, according to the gentleman himself, he has not tried it very often; only a very few times in thirty-five years; so his total amount of agony endured could not have been very great. But I have a slight suspicion that during his investigation he was not in a very consuming state of boiling enthusiasm to obtain the necessary knowledge; if he had been, he would have forgotten all about the suffering connected with sitting in a "dark room for an hour or two."

By his doleful expression of suffering we learn also that he supposes dark seances are the rule. But every Spiritualist knows that all the most useful and convincing manifestations occur in full daylight. Evidently, he has not learned enough about the subject to know that dark seances are never resorted to for obtaining public proofs of spirit power. They are resorted to only for development of mediums, and for special instruction to the initiated concerning materialization, etc.

No doubt it is much easier for him to make his observations in the "calm seclusion of the laboratory, than in a room full of people."

But if he really desires to instruct mankind on the frauds of mediums, he must observe in seance rooms, and rooms of every other kind. Only those observers who study people as they are seen and heard, become good, useful Naturalists; men who are able to teach us something of the mysteries regarding life and duty; something belonging to the science of destroying misery and creating happiness.

But we must not forget that the Professor makes a good remark concerning Bible stories. He says:

"No one deserves much blame for being deceived in matters relating to Spiritualism. We are all intellectually handicapped in youth by the incessant repetition of the stories about possession and witchcraft in the Old and New Testaments. The majority of us are taught nothing which will enable us to observe accurately and to interpret observations with due caution."

Now here we find some excellent instruction for young people of both sexes, regarding the acquisition of knowledge of anything, whether it be Bible-knowledge or the facts to be derived from mediums. He sees that Bibles effect a vast amount of mischief; but he does not quite understand how. He does not perceive that Bibles contain an immense quantity of evidence respecting spirit-power, because he refuses to examine and accept it. If all girls and boys were taught to regard Bible stories as accounts of mediums and spirit manifestations, more or less reliable, the Holy Book would be at once deprived of its mischief-making influence. It would become a useful book for students, instead of a useless gilt-edged ornament for parlor tables, which it is at the present time. It could not of course, be accepted as the infallible Word of Jehovah; but would certainly be accepted with thanks as more or less reliable history corroborating that very modern Spiritualism which the learned Professor feebly attempts to investigate.

We must notice also his account of a supposed discovery relative to the medium's character, while he was present at "the pencil and alphabet business" thirty-five years ago. It is, however, only a second-hand account. It appears that a gentleman friend of the Professor had previously attended a seance with the same lady medium. After the seance, the party separated into small groups, and one was formed of the medium and the Professor's male friend. This individual had pretended during the seance to receive a message from his sister Mary in the other world. But he had never had a sister Mary. However, while he and the medium were conversing privately near a bay window, she asked him: "Did you ever have a sister Mary?" "No," said he. "I thought not," said she.

And what can be made of such a story? Certainly nothing like evidence can be derived from a gossip in a corner. Yet it is

held forth thirty-five years afterwards as a proof of wickedness in mediums. It may, however, tend to prove the tricks of cunning investigators who make it their business to annoy innocent mediums. The fact of our Professor being obliged to travel back so many years to find such flimsy evidence, indicates that the amount of his knowledge about spirit manifestations must be very small indeed; so small that he should not allow any person to tempt him to give any opinion, neither concerning the Phenomena or its Philosophy.

He favors us also with some curious ideas about obtaining evidence by means of a "short-hand writer with a watch." He would insist upon having a reporter to report verbatim everything said and done, and in exact order. Of course, reporters are common enough at seances. But if he knew what seances really are, he would know it is impossible to obtain any such reports. One reporter would be useless. A wonderfully acute observer would be necessary to give even an approach to all that was said; but to describe all that was done, would be out of the question. The attempt would be not only too difficult, but too absurd. I have been present at large numbers of seances where fifty people or a hundred or even a thousand, were present at one time. And every sitter would have needed at least one reporter, to make some attempt at rendering all that was said and done; including, of course, the trifles said and done by the reporter himself. It would be fun to see all the reporters pulling out their watches every two or three seconds to learn when an event commenced and when it terminated.

Philosophers inform us that anything is possible in these days of culture and invention. Let us suppose now that the Professor was present at one of John Slater's seances of a thousand or fifteen hundred people. It would not be dark there, but brilliantly lighted; so the learned gentleman would not suffer much from the dreadful strain he refers to. And, his thousand reporters being also present; all to be paid for by the Professor; all busy noting everything said and done in exact order; what would be the result? Does he imagine, that by such a rigmarole, he would learn anything about Spiritualism? Would he discover whether Mr. Slater was a fraud? And, supposing he had the testimony of the thousand reporters safe in his possession, what would he do with it? How much time would he occupy in examining the contradictory reports and discovering the truth? How many years would the world have to wait in breathless anxiety for his decision regarding Mr. Slater's phenomena and his philosophy? These questions are all valid, reasonable and logical. They are all built on his own proposition for verbatim reports of everything said and done at seances. And I will allow him together with all his most powerful co-adjutors and materialistic reasoners, fifty years to reply, without abusing the questioner, and without making themselves ridiculous to the world.

But I presume the world is not waiting for any such Revelations. And it is now quite time for intelligent people to cease the practice of calling upon scientific authorities to decide everything. Just so long as Spiritualists invite scientists and clergymen to explain messages from departed loved ones, so long will Spiritualism remain a contemptible thing in view of the public. And because mediums are the pillars on which the Philosophy stands, they, too, must remain in contempt. I see no hope of dignifying mediumship in the eyes of the world, except by means of a united effort, a grand union of all the Spiritualist societies, similar to that proposed by the CARRIER DOVE, whereby mediums could be justly appreciated and rewarded for their labors.

It seems to me to be our duty to take lessons from Unions which are already in existence. Trades-unions, labor unions, fraternal societies, and church organizations, have all effected grand results; they all have done more or less towards destroying tyranny and increasing the comforts of their members. Why should not Spiritualist-unions effect the same or better results? The one great achievement would consist in converting the powers of mediums into valuable commodities in the estimation of the world, including of course, the estimation of scientists, scholars, clergymen and churchmen of every description. To make such powers objects of general respect. I suppose they must be respected and valued by their owners; and not scattered recklessly around among church people to be scoffed at.

We observe also that the learned Professor is much concerned about the question whether Spiritualism is the cause of superstition. He gives us an opinion respecting the belief in man's power to evoke spirits. This belief he supposes to have been the origin of the "basest and cruelest superstitions of bygone ages." And, of course, he imagines that the same belief to-day produces the similar base and cruel superstitions with which we are all more or less afflicted. Now if he will think a little he will find himself confronted with two duties of considerable magnitude. First, he must endeavor to show by history, that the cruel superstitions of the past really did arise as he supposes: and next, he must show, by our present experience, that our existing superstitions arise in a similar manner.

Perhaps it is just possible for him to make it appear, with the aid of ancient legend and unreliable history of other character, that the ancient belief in man's power to evoke spirits produced the superstitions to which he refers. But he would totally fail in dealing with our modern belief. He would fail because, although the belief in the power to raise spirits is now more widespread than ever before, the base and cruel superstitions he speaks of are very much decreased; and are decreasing continually. And because nothing can prevent the searching light of modern Spiritualism penetrating the dark recesses of Church doctrine and materialism, nothing can avert the doom of superstition in general, whether it be the ancient liberty-destroying superstition regarding the Divine Man in the Church, or the more enlightened modern superstition regarding the materialistic Man of Science.

And now, while hoping that the learned Professor may obtain more success than he himself expects, we leave him to enjoy his investigations. We cannot honor him as a Spiritualist, but we honor him for his noble efforts to elevate and dignify Natural science. We honor him also for his manly refusals to bow the head to ecclesiastical superstition and insolence. Although he thinks that Spiritualists are "just praying for because they have toppled over the edge of common sense into the Spiritualistic puddle;" yet we do not in any sense consider that *he* is just praying for. He himself is pretty deep in the dark puddle of materialism. But we will pray, and dig while we pray, until we have dug him clear out, and landed him safe on the sunny fertile terra firma of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Lessons from Nature.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

NUMBER TWO.

I believe the Bible says if all the things said and done by Jesus had been written down the whole world could not have contained the books of that history. That always struck me as a very unscientific statement because not founded on fact. But I believe every scientist in the world would support me in the assertion that if everything a man does not know could be written down it would take several planetary systems to hold the books, and a great number of archangels to prepare the catalogue.

So the measure of knowledge is also the measure of ignorance. That which a man knows is perchance, his guide for to-day; but it is that which he does not yet know, shall be his guide for to-morrow. Our poor old grandfather was always getting into trouble by believing too much. But his scientific grandson makes a great mistake if he thinks to keep out of trouble by believing too little. Yonder misty nebulæ was a cluster of stars long eternities before man resolved it through his telescope. And the spore of the cholera and the yellow fever was a seed of death to man when as yet no microscope told the tale.

But our ancestor had the stars, the sun, and the deadly plague, and learned all that was possible with the means then at his disposal: that is to say he saw a little, and

guessed a great deal more. His grandson of to-day has invented instruments that discover new worlds of truth, and says "here will I roam and take full possession." But he declares that his instruments and his books shall act as charts for the route he wishes to travel. So he finds wonders everywhere as he journeys, and proclaims his grand discoveries with a flourish of trumpets:

First, he finds in matter a determination to crystalize. The starry beauty of the frojih crystal is worthy of an angel's eye. The scientist photographs its every curve and shows you that race, even of crystal, mates only with race; and that nature's lesson knows naught of miscegenation.

But his crucible and his microscope give no answer to the question of "whence that beauty of form, and how comes that tendency to crystalize?" So he declares such facts as not on his route. He will talk about quartz and felspar; and show you that a little change of temperature will compel ocean's one wee drop to burst into beauteous crystal. But the "why?" brings no answer. "Give me the facts," he says, and some day when I have piled my facts into a mighty mountain they will evolve the knowledge you demand."

Granite crumbles; gasses condense; rainfall; and the newborn plant catches a smile from the sun's warm ray as beauty glows out into vegetable life. But whence the seed of that plant, and how comes the life to manufacture color and form? "Hush," says our scientific brother, "questions are not facts. See our mountain of facts grows larger every day."

"Again we look for truth and wander yet further in search of knowledge. We find life everywhere, from the giant at whose tread earth trembles, to the mite whose entire life is a summer flash on the horizon of eternity. The scientist will show you nerves ganglin and muscles; and will point you to heart and brain with wondrous adaptation to conditions and necessities, so that fowl of the air, creeping things of the earth, and fishes that swim in the sea can each recreate his race and play his part in the battle of life. When comes all this, O, Scientist?" "Well, you know," he replies, "that is really one of my grandest discoveries. That life has all become just what it is now by slow process of evolution and survival of the fittest."

"Yes, my teacher, your facts are indisputable, but whence comes evolution?" Just at that moment our scientific brother, who had been very busy piling facts upon the mountain he is building, turned away anxious to discover why roosters crow at the midnight hour. So you and I, dear reader, are perforce left free to take a broad view of life in our own unscientific way.

Suppose we take a trip in a ship of the air, borrowing from the twentieth century a flying machine. Seated comfortably, we float in the atmosphere with earth's surface of hill and dale as a beauteous panorama whose tints of color are exquisitely softened by distance. Our grandchildren will loan us their instruments of the coming century, so that we may see and hear as atom meets atom, but yet can take a broad view of life and its surroundings.

We are hovering over a great city. These new instruments are grand inventions, for we see right down through every roof. This is a wondrous sight. There is a mighty people skilled in art and science. I am astonished at their architecture. Yonder is a palace with royal occupants; and around it guard's with comfortable quarters and rations in abundance. I never saw such steady industry exhibited by any people. The city is beautifully clean. There is not one bad smell from a foul drain; and the air sweeps sweet and pure through every street. Yonder I see busy workers throwing an arch across the street, and fitting the keystone for its place. That hill is worked to a smooth incline; and here where it is steepest is a flight of steps. Near by is a canal with a street tunneled under it. Order and industry everywhere. I cannot see a beggar or a cripple. No one seems in want; and I cannot discern that one is richer than another. I cannot hear what they say, but they seem to have telephones, for I notice that any item of news or an order from headquarters seems known instantly to every citizen.

This becomes intensely interesting, and worthy of careful study. Let us float on a little, and watch this race in its homes out in the country. It is all rural now. There are the people milking very small cows; and yonder I see the inhabitants cutting leaves off the trees, and loading them on little horses. They are piling those leaves in heaps, and using them as hot beds where tiny mushrooms grow, which seems to be the chief food of this remarkable people.

Here, a little further on, is a nation who have servants, and yet I notice the servants are as well off as their masters. But over there is a cemetery. They bury only one in a grave; and I notice that the servants are all buried away in another burying ground.

I like to watch those farmers out on the plain, and see them cut down the ripe grain; but I notice their graneries are underground and I wonder how they keep the grain from sprouting.

I am puzzled over the mental characteristics of this people, for every one I have so far seen seems all ready to fight for his own rights, and yet full of respect for the rights of others. There is a touch of pride in that separate burying ground, but every one seems anxious to do his duty. They evidently have no fear of death; and I can see they are free from superstition for there is no burial service when they lay their dead brother in his grave. So they are without priests. Every one is temperate. I have not seen a drunkard, nor a user of tobacco, so there are no physicians needed. Their peaceful recognition of each other's rights proves there is not a lawyer in the community.

But now I see standing yonder a creature of a very different race, with whom I find I can converse, as he beckons me to listen. He tells me that misled by these wonderful new instruments I have wasted my time. He declares that the people I have been watching with so much interest are only insignificant ANTS, and not to be compared for a moment with the mighty race calling itself "human."

So again I take up the instruments, and now on the broad earth below me I see villages, towns and cities; and marks everywhere on the surface of the ground as fences to show what some mortal claims as his private property.

The first impression I get is of an all-embracing selfishness and discontent. Every one wants more than he has, and is trying to get it away from somebody else. I see those with marks upon the ground trying to scratch out the marks made by others, so that one man may enclose a great piece of ground and leave another without any. And I notice that the man with a big piece of land looks scornfully upon his fellows who haven't got any, and presently takes them by the throat and says "work for me or go hungry." But as I look I see that many who work hard for him go hungry all the same.

"And as the great man watches these toilers at their work I hear him say to himself, "My skin is fairer; my nature more refined than those who work hard every day. Go to now. I will order them to call me "lord" for I and my children will become an aristocracy.

I look down into the busy city, and though great crowds are rushing eagerly in every direction still there are the same marks, and one man claiming a wide space of acres with others working as slaves, and giving of what they gather to the man whose hands are white and soft, that he may let them lie down upon his land.

I smell bad smells; and I see a foul miasma creeping up, born of putrid matter and bad drainage. Presently comes cholera and deadly fever; and those who work lie down and die. But the man whose hands are white and soft hies him to the mountains and the shore where the winds blow free, and says "behold my superiority."

Yet there must be those to work for him, or else he is no longer great and grand. So he takes some of that which the poor toilers give for lying on his ground, and builds hospitals and soup kitchens. And he sends many who are sick to death to where the sun shines and the winds blow, and the

waves roll, and the grass grows green. And when their lives are saved he exclaims, "Now I am God-like for this is true charity."

I watch yet more closely, and I see that he who has many marks upon the ground, and he who has none, are alike, for each takes his brother by the throat when opportunity offers. And I ask, "Can it be such selfishness that marks man as superior to the unselfish ANT?"

But my friend below says I am taking a very narrow view of things for selfishness is divine. All true progress he declares requires appeal to self-interest, and he assures me that every attempt to work heavenward in another way has proved a failure.

So I look further in my eager search for "lessons from Nature" and I see these humans gorging themselves with unhealthy food; setting their brains on fire with stimulants; stupifying themselves with tobacco smoke; and ruining their digestions by decoctions of tea and coffee. Again I ask my friend below "if all this betokens the boasted superiority of humanity?"

We have already seen in races *not human* bravery, devotion to the afflicted, unflagging industry, with a sobreness of living that insures health; and yet further a willingness that all who work shall share alike, so once again I demand an answer to my question, "Where is man's superiority?",

I turn sadly to the scientists among men, — to those sages who have piled their facts mountain high, and they tell me that "as the fool dieth, so dies the wise man." And I take notice that their mountain of material facts, though it be in labor for centuries, can never bring forth more than the small mouse they call "unchanging law."

That is the science that man teaches. And so by "law" the strong grows more strong as their weapons grow more deadly. By "law" machinery adds wealth to the wealthy, whilst poverty grows more poor. Yet this life become the all in all, and the future an empty dream.

Surely nature must have a lesson somewhere which well learned may point humanity to a higher level.

(To be Continued.)

The usefulest truths are plainest; and, while we keep to them, our differences cannot rise high.— *William Penn.*

Great is the truth, and stronger than all things. All the earth calleth upon the truth and the heaven blesseth it: all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing. It endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages.—*Apocryphal Old Testament.*

Note-Book Notes No. IV.

BY J. J. MORSE.

A collection of all the unwise sayings of great men, against the facts of Spiritualism would make interesting reading, in years to come. Our opposing Oracles cannot be accused of meaky mouthedness, while they have the evident courage of their opinion, whatever the value, or otherwise, of those opinions, may be. Once again.

THOS. H. HUXLEY, L. L. D., F. R. S.

Has contributed his mite of necessity, upon the subject of Spiritualism, assuring us that from what he has "seen of certain mediums," it is his deliberate judgment that they were, each and all, utter imposters, and with one exception, not even clever at their trade. He finally adds, that those who have "stopped over the edge of common sense into the spiritualistic puddle," seem "to be past praying for." If my memory serves me right this same writer replied to the invitation of the London Dialectical Society, to join it in its memorable enquiry, some 18 years ago, that "the phenomena, if true, do not interest me!" Here is a man, more than eminent in science, able, cultured, with an international reputation, alike honorable and well deserved, taking pains to go out his way to adjudicate upon a subject he admits knowing little, or nothing about, and also gratuitously insulting several millions of his fellows, who have studied the matter, and do know. To a cobbler there is nothing like leather, to a florist nothing like flowers, but one is as a rule incapable of passing upon the merits or details of the profession of the other. Huxley, the man of Science, treating upon Evolution and Development is entitled to our attention and respect, but when he delivers himself upon Spiritualism, of which confessedly, he knows nothing, then he had better heed "Dogberry's" request, and write himself down a quadruped.

WALTER HOWELL.

Whose name is familiar to a large number of our people in England and America, and with whom the writer has been long acquainted, has contemplated joining the Unitarian communion as one of its ministers. For exercising his undoubted prerogative, he has been quite severely taken to task, and by some, too, who are the loudest to proclaim their right to speak and act as they please. Knowing Mr Howell quite well, I ventured to ask him to supply me the facts in the case, that I might place them before the Spiritualist public. He has very kindly done so, and here is what he says:

"As to my entering the ministry, I am tired of going all over the States and as Spiritualists do not try to make things permanently comfortable for us, I thought I would see if the Unitarians would accept me. I have been offered a scholarship in Meadville College, they promised to graduate me in two years, get some one of the pupils to read for me, and let me pass an oral examination. But I did not want to enter that way. I was told that the Western Conference would accept me without entering college, on account of my public reputation, and so I applied. The matter was made public prematurely, so everybody is criticising me about it. I am not sure that they will accept me, for I told them plainly I should make no compromise of principle. I am a Spiritualist, and an Inspirational Speaker. If the church will receive me as such, I am willing to enter. I know spiritualists have entered, and I am quite anxious to learn whether they did so under a cloak. The conference have had my letters of endorsement and application before them for months and I can't say what will be the ultimate result."

After reading the above perfectly straightforward statement surely no one who respects liberty of action and conscience, can grumble at the course Mr. Howell has taken. As he is an excellent speaker it will be quite a loss to lose him. But as he is nearly blind a stated home and sphere of work would be a decided advantage to him. Wherever he is he has the hearty good wishes of the writer, as he will of hundred who know him.

SHE THINKS SHE IS IN HEAVEN.

Here is another case of mediumship outside our ranks. The scene is at Highland, Pa., and the subject a certain Lillie Bodner, who was converted at a religious revival recently and soon afterwards fell into a trance, in which state she has been much of the time since. She believes herself to be in Heaven. Her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Keefer thus describes her case:

"It is a wonderful case, but it is no mental aberration. I am not a Spiritualist, in any sense of the word, but I do believe that this girl has direct communication with the spirit world. She is with them, she speaks to them. She is a manifestation of the Divine power. I could give you columns of strange things she has told about people whom she never knew before. She has described Heaven and she does not believe she is on earth. It is a strange mystery, indeed."

A sapient description, truly! It looks as if the spirit world was invading Christian families, to convert them to the facts of Spiritualism!

WHO TOLD YOU TO COME TO THIS PLACE?

Quite a stir was raised in a fashionable church in New York city, that of St. Thomas, on Sunday morning February 10th, owing to Mrs. George W. Moore of Detroit, who entered the church on the day named, and who was accosted by the "chief lay manager" of the church in the words:

"Who told you to come to this place?"

She answered that no one had told her, and she says that Mr. Williams said to her:

"Well, this is not your pew, and don't you come in again unless you are invited. Now get out." She was so surprised, and, doing as she was told, she rose and went away. When the story was related to Mr. Williams to-night he said: "Well, I did tell her to get up and go out. She had no business there.

It was not her pew, and she was not placed there by any usher,"

The foregoing naturally excited more or less comment in the public prints, but the palm for such comments must surely be awarded, the writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, who thus delivers himself, especially when this "chief lay manager" candidly admits,

"We haven't any room in our church for people who haven't paid for their seats. Our trouble is not to find places for strangers, but to keep them out. We don't ask them to come, and we don't want them. If they come they are in the way, and we have hard work to get them out of the way, but we manage to do it, nevertheless. We have to watch them, but sometimes they elude us and contrive to find seats somewhere. Then we have to tell them very plainly to get up and go out. And we make them do it."

The editor referred to above, says, that the blunt, harsh way in which the sexton of St. Thomas' treats the question of strangers in churches and his admission that he is "not looking for souls for the pews; it's dollars that are wanted," will justly come with a shock to church people. Their feelings will be outraged at the sight of a respectable, orderly woman expelled from a pew in a Christian church. But, on the other hand, it can be said that strangers going to a city like New York are themselves often to blame for the treatment they receive in places of worship. They invariably choose the most fashionable churches to visit and the most popular ministers to hear, and apparently imagine that these services are maintained chiefly for the benefit of chance worshipers. They forget that without a regular society these edifices could never have been built and ministrations could not be sustained, and that those who have made the greater sacrifices ought to have a least a choice of opportunities. When a stranger in a large city goes to hear Booth or Barrett in tragedy or Christine Nilson or Madame Patti in opera he pays from $2 to $5 for his seat and would think it an unspeakable outrage if his stall was encroached upon. But he will present himself at the door of one of the costliest churches in a city and become speedily indignant if he is not shown to a pew, every seat in which has been rented for more than he paid for his opera stall. The fact is, many good people are persuaded that they owe nothing to the church but their presence and countenance. They will grow eloquent over a gospel without money and without price and conveniently forget that the day when thousands can be fed on a few loaves and fishes has receded nearly nineteen centuries into the past and that they themselves illustrate every day of their lives that something can not be obtained for nothing."

Paul and Patti, Jesus and Barrett, the Church and the Theatre, are all lumped together as matters of commerce and religion smacks of business, and churches are but for the rich, when they are costly in build, and have star parsons who must be paid.

A FEW FACTS.

Those of my readers who are interested in curious facts will read the following with interest: The Old and New Testaments combined contain 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,697 words, and 4,586,350 letters. The *middle chapter* and the *least* in the Bible is Psalm 177. The *middle verse* is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther is the longest. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times. The word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times. The word "reverend" occurs only once, in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphebet with the exception of the letter "j." There are no words of more than six syllables in the Bible. And, lastly, the Apocrypha contains 14 books, 183 chapters, 6,081 verses, and 152,185 words, so that the Bible, with the Apocrypha, contains 80 books, 1,372 chapters, 37,214 verses, and 925,882 words.

WHO WILL WIN THIS.

I will give a copy of my "Practical Occultism" to any one correctly solving the following four lines of a sham Latin quotation, which recently appeared in the London *Standard*. The solutions to be sent to me, in care of the DOVE. The answer shall be printed in this series of articles.

Icabi ille bes agas'
Perdhaec in nomo'
Novi thetu forte trus?
Se Vaticinum pesan do.'

OH THOSE TYPES!

In my last article those types upset my meaning badly. On page 90, second column, forty-five lines from the top, they made me say "Jesmits" instead of *Jesuites*, as intended. While on page 91, first column, third line of last paragraph but one, they get "our ideal men," instead of *one ideal man*, etc., as intended. To defend the sense of the remarks the correction is here presented.

WHERE ARE THE "BROTHERS?"

The Philadelphia *Press* says: The Boston "Esoteric College of Theosophy" has flunked, slumped, pettered out, as it were. In other words, it has graduated from itself and taken its diploma and its leave. Alas! Alas!

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Prosperity is a poor scale to weigh our friends in.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

Be thy creed or prayers what they may, unless thou hast a little truth thou shalt not attain the path to happiness. He who possesses the truth is the twice-born.—*Hindu*.

Selected Articles.

Practical Working of the Sunday Bill.

The following statement was made b Prof. Alonzo F. Jones before the U. S. Se ate Committee when considering the "Bla Sunday Rest Bill:"

THE CHAIRMAN.—I should like to ca everybody's attention to the point. If ye need any legislation to carry out your pu poses, be careful that in the effort to g assistance of the parties against you you c not throw away the pith and substance of a for which you ask.

MR. JONES—Yes, sir: that is the point. T show the workings of this principle, I wi state that Arkansas, in '85 had an exemptio clause in its Sunday law. That exemptio clause, it was claimed, was taken advantag of by saloon-keepers to keep open on Sunday A delegation went to the legislature of Arka sas and asked them to repeal that exemptio clause so that they could shut the saloons o Sunday. The legislature did it. If they ha shut the saloons on Sunday, that would ha been well enough; but there was not a salo keeper arrested under that repealed law there was not a man who worked on Sunda fined under it; but there were Seventh-Da Baptists and some Seventh-Day Adventist poor almost, as Job's turkey, who we prosecuted and fined. One man had h only horse taken from him, and his cow, a at last his brethren contributed money save him from jail. Such men were pros cuted time and again, and the legislature had to restore that exemption clause, to sa these poor, innocent people from the pers cution that arose under it.

THE CHAIRMAN. I am glad you put that fact because it is something that ha pened.

MR. JONES I ask leave to read the stat ment made in the Arkansas legislature b Senator Crocket upon that very subject:

"Let me, sir, illustrate the operation of t present law by one or two examples."

That is, the law as it stood with the e emption clause unrepealed. The followi is an extract from the speech of Senat Crocket before the Arkansas legislature favor of a bill for the repeal of the law.

A Mr. Swearigen came from a Northe State and settled a farm in —— county. H farm was four miles from town, and f away from any house of religious worshi He was a member of the Seventh-Day A ventist Church, and having sacredly observe the Sabbath of his people (Saturday) by p staining from all secular work, he and h son, a lad of seventeen, on the first day of t week went quietly about their usual avo tions. They disturbed no one, interfer with the rights of no one, but they were o served and reported to the grand jury, i dicted, arrested, tried, convicted, fined; a having no money to pay the fine these mo Christian citizens of Arkansas, were dragg

to the county jail and imprisoned like felons for twenty-five days and for what? For daring in this so-called land of liberty, in the year of our Lord 1887, to worship God.

Was this the end of the story? Alas, no, sir! They were turned out and the old man's only horse, his sole reliance to make bread for his children, was levied on to pay the fine and costs, amounting to $78. The horse sold at auction for $27. A few days afterward the sheriff came again and demanded $48—$41 balance due on fine and costs, and $22 for board of himself and son while in jail. And when the poor old man, Christian, mind you, told him with tears, that he had no money, he promptly levied on his cow, but was persuaded to accept bond, and the amount was paid by contributions from his friends of the same faith. Sir, my heart swells to bursting with indignation as I repeat to you the infamous story.

Another, and I am done. Sir, I beg you and these Senators to believe these are neither fancy nor exaggerated sketches. Five years ago, a young man, newly married, came to ——county, from Ohio. He and his wife were seventh-day Baptists. The young girl had left father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all the dear friends of her childhood, to follow her young husband to Arkansas—to them the land of promise. The light in each sparkled like the light in young eyes! The roses of health were upon her cheeks, and her silvery laugh was sweet music, of which her young husband never wearied. They purchased a little farm, and soon, by tireless industry and frugal thrift, their home blossomed like a rose in the wilderness. After awhile a fair young babe came to them to brighten the sunshine, and sweeten the bird-songs. Then were they in each other's affection and then love for the little one. For them "all things worked together for good;" for in their humble, trusting way, they worshiped God and loved their fellow-men.

Two years ago the law under which their prosperity and happiness had lead as growth was repealed! Accursed be the day which brought such a foul blight upon our land! Sir, a hideous, savage, sudden cold, and blasting as an Arctic storm, came over their loves and pitilessly withered all their bright flowers of hope. Under this repeal, persecution lifted its ugly, venomous head. The hour of my sad story was observed by an envious, jealous neighbor, quietly working as he believed God had commanded him, on Sunday. He was reported to that inquisitorial relic of fanaticism, the grand jury, indicted, tried, convicted and thrown into jail because his conscience would not let him pay the fine.

Week after week dragged its slow length along. Day after day the young wife with baby in her arms, watched at the gate for his coming, and, like Tennyson's Mariana

> She only said "My life is dreary,
> He comes not," she said
> She said "I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead."

The baby sickened and died; the light in the young wife's eyes faded out, and her silvery laugh changed to low, wailing sobs. Pale-faced misery snatched the roses from her cheeks, and planted in their stead her own pallid hue. Sir, how can I go on? At length the cruel law was appeased, and this noble service citizen—except that he loved God and sought to obey Him was released from prison and dragged his weary feet to the happy home he had left a few short weeks before. He met his neighbor at the gate bearing a coffin. He asked no questions, his heart told him all. No, not all! He knew not—he could never know of her lonely hours, of her bitter tears, of the weary watching and waiting of the appeals to God, that God in whom she had suffered so much, for help in the hour of her extremity, of baby's sickness and death. He could not know of these. But he went with them to the quiet, country burial place and saw beside the open grave a little mound with dirt freshly heaped upon it, and then he knew that God had taken both his heart's idols and he was left alone. His grief was too deep for tears. With staring eyes he saw them lower the body of his young wife into the grave. He heard the clods rattle upon the coffin, and it seemed as if they were falling on his heart. The work was done and they left him with his dead, and then he threw himself down between the graves, with an arm across each little mound, and the tears came in torrents and kept his heart from breaking. Then he sobbed his broken farewell to his darlings and left Arkansas forever. Left it, sir, as hundreds of others are preparing to leave if this general assembly fails to restore to them the protection of their rights under the Constitution, national and State.

On next Monday, at Malvern, six as honest, good and virtuous citizens as live in Arkansas, are to be tried as criminals for daring to worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences; for exercising a right which the government, under the Constitution, has no power to abridge. Sir, I plead in the name of justice, in the name of our republican institutions, in the name of these inoffensive, God-fearing, God-serving people, our fellow citizens, and last, sir, in the name of Arkansas, I plead that the bill may pass, and this one foul blot be wiped from the escutcheon of our glorious commonwealth.

I myself, with other brethren in California, had to send hundreds of dollars into Tennessee to support the families of the brethren of our own faith there, while the husband and the father, who made the money for their support, were in jail because they chose to work for their families on Sunday, and make a stand for them after keeping the Sabbath according to their conscience. That has been done, Mr. Chairman, in these U. S. That is the cause these people have for the laboring man.

THE CHAIRMAN. You reason from that that there should be no Sunday law whatever?

MR. JONES. If you allow a Sunday law, you must allow it to any extent. It must be enforced. All they did was to enforce the law simply, as in the Roman Empire they put Paul to death. They simply enforced the law, but the law was wrong. Any condition of the law that allows such things as that, is a wrong condition.

Charity in the Twentieth Century.

FROM "LOOKING BACKWARD."

"I should not fail to mention," resumed the doctor, "that for those too deficient in mental or bodily strength to be fairly graded with the main body of workers, we have a separate grade, unconnected with the others, a sort of invalid corps, the members of which are provided with a light class of tasks fitted to their strength. All our sick in mind or body, all our deaf and dumb, and lame and blind and crippled, and even our insane, belong to this invalid corps, and bear its insignia. The strongest often do nearly a man's work, the feeblest, of course, nothing; but none who can do anything are willing quite to give up. In their lucid intervals, even our insane are eager to do what they can."

"That is a pretty idea of the invalid corps," I said. "Even a barbarian from the nineteenth century can appreciate that. It is a very graceful way of disguising charity, and must be very grateful to the feelings of its recipients."

"Charity!" repeated Dr. Leete. "Did you suppose that we consider the incapable class we are talking of objects of charity?"

"Why, naturally," I said, "inasmuch as they are incapable of self-support."

But here the doctor took me up quickly.

"Who is capable of self-support?" he demanded. "There is no such thing in a civilized society as self-support. In a state of society so barbarous as not even to know family co-operation, each individual may possibly support himself, though even then for a part of his life only; but for the moment that men begin to live together, and constitute even the rudest sort of society, self-support becomes impossible. As men grow more civilized, and the subdivision of occupations and services is carried out, a complex mutual dependence becomes the universal rule. Every man, however solitary may seem his occupation, is a member of a vast industrial partnership, as large as the nation, as large as the humanity. The necessity of mutual dependence should imply the duty and guarantee of mutual support; and that it did not in your day, constituted the essential cruelty and unreason of your system."

"That may be so," I replied, "but it does not touch the case of those who are unable to contribute anything to the product of industry."

"Surely, I told you this morning, at least I thought I did," replied Dr. Leete, "that the right of a man to maintenance at the nation's table depends on the fact that he is a man, and not on the amount of health and strength he may have, so long as he does his best."

"You said so," I answered, "but I supposed the rule applied only to the workers of different ability. Does it also hold of those who can do nothing at all?"

"Are they not also men?"

"I am to understand, then, that the lame, the blind, the sick and the impotent, are as well off as the most efficient, and have the same income?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"The idea of charity on such a scale," I answered, "would have made our most enthusiastic philanthropists gasp."

"If you had a sick brother at home," replied Dr. Leete, "unable to work, would you feed him on less dainty food, and lodge and clothe him more poorly than yourself? More likely far, you would give him the preference; nor would you think of calling it charity. Would not the word, in that connection, fill you with indignation?"

"Of course," I replied, "but the cases are not parallel. There is a sense, no doubt, in which all men are brothers; but this general sort of brotherhood is not to be compared, except for rhetorical purposes, to the brotherhood of blood, either as to its sentiment or its obligations."

"There speaks the nineteenth century!" exclaimed Dr. Leete. "Ah, Mr. West, there is no doubt as to the length of time that you slept. If I were to give you, in one sentence a key to what may seem the mysteries of our civilization as compared with that of your age, I should say that it is the fact that the solidarity of the race and the brotherhood of man, which to you were but fine phrases, are, to our thinking and feeling, ties as real and as vital as physical fraternity.

"But even set'ing that consideration aside, I do not see why it so surprises you that those who cannot work are conceded the full right to live on the produce of those who can. Even in your day, the duty of military service for the protection of the nation, to which our industrial service corresponds, while obligatory on those able to discharge it, did not operate to deprive of the privileges of citizenship those who were unable. They stayed at home, and were protected by those who fought and nobody questioned their right to be, or thought less of them. So, now, the requirement of industrial service from those able to render it does not operate to deprive of the privileges of citizenship, which now implies the citizen's maintenance, him who cannot work. The worker is not a citizen because he works, but works because he is a citizen. As you recognize the duty of the strong to fight for the weak, we, now that fighting is gone by, recognize his duty to work for him.

"A solution which leaves an unaccounted for residuum is no solution at all; and our solution of the problem of human society would have been none at all had it left the lame, the sick, and the blind outside with the beasts, to fare as they might. Better fat have left the strong and well unprovided for than these burdened ones, toward whom every heart must yearn, and for whom ease of mind and body should be provided, if for no others. Therefore it is, as I told you this morning, that the title of every man, woman and child to the means of existence rests on no basis less plain, broad and simple than the fact that they are fellows of one race—members of one human family. The only coin current is the image of God, and that is good for all we have.

"I think there is no feature of the civilization of your epoch so repugnant to modern ideas as the neglect with which you treated your dependent classes. Even if you had no pity, no feeling to brotherhood, how was it that you did not see that you were robbing the incapable class of their plain right in leaving them unprovided for?"

"I don't quite follow you there," I said. "I admit the claim of this class to our pity, but how could they who produced nothing claim a share of the product as a right?"

"How happened it," was Dr. Leete's reply, "that your workers were able to produce more than so many savages would have done? Was it not wholly on account of the heritage of the past knowledge and achievements of the race, the machinery of society, thousands of years in contriving, found by you ready-made to your hand? How did you come to be possessors of this knowledge and this machinery which represent nine parts to one contributed by yourself, in the value of your product? You inherited it, did you not? And were not these others, these unfortunate and crippled brothers whom you cast out, joint inheritors, co-heirs with you? What did you do with their share? Did you not rob them, when you put them off with crusts, who were entitled to sit with the heirs, and did you not add insult to robbery when you called the crusts charity?"

"Ah, Mr. West," Dr. Leete continued, as I did not respond, "what I do not understand is, setting aside all considerations either of justice or brotherly feeling toward the crippled and defective, how the workers of your day could have had any heart for their work, knowing that their children, or grand-children, if unfortunate, would be deprived of the comforts and even necessities of life. It is a mystery how men with children could favor a system under which they were rewarded beyond those less endowed with bodily strength or mental power. For, by the same discrimination by which the father profited, the son, for whom he would give his life, being perchance weaker than others, might be reduced to want and beggary. How men dared leave children behind them, I have never been able to understand."

Remarkable Clairaudient and Visionary Presentments.

BY JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, WIFE OF GENERAL FREMONT, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN OFFICER AND EXPLORER.

I was so used to my brave husband's safe returns from every danger that I had become fairly reasonable about his journeys, and my wise, loving father took care I should have my mind and time usefully filled. We could not look to hear from Mr. Fremont on the unoccupied line of country he was exploring that winter of 1853-54; he must first reach the close at San Francisco, and our first news must come by the Isthmus route of Panama; at the earliest, midsummer. But in mid-winter, without any reason, I became possessed by the conviction that he was starving; nor could any effort reason this away. No such impression had ever come to me before, although more than once dreadful suffering, and even deaths from starvation, had befallen his companions during other expeditions.

This time it came upon me as a fact I could not turn from. It fairly haunted me for nearly two weeks, until young and absolutely healthy as I was, it made a physical effect on me. Sleep and appetite were broken up, and in spite of my father's and my own efforts to dissipate it by reasoning, by added open-air life, nothing dulled my sense of increasing suffering from hunger to Mr. Fremont and his party.

This weight of fear was lifted from me as suddenly as it had come.

My house was near that of my father, and the younger part of his family, when returning from parties, often came to me for the remainder of the night, that the elders might not have their sleep broken. In this way one of my sisters and a cousin came to me after a wedding ball at General Jessup's. The drive home was long and over rough, frozen streets, and it was nearly one o'clock when they came in—glad enough of the bright room and big wood fire waiting them, while I, only too pleased just then to have an excuse for staying up with the others, made them tea, as we talked over the evening and the bride.

The fire was getting low, and I went into the adjoining dressing-room to bring in more wood. It was an oldfashioned big fireplace, and the sticks were too large to grasp with the hand; as I half-knelt, balancing the long stick on my left arm, a hand rested lightly on my left shoulder, and Mr. Fremont's voice, pleased and laughing, whispered my name. There was no sound beyond the quick whispered name—no presence, only the touch—that was all. But I knew (as one knows in dreams) that it was Mr. Fremont, gay, and intending to startle my sister, whose ready scream always freshly amused him.

Silently I went back into the girl's room with the wood, but before I could speak, my sister, looking up to take a stick from me, gave a great cry and fell on the rug.

"What have you seen?" called out our cousin, Mary Benton, the most steady-nerved, even-natured of women then as now.

I had not yet spoken; this was all in a flash together. When I said it was Mr. Fremont—that he touched my shoulder for me to "keep still and let me scare Susy"—then the poor child screamed again and again. We crushed her ball dress over her head to keep the sound from the neighbors, but it was difficult to quiet her.

The girls had been distressed by my fixed idea of danger to Mr. Fremont, and knew how out of condition it had made me. Their first thought now was that my mind had broken down. They soon realized this was not so, as we discussed the strange fact of my knowing—and so surely that peace came back to me—that whatever he had had to bear was over; that he was now safe and light of heart, and that in some way he himself had told me so.

We talked long and the girls were too excited for sleep, though the unreliable little French clock chimed three. But a blessed rest had fallen on me, and I went off in "a sleep," deep and dreamless, from which I did not wake until ten the next day, when my eyes opened to see my father sitting by my bedside. He had been guarding my sleep a long time—in fact, the whole house hold were protecting it as the crisis of a fever.

The girls had watched near me until morning, when they went over and told my father, who called in our family physician, Dr. Lindsley, to see me. But my color had returned, and the strained anxious expression was gone—more than any words thus told to practised eyes that some electric change had restored "the peaceful currents of the blood."

With sleep and appetite strength soon returned, but the true "good medicine" was my absolute certainty of safety for Mr. Fremont.

My father's first words to me had been, "Child, you have seen a vision" and lawyer-like, he questioned and cross-questioned me thoroughly as he had already the two girls. This vision, as he named it, interested him deeply. He knew me to be soundly healthy; he had seen sudden fear altering me as an illness would, and now, as suddenly and completely as a north west wind clears the air and leaves it fresh, cool and life-giving, this "vision" had swept away all clouds of fear and brought me new life.

We all talked it over with friends, often. There was no way to verify what Mr. Fremont's part had been during those two weeks. We must wait until his journey was over, by summer at the earliest, he would reach San Francisco, and then the only mail was nearly a month, *via* the Isthmus.

But in early April there came to Washington, overland, a Mormon elder named Babitt, from the settlement of Parowan in then South Utah. Mr. Babitt brought us letters from Mr. Fremont written at Parowan, and added many details of personal intelligence.

The winter had been very severe, and much snow falling drove off the game. Mr. Fremont had in his party but few of his old companions—men whose experience and nerve gave them resources and staying power in emergencies. The new men were soon quite demoralized under the trying ordeal of cold and hunger, and were almost starved and desperate when, after forty days of increasing want they reached this small Mormon settlement. There they were taken care of with a true hospitality and kindness which none of our family ever forgot. One good man, Fuller, had died the day before, but they brought him in fastened on a horse, and Christian burial was given him, while men and women with true Christian kindness, patiently nursed back to life those nearly exhausted.

Most of the party were unwilling to go further, and remained there, for whites and Indians agreed that no one had ever been heard of again who had tried to cross into California on that line.

As Mr. Fremont persevered, Mr. Babitt aided him in all ways to refit, and cashed his personal draft on a San Francisco bank, a trust never before shown a Gentile by a Mormon.

Now the fact was verified that there had been a starving time, that it had lasted through January into the next month; that the last fortnight had been desperately, almost fatally, exhausting—quite so to poor Fuller

This fortnight was the period during which I knew of their starving.

The relief came to them when they got into Parowan—the evening of the 6th of February, which I was made to know that also, that same night. Every family took in some of the men, putting them into warm rooms and clean, comfortable beds, and kind faced women gave them reviving food and plying words. Mr. Fremont's letters could not say enough of the gentle, patient care of those kind women, and of his own "great relief of mind."

After this we heard no more until the 24th of May, when he telegraphed from New York as his steamer got in from Aspinwall, and by 8 of 9m he was again at home.

Soon he was told by my father of what I have been telling you here. His kind and that of mind had made him minutely verify what we three women had to tell, but there was a point beyond on which the geographer-astronomer mind fastened—the point of Time.

As nearly as we could settle it, 2 P. M. was the hour I had the flash of information that all was well again.

The girls had stayed out later than usual that afternoon, as Emily Beach was for a marriage festivity, and the long, rough drive over the frozen mud of the old Washington streets was necessarily slow. Our old coach man objected to being out after twelve, and was very cross when they came in.

After that came the long gossip over the tea, and this brought it to about two o'clock. Time had not entered much into our former easy-going Southern lives, and we were three young women, amused, comfortable—and what did it matter, an hour more or less?

Properly, we should have looked at the clock, made a minute of the facts, signed it and left on record. But we only knew it was "nearing one" when the girls came home, "about two" when the fire grew low, and "quite three" when overpowered sleep sent me off to bed

Next morning, when the baggage came, the journal of that time was taken out, and we read the entry: "Parowan, February 6, 11.30 P. M., and the brief record of the arrival, their safety and comfort. My husband had been awakened to each his party for a hearty, full good night, and had seen them in warm beds; he wrote of the contrast to the bad day just past and of his own quiet room, with its bright fire and the big white bed waiting him to which he must go now, for he was "fatigued" and it was near midnight.

Then there followed the wish that I could know of this comfort and of his mind at ease.

And, at that moment, I did know.

The difference of longitude makes Washington two hours and twenty-three minutes later than Parowan, so that 11.30 P. M. there would be in Washington 1.53 A. M. or about two o'clock.

Thus did the spiritual telegraph anticipate and outdo the magnetic.—*The Two Worlds.*

OLD SAYINGS.

The Authors of Many That Are in Daily Use at the Present Time.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats.

Dean Swift thought that "Bread was the staff of life."

Franklin said "God helps those who help themselves."

"All cry and no wool" is found in Buter's Hudibras.

Thomas Southern reminds us that "Pity's a kin to love."

Washington Irving gives us "The almighty dollar."

"Man proposes, but God disposes."—Thomas a' Kempis.

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

"Variety's the spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear." Cowper.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

Charles Pinckney gives "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Edward Young tells us "Death love a shining mark," and "A fool of forty is a fool indeed."

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

To Milton we owe the "Paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets" and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Dryden says "None but the brave deserve the fair" and "Men are but children of a larger growth" and "Through thick and thin."

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so oft repeated by his brothers in a less public way: "Love me little, love me long."

Johnson tells us of "A good hater" and McIntosh in 1791 the phrase often attributed to John Randolph: "Wise and masterly inactivity."

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us: "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap" and "The stone that is rolling gathers no moss."

"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1799, offered by General Henry Lee.—*Galveston News.*

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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A BABY'S CRY.

"Oh, Mama, Don't Let Them Take Me."

"Oh, mama, don't let him take me! I want to stay with you! I don't want to go with him!"

These were the words which rang in childish tones through the upper corridor of the new City Hall yesterday morning, and brought a *Chronicle* reporter to the door of Judge Wallace's courtroom, whence they had come.

There was seen one of the saddest sights which human eye could witness. On one side of the room was a lady dressed in deep black, clasping tightly and determinedly a pretty child of 7 years. The little girl wore the pallid expression of fear. The mother's face was haggard and full of despair.

Across the room sat the father, cold and stern. He looked upon the scene without giving evidence of the slightest emotion. Standing near him was the portly bailiff of the court, who seemed undetermined as to the right course to pursue.

"Give the child to the father," said the Judge.

The bailiff advanced, and the little one clung close to its mother, and tears began to roll down its cheeks.

The manly bailiff dreaded his task and turned to the Court with a look which meant, "I cannot do it, Judge; they love each other."

Again the order came from the bench. "Mr. Bailiff take the child from the mother and give her to the father. He is the custodian by law, and this court or habeas corpus cannot alter that decree."

The mother saw that it was useless longer to resist. She yielded to the demand of the bailiff but the child did not yield. Unable to appreciate the order of the court, the tiny girl fought the brawny bailiff, kicking and crying until she was landed in her father's arms.

The mother's heart seemed broken as the father carried off the squirming baby in his arms. She cried and would not be comforted.

This scene is the sequel of a divorce suit determined by Judge Wilson last September. Lydia Kennedy sued Albert W. Kennedy for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, failure to provide and desertion. They had been married twenty-three years and had six children, the care and custody of which were awarded to the father, though the divorce was allowed the wife. Not being able to stand the separation from the youngest, Mrs. Kennedy, a few days since got possession of the little girl. The father sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and it was upon the hearing of the writ that the court gave the order which caused this pitiful scene described.

The above article appeared in the *Chronicle* of this city of recent date and as it illustrates the infamous injustice of a government where one half of the citizens are disfranchised and subject to the absolute rule and control of the other,—having no rights that men are bound to respect—not even the right to their own children whom they have gone into the valley and shadow of death to give birth to,—it would seem but proper that women should take up the subject and at least protest against the great wrong against them. It would also seem that woman would not dare to become mothers, when the law is such that they may at any time be deprived of their babes if a fiend in the shape of a man saw fit to claim them and take them away. In the above instance it is stated that the woman got a divorce on the grounds of "cruelty, failure to provide, and desertion." This too, after having lived with the man twenty-three years and borne six children. Then, no doubt, the bloom of youth having faded, the vigor and fire, the sparkle and thrill of health and early womanhood having been absorbed and wasted by the man who had promised to "love and cherish her," she was cast aside as a worn out garment, and stripped even of the darlings whose lives had been purchased at the sacrifice of all that made her own worth living, and she was left alone, forsaken and desolate, to pass the remainder of her days in tears and grief, like Rachel of old, mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted, not because they were dead, no, for better that they were than in the keeping of such a man,—but because other hands than woman must be at a minister to their little wants, and strangers receive the baby's caresses that belong to the mother who bore it.

What a spectacle in this nineteenth century! Where is our boasted civilization? It is but a name; we are nothing but barbarians, and a Judge who would pronounce such a verdict is a savage. In this instance it seems that nothing was proven against the woman. She was granted the divorce, which of course implies that the charges of "cruelty, desertion, and failure to provide" must have been proven against her husband, and yet that cruel man who is described as "cold and stern" was given the custody of the children even when the babe revolted and fought for its right to stay with the mother who loved it. How long will the intelligent women of this country submit to such indignities and wrongs when offered in the name of law and and justice?' How long will they suffer and make no sign even through their very heart strings are torn asunder? Then in their blighted, desolate old age they mourn over the wasted years of youth, when, with a mistaken idea of wifely duty they allowed their womanhood to be despoiled of its heritage of health, strength, life and vigor, had laid all upon the altar of their love and devotion, which alas, too often proves but the altar of man's selfishness and passion. Oh, that we could pen words that would touch the souls of our brothers and make them see and know the grievous wrong they are inflicting not only upon their sisters but upon themselves as well; for the result of wrong doing inevetably returns with full force upon the wrong-doer and there is no escape from this law which, though unwritten, is the higher law of nature, or God, and as far above man-made laws as the heavens are above the earth.

Oh, that we could pen words that would awaken our sisters to a sense of their duties and responsibilities in these matters, and inspire them with strength and wisdom to demand for themselves the right of self-ownership, for the protection of themselves and their offspring. Then we would not see the worn out mothers discarded and robbed of their little ones; for when women understand that the law of self preservation is a divine one they will not surrender themselves unreservedly, soul and body, to the care and "protection" of any man.

BEULAH CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

A very pleasant literary and musical entertainment was given on Friday evening, March 1, at the Mission Opera House, by the Beulah Club, for the benefit of the Bartlett-street Kindergarten, of which Miss Mina B. Robinson is principal. The hall was well-filled, and the principal numbers of the programme were received with well-merited marks of approval,—conspicuous among which were a recitation and a song respectively by two very little tots, members of the kindergarten. The latter portion of the evening was devoted to dancing. Quite a tidy sum was netted for the school, we are pleased to learn.

The circles held nightly at the rooms of Mrs. F. A. Logan, 841 Market street, are growing in interest and attracting numbers of honest investigators, none of whom are sent away empty handed. Remarkable developments are promised, and convincing tests are given nightly. One member of the circle is developing, as the angels say, as a musical medium, and already he sings finely under control and speaks the Egyptian language. Truly the unseen world is raising up standard bearers for the Army of Right, and they shall not be unrewarded. W.

FAST MONTEREY.

One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World. Three Hours From San Francisco, and Half a Mile From the Grounds of the "Hotel Del Monte."

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, $55 for inside and $65 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to: first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold, "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in never being dull or quiet. Here everything is always life, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public), drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles and is reached by express trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of they year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

THE ELSMERE FREE KINDERGARTEN.

On Thursday afternoon of last week it was the privilege of the writer to attend the opening exercises of the "Elsmere Free Kindergarten" at the school-room on Jessie street near Fifth.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and the exercises were very interesting. The number of children present was fifty-one; and they marched in and took their seats in a most orderly and systematic manner. The exercises consisted in first division in lacing gift, second division in sticking, third division chain making; fourth division, drawing. The fourth division comprised the baby class and was composed of little tots from two to three years of age.

Following these were the ring exercises which comprised marching and singing, the little ones keeping excellent time to the music of the piano.

Then followed the Finger Motion Song, Beating Game, Blacksmith Song, The Lord Bird, Birdies Dance Song and Jack Straws, in all of which the little ones acquitted themselves in most creditable manner. The Misses Lees and Libbie Hill are very careful, painstaking teachers and deserve much credit for the success attending their work. These children are taught of them little words who have made a success from lives in the street and should be treated as though they came from the most refined circles in the city. The kindergarten is conducted under the auspices of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, "a band of noble women" who have united in the grand work of rescuing the little ones from the streets and other evil influences and giving them the education of education, and for the good that will result in unveiling and to the future citizens of the metropolis of our native State, we join with the society in the work and wish them success.

The ladies are devoted to their work and their time and attention is given to it. They engage competent help to fill the positions that cannot be filled by themselves, and depend upon donations for the support of the school, with the exception of the yearly dues and monthly dues of ladies, which in fact is a small amount of the necessary expenditure. The monthly dues of pupils is the same as in the public schools, but about half the amount of absolute expense, yet the ladies expect in a short time to find these dues raised as the pupils grow and will contribute what is lacking. The schoolroom has been tastefully decorated and presents an attractive appearance. Framed pictures, trailing vines, pictures and many ornaments adorn the windows and walls and more could be used with advantage if they were procured.

The Dove hopes that the ladies who have this work at heart will soon succeed in their complete realization of the work of the kindergarten and in that the success it deserves to find, could be raised to pay the expenses now incurred by the school. Many more children could be accommodated by the school if more room could be had. The ones could be accommodated by the school if more room could be had. The ones could be accommodated by the school if more room could be had. The ones

In a wise and careful tending
Of those tender buds and birdlings,
Germinating from earth's wordlings.
Where beer, tobacco, filth and crime,
Too often mar the soul divine.
Childhood, is the tree where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many numbered;
Which only wait the sun of truth,
To blossom into radiant youth
Childhood's like the gliding stream
With mossy banks of living green,
With sunny slopes and pebbled shore
Wid-ning out forevermore;
Childhood's like a garden fine
Where flowers grow and twining vine,
Which may be filled with blossoms rare,
Or weeds and nettles slumber there:
Should I weeds spring up instead of grain
Pull them up and sow again.
Don't blame the useless weeds for growing.
But be more careful in the sowing;
Where'er an idle soul reposes
Will spring up thorns in stead of roses.
Clear the field, plant golden grain.
Nor for its fruitage wait in vain.
For in this busy world we know,
We shall gather what we sow.
Some there are who never think
At what fountain they may drink;
Know it not that bitter water
Proves a sorrow ever after.
They little think what mischief's wrought
In the mind where error's taught;
That tares once planted take deep root,
Choking the sweet and golden fruit;
That careful tilling of the soil
Rewards us well, for all our toil.
The "Elsmere Club" are here to-night,
With cheeks aglow and prospects bright.
To ask you each, and every one,
To make this noble cause your own
We know in *Union* we are strong
To overcome the giant *Wrong*.
That many hands make hard work light;
That many *hearts* make dull as bright.
Which we *must have*, as well you know.
To make our Kindergarten grow.
Will Mrs. Titcomb pass the plate
Before the hour shall be too late.
To give each person ample time
To place upon the plate a dime.
Or larger sums won't be amiss-
To help along a cause like this.
To sow the seed which some or later,
A fruitage will come from that which we scatter.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, of San Francisco, a venerable looking test medium and healer, arrived in the city last evening and is quartered at the Rowell for a few days. Our reporter sought an interview with the gentleman this morning, which was readily accorded. The doctor gave an exhibition of his mysterious power. Among other tests the reporter wrote a number of names on slips of paper, one that of a dead person, and placed them in a hat. After shaking up the bits of paper the medium, by means of raps, picked out the name of the dead person. The doctor also gave several other tests which were convincing that he has some unknown power which is wholly unaccountable. He will give private sittings for a few days only at the Rowell.—*Riverside Daily Enterprise.*

NOTICE.

Persons having copies of the Dove of Feb. 21 that they do not care to preserve will confer a great favor by sending them to this office, and will be paid for the same.

DOVE NOTES.

John Slater has been in Santa Cruz during the present week giving them a general shaking up down there.

J. J. Morse is speaking in Cleveland, Ohio, during the present month. He is constantly in demand in the East.

Read Dr. Dean Clarke's letter in our correspondence column. He is located in Denver, Colorado, and doing a good work there.

Lecture, Tests and Healing, by Mrs. Edith E. R. and Dr. J. R. Nickless of New York, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock. All invited; seats free.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Allie Livingstone, the spirit artist medium, whose beautiful pictures have graced the pages of the Dove so many times has again returned to this city and is much improved in health, and able to do something of the work her guides have developed her for. For the benefit of new subscribers we would state that Mrs. Livingstone draws spirit pictures under control, when securely blindfolded, reads letters, business cards, etc. She is also a fine trance and test medium for giving verbal messages from spirit friends. Her address is 1808 Page street. Mrs. Livingstone is one of the mediums whom we take pleasure in recommending to our friends as we know her to be genuine and true and a credit to the cause she represents.

Next week we will present our readers with a very valuable article from the pen of Dr. Joseph Simms, the eminent physiognomist, lecturer and author. Dr. Simms, who is now in England, is an extensive traveler, having visited every portion of the globe in his researches and studies. His opinions on the subjects with which he deals are priceless to the student, as he never affirms without knowing, and his knowledge is gained by actual research and experience. His letter to the Dove is "Europe as Seen in Daylight," and contains much of interest concerning Switzerland; its early history, army, women farmers, educational advantage, idiots and famous men; languages and customs; mountains, rivers, cities; the resort of Voltaire, Gibbon, Madame de Stael, and George Eliot; lakes, tunnels and railroad facilities for traveling; prices paid for labor, etc. This sketch contains so much of interest, is so well written, and withal so correct and truthful a statement, that it cannot but receive the appreciation of the Dove's readers, all of whom, we are sure, unite with us in extending sincere thanks to Dr. Simms for remembering us so kindly.

THE JESSIE-STREET KINDERGARTEN AND THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

AN EXPLANATION.

It having come to my knowledge that a misunderstanding has arisen, in some quarters, concerning the statement in the Carrier Dove of February 16th, relative to the adoption of the Jessie-street Kindergarten by the Ladies' Auxiliary and of the recent closing of that school, the following exact statement of facts is submitted, in order that there may be no misconception thereament by any one.

This kindergarten was sustained by voluntary contributions from Spiritualists and others, assisted by a monthly collection at the Sunday meetings of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society. The meetings of the society being suspended, the school was thereby deprived of the funds derived from the monthly collections; and such being the case, the manager of the school, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, informed the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Golden Gate Society (which it was engaged in furtherance of the financial interest of the Society that it was impossible longer to carry on the school unless the Auxiliary assumed charge of it. The Auxiliary then adopted the school, and went to work raising funds for its support.

Upon reporting this action to one of the members of the board of trustees of the Golden Gate Society, Mrs. Robinson was informed by him that her action in turning over the school to the Auxiliary was premature and unauthorized; that the school was in charge of the Society, and could not legally be transferred by her, an appointee of the Society, to any one. Mrs. Robinson thereupon notified the Auxiliary that she recalled her action in relation to the school, and once more resumed its control and management. At a meeting of the Trustees shortly afterward, it being determined to take steps looking to the disincorporation of the Golden Gate Society, the disposition to be made of the kindergarten was considered. The Ladies' Auxiliary was willing to again assume charge of the school; but it was urged by one of the trustees that that body was merely an auxiliary to a society about to pass out of existence, and that if the Society turned over the school to it, in case of any financial deficit, etc., the Society would be responsible therefor. A resolution was therefore adopted relinquishing the school and its appurtenances to Mrs. Robinson, from whom the Society originally received it several years ago, for such disposition of the school as she might see fit to make.

In a week or two after this the school was closed by Mrs. Robinson. In regard to this, Mrs. R. states that, after receiving the school, she waited until after the next following meeting of the Auxiliary, to see if they made her any proposition about the school; and receiving none, and being unable to longer carry on the school without farther assistance, she closed it. On the other hand, the ladies of the Auxiliary state that their proposition to take the school was considered at the meeting of the trustees

above referred to, Mrs. Robinson being present; that at this board-meeting, Mr. Wadsworth questioned Mrs. Robinson relative to her probable disposition of the school in case the trustees returned it to her,—whether she would not close it in a month as had been stated, that evening, as her probable intent, by one of the ladies of the Auxiliary,—and Mrs. R. made no denial of this assertion as to her intent with regard to the school, and stated nothing as to what she purposed doing with it, and that Mrs. R. knowing that the Auxiliary desired to have the school, by her manner and language toward the Auxiliary, led its members to believe that she did not desire them to have it. The truth of the matter, in my judgment, seems to be, that owing to unfortunate personal differences and antagonisms having arisen between Mrs. R. and the Auxiliary, as now constituted, neither party felt disposed to make advances toward the other relative to the Auxiliary taking the school. Each one waited to see what the other would do, and neither doing anything in the matter, the school was closed by Mrs. Robinson, as stated. WILLIAM EMMETT COLEMAN.

A SEANCE.

In response to a special invitation, reporters of the *Press* and *Enterprise* this morning met Dr Louis Schlesinger, Test Medium and Healer, in his room at the Rowell hotel to witness a private manifestation of his powers as a spiritualistic medium. The representative of the *Press* endeavored to divest himself of all prejudice and went prepared to judge what he should see in a strictly impartial manner.

After a few explanatory remarks, the Doctor proposed as the first test to ascertain the name of the *Press* man, the name of the *Enterprise* representative having been accidently mentioned. The name was written by its owner, together with a list of others, and including by request the name of one now dead. The strips containing these names were separately folded, placed in a hat which was held under the table. The strips were then drawn out at random, one at a time, and handed to the medium who called upon the "spirit guide" to inform him by rapping when the right name was reached. The spirit failed entirely in this case. Rappings were given at several names, but not at the right one.

A similar trial with the *Enterprise* man proved successful. Indeed, the experiments throughout succeeded better with the latter. The name of one of his departed friends was correctly given and the medium delivered an impassioned address purporting to be from the spirit.

A later attempt with a list of names supplied by the *Press* reporter, none of which could possibly have been known to the medium, resulted in the name of the deceased person being given correctly upon the second trial. It was certainly quite remarkable, but not more so than the exhibitions of "mind reading" or whatever it should be called, which a young gentleman of this city frequently gives to his friends.—*Riverside Daily Press*.

RECEPTION GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. NICKLESS.

Mr. and Mrs. Nickless formerly of New York who have recently arrived in this city gave a pleasant reception at their residence, 108 McAllister street on Wednesday evening, February 27th. Their parlors were well filled with a large company of congenial friends among whom were many prominent spiritualists of this city. The early part of the evening was devoted to short, congratulatory speeches and warm words of welcome from the friends present to the strangers who have taken up their abode in our midst.

Mrs. Higgins, a medium, also recently arrived from New York, was present and yielded to the control of her guide and made an interesting speech, full of spiritual fervor and enthusiasm. Her words made a deep impression on her hearers and when later on in the evening, her little control "sunshine," took possession of the medium she was highly appreciated.

Mrs. Nickless was controlled by her wonderful and charming little guide "Sunflower," who gave tests to all present holding her medium for at least an hour and a half. She was quaint, original and pleasing in her manner and address, and amused and interested, while she also gave unmistakable tests of her power to see the conditions surrounding those whom she addressed.

Mrs. Nickless was also controlled by Mrs. Eliza McKinley, who passed to spirit life about fifteen months ago from this city. The message was characteristic of that lady and was recognized by many present. It breathed the same spirit of noble, unselfish, untiring devotion to the service of humanity that characterized every word and deed of that grand woman whole life was one sweet poem of blessed usefulness and comfort to her fellow creatures. It was not surprising therefore to learn that she was still interested in and employed with humanitarian work.

When the time came for the guests to depart each felt that it had been indeed a season of sweet communion with the ever-present, loving angels who only wait the opportunity of speaking words of cheer to all the weary toilers along life's dusty highways. May we all soon meet again in a like manner.

RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, held at the residence of Mr F. H. Woods, 913 Pine street, February 13, 1880. Present: Wm. E. Coleman, Joseph H. Moore, James B. Chase, C. H. Wadsworth, M. B. Dodge, F. H. Woods, Mrs. H. E. Robinson and G. H. Hawes. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the directors of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, of San Francisco, having been requested by Mrs. H. E. Robinson to examine, and by a committee appointed for the purpose report upon her accounts as Manager and Treasurer of the Jessie-street Kindergarten School, after such examination and report of the committee, find those accounts strictly correct.

In addition, we gladly report that Mrs. Robinson's management of its affairs during its existence has been worthy of our warmest commendation, and our confidence in her integrity and devotion is unqualified. We tender her our sincere thanks for her services in that work.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to forward to Mrs. Robinson a copy of the above resolution.

G. H. HAWES,
Secretary G. G. R. & P. S.

SPIRITUALISM.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, who is described on his card as a "test medium and healer," arrived in San Bernardino last night, and, as most notables do on arriving here, visited the *Courier* office. He invited a representative of the *Courier* to visit him in his private room, to see a preliminary exhibition of his power. The representative, in the person of the writer, went.

The Doctor gave several tests, and, though they were somewhat conditional, it must be conceded that he did exhibit extraordinary power.

There was no darkened room, nor closet nonsense. The gas burned brilliantly. Three of us sat around a hotel table. The writer wrote the names of several living acquaintances on a sheet of paper, and on the same paper the names of two or three dead people whom he knew in life. The Doctor retired to his bedroom during the writing. On returning, by means of his "spirit guide," as he said, he selected the slips of paper containing the names of the dead from those of the living, after the slips had been folded, placed in a hat and shaken up by the writer. Now, how he did this we do not know. Hardly by mind reading, for, by design, the mind of his "subject" was directed to different subjects of contemplation. But, the Doctor made the selection with a correctness which, whatever its inspiration, was certainly marvelous.

Another test, relative to the names of dead relations was given, and the medium, to our infinite astonishment, was as infallible as before. There was no earthly possibility that he could have known anything of relatives of the writer who died in Europe thirty years ago.

What the secret of his power, for power it is, we do not know. While conversing with us, the window, fifteen feet distant from him, rattled as loudly as a quack editor blowing his horn. We were at the window in the fraction of a second, and looked down through empty air into the street.

Whether his power is natural, in the ordinary sense of the term, or supernatural, we do not know; but we do know that, in the phenomena of last night, he exhibited a power which, if not "spiritual," must certainly emanate from some mysterious source of which the world generally knows nothing. But, we will reserve further comment until in a more psychological vein.—San Bernardino *Daily Courier*.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Mr. John Slater, on Sunday afternoon at the Temple, gave one of the grandest test seances ever held in this city before a very large audience. The tests were convincing and satisfactory as they always are. In the evening before an audience that completely filled the large auditorium and left many standing, Mr. Slater after speaking of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, which he intends celebrating with a grand concert and test seance on Sunday, March 31st introduced to the audience Mr. John W. Mackenzie, who had made such a grand success on the preceding Sunday evening, who sang the "De Provoga" from "Traviata", and in response to an encore sang "Dreaming;" both were rendered in a singularly sweet and artistic manner, giving great pleasure to all who heard him. Mr. Mackenzie is a welcome addition to our list of singers. The congregation joined in singing two verses of "Sweet Bye and Bye." Mr. Slater then proceeded in presenting tests to the people, keeping his audience in wonder, from start to finish; one moment the audience would break out into laughter at the funny tests given, and the other moment stilled by some wonderfully impressive test. Flowers, as usual, were very beautiful and numerous. We think that this seance was one of the very best ever held by Mr. Slater, giving great satisfaction to all present. "So mote it be always."—REPORTER.

LECTURES, TESTS AND SPIRITUAL HEALING.

St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, was filled to its full seating capacity on Sunday evening last. The occasion was a lecture and tests by Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, and healing by Dr. J. R. Nickless. The services were opened with a solo by Miss Mabel A. Nickless, "Dream Faces," rendered in a very pleasing manner. The congregation joining in singing "Summer Land." Invocations by control of Mrs. Nickless; solo by Mrs. E. Clark. Mrs. Nickless then spoke from these words, "What Shall We do to be Saved?"

The duty of Spiritualists one toward another was portrayed. Showing that in the past there has been too much jealousy among the opponents of Spiritualism. All the workers had their work to do; none could do another's work, or fill another's place. There was room for all. Too much attention had been given the phenomenal part of our philosophy. The phenomena was necessary as the foundation of the structure is necessary before the erection of the temple. We do not wish to be continually laying foundations, but turn our attention to the building of the structure. After one has become convinced of the truths of the continuation of life; received facts sufficient to make it a knowledge, then they should look higher and adorn the temple, seek the philosophy, live exemplary lives, make themselves examples of purity in every walk of life, that they may be known by men, not only seekers of the truth, but that it has entered into every department of their material and spiritual nature. These are only a few of the grand thoughts uttered by the speaker. She is a remarkable sensitive, and we welcome her to our city. The field is ready for all true and honest workers, and the harvest will be abundant. We predict for her a brilliant future. At the close of the lecture, after a solo by Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Nickless was controlled by "Sunflower," an Indian maiden, who acts as a messenger spirit between the two stages of existence. Many interesting and comforting tests were given, all of which we believe were recognized. After the tests Dr. Nickless extended an invitation to any in the audience who were suffering from any of the various inharmonious conditions called diseases, which the human flesh is heir to, to come forward and he would relieve them. Three responded to the invitation and they were very quickly benefitted and relieved of their ailments. The Doctor is a powerful spiritual healer, and we learn has performed some wonderful cures.

On next Sunday evening services will be held in the same hall of a similar nature. The public are cordially invited.

We understand Mrs. Nickless will give receptions Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week at her parlors No. 108 McAllister street.

HAL.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee gave a very interesting address before the society on Sunday afternoon. The subject being the "Responsibility of Mediumship," and it is to be continued next Sunday. Singing by Mrs. Rutter and Clarke. Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers under the control of Rosa, gave tests; many were recognized. Miss Annie Johnson, the sweet singer, gave a solo which was greatly appreciated by the audience. The President made an appeal in behalf of Mrs. Deroth, who has been confined to her bed for three months with typhoid pneumonia, and is unable to attend to business. Mrs. Miller seconded his appeal with an address full of sympathy for mediums in need of assistance. The sum of $31.50 was the result, demonstrating again, that this society is always ready to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate, especially its mediums.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

INSTRUCTIVE MEETINGS.

Mrs. Logan's meeting held in St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street, last Sunday forenoon was well attended, and was full of interest for all present. The President's desk was ornamented by beautiful bouquets. After music on the piano by Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Logan, in a few words bade all welcome and announced that the meeting was open to all who desired to speak. At the close of her remarks, Miss Annie Johnson sang a touching song entitled "The Beautiful Gates are Left Ajar," in a manner which won for her the hearty praise of the audience, after which this wonderful little woman gave some remarkable tests in diagnosing disease, and also described several spirits who were present.

Mrs. Miller then took the rostrum and made one of her characteristic, soul-stirring, awakening addresses, and was loudly applauded. After her remarks Mr. Wilbur sang to his own accompaniment, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away." Mrs. Pruden who is rapidly developing into a remarkable medium, next made a few remarks, when a young man in the audience was controlled and, speaking in a strange language, kept pointing to the piano. Mrs. Pruden went to him and the control, following her, took him to the instrument and seated him, when he sang in the same language and played an accompaniment. Stopping all at once he again began rapidly talking, and Dr. E. O. Houbert, caught the meaning of a few words, and spoke to the control, who at once turned to him and reaching out his hand with smiles and tears of gratification and pleasure clasped that of the doctor, and poured out a torrent of words. It was the spirit of the son of the doctor's tutor in the Egyptian Mysteries, Astrology, and language. The last time the doctor saw the young man the control was some twenty-seven years ago, in Egypt. The recognition was complete and could not have failed to convince those present of the sublime truth of Spiritualism. They held quite a conversation. Mrs. Aitken made a few remarks and gave some tests. The audience was then entertained by a few sensible and pointed remarks by Mrs. Dr. Treadwell. She suggested as a subject for discussion next Sabbath morning: "The Caused Mental and Physical Deformity in the Human Race." After another song in which the audience joined the meeting adjourned.

In the evening meeting, which was also quite well attended, a Mr. Tomson of Philadelphia, an earnest Spiritualist made a few stirring remarks on the subject of the good Spiritualism has done the world, giving many instances which had occurred under his own observation, where this angel-given knowledge had worked wonders in the salvation and the bettering of fallen man and woman. The question "Is Materialism a Fact?" was discussed. There seemed to be no doubt as to the real occurrence of this phenomenon, the only difference being as to the mode used to achieve it. Dr. Houbert's control answered several questions in a very satisfactory manner, at times being quite eloquent. Mrs. Dr. Treadwell and others made interesting remarks, and, taken altogether, the meeting was one of the most pleasant and instructive of the season—it being after 10 o'clock when the audience dispersed to their homes.

Great credit is due Mrs. Logan, the noble worker for Spiritualism and friend of the

oppressed and downtrodden, because she founded these meetings, thereby giving to parents a knowledge of how to live and rear children as God would have them reared.

We trust that these glorious meetings may not be suspended, and that Spiritualists—no matter what they may think on other little points—will make it a duty to attend them and show to the world that they are indeed disciples of the angels in the great work now in progress. MAY the angels be with and help us in the battle Truth and Right are now waging against Error. Hatred and Wrong, to be true and valiant soldiers, ever true to our colors, never flinching from duty. Hoping that the power of the CARRIER DOVE may be strengthened a thousand fold—until it is read in every household, I close this, I fear too long communication, signing myself your friend and fellow-laborer

A. P. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4, 1880.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Another successful meeting was held at Fraternity Hall, 9041/2 Market street last Sunday evening.

The program throughout was crowned hearth by the audience many selections being encored. Miss Nettie Bacon as a young elocutionist is far above the average. The following are the names of volunteer talent:

Songs, Mr. Ida, Mr. Thomas Liggett and J. W. Fountain and Miss Maggie Kelly. Recitations, John Anderson, Oscar Stonehill, Miss Jennie Friel and Nettie Bacon. Piano Solos, Mrs. Stout, Mrs. Hilda Liggett. Harmonica Solo, Oscar Stonehill. Invocation and readings, Prof. Perkins, Spirit Tests, Mrs. Perkins. An extra program for next Sunday.

SOMETHING UNACCOUNTABLE.

Last evening a *Times-Index* reporter visited the rooms of Dr. Louis Schlesinger, who has the reputation of being one of the greatest Spiritualist test mediums in the State and witnessed some of the Doctor's wonderful tests.

The reporter's visit was by invitation and impossible that the medium could have previously known anything about the matters that he revealed, as he said, by the aid of the spirits.

The reporter wrote a number of names upon slips of paper and placed them in a box when he did not let out of his keeping. Among these names were those of two who are dead and the balance who were alive. The reporter shook the names up in a hat so that he did not know himself which slips contained the names of the living and the dead and the medium by rays which were produced passed over the slips upon which were written the names of those who were dead, and then without handling or looking at the slips gave the correct names of the persons, where they died and when they died.

He also gave the reporter some information in regard to his future. These tests were all made in the broad glare of the gas light; no dark room scenes about it. There is something very unaccountable in the manifestations produced last evening, and there is something about them that the reporter does not propose to solve.

The Doctor has rooms up and down the St. Charles hotel and all who desire to investigate these matters, should call on him.—San Bernardino *Daily Times-Index*.

Correspondence.

CRITICISMS ON AN "HONEST PRAYER."

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: There were two articles on the CARRIER DOVE of February 23rd, that were wholly different in their spirit, as they were in the position they occupied in your columns. The one by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond on "spiritual growth" being the first article, the other on "honest prayer" by, I don't know whom, being the last.

The first was such reading as I would want to send to my Christian friends to draw them towards a knowledge of our philosophy—the last such as I would send to repel them from us.

Now to the author of that "prayer" I would like to say, "What is the object of writing and printing essays and statements on the subject of Spiritualism? Are they put forth for our own edification or enlightment, or for those who do not think as we do, that they may be brought to enjoy the blessing of a better belief than they now have?"

The whole need no physician but those that are sick.

If our object is to convince people, instead of making a display of sarcasm and captious criticism, would it not be better to confine ourselves to showing the beautiful truths that are brought out by our philosophy, rather than indulge in what will seem to them in the start the rankest kind of hypocrisy and insult a rejection of any proposition we may wish to make subsequently? We shall profit some by a little study of human nature and an application of the truths we may learn in regard to it. If we want to extend a knowledge of spiritual truths into place where it has been kept out and make those truths acceptable where they have been rejected.

If we want to convert—say a lady who has been brought up in the Catholic faith, to reverence the "Virgin Mary" we would not begin by advocating her ideal as a harlot, but let her get all the comfort she can out of that belief till we can show her something better. Forcibly tearing her ideal from her and we only harden her against the acceptance of any other belief. Even if she still thinks St. Peter is the custodian of the "Keys to the Kingdom of Heaven," what does it matter. When she learns that the only immediate "open sesame" to the blissful region of condition, beyond the grave, is the right kind of a life on this side—she will not care whether St. Peter holds the keys or not—and when she finds that the only "purgatory" is one out of which she can rise by force of her own aspirations and efforts, she will care little what is said over her lifeless remains.

And let the whole Christian world reverence lessons of Nazareth, his life and teachings—till Spiritualists can give them something better and it looks to me as though it will be a long time before that takes place.

With our best and most honest mediums, we have to do a great deal of sifting and winnowing to get rid of the chaff—we have to discriminate—analyze, "watch and pray" and then we are always sure that we have the truth. And this being the case, it ill becomes us to indulge in carping criticism on the teachings of Christ because they will not stand literal translation always.

In the "honest prayer" it is said "Jesus told a whopper" because he said "whatever ye ask it shall be given." We should not think of applying this to material things, or that Jesus meant if we asked for the earth it should be ours. And why not before charging Jesus with falsehood, look for some sensible way of construing the sentiment.

By doing this we shall find the words were *literally true*, and are as true now as then, that if we send up earnest, sincere aspirations for the spiritual truths they will come to us and those words were but a corollary of his other sayings, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you; seek and ye shall find."

Even Thomas Payne, "doubting Thomas" that he was, said, "Nothing that is herein stated is intended to imply the remotest disrespect to Jesus of Nazareth," and give him credit for teachings of the most exalted and beneficent kind.

When we can raise up mediums that will excel him in spiritual and phenomenal power, and show the same disposition to use those powers for the good of mankind exclusively, ignoring self, as he did—then we can afford to lay him on the shelf—but not till then.

LEON M. BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, February 24th.

LET US BE TRULY LIBERAL.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I see an article in the DOVE of Feb. 9th entitled, "The Latest Sunday Law Petition," which I think requires the earnest consideration of not only every Spiritualist, but of every lover of progress and reform. Now there may be local organizations of the W. C. T. U. made up of narrow-minded bigots, seeking to press their sectarian views to the front and ignoring the great principle to which all unions are pledged regardless of religious opinions; but I believe if there are such, it is the fault of Liberalists themselves. If the broad-minded isolate themselves from organizations formed to overthrow any evil then those organizations must be made up wholly of minds of inferior quality and we must expect their hobbies and prejudices to be taken in too—as these constitute part and parcel of themselves.

If the liberal people of our country had said, when the great Rebellion came and there was a call for men to put it down "As long as Christianity is recognized in the army—as long as chaplains are paid by the government to repeat meaningless prayers we will lend no aid," where would our country be to-day? There was a great principle at issue and men were wanted;—not Christians—not Infidels—not Liberals, but all combined, and in the hour of need the petty annoyances of narrow minds were forgotten.

So, in our Temperance Unions, it is a great principle. The awful "rum traffic" is before us with its devastating power, and to overthrow this gigantic evil requires the assistance of Liberal, Atheist and Christian alike. If there is a local Union trying to force religious opinions into the laws of any State, it is proof positive that the liberal-minded have not joined in its work, else the great principle of the orgagization had not been forgotten. It is the able minds that ever stand at the head of every organized body and who of all the world can justly say that Miss Frances E. Willard, National President of the W. C. T. U. is narrow-minded. I care nothing for her religious views I only know that her soul is too full of the great principle of temperance to be superstitious or narrow. Like our immortal Lincoln she sees the needs of the hour and forgets religious bias to work for a noble cause.

Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell a well-known worker for "Woman Suffrage" for the past twenty years is now speaking for the W. C. T. U's. throughout the Empire State. In a lecture before our local Union a few evenings ago she said, "I believe the leaders of reform are surrounded by a great host of angels; we go forth to the battle not alone." Again she said, in speaking of the Anti-slavery Movement, "John Brown is not dead. With enlarged opportunities he is working for humanity still and will work on until the shackles fall and every every slave, emancipated and disenthralled, stands out in the full glory and light of freedom." In speaking of prayer she said, "Whatsoever he giveth thee to do, do it. Let our work be our prayer—work and pray as you go—this is the way to have prayers answered." Are these the ideas of a narrow mind? She was utteaing great spiritual truths and a large part of her audience were accepting them without understanding the source thereof. And the medicinal properties to effect a cure for bigotry were unimpard by the label being left off. If the Church is narrow and prejudiced, let us, as Spiritualists not become the same. "Angels surround and assist the leaders in every reform." If this be true why should we draw bak for fear of aiding bigoted views, which after all, come more from ignorance that otherwise?

Why not carry our broader ideas and higher teachings into all reform organizations, thus making petitions for a recognition of any religion in our government impossible.

Sincerely yours for Progress and truth,

EMMA TRAIN.

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I have been reading the article in the DOVE concerning Mrs. Britten's remarks on the celebration of the anniversary of Spiritualism. The DOVE is a most fearless and outspoken expounder of Spiritualism and freethought; and for the pulling down of Satan and his kingdom, and of the rich lords and of the money power of this most glorious, free and fair America, and for the upbuilding of the laboring men and women, with all professions, with equal rights to all and special favors to none, and for the upbuilding and elevation of the down-trodden women of all nations, to their enfranchisement and enlightenment, both spiritually and intellectually. I heartily endorse your effort for the education of the people against the mighty power of priestcraft and all other influences that are working for the downfall of our free institutions and liberties by passing their Sunday laws and putting God in the Constitution of the United States.

Now a few lines in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism, the crowning glory of all humanity. Be it remembered that no human being in mortal flesh can in the least injure Spiritualism, which is the work of God, the great intelligent First Cause of the Universe, the power that penetrates all life. As Dr. Fowler says of science "It is truth demonstrated" so is Spiritualism. To me Spiritualism is a demonstrated fact, for I have seen many spirits in my own home by myself, and conversed with them mentally and they performed wonders for me. I have promised to write some experiences for the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, but on account of having to perform so much hard labor have not had time to do so. I heartily endorse your course in regard to Mrs Britten, who is a grand and noble veteran in our cause. She has no superior in the grand work that is now going on; but I would rather have any other dear right taken from me than to have that day, of all the days, the 31st of March, our anniversary destroyed. It would be the worst blow that ever befel Spiritualism; the poor Fox girls' confession would be but a drop in the bucket, when we repudiate that day, to the onward march of Spiritualism. It is a living principle and will last while the ages last. I do sincerely hope that Mrs. Britten may be enabled to look at this in a different light.

Yours for the truth,

ELIAS DAVIDSON HALLOWELL.

WHAT THE ANGELS TEACH—SPIITITUALISM IN A NUTSHELL.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Some of your readers may have read a poem I published in San Francisco in 1883, with an anniversary lecture. The edition was exhausted some time since, and being often solicited to republish the poem, which contained the cardinal ideas of our Philosophy in concrete, I have just done so combining with it one prepared for the coming Anniversary, March 31st, which I think is the best of my rythmic compositions. Together they make a most excellent missionary tract to hand to anyone who wishes to know what Spiritualism is, and what it teaches. Rev. Samuel Watson told me that the first poem was the best compendium of our doctrines that had ever been published. The one prepared for this year is better still, so together they are a desideratum for every Spiritualist and every enquirer. The pamphlet contains over four hundred verses, and covers the field of our movement. I hope to scatter it far and wide, and solicit orders immediately so that it may be read at the coming Anniversary everywhere. Price, single copies 10 cts, 11 for $1, 25 for $2, 50 for $3. Any good reader who will read either poem at any public meeting can sell them in quantities. I have sold from 25 to 50 after reading to my audiences. Please send orders with money enclosed immediately so as to receive them before March 31st.

Address, DR. DEAN CLARKE,
No. 26 West Tenth avenue,
DENVER, Colorado.

Children's Department.

AN IRISH BOY'S WISH.

BY OWEN MCCARDLE.

To praize and guard but one,
From rise to set of sun—
One girl, who's faithful, kind,
And of a cultured mind;
To see in her sweet smile
No shadow tingest with guile,
Such wish is mine.

To use these hands—this brain
In reaping honest gain,
Nor ever waste one cent
With profitless intent—
All this and even more
For her whom I adore,
Such wish is mine.

Should dangers hover nigh,
Compelling her to sigh;
Or dear old friends she knew
Grow cold and prove untrue—
Be mine the willing arm
To shield her from all harm!
Such wish is mine—

Enough for me to know
Her brow is like the snow;
Her cheeks are dimpled, red,
And from her graceful head,
Their rich as yellow gold,
Flows free in many a fold
To suit my wish.

Neat as a new-made pin,
I trace her perfect chin;
Yet, cannot trace the shade
Which Nature's hand hath made
It would be farcesy
To paint such treacry—
Yet that's my wish.

Back! back! ye flashing throng!
There is no vow or song
Can sway her heart from me—
Fame, wealth, nor minstrelsy
Can turn her peerless head;
But me she'll love and wed,
And that's my wish.

CLOTHES FOR THE CHAIRS.

Three-year old Harry, entered the parlor after the summer vacation, when he saw the furniture freed from their slip covering, exclaimed: "See, gran'ma, the chairs have not got their nightgowns on any more."

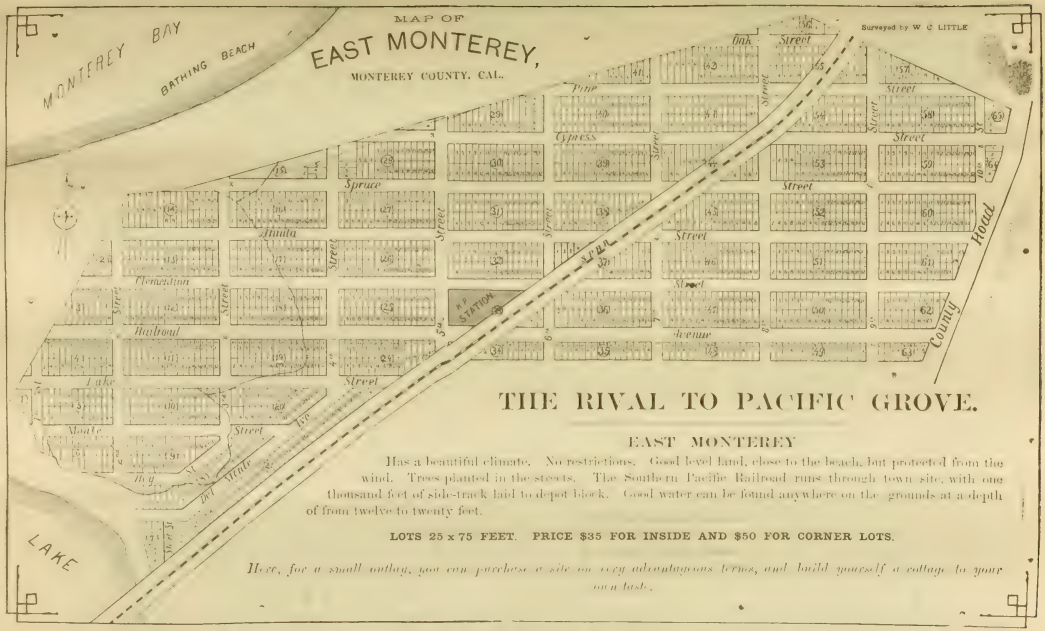
PRAYER FOR THE PUG.

Little Susie was presented with a rubber toy dog. So her first night's prayer after receiving the present was thus phrased: "God bless mamma, papa, grandpa, little pug, and make him grow to be a good poodle."

DIDN'T WANT EITHER.

"Which would you rather have, a little brother or a little sister?" asked Mrs. Simpleton of her little boy Tommy.

"Oh, ma, don't let us have either of them—children are such a nuisance about a house."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MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.
Surveyed by W. C. LITTLE
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Park Street
Pine
Cypress
Spruce
Juanita
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For information in regard to the above inquire of MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS, "Carrier Dove" office, 841 Market Street, San Francisco.

Two Decided Opinions.

One day a pair of twin babies put in an appearance at Neighbor Brown's. Previous to the advent of the twins the junior portion of the family consisted of two sons aged respectively four and six years. When the lads were taken by their father to see the babies the elder boy seemed much displeased and, turning to his father, said: "Oh, papa, take them out and shoot them like you did the little puppies last week." The younger boy clapped his hands and cried: "Ain't they nice! Why didn't you buy a whole wagon-load, papa?"—By G. It in the *Wood L.*

An Ambiguous Compliment.

"If you use my mixture once," said the patent-medicine man, "I'm sure you will never use any other." "No," was the reply, "I don't suppose I ever would."

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen who was after some free advice; "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take." "Take a cab," replied the intelligent physician.—*Worcester Gazette.*

HE TOOK THE WRONG MEDICINE.

Robert Stewart, of Petaluma, recently had a queer experience. He writes:

"Carbuncles and boils afflicted my face and neck for weeks. Finally I procured a bottle of one of the leading sarsaparillas. To my surprise it made matters worse. This made me lose faith in sarsaparilla, but seeing a statement that Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla dried up boils and face eruptions instead of forcing more out as the potash sarsaparillas do, I bought a bottle. To effect was astonishing. The carbuncles and boils began to dry up, and in two weeks my face was as well and smooth as ever. My brother also took a bottle with the same benefit ROBERT STEWART.

PETALUMA, Cal.

[Explanatory Note—The mineral iodide of potash, which is the basis of nearly all other sarsaparillas, attacks the blood direct, hence forces impurities through the skin, creating more boils and pimples. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla acts oppositely. Its vegetable alteratives stimulate the various secretory organs and thus eliminate all impurities through the natural channels, hence dries up pimples and skin eruptions. The above testimonial is a case in point.]

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This is the perfection of the instrument used by Prof. Robert Hare in his investigation on Spiritualism, and has gained astonishing results, both as to communications given, and development of mediumship. A well-known lady in San Francisco writes that she obtained valuable communications at the first sitting, and has by the means become a writing medium. Numerous letters of commendation might be given. The Psychograph is endorsed by such eminent writers as Dr. Samuel Watson, Dr. Eugene Crowell, Giles B. Stebbins, W. F. Jamieson, Hudson Tuttle, etc.

Full instructions with each instrument. It is admirably designed for the home circle. Sent post paid for $1.00. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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Twice within a year I have been in a condition, from purging of the bowels, that without relief I must soon have passed over. In each instance a few drops of an easily prepared and cheap medicine gave almost instantaneous relief, and without any bad effect following. I am so well convinced of its value, in cases of dysentery, that I want others to have the benefit; therefore I will send the receipt to any one who will send me 25 cents in postage stamps. LOIS WAISBROOKER, Antioch, Cal.

Shopping done for ladies out of the city. For particulars and samples address: Miss W. 618 Eddy St., S. F.

Plenty consists in the power to curb your wants.

An elephant lately died in Bombay in the three hundredth year of his age, and naturalists figure from this that any elephant of regular habits will have no trouble in pulling along for at least 250 years.

Walking-sticks are now being made that are useful as well as ornamental. From one a silk umbrella can be drawn and screwed to the cane. Another has a receptacle for nickles and cents, and is convenient for those who ride on street and other city cars and cross ferries. Another contains a measure for the height of horses, and has a spirit-level attachment and has a good little watch set in the crystal handle.

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2nd.—It contains no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic, Strychnine, Morphine, Quinine or any poisonous drug or mineral whatever.

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4th.—It Regulates the Bowels to perfection, no matter what may be their condition.

5th.—It Stimulates the Liver and therefore cures diseases arising from a torpid condition of this important organ in the human anatomy.

6th.—It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

7th.—By feeding the brain on pure, nutritious blood, it stimulates that organ to generate a greater Nerve Force, and thus gives added energy and life to the entire system.

8th.—It is a sure cure for any malarial disease, such as Chills and Fever.

9th.—It will counteract the evil effects of Alcohol upon the system

10th.—It will break up any fever inside of 10 hours.

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PRELIMINARY.

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II. Mediumship: Its Physical, Mental and Spiritual Conditions.

III. Mediumship continued: Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.

IV. Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.

VI. The Spiritual World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.

VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX.—Appendix Questions.

The above Lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two Lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, $1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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She Knew Him.

"You know the defendant in this case, do you?" asked a Kansas lawyer of a female native of the soil.

"Know which?" she asked.

"The defendant, Jake Lynch."

"Do I know Jake Lynch?"

"Yes."

"You want to know if I know Jake Lynch —well, if that ain't a good one. Why, mister, the Lynch family an' —"

"Can't you say yes or no?"

"Why, Jake Lynch's mother an' my step-dad's father was once first cousins, an' —"

"Then you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? *Me* know Jake Lynch. You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. If you know Jake Lynch, say so."

"If I know him! Lemme tell you that Jake Lynch's birthday and my brother Hiram's is on the same day, an' —"

"You know him, of course, then?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Ask Jake if I know him! Ask him if he was ever introduced to Betty Skelton."

"I don't care to ask him anything. I simply want to ask you if Jake Lynch is known to you personally."

"Pussonly? Well, I don't know what you mean by 'pussonly,' but if you want to know if *I* know Jake an' if *he* knows *me*, I can tell you in mighty few words. Jake Lynch's father an' my father —"

"Now, I want you to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Thought you wanted me to say if I know Jake Lynch."

"That's just what I do want."

"Well, then, lemme alone an' I'll tell you all about it. Jake was born in Injeeany an' I was born in the same county, an' —"

"And, of course, you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Do I know Jake Lynch, when the very house he rid hair on was one he traded my mama pair of young steers for? Why, man, Jake's wife was Ann Eliza Skeff, an' her an' me is the same age to a day, an' —"

"That will do, I see that you do know him."

"Know him? Know Jake? Why, man —"

"That will do."

"Why, I was married on a Chewsday an' Jake was married the next day, an' his oldest boy an' my oldest girl is most the same age, an' —"

"That will *do*." *Selected*

He Knew.

"Now, Arthur," said Angelina Belle to her brother, so as to look motherly before young Skewers, "you must be a good boy, for Christmas is coming and you won't get anything in your stocking."

"I don't want what you've got," growled Arthur, "a stockin' full of corns. I've seen 'em." *Cheltenham.*

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Grateful, yours, W. L. PEARCE.

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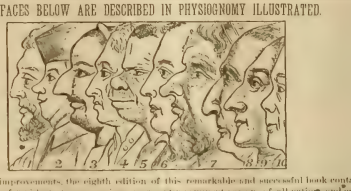

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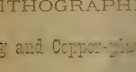

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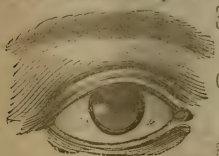

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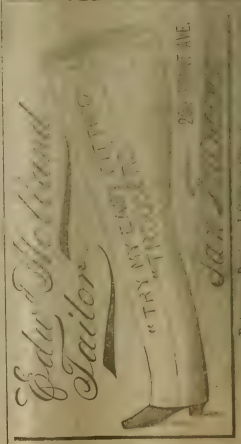

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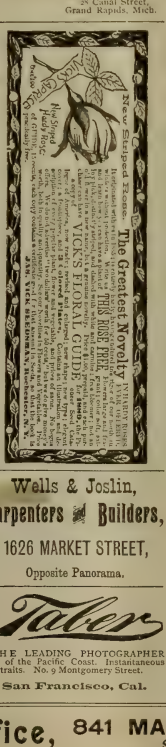

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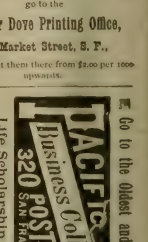

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Original Contributions.

EUROPE AS SEEN IN DAYLIGHT

BY DR J. SIMMS.

SWITZERLAND.

Its early history; army; women torturers; educational advantages; schools and famous men; languages and customs; mountains, rivers, lakes; the resort of Voltaire, Gibbon, Madame de Stael, and George Eliot; lakes, tunnels, and railroad facilities for travelling; prices paid for labor, etc.

This is a land of pleasant surprises, scenes of majestic grandeur, and inspiring delights. Tortuous, rock bound lakes, moving glaciers, with faces fair and white as the lily, yet treacherous as Greek banditti: mountains whose bases rest amid buttercups and roses, while their summits part the clouds and are crowned with the purest crystal snow.

Switzerland occupies a central position in continental Europe, lying between France, Germany, Austria, and Italy. In its mountains rise the principal rivers that flow through these countries. The Rhone has its source in the Alps toward the south, pours its waters into the lake of Geneva and again emerging under the same name takes a southwesterly direction to Lyons in France, and thence runs directly south to the Gulf of Lyons in the Mediterranean sea. The Rhine rises in the south-eastern part of Switzerland, or Engadine country, among the glaciers and snow-hooded mountains and wends its way to the north-eastern corner where it widens into Lake Constance and afterwards pursues a western course along the northern frontier to Basle, where it turns due north and proceeds through Germany and the Netherlands to the North Sea. The Inn river rises in the Engadine country, and runs north-east through Germany till it empties into the Danube, which takes its rise in the high lands of Germany, adjoining the northern portion of Switzerland, which forms in fact the great watershed of the most part of Europe. From its generally great altitude, it is a cool country in summer and extremely cold in winter. Beautiful lakes seem to have been dropped irregularly about in various parts; all the larger ones being navigated by steamers; and as they are generally connected by railways, it is easy to make one's way along the main lines of travel through this country. During summer and winter it is largely visited by foreigners, especially German, English, and American. There is certainly grand scenery in various parts. The falls of the Rhine near Schaffhausen are picturesque and worth visiting; but as they are in three leaps and altogether only sixty feet they do not awaken great awe in an American who has seen Niagara, the falls of the Cumberland river, and those of the Yosemite valley, one fall of the latter is 2600 feet high. The Rhine above the falls is about 375 feet broad; and as these are among the greatest in Europe, they are much thought of by those who have never seen the American.

Switzerland extends about 216 miles from east to west; and 130 from north to south, with an area of 15,992 square miles not including the lakes, and a population (in 1884) of 2,906,750. The nationalities are thus reckoned: German 71 per cent; French 21; Italian 6; besides 1½ per cent of Romanshe, living in Grisons. As for religion, 41 per cent are Roman Catholics; 58 per cent Protestants, the rest being Jews, and of other religious beliefs.

In the early pre-historic ages of Europe, a people called lake-dwellers occupied the country now known as Switzerland where their bones, their pottery ware, their stone and horn implements of husbandry and weapons of war remain to tell all that can now be known concerning them. Many of these relics are exhibited in various museums, especially that of Zurich. The skulls are fully as large in every measurement as the Swiss cranium of to-day, and indeed somewhat large especially in the forehead.

More than two thousand years ago, the Rhetians of history were conquered in Switzerland by the Helvetians, from whom the country was thenceforward called by the Romans Helvetia. Stern laws, excellent roads, and other elements of nascent civilization succeeded a long period of destructive warfare and general savagism. But the barbarous hordes that overran Europe during the decline of the Roman power, came hither also. Successive tribes from Burgundy arrived in Helvetia, and unsettled both themselves and the former inhabitants by perpetual contentions and resolute fighting. Next the warlike Franks with spears, arrows and bludgeons won a supremacy which could no longer be contested. Monastic institutions came in under the Franconian rule, and to this day have never disappeared. Later in the history of this region the Saracens paid it a predatory visit, and caused much disturbance, damage and devastation. The country then became divided; the western half became part of Burgundy, while in the tenth century the eastern portion fell into the hands of the Swabians. About 120 years afterwards, the German people took possession of the Swabian portion, and appointed the dukes of Zahringen to represent them in its government. But these dukes came to quarrel with the Burgundians, and later on established home rule on their own account. Further on, part of the country invited the protection of the Hapsburg family reigning in Austria; but their rule grew rapidly into cruel tyranny. In the emergency thus created, the celebrated William Tell arose, and with the heroic band of Rutli took an oath to deliver Switzerland from the Austrian yoke. As a matter of course, long and bloody wars ensued; but the sturdy Switzers battled on, and finally about the end of the fifteenth century got rid of both the Austrians and Burgundians, after which they established the Swiss confederacy, and governed themselves as a republic. The next disturbance arose on religious grounds. Zwinghi, a Swiss reformer of great eminence preached the doctrines of the Reformation; and this innovation on the old faith became the occasion of strifes in which Zwinghi lost his life, 1531. During the last years of the eighteenth century, the newly formed French republic annexed the Swiss republic to itself, and soon afterwards Napoleon I. re-established the cantonal government. After his fall the Congress of Vienna (1815) remodelled the then existing constitution. The Separate League caused a civil war in 1847, but this contest was soon ended, and in 1848 a new federal constitution was inaugurated, since which time the country has remained tranquil. The legislative power is vested in a parliament consisting of two chambers which together are called the Federal assembly. The executive is in the hands of a Federal Council of seven members chosen by the Federal Assembly and presided over by the President of the Confederation, who is elected for one year with a salary of $2,700. The members of this council and of the second chamber of representatives are elected for three years. The national debt is inconsiderable. For a

small country, Switzerland has an army of formidable proportions. If we include the Landwher and put the military force on war footing, there are 200,774 men all told. But as in most European countries the soldier's pay is very small. He is clothed and fed by the government; and receives only fourteen cents a day, out of which he has to find his own blacking, and many other things. These soldiers are among the best in the world; brave to the extreme, and faithful to the last. Again and again Swiss guards have been slain to the last man rather than surrender to an enemy. Every healthy young man, not being in holy orders, is compelled to take military service at the age of seventeen, and continue it for at least three years, so that the country is full of men trained to arms.

The most remarkable characteristic of the people is their untiring industry, and their general honesty of purpose. Their dress is plain, and indicative of practical common sense; but the costumes of some of the women were rather odd looking. At Sion, in the Rhone valley, east of Lake Geneva we saw women wearing dark brown or black straw hats of the same shape as those usually worn by men. Their skirts were very comfortably short. One thing impossible to be pleased with is the sight of so many thousands of women working like cattle; being hitched on to carts, and thus drawing loads into the towns, while the strong men are serving in the army. This is one of the curses involved by the feudal military usages of the middle ages still finding favor in this slowly though surely advancing republic, as well as all over Continental Europe. We often saw a live bull's head peering round a corner, and coming into full view perceived that the bull was harnessed to a wagon carrying a load of wood, potatoes or other material and driven by a woman. The Rhone valley east of Lake Geneva is the only part of the world where we have seen a bull, ox, or cow, harnessed with a fine broad comfortable collar like those worn by horses in England and America. One large bull thus equipped can draw as heavy a load as a common span of horses. It is no unusual sight in any part of continental Europe to see a woman on one side of the tongue of a cart and a dog on the other, both having attaching straps over their shoulders, and thus trudging on with a load to market. Switzerland offers no exception to this usage; the female sex work like earnest beasts of burden everywhere. God forbid that such sights should ever be seen in America! We think that child-bearing women, thus bestowing their strength on servile drudgery cannot produce children as well-formed and mentally strong as those mothers whose duties are light, or who have more hours of rest and recreation than of labor. This may in part explain why such large numbers of idiots are born among the working classes in the mountain valleys of Switzerland, Northern Italy, and the eastern part of France. Another reason may be that the Rhone valley is very narrow, and that the sun just peers into it late in the morning, and disappears early in the evening. Whatever the cause or causes, this valley is famous for the great number of cretins among its inhabitants. These idiots are generally of short stature, with large heads, the upper forehead towering and often everhanging. The countenance is heavy and unintelligent; the hands are thick with short, blunt fingers. To be more particular, we give the average measurements. Stature 53⅝ inches; circumference of head 22½ inches. As the average mature male head in New York and London is 22½ and female 21½ inches, the reader will see that the heads of these idiots are considerably larger in proportion to their stature than those of intelligent persons. They were not hydrocephalic, nor epileptic, nor insane. They were simply cretins, or congenital goitred idiots, in the full sense of these terms. The above were not selected for measurement, but taken as they came to hand. One girl's head was 23½ inches in circumference, and her height only four feet two inches. Another girl's head gave a circumference of 23 inches, and her stature was only 45. A man having a Daniel-Webster-like head, of 23 inches round, with a broad and lofty forehead, quite full in its upper part, in stature measured an inch less than five feet. The ages of those we measured ranged from 14 to 60 years; and we took equal numbers of both sexes. Some were so entirely destitute of intelligence that they had never learned to use any language. Most of them were very much afflicted with goitre, which is common everywhere in Switzerland, but most marked in those valleys which are nearly inaccessible and almost sunless. Women seem to be more subject to it than men.

Among the better class of families there are clubs named *Societes de Dimanche* (Sunday societies) for the mutual improvement of the young people. Each club numbers from twelve to eighteen members who meet in turn at each other's houses on Sunday evenings for entertainment of an intellectual kind. By this means not only is intelligence improved, but friendships of a familiar yet respectful character are formed, and these not unfrequently lead to marriage. These clubs, which obtain chiefly in large towns and thickly peopled parts of the country, tend to make social life somewhat exclusive among the better classes.

There are excellent district schools everywhere throughout Switzerland, supported by the respective cantons or counties. The primary education is in all cases free, and compulsory on children from six to twelve years of age, so that it is now rare to find a young person unable to read or write, idiots of course excepted. Efforts have been made to render secondary education compulsory also; but this has failed because of the expense it would entail. However, in most of the cantons children in their thirteenth and fourteenth years have to attend school one day or half a day in every week, and this is called *Repetcrschule* (repeat school.) Moreover, youths entering the military service have to undergo an examination; and as it was found that they had naturally forgot much of what they had formerly learned, a new kind of school was introduced—Fortbildungschule (school of further study) for young men from 17 to 20, the compulsory attendance being three or four hours a week. At Geneva and Lausanne there are academies on the French plan; and at Geneva, Zurich, Berne, and Basle there are universities on the German model, the whole four admitting female students. All these Universities are supported exclusively by the respective cantons. We obtained a complete summary of the educational appliances at Zurich through the kindness of N. Ramsauer, manager of the official Information Bureau, at Zurich. They include a gymnasium to follow the primary school, and prepare for the university; a technical school to follow the secondary and prepare for the Federal Polytechnic, which is supported by the Swiss state, and teaches Architecture, Engineering, Mechanical technics, Chemical technics, Agriculture, Mathematics, and General Philosophy. There are besides a number of Professional schools, and educational establishments for specific purposes, some founded or endowed by the state, others merely proprietary. And there are private schools under State control. Hence the reader can understand that education has reached a high standard in this country.

Religious instruction is wisely excluded from all the cantonal schools. The children are taught in French and German which are the prevailing languages throughout Switzerland, except in a part adjoining Italy. Nearly all the Swiss people understand both French and German.

The Church is supported by the State or the Cantons; but as a rule there are separate parishes with a board and in many places the church boards, and the pastors or priests are elected by the people.

As we spent many weeks travelling all over Switzerland during harvest time, we observed everywhere men and women using old-fashioned sickles to cut grain, and hand scythes to mow the grass, as was the custom in the state of New York forty and fifty years ago. Throughout the whole country, we failed to see a patent mowing or reaping machine. All the work or the greatest part of it is done in the most primitive and difficult manner. To be sure much of the land consists of hill and mountain sides, fearfully steep, so that machine work would be impossible. Even on level ground machinery could not be profitably employed unless the mode of laying out the ground were altered.

To those accustomed to see large fields, each with a uniform crop, it is odd to look upon strips of grain with patches of various vegetables between. Here is a strip of wheat, two rods in breadth and from ten to twenty in length; on one side of it a similar strip of potatoes, on the other oats, and beyond that some grass. Such childlike farming would in the States of America be deemed a great loss of time to say the least.

As a general rule, the land belongs to those who live on it, and cultivate it, the system of renting the ground being nearly unknown. The principal objects of culture are potatoes, wheat, maize, oats, hemps, flax, barley, a little tobacco, and the hardy fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, grapes. Every available spot is cultivated. But scarcely one-third of the soil is arable, and the country requires other resources to maintain its position. These are derived from the manufacture of clocks, watches and musical boxes, great numbers of which are annually exported; also silk, linen, cotton and woolen fabrics; likewise porcelain, pottery, leather, gloves, sugar, cheese, and snuff; besides home industries. Embroidery occupies 30,000 of the rural population in the eastern part of Switzerland alone.

The great natural beauty of the country is also a considerable source of wealth, as it brings thousands of tourists every year from various lands, not to gain money but to spend it. The consequence has been the construction of an extensive system of railways, in regions difficult to traverse—any thing to facilitate the movements of those who do so much to enrich the country.

Switzerland is delightful for those who have money to spend, but cheerless for those who have it to earn. Laborers are hired for 20 cents a day all the year round, except in harvest when they receive 30 or 40. Work begins as soon as there is day light, and ends only with the darkness of night. Women, who are more employed than men in field labor, toil these long hours for 16 to 20 cents a day. Nevertheless these people are among the most contented in the world. In America where laborers are well paid and well fed they are generally discontented, riotous, dictatorial, and given to organize strikes to the great inconvenience of employers. In Switzerland they are well fed for farm laborers, having five meals a day, but they are poorly paid, and yet are generally law abiding and contented. It reminds one of the old saying "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." Here they get no horses, and they toil on uncomplainingly. Which reminds us to say that horses, like many other luxuries, are high-priced in Switzerland. At Interlaken a good horse for work ranges from $150 to $200 and upwards; while fancy horses sell for from $300 to $1,000 each. A good milk cow brings from $60 to $100. Large ones fitted for beef sell best; and handsome ones bring fancy prices.

Skilled tradesmen seem much better off than agricultural laborers; house carpenters, for instance are paid from 70 to 80 cents a day.

Hay and straw are largely imported in bales from the United States. At Interlaken American hay brings from 90 cents to $1.20 per 100 lbs, and wheat straw, used for bedding horses and cows brings from 80 to 90 cents per 100 lbs. Beef steak sells at from 30 to 40 cents a pound during summer, when the country is full of visitors; but it is cheaper during winter. Last year there were 10,000 American tourists registered at Interlaken alone. George L. Catlin Esq., American consul at Zurich says that in the summers of 1886 and 1887 there was such an influx of strangers, that there were days when another room could not be had within a radius of four or five miles from Lucerne. He also says that 85 per cent of all tourists in Switzerland are from England. After the English, the Germans are most numerous; then Americans, French and Italians in the order we mention.

Swiss hotels are generally pretty good. As for Poncionis (boarding houses) we cannot say much, as we usually avoid them studiously. However, we did spend a few days very pleasantly at the Poncioni Simpkin, on the bank of Lake Thun, two miles from Interlaken. Mrs. Simpkin is a shrewd, clever woman, keeps a most comfortable house, speaks English, French and German, as do her two agreeable daughters; keeps carriages and horses, and sends parties to the Grindelwald or other mountain scenery at the usual rates. The prices for different vehicles, horses, and donkeys are fixed by law. Every cabby must produce a list of legal rates upon demand; hence overcharges are rarely if ever known. One easily sees how necessary these arrangements are, and how exorbitant the charges would often be if they were settled by bargain.

The grand scenery due to the Alps of Switzerland is, as every one knows, the great attraction for tourists. These mountains have their base among buttercups, pinks and roses while their summits rise 14,000 feet high and dwell among the clouds. Four hundred glaciers invite the venturous tourist to scenes of majestic grandeur, and sometimes to instant death. Among these venerable mountains the silvery crystals of snow come down silently, one by one burying their fellows, and building their heaps towards heaven, till the whole comes down in one towering avalanche, whirling, thundering, crushing, and blindly sweeping into eternity every thing that lies in its way. This is no fancy picture. Whole battalions of French and Russian soldiers were thus buried many years ago, when they were contending for supremacy in eastern Switzerland, and they never were disinterred. Tourists are often similiarly engulfed, and sometimes their bodies cannot be recovered. In one day of seven hours and a half we walked with Mrs. Simms the whole way from Lauterbrunnen across the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald, and while taking refreshment at Hotel Jungfrau, we saw many avalanches, probably with hundreds of tons of snow and ice, thunder down the silvery Jungfrau mountain thousands of feet into the valley of the Trumleten, an uninhabited ravine between the Wengern Alp and the glittering Jungfrau.

The Jungfrau (virgin) mountain rises 13,670 feet above the ocean's surface, and the Wengern Alp at the Jungfrau hotel is 6,184. At Pension Simpkin, near Interlaken, we took a carriage to Lauterbrunnen, then sent it round to meet us at Grindelwald, when we had accomplished the task of going over the whole Wengern Alp on foot,—a most trying climb it proved. As we have lost no mountain tops, we shall hunt for no more this season. The sight however of the falling avalanches, was worth seeing; it was grander than any one can conceive if he has never seen it and heard it. Lord Byron says in his journal: "Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. The clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell during a spring tide; it was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was not of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood. These crags on one side quite perpendicular. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snow-ball and pelted Hobhouse with it." This able description of the scene is true and characteristic. We recommend those who cross the Wengern Alp to tarry for the night at the Jungfrau hotel near its summit, and drink in the beauties of the scenes at sunset, by moonlight, and at sunrise. They are among the most inspiringly grand scenes of earth.

The capital of this republic is Berne, a city of 44,000 inhabitants. It is built on sandstone rock, 1765 feet above the surface of the ocean, and 100 above the river Arve. Its streets are broad, and most of them in line with the cardinal points of the compass. The bear is its heraldic emblem, and may often be seen represented both in metal and picture armed with shield and sword. Several bears are kept at the municipal expense in a pit suitably prepared for their habitation.

Zurich is an important manufacturing city of 23,000 persons, chiefly Protestant. It is situated on the south end of Lake Zurich, and stands on both sides of the river Limmat, which is the outlet of that lake. The manufactures are chiefly silk and cotton, there being in the canton of Zurich 100,000 silk looms producing a gossamer fabric chiefly for exportation. Several men of renown have been educated in this city; as Lavater, Pestalozzi, Gessner, Horner, Heidegger, Hess,

Bodmer, Hirzel, Henry Meyer; and it is still at the head of the whole republic as respects the educational advantages it affords. We here saw ten portraits in oil of the famous Lavater. We visited several persons belonging to his kin, and heard much about him. His grave is against one of the side walls of St. Peter's church, where he preached with much acceptance for twenty-eight years. He was an able poet, and an eloquent preacher though known to the world only or chiefly as physiognomist. His brother, as well as his father, was a medical practitoner; and we had the pleasure of a long conversation with a grand-daughter of this brother, a lady of rare intellectual accomplishments, speaking English well, besides being mistress of French and German. She described the great Lavater's person as of medium height, with brown hair and eyes. Everyone knows he was an indefatigable student, but she mentioned also that he had a custom of writing original sentences on small cards, and handing them to people he met with. Lavater had one son and two daughters, but they left no posterity. Mr. Ramsaeur, of Zurich, wrote to me not long since stating that when Lavater's bones were removed from an old cemetery to their present resting place, his skull was found to be exceedingly small. America is represented officially and with much ability at Zurich in the consulship of George L. Catlin Esq., who was formerly on the editorial staff of a New York daily paper. He is a spirited man, and ready to aid any American who has a deserving cause in hand.

Geneva, though not the capital, is the largest, richest, and handsomest city of this republic. Its population numbers above 101,000 including the suburbs. It is situated at the south-west end of Lake Geneva, and is built on both sides of the Rhone.

One striking peculiarity of this city is that from most of the chimney tops there proceed crooked pipes, from six to eight feet long, branching out in various directions, as if to scatter the smoke as much as possible to the four winds of heaven. These straggling stove pipes give a peculiar and unfinished appearance to the roofs of the large buildings.

A sight which no visitor ought to miss is the junction of the rivers Arve and Rhone, which begins a little below Geneva. The Rhone, which is very muddy before it enters the lake, emerges from it at Geneva very clear, bluish and rapid. The Arve has not been thus purified. It brings with it the clay it has received among the mountains, and the two run a long distance side by side in the same channel, as if proclaiming the unwillingness of the pure to associate with the filthy. The Rhone dashes on at an immoderate speed, but the Arve moves slowly and sluggishly; the one represents energetic industry, and the other enervating sloth.

Geneva was the centre of the Protestant Reformation in the days of John Calvin who fled to it from Paris, where there was no toleration for his religious views. He was banished from this city also in 1538, but returned after three years, and succeeded in gaining great influence and a numerous following. He built up the system of dogmas still popularly distinguished as Calvinistic; and established a correspondingly severe code of discipline. So when Servetus, a Spanish physician, visited Geneva and professed his disbelief in three Gods—for such he considered the doctrine of the Trinity to convey—Calvin had influence to have him arrested and burnt at the stake in 1553. The early age of every religion has been prone to intolerance—first persecuted by the faith which went before; then gaining strength and becoming persecutor in turn. Switzerland now allows full religious freedom to all denominations; but the stern theocratic doctrines of Calvin have continued to keep their stronghold at Geneva.

Geneva has several excellent museums; that of Natural History belonging to the University is particularly interesting.

At Geneva in the Place des Alpes is an unusually elaborate monument sixty-six feet high to the memory of Duke Charles II of Brunswick, who died in 1873, bequeathing his whole property of $4,000,000 to this city. The main part is a pyramidal hexagon of white and colored marble, supporting an equestrian statue of the duke in bronze.

Geneva and Neuchatel are the great centres of the watchmaking industry. In Geneva alone upwards of 100,000 are annually made, besides large numbers of musical boxes. We have carried a Swiss watch for about a quarter of a century, and it still keeps pretty good time. The cheapness of these watches is that which has chiefly brought them into notice throughout the world; but now the American machine made ones manufactured at Elgin, Ill., and Waltham, Mass., are getting to be extensively known.

In this city, and within a radius of forty miles, at an altitude of from twelve to fourteen hundred feet above the surface of the ocean, many of the most distinguished authors have lived, and many of the greatest works of modern times have been written. The fact accords with our opinion that pure mountain air is necessary to give birth to great and noble thoughts. The effluvia so prevalent in large lowland cities, especially those near the outlets of rivers, are highly unfavorable to lofty originality of idea. Shelley, Scott, Burns, Pope, George Eliot, and George H. Lewis, with a host of others we could name, wrote most in the pure air of the country; Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, came to be called the "Lake Poets," because they lived and wrote among the mountain lakes of Cumberland, (England). There is an inspiration which seems inseparable from altitude; the elevation of the ground is one guarantee of the atmosphere being free from the smoke and foul gases which are inimical to purity and grandeur of thought. Switzerland with the adjacent mountains has been the birthplace of more liberty and more original and influential writings tending to freedom, than all the lowlands of continental Europe.

J. J. Rousseau was born at Geneva in 1712, and did more towards the advancement of literature than most men of his day. Among other things he wrote "*Le Contrat Social*" (social contract) to show the end which men proposed by living in communities, and how best to attain it. A more notable work was "*Emile*," embodying a system of education. Both these, being contrary to the established opinions of the day, were burnt at Paris by the hangman, chiefly through the influence of the University of Paris, and strange to say of Voltaire, who though he suffered himself for his scepticism made a handle of Rousseau's to get his works anathematized by those in power. Poor Rousseau was a hypochondriac from boyhood, and like many other men of genius, extremely bashful; so much so, it is said, that when the King of France desired to see him, he could not summon up courage enough to go. Before the end of the century, the French people had generally become free-thinkers, and Rousseau is still idolized among them. In the centre of the island in the blue Rhone, there is a bronze statue to commemorate him.

Lord Byron resided for some time at the Villa Diodati on the bank of Lake Geneva, and near the city. It is authoritatively stated that here he wrote the first two cantos of Childe Harold.

At Coppet, a small village on the north west shore of the lake, and nine miles from the city, is the chateau which was for a long time the residence of the celebrated Madame de Stael. She was banished to this place by the first Napoleon, who besides jealousy of her talents would not tolerate her advocacy of political freedom. A fine portrait of her by Gerard, hangs in the drawing room of the first story of the chateau, and her mortal remains with those of her almost adored father, M. Necker, are buried in the park. J. J. Rousseau was Madame de Stael's favorite author, and her first literary production was a series of letters on his character and writings. Of one of her works the Edinburgh *Review* for October, 1814, remarks: "A work which for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view and comprehension of mind, is unequalled among the works of women, and which in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy is not surpassed by many among those of men."

But of all those who lived and wrote in the neighborhood of Geneva, Voltaire is deemed the greatest intellectual genius. He lived near twenty years at Ferney, a charming spot within French territory in full view of Mt. Blanc and five miles north of Geneva.

He found it the site of half a dozen hovels; but having purchased the estate he attracted settlers to it; and through these established factories, erected a chateau for himself, built a church for the people and inscribed on it the words "*Deo erexit Voltaire*;" built also a theatre, in which his own tragedies were played, and in short transformed a wretched hamlet into a pretty town of 1200 inhabitants, himself reigning like a petty prince among his subjects. The chateau is still standing and is open to visitors on certain days. In the garden is an arched green pathway, where he used to walk up and down, dictating to his amanuensis.

While visiting Lausanne, a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, situated on the north bank of Lake Geneva, we stayed at the Hotel Gibbon, in the garden of which Edward Gibbon wrote the last three volumes of the "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," which is doubtless one of the most classical works of the historic kind. Professor Smythe says of it: "The history of the Decline and Fall must be considered as one of the most extraordinary monuments that have appeared of the literary powers of a single mind; and its fame can perish only with the civilization of the world." Allison, himself a famous historian characterized Gibbon's history as "the greatest historical work in existence." Those who have been most ready to condemn this work have usually been those who have read least of it, and hence cannot appreciate its merits. The garden in which Gibbon wrote slopes southward towards the Lake of Geneva, and is planted with vines and evergreens in a manner to please the eye.

The streets of Lausanne are hilly, and quite irregular. From the terrace which surrounds the cathedral one can obtain a fine view of the snowy Alps of Savoy.

Proceeding eastward we found near the end of the lake the prison of Chillon, made famous by the pen of Lord Byron and other writers. It is one of the most interesting old castles in Europe, standing solitary on a rock within the lake, a stone's throw from the bank, with which it is connected by a wooden bridge. Here are sad memorials of the tyranny of men in the 16th century—thick stone walls and dingy rooms; a narrow alley across which extends a black beam, to which some of the condemned were hung during the dark ages; a place with three stone steps and then a plunge of eighty feet into a dry well where others of the doomed found both death and burial. Then there are massive columns of stone, to one of which is attached the iron ring to which Bonivard was chained for six long years till the Bernese, 7,000 strong, defeated the troops of Charles V. of Savoy in 1536, took the castle and released Bonivard with other prisoners. The changes that had taken place during his captivity almost realized Rip Van Winkle's sleep of twenty years, or the legend of the Seven Sleepers. Before his imprisonment, Switzerland was Roman Catholic and a dependency of Savoy; but when he was set at liberty he found it a free republic, and its people professing the Protestant religion.

Ere we leave the east end of the lake, we remark that in the houses are clocks which strike the hours in the usual way, but after a few seconds every clock repeats the striking.

We had passed through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, seven and a half miles long, between Italy and France; but the St. Gothard which joins Switzerland to Italy, is nine miles and a quarter—the longest railway tunnel in the world. Its central point is 6,076 feet below the top of the conglomerate sandstone mountain through which it is cut, and 3,786 above the surface of the ocean. Its construction occupied 2,500 men for seven years and a half, the cost being $11,850,000. The two ends of the tunnel are somewhat lower than the centre, and the views on each side are very grand.

May the brave little republic live long and prosper!

Early Days in California.

BY LEON M. BOWDOIN.

Probably there never was in the history of the world such a spectacle as San Francisco and California presented in '49 and '50, such a gathering of all nations and consisting largely of able bodied men engaged in the peaceful avocations of life, unaccompanied by their families or other female society.

The rush and excitement of business was most intense, and everything seemed to conspire to increase the intensity of that excitement. The fluctuations in the market on account of a glut or scarcity of any and every article of merchandise—the variations in the call for supplies for the mines—and of gold dust to pay for them—the absence of safe storage room and impossibility of getting insurance at any living rate, made the feeling of insecurity and instability of the normal condition of the man of business of those times, and every avocation shared in the same feeling.

The mechanic, if he earned his $10 or $12 a day felt no security for his savings, as one after another of the banks went by the board and swallowed up his deposits.

Many who had been once bitten in that way would sooner dig a hole in the ground in the still hours of the night and "plant" their pile there rather than risk another bank robery.

Then to increase the uncertainty and excitement of fires which devastated the whole business part of the city five times in less than two years seemed sent to cap the climax of San Franciscoes woes, and to add the "last feather to break the camel's back."

But in every instance she arose Phoenix like "from the ashes" with almost superhuman energy.

Our manner of life in those days was a novelty; such places to sleep, to eat and to cook, as we never dreamed of in our Eastern homes. The novelty at first helped us to endure it, but as that experience lengthened out into years it came to be monotonous.

On first landing any place to sleep seemed a welcome change from the old ship, and it was no uncommon sight to see men of character and sobriety emerging from a shelter made by a few yards of canvas stretched over their heads, and two dry goods boxes with one end knocked out to turn both into one, was a frequent resort of those having no better place to sleep.

Those having regular tents were called "well fixed" for a domicil and were among the most independent of mortals, for they paid no land rent and if ordered to "move on," as was often the case by the owner who feared they would acquire a squatters title, it was only the work of an hour to "pitch his roving tent" on the next lot.

After being nearly eaten up by fleas in a room on Sacramento street 10 by 12 at $30 per month where we cooked, ate and slept, —four of us—we pitched our tent which was a round one 14 feet in diameter on Pine street, between Montgomery and Kearny. The street then was not graded. It was on the side of a sand hill and I remember some little scrub bushes growing there on which we used to hang our dish cloths to dry.

Here we had a home for six weeks. It was the last of the rainy season and many nights we had a pouring rain which made our clothing feel almost as wet as water when we put it on mornings.

But we never "took cold" or awoke with a head ache for want of ventilation.

We might have remained there till this day some of us had not a city official notified us that we must move as they were surveying for a grade.

To get far enough away from civilization to insure not being molested again, we moved up into the suburbs on Stockton street, where finally we built a house which was our "home" over two years. Then we were "upper crust" though our house was only 9 by 12—rather close quarters for four.

At this period tents were the most numerous of all habitations for those who felt inclined to economise, and the side hills in all directions at one time were dotted with them.

We did our own cooking either around a camp fire or stove. Bread and pies could be bought at reasonable rates, and we did but little baking till moving to the mines. Beef steak was not dear at 25 to 30 cents per pound. Potatoes the first year either sweet or Irish were worth 25 to 40 cents per pound. Butter 50 cents to $1. Molasses $1 to $3 per gallon. Milk 75 cents per quart. Boarding ourselves with eatables at those prices cost us $7 to $8 per week. At a boarding house $18 to $25 per week was the price.

We enjoyed a few weeks of tent life on Stockton street before building our house, and mules and Jacks which were pastured around us disputed possession of the lot at times with us.

A laughable occurrence one night caused us to finally discard our tent for the house. The mules and Jacks were the cause of it. They used to sing us to sleep nights with their "sweet lullabies" and we get so used to it that if they left out the chorus we missed it. They were unusually musical that night and had got us all into the land of dreams. Our tent had guys running out in all directions and only a center pole. After they got through with their concert it seems they began to caper about chasing each other and came directly towards our tent, and parted just before striking it, half going one side pell mell into the ropes and half on the other. The concussion they made brought us all to our feet just in time to find our tent levelled to the ground, covering us in its fold together with some of the Jacks. In our dazed condition we didn't know whether it was the "judgment day," or one of those traditional earthquakes we had heard of. But we got out of the ruins with only a few scratches and a bad scare. And laying our tent aside slept the rest of the night on our cot beds with the canopy of the heavens for our roof.

The city, which has had to purge itself from villians many times in an extra, judicial manner, just passed through one of its first times of that character, in the winter of '50 having just cleaned out and banished "The Hounds" a set of desperate outlaws who lived by plundering defenceless Chilians of all they could lay their hands on, and at night no nationality was safe from their depredations.

This was done by an organization of citizens as a measure of self defense and was the incipient movement out of which was evolved the famous "vigilance committee" of 1851 to be again revived in 1856.

The most pressing business on landing, with most of us after finding a place to sleep was to find work, for very few had surplus funds enough left to live on a month.

I had $17, about enough to pay board one week. The first familiar face I met as stated before, was my friend Seamman whom I had left in Panama, and he told me where I could find others from our old home in Saco, Maine.

Hunting for members of the craft I soon found N. W. Cole who came from our town, with the first adventurers of '48, and who is now one of the "solid men" of San Francisco and a little of his experience will show what a "close call" many of us had from going hungry in those early times, and how industry, good habits and square dealing will carry men through all the ups and downs of the most critical times.

Our first query on meeting our old friends who had a year the start of us was "have you made your pile?" And I will let Cole answer for himself as near as a lapse of 40 years will permit, and his story gives a good picture of the first experience of many of the first comers.

Said he, "My pile! well no, not exactly."

"I'll tell you, Leon, how it was. You see when I first landed good carpenters got an ounce a day, and we made money pretty fast for boys that never got over a dollar and six bits a day back in Maine." "No he didn't say a dollar and six bits, but he said ten and six pence, and I knew what he meant."

"But pretty soon carpenters got plenty and they began to talk of putting wages down to twelve dollars a day and we wouldn't stand that, and meeting some of our old shipmates who came out in the "Pharsalia" and had returned from the mines for provisions and letters we concluded to join them when they went back. So sending home what money we didn't want to "pack" around with us, we started well equipped with tools and provisions for life in the mines, and a little spare cash.

We went to the Southern mines near Sonora, and passing through Stockton left some surplus of provisions there. We got there and struck our first pick into the earth with high hopes of a speedy fortune. We dug hole after hole a dozen feet deep, tugged at big rocks, bailed out water, shoveled out tons and tons of dirt but would get clean down to "bed rock" every time and didn't strike "grub diggins," and our pile kept growing smaller and smaller till we hadn't enough left to take us back to the city. Didn't I wish I was back there long before that, but I didn't say so.

We didn't work Sunday, took that day to clean up, wash, think of the old folks back home and go prospecting.

All the money I ever made in the mines I started out alone one Sunday with trowel pan and sheath knife, over lying in all sorts of places where a professional wouldn't think of looking, and I got nuggets that came to near a hundred dollars, and went home and like a fool put it all into the company fund. But that was the last and only strike I ever made, and when I found the cash was all going and none coming in, I told Eugene Tufts I was going to the city to work for twelve dollars a day, "I'm with yere," says he and by selling our tools we had just money enough to get back by footing it to Stockton. So shouldering our blankets we struck out on foot before day light for Stockton, and travelled forty miles that day, and got within about six miles of the city when we spread our blankets on the ground under one of those live oak trees and slept till day light. Next morning we felt like two old truck horses from the effects of our hard day's traup but got limbered up enough to get into Stockton and take the first boat to San Francisco. The price of deck passage was six teen dollars and I had just enough left to buy my breakfast.

I found my old boss, Mr. Syme, and he asked if I had made my pile, I told him yes a pile of experience but no gold.

"Want to go to work?" says he. "Yes. When?" "Soon as dinner?" "All right come on." "But hold on Mr. Syme, you'll have to loan me enough to pay for my dinner for I can't work without eating and I haven't got a red cent."

He handed me a five dollar piece and I have been working for him ever since at twelve dollars day. "Have you got a job?" Yes, promised for to-morrow with a man by the name of Elliot." "Well, Leon, hustle up to him for twelve dollars a day," and I thought I would but my heart failed me when it came to the pinch.

I was only an apprentice, $1.25 per day was the price back home and it seemed too much like highway robbery to demand twelve and I went to work at ten dollars and got in four days that week.

My friend Cole never tried the mines again but stuck to carpentering and now owns whole blocks of houses out in the south part of the city, accumulated without resorting to any of the ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," but by strict attention to business and square dealing.

Lessons from Nature.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

NUMBER THREE.

Man mental demands science of man; but the man who has once achieved a knowledge of his own immortality craves and demands the broader and more truthful science of Nature. It is ignorance has sunk man lower in some respects than insect and beast; yet, as we have seen, man-made science gives only a greater power to the strong, and glorifies human selfishness. So we turn away from the external manhood of reason, which evolves nothing superior to the animal, and seek from the internal manhood of soul, a science, born of Nature's lessons, that shall place the crown of true sovereignty upon man's brow.

The scientist claims to have out-wrought truth in his great discovery of evolution. But he cant no more explain evolution, than his science can explain gravitation. His power is exhausted when he has given it a name and traced its effects.

The fact that incompatible atoms become invisible molecules and aggregate into matter endowed with life is one of Nature's lessons that points unerringly to a great overseul whose understands we all are to-day. And Nature's central fact is that great overseul where's all, and in all. That is the initial fact of Nature's science.

The absurdity of pulpit teaching where by God is pictured as personal, yet infinite;

that is to say half finite and the rest infinite finds no support in any lesson from Nature. And the other absurdity that a God created something out of nothing, and then for us today to something which knew him not, is a belittling conception of the great oversoul

So whatever the changes outwrought in the past matter and the great oversoul have been one throughout eternity. Each little speck of matter, reflects what it may of the brightness of the infinite; and that reflectiveness its life. It may only be as motion in the atom wedded to beauty in the crystal, yet as matter becomes more docile it catches a ray of the eternal intelligence for Nature's chosen proclaims that budding life is just a revelation of the oversoul.

As the artist blends colors to give you a new effect, sentiments gather and change and refine under altering conditions. But whether the life exhibited be that of the granite and the shrub, the old monster of earth's early morn, or the flower and rose of today, or the writer and reader of these lines, all alike is matter in motion, reflecting as best it may the ever present intelligence of the eternal.

I apply no expression of fatherhood or motherhood to this eternal, because such phrases carry with them a conception of a personality of whom we find no trace in any of Nature's lessons. Manhood stands solely, imperfect in earth life to-day, because matter is yet but crude and coarse and possesses born of man's surroundings and his merely power and spirit possibilities

Nature turns a page and the new lesson shows us man in his life of tomorrow. But such a lesson frightens the man of earthly mould; so he retreats to his gas lit room and his molecule, far too selfwise to listen to the new expression of an old truth, through Nature's despised medium children.

But you and I, friendly readers, gladly listen to the new lesson and we presently discover that the oversoul hires through matter moulded by intelligence in that lives to-morrow, but far more brilliantly for the lesson teaches us that "arisen" in order and reflect far more of the great infinite than any puny mortals.

But we also discover that Nature has lesson after lesson showing how life leads on step by step, higher and higher, vaster and more vast, taught and yet laughter, with power ever increasing as the soul wins glory. But Nature's Science finds at every step matter and life in subjection to intelligence.

Now for a moment let us turn back to once again watch man in his earth life and mark his power and intellect. Let us for instance examine and admire that fairy structure, that giant suspension bridge that links New York to its sister Brooklyn, only the civil engineer can fully understand its greatness. But we all can see how intelligence first thought a bridge across that gulf and then moulded that thought into strength and beauty. The whole grand structure is only a crystallized thought in which dwells the wondrous oversoul. Without this attraction of cohesion atom would be from atom, and the shapeless dust mark the limit to man's power. But all the same let us remember that creation was not wrought in by human intelligence.

There is a life that is expressed without manhood The butterfly the bird and the ant are a reflection of the supreme, through matter as much as is mortal man, and most assuredly mortal man has designed neither feather, wing nor beauty. So manhood stands only with a power of construction amongst matter, every atom of which is pregnant with the life of the oversoul

Nature's lesson teaches us that the sprouting acorn is only the coming oak. And the coming man the shadow of whose power we can already sense, will outwork the man of to-day. But the oversoul knows no change to his infinite out of nothings. Therefore in no more constructs worlds for the archangel, than he builds Brooklyn bridges or cities in California for the earthly architect.

Nature's lesson teaches us that Divine power is no more present in the construction of the rushes and the ooze, than in the rounding of matter into the giant sun. Just as the architect was not possible till the beast became a savage and the savage evolved in long ages the man of peace and wonderous skill so the birth of a new world must be composed of by intelligences who have evolved their powers from the great oversoul, and gained their skill through vast experience. Don't you my reader perceive that manhood's mere fallity does demonstrated, the very best lesson in human progress into powers that foolish ignorance calls "God."

In our short life of to-day the animal and the insect show powers and faculties shared by man. But manhood's mere superiority consists in his capacity for permitting him to reflect more brightness of the great oversoul, than all other creation combined in our vast total. Our world's strength asleep. Our vice a virtue half grown. Our ignorance is only imbedded knowledge and wisdom so much for the man of to-morrow. Now what is the name of yesterday? I know man is immortal. I dare not call him eternal, for Nature's science grasps only the comprehensible. But as the existence of man I lead through a past eternity I fully believe by the science of Nature proves it in one celestial expression. If man builds bridges and worlds, the man he builds new worlds, and consequently antedates what our foolish clergy call creation. But a vast ages are required before mortality can build an ocean steamer, yet vaster cycles of eternity must evolve powers by which mortal builds the star, the comet and the sun. So Nature's lesson traces humanity from incomprehensible past to unimaginable future ever reflecting the brightness of glory of the great oversoul.

Nature's lesson suggests a thought with which I will conclude this brief series of articles

Vice, crime, ignorance and folly produce as much crop of their like, as does virtue, knowledge, self content and wisdom. Just as the vast expanse of ether vibrates with force from the sun's ray, so is man's vast future tremulous with his thoughts of to-day.

The ant must maintain his equality with his brother ant or die. Manhood alone claims the sad power of returning to the least, and perhaps, who knows, of losing the individuality to which to-day all is possible.

If you, my brother, would wear your crown, you must become every inch a King; monarch of yourself; standing in a royal manhood that loves truth and scorns a lie.

OAKLAND, Cal.

Our Environments.

BY LUNA INGRAHAM GIFFORD

How often we hear it remarked by good people that if their circumstances were not just what they are, if they had a little larger liberty or were situated in some other place, what a great amount of good they could accomplish or what intellectual or financial advancement they could achieve.

Our lamented author and traveller, Bayard Taylor has said that "Satisfaction with things as they are is the basis of all decline," therefore we may assume that this dissatisfaction, this restlessness of the human mind is but the spiritual germ within us unfolding to the light of wisdom, and reincarnating into our own lives and actions the thoughts and experiences of those who have passed on to a higher life

We see first in the developing processes of nature, the close and hard environments, from the tiny acorn that pushes its tendrils up out of the sodden earth, to the birth of a god.

It seems natural and right that we should feel cramped and confied in the old conditions before we expand into the new. It shows larger development, a greater zest and earnestness for what is opening up in our lives heretofore unknown. No man or woman is alone in the great mental struggle of reaching up after the highest and the best. In bursting forth from old limitations, emerging from old prejudices and intellectual paralyses, one is only in advance of another.

We are one common brotherhood. Alienate and estrange man as you may, still remains the immutable fact that we are all children of the same benificent and divine father and mother God. And as we jostle each other in the highways and byways of life, each becomes a conscious or unconscious, a direct or indirect factor in adjusting, removing or enlarging the environments that hold, keep, and prepare us, each in its turn, for our best possible spiritual development.

The scholar preceeds and outranks the idler; the idler, stimulated, arouses and advances in the footsteps of the scholar. The philosopher, the genius toils, develops and achieves; mediocrity looks on, awakens, moves, bursts from his slumberous inactivity and profits by them.

One nation advances in civilization, art, science and commerce and then clamors loudly at the gates of some other power or people with the glad tidings of grand achievements, as the western world to-day is breaking through the prescribed environments of centuries in the celestial East with the rattling car of Progress.

And so the work goes on making nobler, grander all the relations of life, each a component part of the infinite whole.

> In the grand victorious marches
> Through evolving spheres of time,
> Crowned by high triumphal arches,
> Man walks on to hights sublime;
> "Still achieving, still pursuing,"
> Great oftimes in the undoing,
> Greater still in the renewing,
> Progress marking every clime.

This is the age of reason, the age of severe mental discipline and intellectual advancement.

The brain of man is not running riot with his senses, but every sense is prompting, aiding and projecting his brain to solve heretofore incalculable mysteries. The past is being understood and deposed in power; the present is taking the helm of human understanding, and presaging for the future a time when man, himself a god, can consult, re-adjust and establish with superior gods a reign unparalled for its benificent developments in the co-existing physical and spiritual relations of all mankind. Creeds are becoming more lenient; many must crumble and fall to dust. A larger, nobler humanity walks the earth to-day; old narrow paths are being abandoned and a broader, freer highway established.

Spiritualism rolls away the stone from the empty tomb we have so long been watching and guarding, and points to the celestial hights where the immortal spirit clothed in its etherial form gives evidence of its individuality and continued intercourse with those in the physical habiliaments of earth.

Law is becoming a labor of love. Legalized martyrdoms that have long received the sanction of the church are now considered as impracticable to the best good of humanity.

Monarchs are begining to recognise that subjects have more rights and are enquiring into the attitude of justice. It is realized that the god mammon does not bestow his favors upon the noblest and the best. Man looks upon his fellow man as able to think and speak for himself in the arbitration of human affairs. Everywhere from the throne to the fireside of the humblest laborer social conditions are being ameliorated and human hearts, those citadels of holiest affections, are allowed to tear down old fortifications, environments of darkness and despair, and build up new ones on a grander basis which rear heavenward and lie flower-crowned with garlands of hope, purity and peace in the light of heaven's benignant smiles.

> "The age turns aside from old byways,
> We are taught to revere in our youth,
> And finds the new beautiful highways
> Lying bathed in the sunlight of truth."

So we are passing out from the environments that have held us in the past; like the new seed sown we are bursting our primitive earthly conditions of development and rising into the higher atmosphere of more universal light and love. It has been said that "aspiration is the moral lever raising the earnest spirit to its destined hight."

> Then strive for there is joy in striving,
> Discarding the old is reviving;
> All nature puts on new adorning
> When the sun ushers in spring's morning;
> Change is never the cause that retards,
> 'Tis relief that brings out new guards.
>
> O strive; if the old bonds are weary;
> Know that needless the pain you are bearing;
> Burst out from the shackle and fetter,
> The world has for you something better;
> Ask for wisdom and truth on your way
> And step into the broad light of day.

And as the husbandman cares for each plant and flower nourishing, pruning, transplanting many, so will the angel husbandmen of God who care for us, lead us each to his proper place in this mortal, life making the most of our growth and abilities and granting to each all the light and warmth of spiritual love that we need or desire for our highest development and perfection.

SEATTLE, March, 1889.

True merit always comes to the surface.

Long life is the result of temperance in all things

Precepts are the rules by which we ought to square our lives.

Many actions like the Rhone, have two sources, one pure, the other impure.

There are souls in this world that have the gift of finding joy everywhere.—*Faber.*

Little Irving was visiting a friend of his mother one day, and was much interested in the pictures which hung on the walls. He looked with particular earnestness at a delicate engraving of Aurora (the goddess of morning) and another of Spring. His hostess took him on her lap and said, "Will you stay with me, Irving, and be my little boy?" Irving's kind heart would not permit a point-blank refusal, so he answered, very gently, "I don't fink I could. "Why not?" asked the lady. Irving made a desperate effort to find a reason, and at last a happy thought struck him, "I couldn't live wif you because your pictures haven't clothes enough to wear!" was the answer.

Selected Articles.

THE BELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

Statesmen, Officials, Merchants, Professional Men, Men of Business and of Letters Who Are Firm in the Faith—Unique and Strange Are the Manifestations—Prominent People Who Vouch for Remarkable Phenomena in the Way of Spirit Rappings, Drawings, Writings, Speeches, Healings and Communications—The Term Spiritualist, Strictly Speaking, Difficult to Define—All Who Call Themselves Spiritualists Believe in the Continuity of Life After Death, and the Return of Spirits to This Sphere—Beyond This There Are Many Differences of Opinion—Intelligent Men Who Give Reasons for the Faith That is in Them—Curious Ways in Which the Dwellers in the Unseen World Frequently Return in Spirit to This One—The Innumerable Number of Spiritualists Spread Throughout the Land—Men of Wealth, Culture and High Position Who Are Not Cranks or Fools Who Assert Their Belief in the Spiritualistic Faith—Wonderful Mediums—Prominent Spiritualists in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington Furnish Testimony.

The *Press* to-day lays before its readers the reasons which have induced so many intelligent men to believe in Spiritualism. It is an undeniable fact, that the eminent lawyer Luther R. Marsh is only one of hundreds of other brainy and cultured men who believe firmly that the dwellers in the unseen world do frequently return in spirit to this one. It is also quite as certain that tricksters have wrung money from the purses and made weary the brains of intelligent people under the pretense that they are mediums, that is to say, people through whom speak the spirits of the dead.

IN NEW YORK.

Well-Known Spiritualists Explain the Reasons for Their Faith.

Ex-Superintendent of Public Schools Kiddle has always been regarded as a level-headed scholar. He threw aside his position rather than sacrifice his opinions. Yet, as will be seen in the interview printed below, he says quite gravely he has three of Bacon's essays dictated by the spirit of the dead philosopher. Other equally well known people, whose assertions cannot be cast aside by the declaration that the believer is a crank on the verge of lunacy, assure the world that they have seen and conversed with spirits. It would be ridiculous to say these men are schemers. They have stood too long before the public

as professional men of ability and merchants whose immense warehouses proclaim that they are not easily imposed upon by sharpers. These men have all become Spiritualists for certain definite reasons. The *Press* has collected the reasons of many, and to-day what has been to thousands a mystery may in part be cleared.

"The study of Spiritualism," said Professor Henry Kiddle, when asked to give some of his views on this much mooted subject, "has occupied much of my time for years. To learn and to research and impart my knowledge to others was my avocation for many years, and when my thought was enlisted in Spiritualism I gave the same earnest and deliberate consideration to it that I did to other subjects, and with the result that I was fully convinced of its truth, in that conclusion not being unlike many others who are well known in the scientific world, and whose ability and acquirements are recognized."

A slight digression will be pardoned here, in order to recall to the minds of the readers of this article the man whose words have just been quoted. Mr. Kiddle had much to do with the education of public school children in this city until some little time ago it was discovered that his materialistic views had been exchanged for the to him more satisfying and acceptable doctrine of Spiritualism. His work for twenty-five years and more—first as a teacher and then as a superintendent—was regretted for put aside, and his personal if extraordinary opinions allowed to prevail as an influence against his usefulness, and he was divested of his public office. "I became a believer in Spiritualism," continued Mr. Kiddle, "in the first place by studying the literature of the subject—books containing the researches of eminent men. I scarcely ever visited a medium myself. After four years of such study as that I found accidentally that there were mediums in my own family, and enjoyed an intercourse through those mediums with my friends and relatives who had passed before. Then for at least ten years I investigated the subject through a large number and variety of other mediums, and acquired a great body of experience which I have only in a very small part given to the world."

"What do you consider the literature of the subject?"

"Books that have been published recording the experiences of investigators with the processes and results of their investigations. For instance, going back four or five years after the commencement of the movement, Dr. Robert Hare's investigations. He was a professor in the Penn University, a member of all the first class scientific associations in the world, and he investigated the subject with the express purpose of showing the whole thing was a delusion. He came out a believer, and not only a believer, but a medium. Those people who had expressed their great joy and satisfaction that so great a scientist as Dr. Hare was to investigate this subject after he had announced his belief in it said that he ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum. His book, which is called "Spiritualism Demonstrated," is a large octavo containing a full account of his experiences and investigations. It is such books as Dr. Hare's that I call the literature of Spiritualism. Epes Sargent of Boston and Judge Edmonds, the latter a member of the Court of Appeals in this State, and considered one of the best lawyers in the country, investigated and found it to be true, the latter in very great part through the mediumship of his own daughter.

"Now it is sometimes said that Spiritualism ought to be scientifically investigated, but it has been scientifically investigated a great many times, and by the very best minds, as I have said by Dr. Hare, then by the English scientist, Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, a man of the highest scientific reputation on the same class of subjects as Darwin's, and William Crooks', than whom there is no superior in the ranks of science today. The latter made investigations and discoveries for two years or more under the very best conditions, in his own house and in connection with Professor Cromwell Varley, who is the electrician of the Atlantic cable. These men examined the subject exhaustively. They examined the physical phenomena, and when we say physical phenomena in relation to Spiritualism we mean Spiritualism encompassed by intelligence, not mere phenomena, such as the rapping, which, it has been claimed, can be counterfeited by the snapping of toe joints in which Mr. Huxley tells us very recently that he has become an accomplished expert. Mr. Crooks included in his investigation the wonderful phenomena of materialization and proved that this substantial apparition was actually a fact, a reality, as it appeared in his own parlor. Varley and he using the galvanometer as the means of showing that the medium remained perfectly motionless.

"We have the result of Professor Crooks investigations in his own book. 'The Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism.' Mr. Wallace has published several books. We have the result of the remarkable investigations and experiences of an English gentleman connected with one of the English Universities, who signed his articles M. A. Oxon. He was really educated as a clergyman, and has published several books, one on 'Spirit Identity,' another on the Religious Aspects of Spiritualism.' Mr. Wallace's principal book is 'Miracles in Modern Spiritualism.' Then we come to the remarkable researches of Zoellner, a man of European reputation as a scientist, particularly illustrious for his investigations of the sun. At least three of his associate professors in part acted with him. These investigations are described in a book called 'Transcendental Physics.'"

"Why is it that so few young people take up Spiritualism?"

"It is true that the middle aged and older persons are more inclined to take an interest in this subject; true, too, in regard to all prevailing religions. The churches have their organizations and Sunday schools and Spiritualists have none. Spiritualism is not now interwoven in the social system as the other religions are, and it is true whether you speak of it as a religion or merely as a branch of knowledge."

"Have you any idea why one person should have the power of mediumship over another?"

"No more than I know any reason why one person should have musical genius and not another. For ought I know mediumship and genius are interchangable terms, and inspiration is the universal concomitant of what we call the 'poetical afflatus.' Human talent differs in a thousand ways, and it is scarcely necessary to ask why one person receives communications and not others. Even those have no evidence at all that they are mediums. Probably the quality that gives rise to mediumship exists in some degree in every one. Some Spiritualists claim that they have no satisfactory evidence of the materialization of spirits, but I have had it shown to me incontestably. I will give you one instance, although this is one of many: There were perhaps a dozen of us seated together at a seance. A spirit who represented himself to be Bacon, and who had the appearance and wore the costume given in the portraits of that philosopher, presented himself before us.

"The medium we saw also, so he could not have impersonated him. This spirit spoke to us for an hour, and I took down in shorthand what he said. During his discourse he made a long quotation from Cicero, which I afterward verified. What he said was pronounced by even skeptical men of knowledge and literature to be equal to, in the style of and on the same plane of thought with, the published treaties of Bacon. The medium, although intelligent, had only received the learning obtained in the lowest class of a public school. The same spirit appeared on two other occasions, and I have three essays taken down from his lips as he spoke.

"I have read poems received through the medium, Lizzie Doten, purporting to come from Edgar A. Poe, which are equal to anything he ever wrote. There are other specimens, complete reproductions of his style given impromptu by Harris, whose name is known in association with that of Laurence Oliphant, also a Spiritualist. Oliphant's wife was the daughter of Robert Dale Owen.

"We might as well look upon all Christians alike, for there are Christian Spiritualists and Spiritualists without any religious faith at all."

To be continued.)

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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MEDIUMSHIP.

Almost daily we are in receipt of letters asking for information upon the subfect of mediumship and how to proceed to develop it. It is a subject so little understood even by the wisest, that we scarcely know how to reply to these enquries in a manner to be fully understood by the various questioners. The mistaken idea has prevailed to a large extent among spiritualists that mediumship was a "special gift of God" to a favored few, and has been the source of much evil through the *medium worship* that that has been the bane and curse of those possessing these powers in greater degree than others. So common has been the notion that a medium was a superior being, a sort of oracle whose behests were to be obeyed, and whose statements were considered infallible, that many of the best instruments who were selected by the spirit world when innoceut and unpretentious, became arrogant, proud, and conceited and looked with contempt upon their fawning flatterers. When the mind becomes disabused of these notions and all individuals are regarded as having attributes and powers in common, although some may be more highly developed than others in certain directions, much of the nonsense attached to the discussion of mediumship will cease. As we have highly gifted poets, musicians, artists, inventors, orators, authors and so on through all the great variety of talents displayed by different individuals, so we do also have our seers, prophets and test mediums. But these powers common to all. Because Patti can sing divinely she should not be designated as a special favorite of the Almighty; but rather as one whose gift of song has been cultivated to a higher state of perfection than others. Some of the most highly gifted mediums the world has ever known, have been unconscious instruments in the hands of the angels. There lives have been so pure, their every thought and aspiration so lofty and ennobling, that they have unconsciously dwelt in the vestibule of the spiritual world and become the recipients of its wisdom, love and guidance. Its harmonies have been voiced in their songs; its tenderness expressed in their deeds of love; its grandeur and beauty manifested in lives of devotion to truth and humanity. Such grand souls may never be designated as spiritual mediums, yet the mantle of the angels more surely envelopes them than it does the "wonderful medium" through whose instrumentality tables may be made to dance, or bells rung, or any other of the physical phenomena produced which is considered so desirable. To those, then, who seek the development of mediumship, we would say: seek first to live lives of such perfect sweetness and love as will attract to you the bright and beautiful, the good and true wherever in the great universe it may be found; and as surely as the earth draws the refreshing rain unto its bosom,so will you draw unto yourselves spirits of wisdom and power who will aid and assist you in your earthly labors of love, even though you may never receive a visible sign or outward token of the presence of these heavenly messengers.

"EXPOSING" SPIRITUALISM.

The *Chronicle* of this city contains a lengthy article upon the recent "exposure" of Spiritualism in New York City by the "celebrated materializing medium," Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer. Spiritualists have one more occasion for rejoicing and congratulation that their ranks are getting cleared of the barnacles that have so nearly sunk the good old ship in the past few years. One by one they are coming out in their true colors and "exposing" themselves. Spiritualism cannot be "exposed," for it has never been concealed or hidden. It stands before the world a monument of eternal truth bathed in the glorious light of heaven. There has never been, nor can there be, anything to "expose" in this, the grandest revelation of the century. The fraud and imposition practiced in its name by unprincipled charlatans, may be, and is, frequently "exposed," to the great relief and rejoicing of those who suffer from the stigma cast upon them through these impostors. Mrs. Sawyer has always been a disgrace to the cause, as she was one of the boldest and most artful frauds that ever held a "seance." She was obliged to leave this city some years ago or give up her businesss, as she was detected and thoroughly shown up a number of times, and could not longer continue her nefarious practices under the surveillance of the police.

After going to New York she succeeded in duping some professed spiritualists and received their endorsement of her "fake" business much to the disgust of those who knew her here. Now she claims to "expose" spiritualism, but succeeds only in exposing her own baseness, and this relieves the fraternity of the disgrace of her claim of fellowship with them.

Such volunteer "exposures" will give spiritualism a firmer hold, and place it upon higher ground than ever before; and we welcome them as heralds of the new day when stripped of the delusions, shams, and horrible mockeries that have marred and impeded its progress, it will spread its beautiful wings of peace, love, and good will over all the earth. Then let the good work of purification go on. Let the chaff be severed from the wheat, the gold from the dross, that we may receive the message of the spirit world through honest mediums, untainted with deception or misrepresentation. A few grains of truth are of more value than a mountain of rubbish; let us search dilligently for them and reject the spurious imitations.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM SOCIAL.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum gave an excellent entertainment at St. George's Hall,on Saturday evening last, which was largely attended, and proved a financial and social success. The children acquitted themselves admirably in their respective parts of the exercises and manifest a deep interest in their work.

Dancing followed the literary exercises and was participated in and enjoyed by old and young. The ladies served a delightful repast in the large banquet hall which was well patronized. The ice-cream was delicious, as was the superior coffee, which proved so refreshing to the dancers.

DOVE NOTES.

The report of Mrs. F. A. Logan's meeting at St. George's Hall, on Sunday last, was not received in time for this issue; but we are informed that the exercises were of an unusually interesting nature.

John Slater will hold a grand anniversary celebration, March 31st, at Metropolitan Temple. Excellent music has been engaged and a choice programme will be presented. All should unite with Mr. Slater on that occasion and make it a grand success.

The Board of Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists have decided to revoke their decision to hold a three days' meeting in commemoration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism; consequently no celebration of that event will be held in this city except that of Mr. Slater at Metropolitan Temple.

We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the card of Mrs. L. Higgins of New York, who has recently arrived in this city. The lady comes highly recommended, and although we cannot speak from personal experience of her medial powers, yet those who know her hold her in high esteem.

Dr. Schlesinger has returned from his recent trip in the Southern part of the State and reports a deep interest prevailing everywhere in the investigation of Spiritualism. Although the people are suffering from financial depression in business, they are alive to their spiritual interests and the cause is not languishing for lack of outspoken advocates and staunch supporters. The doctor will be pleased to meet his friends and enquirers at this office, where he can be found daily until further notice.

Lois Waisbrooker has gone to Talent, Oregon, for the rest and recuperation she so much needs. Her active brain and sensitive nature have caused her to work and suffer through the conditions that appealed to her sympathies until the vital forces of life were unable to supply the demand upon them in support of the physical, and unless rest and relaxation came prostration must ensue. The change, we trust, will do much to restore and build up this indefatigable worker, and give her new inspiration to work for the emancipation of the people from wage slavery and the powers of superstition.

Fidelity Lodge, of the Royal Argosy Endowment order, held a very pleasant social at their lodge rooms, Cambrian Hall, 1133 Mission street, on Friday evening, March 8th. The musical and literary exercises were very interesting and entertaining and was followed by dancing, which was continued until a late hour. The dancing programme was under the supervision of Prof. J. O. Burdick, and was charmingly carried out, for the Professor has the happy faculty of knowing just how to make every one feel perfectly at ease and acquainted so there are no neglected "wall flowers" or disappointed ones where he is the presiding genius. These monthly socials should be encouraged among all fraternal societies as they do much to advance the interests of the various orders.

EAST MONTEREY.

One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World. Three Hours From San Francisco, and Half a Mile From the Grounds of the "Hotel Del Monte."

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, $35 for inside and $50 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold. "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in nearly being dull or quiet. Here everything is always lite, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public), drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles and is reached by express trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of the year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

TO THE "CARRIER DOVE."

Oh, bird of peace! Oh, bird of Light!
Thy wings are tipped with love;
Thy course is from the heavenly land,
Thy message from above.
Fly on, sweet bird, and spread the news,
In every land and clime,
Till all shall know Eternal Life,
God's greatest, gift sublime.

ASA P. WILBUR.

A NEW BOOK.

Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science.

I have contributed to various journals during the past year, sections from a work on Psychic Science, which embodies the inspirations given me on the spiritual nature of man, in its connection with his physical existence and independent thereof. Those who have read these articles will, at least partially, understand the character of the work. It essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause.

The leading subjects treated are as follows: Matter, Life, Spirit, Mind; what the Senses teached the World and the Doctrine of Evolution, Scripture Methods of the Study of Man, and Results, What is the Sensitive State; Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism, Clairvoyance, Sensitiveness proved by Psychometry, Sensitiveness during Sleep, Dreams, Sensitiveness induced by Disease; Thought Transference, Intimations of an Intelligent Force Superior to the Actor, Effect of Physical Conditions on the Sensitive; Unconscious Sensitiveness, Prayer, in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Transference, Immortality—What the Future Life must be granting the preceeding facts and Conclusions; Mind Cure, Christian Science, Metaphysics, their Psychic and Physical Relations.

I hope to publish the work the coming spring, but desire to secure the cooperation of those interested in this subject by receiving at once, in advance, as many subscribers as possible. Those who are willing to be promoters of the early publication of the book, will please send their names and addresses to me. They can send the money with their order, or when the work is commenced, as suits their convenience. The book will contain about 250 pages, be printed on fine paper good type and handsomely bound in cloth. To those who subscribe in advance the price will be $1 00, postage free. Subscribers copies will contain the autograph of the undersigned. Address,

HUDSON TUTTLE,
BERLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

Our readers will be delighted with the charming article, "Europe as Seen in Daylight," from the pen of Dr. Simms in this issue of the DOVE. It contains much of a historical nature concerning Switzerland, and is altogether a very valuable contribution to our columns.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The meeting was called to order by the President, John A. Collins. After singing by the audience, the subject of "Responsibilities of Mediums" was discussed by Mr. Staynor, of Philadelphia, who spoke very acceptably for nearly one hour, and was followed by Mr. Mills, Anderson, Bouton, and others; tests were given from the platform by Mrs. Place and Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers; instrumental music by Miss Violet Wheeler. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The spiritual meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was largely attended by an interesting and highly appreciative, and intelligent audience, composed of Spiritualists, doubters, and skeptics. Judge Swift presided, and on taking the chair remarked that these meetings were now on the fifth month since their organization, and the expectations of the managers had been more than fully realized. The main work and object of the meeting had been to elevate the standard of public meetings held by Spiritualists, to bring before the public such mediums as would stand the test of the ordeal of investigation by the candid and reasonable minds. Mr. Swift stated that Spiritualism had been lowered in many instances by incompetent and injudicious management of public meetings. What we should aim to reach is the higher order of intelligence, and all spiritual meetings ought to be conducted with this object in view. We Spiritualists encounter the same conflict that has followed the teachings of Christianity in all ages, which has required a persistent struggle to keep it on the higher and respectable plane.

As was advertised, this was to be "an evening with the spirits," and was devoted to platform tests and songs. Mrs. D. N. Place and Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers occupied the platform. Both of these ladies are too well known here to need any encomiums. Mrs. Place has been before the public sufficiently to establish her reputation as an honest, conscientious and reliable medium. Mrs. Mayo Steers, after an absence of some years from the city, has returned by the directions of her spirit guides, and is to make this her permanent home and field of labor. She is welcomed by the warmest congratulations of her numerous admiring friends. The skeptics, as well as others, were highly pleased at the presence of Dr. Schlesinger, who has just returned from a trip through the southern part of the State, where he has astonished hundreds by a demonstration of future life and spirit return. Dr. Schlesinger's whole soul is in this work, and what is grand and so much admired in the Doctor's phase of mediumship is that which enables him to convince the most doubting skeptic. We hesitate not to say that the Doctor stands second to no medium that has ever appeared before the public. The Doctor gave several tests, all of which were satisfactory and convincing. It is expected that the Doctor will be present next Sunday evening. Mrs. Katz, the noted pianist, presided at the piano, and rendered fine accompaniments to the songs of the evening by Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Molhner, and Mr. Ely. Altogether the exercises were the most agreeable and satisfactory. Next Sunday evening, by request Judge Swift will occupy a portion of the time on the subject of "Salvation by Sam Jones," followed by platform tests.

REPORTER.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

Dr. and Mrs. Nickless were greeted with a full house on Sunday evening last. After singing and invocations, the control of Mrs. Nickless spoke from these words: "Harmonize all the isms, and accept truth wherever it may be found." After the lecture "Sunflower" controlled and gave thirty-two persons tests; describing from two to four spirits for each individual. All the descriptions given were recognized with but one exception. Mrs. Eliza McKinley controlled Mrs. Nickless, and extended greetings to her many dear friends in the audience. Her remarks were greeted with a round of applause. Dr. Nickless invited those in the audience who were suffering to come forward. Four gentlemen responded. Before the Doctor commenced treatment a gentleman arose and said: "One week ago I went on the the platform for treatment, having been a constant sufferer from pain for many months in my spine. Since that treatment I have not had a sign of any pain. I consider the Doctor's power wonderful." Of the gentlemen treated, all expressed themselves as feeling better. One gentleman said he had not heard the tick of a watch for years. After treatment he could hear a watch tick very plainly. These meetings will be continued at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Sunday evening until further notice. Exercises consisting of lectures, tests, and spiritual healing. "Sunflower's" reception Sunday and Thursday evenings at No. 108 McAllister street.

JOHN SLATER'S MEETINGS.

On Sunday afternoon and evening a large audience assembled at Metropolitan Temple to receive the demonstrations of spirit presence and power as given through the mediumship of John Slater. Mr. Slater prefaced his seance with an account of his trip to Santa Cruz and its results. He stated that large audiences greeted him each evening and much interest was manifested, and much antagonism aroused among the bigoted, conservative element. But the good work went on and many were led to investigate and received the testimony needed to convince them of the reality of spirit communion. Mr. Slater receives many urgent invitations to visit other portions of the State and Coast, but we doubt if anywhere could he find a broader field of usefulness than in this city; and long as he can draw such crowds as throng to hear him every week, it would be unwise to go elsewhere under the impression that he could serve the cause of truth to better advantage than right here. The tests given at these meetings are of such a convincing nature that they hold the audience in perfect silence except when some telling hit is made that elicits the enthusiastic applause of all. Beautiful flowers in abundance are the reminders of appreciation and good will that always greet Mr. Slater as he appears upon the rostrum. The music is always excellent. REPORTER.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Beside the usual programme last Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, Mr. P. Thompson of Philadelphia favored the audience with an exceedingly practical and spiritual address, which was highly appreciated by the listeners.

Mr. P. Thompson has a mental and spiritual reservoir full to the brim with useful knowledge and experience which never fails in its mission; he is expected to relate some of these valuable experiences on next Sunday evening at the same hall.

Prof. Perkins continues to practically demonstrate the science phrenology at these meetings to the satisfaction of all present.

Mrs. Perkins gave for three quarters of an hour tests and communications which in almost every instance was recognized as correct; some of them were as remarkable as any ever given in the presence of the writer by any medium, and if published would be regarded as wonderful. There is a refreshing absence of all guess work and that strained effort to force recognition on the part of the listener, by the medium. Investigators would do well to attend these meetings where nothing but truth is desired.

The usual anniversary will be celebrated by the managers and attendants of these meetings upon the evening of March 30th (Saturday) at the upper St. George's Hall, when a programme of unusual merit will be presented, and a general social hop with refreshments will follow. We hope to receive the patronage of all friends who may favor us with their presence. The exercises will be continued the following Sunday, March 31st, where good speakers and test mediums will be present. There will be meetings with less attraction and merit than this, it is safe to say, as Mrs. Perkins is making extra exertions to to please the public and advance the cause atthe same time.

Don't forget March 16th, for something attractive will be presented, and remember that the doors are open free, you are at liberty to give what you can afford.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

WM. EMMETT COLEMAN.

Not least among the twenty-eight gifts received from friends at the late Christmas holidays was the present of one of his latest improved psychographs, from the inventor and manufacturer, Hudson Tuttle. I was already possessed of one of his original psychographs as first made but since its receipt considerable improvement has been made in it by Brother Tuttle. This little instrument is highly recommended by a number of well known Spiritualists as an efficient aid to the development of latent psychic power resident in sensitives and those susceptible to spiritual influence. In many cases quite satisfactory communications have been received through its assistance from loving spirit friends. It is in many respects an improvement on the old-fashioned planchette; and if a person has any tendencies or aptitudes whatever in the way of physical or writing mediumship, it seems to me that of all the aids to their unfoldment the psychograph is the simplest and easiest. Anything of that kind lies dormant in the individual, through this little instrument it can be made manifest in the quickest time. I can therefore recommend it for trial and experiment in every household. In nearly every family there can usually be found one or more persons who are more or less sensitive to psychic influences, and for all such, I think, with a little patient trial, communications may be received. It should be remembered, though, that "Rome was not built in a day." Because no success may crown the preliminary experiments with it, the sitter should not at once give it up in despair. He or she should persevere until it be demonstrated, after repeated sittings, that nothing can be obtained from it. A number of my friends have tried for a time the use of my psychograph. For some it moves and spells out words very quickly; in the cases of others, not receiving anything after a few short trials, they have given it up. Perhaps if they had continued their sittings with it, with some of them at least, better results might have been obtained finally. In my own individual case, I have not the necessary time to devote to long continued experiments with it. I am constantly pressed for time, so I have to leave to others, my friends and acquaintances, the use of and the experimentation with my psychographs.

It is to be hoped that our talented brother, Hudson Tuttle, one of the soundest thinkers and truest souls in Spiritualism, may receive full encouragement from the Spiritual public for his work in the invention and improvement of his little psychograph. Its advertisement can be found in the CARRIER DOVE weekly.

It is easy to praise the Lacedemonians among the Lacedemonians. *Greek Proverb*

The wish of most people is for a fortune and nothing to do. How fully men are punished when it is realized.

A STRANGE DREAM.

BY S. J. SUDDICK, M. D.

While talking the other evening with an old and valued friend, who is a physician, the conversation turned on visions and hallucinations, and my friend related a dream which he had experienced, and which seemed to me so remarkable, that to the benefit of psychologists and metaphysicians, I will record it.

The dreamer in question does not belong to any religious sect, though he believes in the existence of a Supreme Being, and thinks that the good or evil deeds of men will meet an appropriate reward or punishment even in this life. He said,

"I am not a Spiritualist as you well know, neither am I superstitious in regard to dreams, but I choose to regard this experience, or dream, if dream it may be called, as different and distinct from the ordinary affairs which we call by that name. I thought I had been killed, seemingly by a railroad accident. My body lay upon the ground beside the track, upon which an engine and some cars were standing. It was gashed and mutilated, while I was sitting under a tree a few yards distant. I remembered nothing whatever previous to or during the accident. I had simply shuffled off this mortal coil, and was now sitting as described waiting for the life or animal heat to come out of the body and enter myself, which it presently did. It seemed to be a process of disentanglement of my *will-hood*, or life principle, from the mortal, or perishable part.

"I suffered no pain or other disagreeable feeling, and was only waiting until this disentanglement should be concluded, which I in some unaccountable way understood would occur as soon as the body before me became perfectly cold. For the body itself I cared nothing; I looked upon it with as little feeling or regard as a butterfly would be supposed to look upon the chrysallis from which they had just escaped.

"I seemed to be the warmth, the electric fire, the life of the body, and as I gathered myself from its embrace it became lifeless, cold and rigid. I say, 'I,' for my form was just as perfect in shape, texture and feeling as it had been before the stroke that broke the silver cord with which I had been manacled to that earthly clod. As the sensatory nerves came to the surface over every portion of the human body, so was this sensatory part of my body came gradually to me my form seemed to round out to perfect symmetry, becoming an exact cast of my former self. I felt, by a sort of intuition, that I was forever free from all earthly pain and care. An intense, overwhelming sense of infinite rest and security pervaded me, such as no mortal could ever conceive or imagine while in the flesh. Although in life I had never considered it a burden to perform the respiratory act, my first exclamation, on finding myself freed from the body, was: 'Oh! how delightful to be relieved from the trouble of breathing.' Lungs, or the need of them, were no part of my present economy. Everything mortal, every physical instinct or desire, had perished with that mutilated body yonder, now lifeless, stiff and cold. I was all mind, spirit, soul. Though retaining the natural form of mortals, I was perfectly, *supremely* at ease, infinitely contented; and this feeling of contentment consisted not in having every want gratified, but in having no want to gratify. I was neither too cold nor too warm; I was not hungry nor thirsty nor weary; but a sense of infinite pleasure and happiness pervaded my whole being.

"The first place I thought of was a small town in Missouri, where I once lived, and, *presto!* I was there. Oh! how light I was! light as thistledown borne on the breath of a summer evening. As I passed up the street I met several old familiar friends, but none of them took any notice of my presence. In my rambles through the town I entered the courthouse, it being the dinner hour, I found the offices all deserted until I came to that of the circuit clerk.

"My old friend, George M., who had occupied that position for many years, but who had died some time since, was sitting in the office chair at the table, engaged in looking over an old record.

"He turned as I entered, and his face brightened into a smile. He arose, shook me heartily by the hand with a 'How are you, Doc?' then motioned me to a chair and sat down himself, placing his legs on the table, as was his habit in life. He was surprised to see me, and made some remarks about the change we had both undergone, which people call death. His exact words I could not remember on awaking. He had evidently not heard of my demise, but *my seeing* and *recognizing him* a spirit, was sufficient evidence to him that I had severed my relationship with the flesh.

"After conversing with him awhile, I asked him if we were not to be transported to some far-away clime, as we had been taught by the tenets of our religion to believe.

"'That is all a mistake,' he replied, with a laugh that was peculiar to him in life. 'You don't need to go anywhere unless you choose to, but you *can* go anywhere you please. You will be likely to change places oftener than you wish, until you get accustomed to this life.' I asked him how that could be?

"He replied, 'You remember in the other life your *mind* wandered at will, but to get anywhere you were compelled to walk, that old bulk of a body along, or get a conveyance to carry it like any other piece of baggage; but now you have no baggage; you are all *mind*, all soul; and when your mind wanders anywhere *you* are there.'

"Just then I thought of a room in the house of my father-in-law, and although he lived in a distant city, I was there immediately, and remember distinctly the contents of the room, bed, stove, chairs, bureau, etc. There was no one present, and I thought I would sit down and wait till my father-in-law came in, whom I

then remembered wanting to see me on a matter of business. Suddenly I thought of my friend in the court-house, whom I had left so unceremoniously, and in an instant I was there again. He was still sitting where I had left him. He laughed heartily at my impromptu exit and reappearance, and said that it was a most difficult thing to learn to hold one's mind, or self, in one particular place, in that condition of perfect freedom of action. I then remembered that I did not see anything on the road in passing from place to place, and asked my friend if it were always so.

"'No,' he replied; 'you will learn in time to travel, and see the road, or any part of it, while travelling. Remember that in this state we do not walk or ride, we simply *think* ourselves along. You are all *mind* now, all thought, and whatever particular place you wish to see, all you have to do is to first think of it and you are there. If you wish to see the points through which you pass, *think all along the road* to your destination.'

"'How will I find friends whom I wish to see?' I inquired.

"'You will have to find them as you always did,' was his reply. 'Go and hunt for them. We have no more knowledge of their whereabouts than we ever had, but our facilities for traveling are so great that if we know their homes or resorts we can easily find them. We cannot converse with the friends who are yet in the flesh; they cannot see us nor *hear us think*.'

"I now noticed for the first time that we were *not talking* as we do in mortal life, but were just *thinking to one another*.

"At this point several persons came into the room; some who had experienced the change called death came and greeted me cordially, congratulating me on having escaped the bondage of the flesh, while those who had not undergone this change ignored our presence entirely.

"The clerk came in with another gentleman whom I did not know, and the two took their places at the table, my friend, George M., having vacated the chair. I heard and understood all their conversation, but could not recall any part of it on awaking.

"Every one I met, with whom I had been formerly acquainted, had a familiar look, but I readily distinguished those who had passed that strange dividing line from those who had not; the latter looked graver and older grown, while the others were younger in appearance, and on their faces was a peculiarly serene and satisfied expression.

"My friend George M. was in his lifetime very fond of accumulating money, and as the men at the table were counting a considerable sum of it, I asked him if he still liked it.

"'No,' he replied, 'I have no use for the stuff whatever. I used to like it because it was a means of supplying my wants, but now I have no wants to supply.'

"I then, for the first time, thought of my wife and daughter at home, and in a trice I was with them. They were preparing dinner, and I noticed that it was past one o'clock. They had evidently not heard of the accident, and had delayed the meal, thinking I would come. Here a blank occured in my dream. Then I was in my old home again, and met and shook hands with an old colored woman whom I had attended in her last sickness. She seemed very glad to see me, and we talked for some time, but I cannot remember the conversation.

"Then I was again at home. My wife and daughter were about their household duties as before, but their faces were sad and tear-stained, and their eyes were red with weeping, and both wore mourning garments. Strange to say, I was not in the least affected by their sorrow, but looked upon it with as little compassion as a father would look upon a child crying because its cob-house had tumbled down. Indeed, all their joys and sorrows, their plans and labors, seemed frivolous to me as child's play. I could hear their conversation, but could not converse with them. But even this did not distress me. I felt in this matter very much as a man would feel who, coming home with a bit of news and finding his wife occupied with domestic duties, concludes to defer imparting it to her until she is ready to listen. I felt that the time was short. I could afford to wait. On one of my visits to my late home I found that my wife was sick, and I watched her illness with some degree of interest, hoping that it would end fatally.

"Like now was a continual reception. New friendships were being formed each day. Mr. M. introducing me to all with whom he had become acquainted, and they in turn presenting me to others; and each one of these new-formed acquaintances proved to be exceedingly interesting and agreeable. I had not much time to think of my family or friends from whom death had severed me. Besides, many whom I had left behind were approaching and crossing the mysterious dividing line, and our greetings were warm and sincere. I noticed that all that was evil and disagreeable in them was left behind, the good only being immortal."

"I have thought over this dream a great many times," continued the Doctor, "and the more I study about it the more reasonable it appears. I almost believe it will be that way.

"The doctrine of being separated from our loved ones at death and transferred to some distant region, always seemed a little improbable to me. It seemed as if the soul were held in a continued probation. I should like a future such as my dream pictured. Besides, does not the Scripture speak of a 'new earth,' and intimate that it shall be our future habitation? Did not John see the New Jerusalem descending from heaven and resting on the earth, and hear a voice saying, 'The Tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them?'"

BONNE TERRE, Mo.

Contentment does not demand conditions, it makes them.

Correspondence.

REPLY TO "A JUST CRITICISM."

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Please allow a small space in the DOVE in reply to the article entitled "A Just Criticism," by Mattie E. Hurson, on the old familiar Hymn commencing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," etc.

Now, I am constrained to ask, what had Jesus got to do with the audience catching glimpses of the beautiful beyond? Perhaps nothing; but allow me to say that if such a spirit as he manifested, be he man, God, or a myth, had thrilled and infilled the bosom of Sister Mattie, she could not have laughed in derision, "all to herself," at the idea of a spiritual meeting singing that good old tune that our fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles, with other dear, devoted, religious souls who made melody in their hearts as best they knew while here, and no doubt inspired the dear little medium to start the hymn in which nearly every one joined; and I would sing it over and over again even every Sunday if I could realize, as I did then, that it had a harmonizing influence upon any one in the audience, the memory of whose parents long since have passed on, as they have come to this far western coast, from home associations, beset with temptations of every kind; and who shall say that old familiar strains may not touch the chord of affection and cause the wanderer to return, like the prodigal son, if not in person, in thought and feeling to the hallowed associations of home. The past had its uses, the present the same, and I am not progressive enough to despise my father and mother or the harmony of their voices, but at the same time I shall hope that the most will assist me in writing appropriate songs for the music which still reverberates in my spirit as sung on that day and even after we had read the criticism.

So nothing daunted, Sister Mattie, we shall continue to make melody in our hearts hoping to draw nearer and nearer to the divine.

With charity toward all and malice toward none, I am sincerely yours for truth and progress,

MRS. F. A. LOGAN,
841 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

PROGRESS IN PORTLAND.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The bright sunshine still continues, and Oregon is in danger of losing her time-honored reputation as a land of mist; and we Oregonians may possibly have to part with the classic name of "webfoot." In spite of sunshine or shadow, balmy breeze or gentle winds, Spiritualism is moving right along and nothing seems to impede its progress. Our new society is growing rapidly, and has filled articles of incorporation, has some fifty names enrolled as members, has a slate-writing medium, two clairvoyants, and a healing medium, who draws the healing balm from the atmosphere, gathers it in the palms of his hands, applies it to the suffering, and they are healed. Yesterday our hall was well filled with anxious inquirers after truth, and the beauty of all is that harmony prevails and love reigns supreme. So may we continue to grow and prosper until others, seeing our good works, may go and do likewise, is the sincere wish of

C. A. REID,
PORTLAND, OR., March 4th, 1889.

Children's Department.

LYCEUM WORK.

EMMA TRAIN

If we'd make this old world better
And a higher good bestow,
If we'd break aside the fetter
Forged in blood so long ago,
We must sow the seed of knowledge
In the soil of pure young hearts
Ere the blighting weed of falsehood
In that field of beauty starts.

If we'd conquer Superstition
With the living light of truth
We must trust the sacred mission
To the eager hands of youth
Better sow a seed of wisdom
In a soil both rich and strong,
Than to break a branch of error
Where its roots have flourished long

If you have a truth worth knowing
Place it in the children's hands,
Better trust them for the sowing
Than to entrust on worn out lands
Here is where the hope is resting
For the future dawning now,
And fair angel hands are pressing
Softly every childish brow.

Here is where the coming glory
Builds its purest holiest shrines,
Here is where the sacred story
Shall be traced in indelible lines.
Blessed is the hand of kindness
That shall trace the words of truth
On the tablets pure and spotless
Of the loving heart of youth.

Friends, the work lies here before us
Worthier than tongue can tell.
While the angels bending over us
Urge that we shall do it well.
Let, oh, let us not be blinded
By the morning's dawning ray,
But build wisely for the future
The Lyceum is its hope today.

CAPTAIN BLACK.

When Tom Black was in his fourteenth year, he was at school in a small village in the south of England, and was as happy a boy as any fellow ought to expect to be, and yet on his birthday, when he was really fourteen, he ran away to sea. No one could possibly imagine why he did this, and, indeed, Tom himself could give no good reason for his conduct.

He had a half-holiday on his birthday and he went down to the sea-port town of M——, a short trip from the school, to spend a few hours and to see the ships. There he fell in with a recruiting officer, who wanted some boys for a man-of-war in the harbor, and Tom was so much pleased with the stories he told of life at sea, that he went into a stationer's store, bought some paper and wrote two notes, one to his family at home and the other to the master of the school, informing them that he had a most admirable opportunity of going to sea and learning to be a naval officer. Such a chance might not occur again, and as he had made up his mind to enter the navy, any way, it would not be wise to let the opportunity pass. He would lose nothing by leaving school now, for navigation, mathematic, and everything that it was necessary for a naval officer to know, were taught on the ship. Then he mailed the letters and went on board.

When Tom's father and the master received these notes, it is probable that they would have taken measures to get Tom off that ship in very short order, had it not been for the fact that the vessel sailed early the next morning after Tom made his appearance on her deck, and she was far out at sea before Mr. Black and Dr. Powers had read their letters.

So there was nothing to be done at home but to hope that things would eventually turn out for the best, and indeed this was what Tom himself had to do. For he soon found that his position on the vessel was very different from what he had supposed it would be. Instead of being taught how to sail a ship, he was taught how to coil a rope.

In about a year after Tom's appointment, war broke out with Spain, and the "Hector" was ordered to the Spanish coast. After cruising about for a month or two, she joined with two other British vessels in an attack on a fortress on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was at the same time besieged by a land force.

Early in the morning the three vessels opened fire on the fort, which soon replied in a vigorous fashion, sending bombshells and cannon-balls all around them, and sometimes knocking off a spar or crashing through some timbers. But the "Hector" fared very well. She was more advantageously placed than the other ships, and while she could pour in her fire on the fort, she received fewer shots in return than her consorts.

But, after a time, the enemy began to think that the "Hector" needed rather more attention and additional guns were brought to bear upon her. Now there were lively times on the "Hector's" deck, and Tom found out what it was to be in a hot fight on board of a ship.

But the boy was not frightened. That was not his nature. He rushed around, carrying orders and attending to his duty, very much as if he was engaged in a rousing good game of cricket.

While he was thus employed, plump on board came a bombshell, and fell almost at the foot of the mainmast. The fuse in it was smoking and fizzing. In an instant more it would explode and tear everything around it to atoms!

Several men were at a gun near by, but they did not see the bomb. Their lives were almost as good as gone.

The captain stood just back of the gun. He saw the smoking bomb, and sprang back. Before he had time to even shout "Look out!" along came Tom. He was almost on the bomb before he saw it.

It never took Tom long to make up his mind. We have seen that. His second thoughts always came up a long way after the first ones. He gave one glance at the smoking fuse; he knew that it was just about to explode, and that it would kill everybody round about it, and he picked it up and hurled it into the sea.

When the captain saw Tom stoop, and grasp, that hot, heavy bomb in his two hands; when he saw him raise it up, with the fuse sputtering and fizzing close to his ear,—where, if it had exploded, it would have blown his head into pieces no bigger than a pea,—and then dash it over the ship's side, so that the fuse was, of course, extinguished the instant it touched the water, he was so astonished that he could not speak.

He made one step, a warning cry was on his lips, but before he could say a word it was all over.

When Tom turned, and was about to hurry away on the errand that he had been so strangely interrupted, the captain took him by the arm.

"My good fellow," said he, and although he had seen much service and had been in many a fight, the captain could not help his voice shaking a little, "my good fellow, do you know what you have done?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with a smile, "I have spoiled a bombshell."

"And every man in this part of the ship owes you his life," added the captain.

* * * * *

If you should ever meet Captain Tom Black of Her Majesty's ship "Stinger," you might ask him about this incident, and he would probably tell you that he has heard about it a great deal himself, and that he believes, from what happened afterward, that the affair of the bombshell was a very good thing for him, but that it was all over so quickly that he has really forgotten almost all about it.—*The Two Worlds.*

CROSS.

After her grandmother had given her a good scolding, a little mischief was overheard saying to herself: "Somebody is cross in this room; 'taint me, and 'taint dolly, and 'taint Kitty. I wonder who it is?"

TEARS WOULD BE IN VAIN.

A little girl who was sent to drive home the cow, fell and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell. "Why, no," she replied. "What would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me."

COMPOSITION.

An ambitious boy contemplated a prize poem, and he had indited the first line,

"The sun's perpendicular rays illumined the depths of the sea."

when he was called away, and left the paper exposed on the table. Another boy came in, and seeing the line, continued thus:

The fishes, beginning to sweat, cry, 'Gracious, how hot we shall be!'"

Poetry.

A PRAYER.

BY "LUFA."

O Spirit of Justice! tell us where
They court is held, and where the way
That leads within thy holy place!
Thy messenger have stirred the pool,
The tear-filled pool of human woe,
Till clutching hands, despairing eyes,
Pale, grasping lips and sunken cheeks
Arise from out its depths and plead
For hearts that have no voice to beg,
For help to save them from themselves.

We gaze in horror on the path
These wrecks have travelled and we see,
From mansion and from hovel, shapes
Of misery, and vice, and crime
Pour forth in long unpausing lines;
They steal through secret alleys led
By fierce desires that rage within,
And, eagerly or slowly, glide
To meet the future's sure remorse;
To meet the angel bending low
In pitying watch above the pool
And begging every sinking soul
To reach and grasp the offered help.

And yet, though cleansed and whole they stand,
What grain has come from all and rise?
What wisdom planned the need of wrong?
If soul perfection comes to those
And only those who learn by sin,
Did He to whom the nations pray—
Jehovah, Allah, Jove or God,
The all-pervading Mighty One—
Gain thus the power to rule supreme?
Why seek we then to smother vice?
Why punish for a deadly crime
Those gaining this eternal life?
If only spirits that repent
Are welcome in the Heavenly home,
(As need of pardon most pertains
To him who carries deepest guilt)
The one gains most who sins the most.

We see men ask on bended knees
Their God to lead them out within
The dazzling snare temptation spreads,
Then dig a pit for other souls,
They license wrong and then forget
That those who grant and who receive,
And they who use the silver, all
Are partners in the gain of death.
They keep the fountain springs of life
Impure, unguarded, rank and thick
With vile inherited disease
Of body and of spirit; then
When causes have produced results,
They crush the fruit themselves brought forth.

O Justice! teach us to be just,
To seek preventive for red coming grace;
Teach us to need no ransoming blood;
Show us that, Judas-like, we sell
The lives of others for a price;
That they who cause another's sin
Are guilty of that sin themselves;
That no atonement blots it out,
And that not only by our deeds
But by our motives we are judged.

BY-AND-BY.

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it, by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by-and-by.

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with dancing Joy I went
Down through the years with a gay content
Never believing—nay, not I—
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing moan through sob and sigh,
—"All will be elsewise, by-and-by."

What will it matter- Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or saddened, lead to God,
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach him, by-and-by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of hope or fate,
Close I have clung to Truth, through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie,
Sure He will smoothen it by-and-by.

What will it matter by-and-by?
Nothing but this—that Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward—helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—Home—All in All—by-and-by.

—MRS. PRESTON.

A BARGAIN.

He asked me for the choicest gift
'Twas in my power to give;
I could not say my love, nay,
And so I bade I im live
Within my heart,
O, loving heart!
Thy faith on faith was staved;
On bended knee, he promised me
A price he has not paid!

He pledged his honor, and his truth,
To love till death shall part;
With love he bought the prize he sought,
And thus obtained my heart,
O, happy time!
O happy crime.
Through which we ully strayed!
What joy was ours, as through the flowers
A fragrant path we made!

But soon we reached the outer edge
Of this our Eden land;
Where love had reigned, and lightly feigned
To do the King's command,
O, loving heart;
O, trustful heart;
How was thy trust betrayed!
With love he bought the heart he sought
—But has the price been paid?

If I should live a thousand years,
I ne'er again should know
The same regret; or could forget
Those days of long ago,
When first my heart,
This foolish heart!
Its choicest wealth displayed.
With love 'twas sought, with love 'twas bought,
—But has the price been paid?

The careless tone—the unkind word—
The changed and chilling mood,
Are these the things affection brings,
To provide its promised good?
O, foolish heart!
Be loth to part
With love, though love entice;
So sharp a trade with hearts is made,
That few will pay their price!

WHO SHALL WEAR CROWNS.

Who shall wear crowns, oh! Father who?
Not they who, passing when their angel guise
Is yet unchanged, before the thoughts of earth
Have filled the Heavenly beaming of their eyes
With dreams of sin, of envy, love and hate;
Oh! not for these can that great glory wait.

Will they wear crowns who never long to sin?
Who only wish to follow some good life;
Who never feel the stirring of a thought not born
Of Heaven itself! Can this be winning in the strife,
Oh! breathe to me, ye spirit of the air,
Are victors' crowns for such as these to wear?

Will lives that having passed three score and ten
And drained the cup of pleasure to its dreg,
So find themselves, upon death's very brink,
Wasted, lustful souls, drop down and beg
For thy forgiveness first and last prayer cry;
Will they find crowns, oh! God, up in the sky?

Will they wear crowns who strive against, oh! God,
Rebelling 'gainst the life Thou giv'st to them?
Who living, die, and dying, live with broken dreams,
Bound by fetters Thou alone can'st break, oh! brightest gem.
I know that Thou will place, in Thy great love,
The crown that waits for such as one above

Who shall wear crowns? Oh! surely, surely they
Are fit for those who suffer and grow strong;
Who put from their great hearts, with trembling hand
The very joy for which their souls do long.
Oh! I believe our God—up there—up there,
By hands are nobling crowns for such to wear!

—SCOTT.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the murmuring heart would awake it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And who seeks beautiful trust never faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb says,
Is the hour before the dawning.

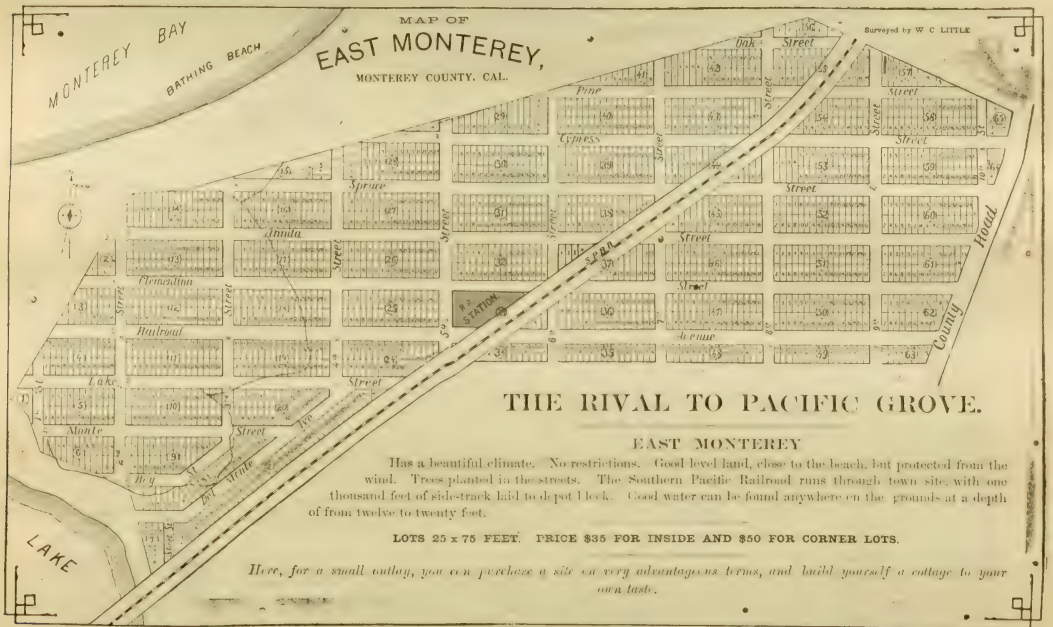
There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And be patient and cheerful and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cool to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort fade from you
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To th it radiance gathe r;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile, till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears
Clear from clouds to fan it,
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver,
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.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How to Marry Multitudinously and Legally.

"Ah," said the Judge, "you want this decree of divorce made absolute?"

"Yes your honor. You granted my fourth petition for divorce six months ago."

"Ah, I remember. What were the grounds?"

"She deserted me for five months."

"What were the other divorces for?"

"The first left because I wouldn't pay her board. The second ran away because I threw vitriol at her. The third——" "Yes, yes, the decree is made absolute," and the paper was signed.

"Who's this?" said the Judge, as a prisoner was brought in.

"Found guilty of bigamy yesterday, your honor," said the crier, "and brought up for sentence."

"Ah, how was it?"

"Your Honor remembers that the prisoner lost all trace of his wife at the close of the war and remarried at the end of fifteen years, but being unable to find any trace of his first wife but she's just turned up."

"True, true," said his Honor.

"Clear case of bigamy. Fifteen years."

And the session was adjourned after the crier had yelled "God save the Commonwealth and this honorable court."—*Times.*

Literal Floating Hells.

The London *Lancet*, an eminent medical authority, discussing the question of ships for invalids in which they may be protected against many of the annoyances to which they are subjected on ordinary vessels, says:

"One of the greatest advantages which may be reasonably expected from the institution of invalid ships is the judicious ordering of shipboard life in the interest of the sick. We have no desire to establish any Puritanical standard, and we fully realize that at sea, where amusement becomes almost the only serious business of life, unusual difficulties may occur; but in the interests of the sick, if for no other reason, we feel bound to protest against the drunkenness and gambling which make some ships literal floating hells. Idleness is the parent of everything evil, and on ship-board it not infrequently produces some of its worst fruits. Apart from morals, such practices have the very grave indirect disadvantages of inducing unwholesome excitement, late and irregular hours, and a general feeling of unrest. If the evil is sometimes great the cure is easy. The remedy rests with the captain, who rules with unquestioned authority, and can make his ship faithfully reflect his own personality. Some invalid ships owe their popularity mainly to the reputation which their captain have acquired not only for sound seamanship but for the capacity to maintain propriety and discipline."

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Gratefully yours, W. L. PEARCE.

Note: As the writer is of the *same name* as the inventor of the Belt referred to above, we desire to state that he is a *total stranger to us*, and at the time he purchased our Belt, was a stranger to us.

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The People's Church.

This is the splendid name of several organizations now in existence. Perhaps the first and best of the type is the popular movement of Doctor Thomas in Chicago. But in the light of the searching contribution of an earnest friend from Wisconsin, which we publish in our correspondence department this week, we are led to ask what constitutes a "People's Church," and whether such a church yet exists. Is it a people's church when the congregation meets in a hall instead of a church, and the expenses of seats are reduced to the minimum, and perhaps parish obligations and responsibilities also reduced? Is it a people's church when a membership in it involves the acceptance of a more or less theological estimate of the Bible, of Jesus, of Christianity, of the still more searching questions of the soul which many of the "people" in their sincerity cannot accept, or are compelled to confess ignorance? Is it a people's church that necessarily excludes some people who love the people, who seek to help people, and who fain would learn to worship with the people? The people's church, when it comes, will be something more potent than a big congregation listening to an eloquent minister. Will it not be a body of men and women housing themselves, making a *home* for the people and in behalf of people, a church with full fellowship for all those who are willing "to help humanity along," and to those who need to be helped along?

We fully realize that such church scarcely exists at the present day. Perhaps it will be a long time before it can be realized. A church that will worship, that will revere Jesus, that will seek to interpret and apply the Bible, but ever offer these only as helps, and not as measurements and alternatives to blind timid, and of course sinning souls, will be the people's church, even though but few people receive it, or use it. It must be a church *for* the people, for *all* people, before it can ever be a church *by* the people. Popularity can be no test of the people's church, neither can laxity in thought or life. The people's church must be an intense church, intense with the love of souls, intense in the search of truth, intense in its desire for unity and the high devotions and the serene peace that unities bring.

This dream of a people's church which our correspondent suggests may be Utopian and impossible for the present, but none other will suffice for the highest longings of the nineteenth century. Towards this the most earnest preaching and most inspired writing of this generation tends. Hence this enthusiasm for "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," and "The African Farm;" hence the tide of sympathy that flows towards and carries along such men as Heber Newton, the Andover men and Phillips Brooks in the sect churches; hence the great significance of the independent movements in church-making outside of the sects represented by such men as Pentecost in New York, Doctor Smith in St. Paul, McCullock, of Indianapolis, Townsend, of Jamestown, Swing and Thomas of Chicago. All these are essays in this high direction. Towards this end it is ever our purpose to work, and there never were more inspiring indications than now that the prophetic dream of Socrates, Buddha, and Jesus is yet to be realized, the dream of a church that, in the language of a heathen poet, "deems nothing foreign that is human" —a CHURCH OF MAN, on that account a CHURCH OF GOD.—*Chicago Unity.*

NOVEL CURE FOR CORNS.

An Oil Man Says Crude Petroleum Will Fix Them Every Time.

"You are troubled with corns, are you?" said a Pittsburger to one of his friends who walked with a peculiar, limping gait.

"Well, everybody has a remedy for them but the trouble with most of the remedies is that they are no good without faith, and the man afflicted with corns generally considers his case hopeless.

But I can tell you of a rule that is simple and effectual.

Soak the afflicted portion of your feet for a considerable time every night—the longer the better—in crude petroleum, then saturate a cloth with the same stuff, wrap it around your toe, put your stocking on and go to bed. A few nights of this treatment will cause the corn to disappear.

"I heard of this remedy when I was living in the oil region, and, of course, I laughed at it. But a little inquiry among the men who worked about the tanks and wells convinced me that they believed in it. They said they were never troubled with corns, and assured me that the frequent wetting of their shoes in the oil—a thing they cannot avoid in their occupation—had the effect of driving all these troublesome excrescences away. Try it and it will cure you."

A Pittsburg *Dispatch* reporter, who overheard the above conversation, gives the prescription for what it is worth, not vouching for its curative power.

Unavailing Regret's

At a very successful *séance* in Cincinnati the other night a man bursted into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall blue-eyed spirit standing by him with light side whiskers and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me." "Oh, George, George," he muttered in a voice choked with emotion, "why, why, did you peg out?"

Distilled Water for Washing.

It has been clearly proved that those who suffer from a sensitive skin, subject to frequent irritation and roughness, should never use hard water for their ablutions. Boiled water will often prove beneficial for delicate complexions, but distilled water is the best to use in such cases.

HE TOOK THE WRONG MEDICINE.

Robert Stewart, of Petaluma, recently had a queer experience. He writes:

"Carbuncles and boils afflicted my face and neck for weeks. Finally I procured a bottle of one of the leading sarsaparillas. To my surprise it made matters worse. This made me lose faith in sarsaparilla, but seeing a statement that Joy's Vegetable Sarsparilla dried up boils and face eruptions instead of forcing more out as the potash sarsaparillas do, I bought a bottle. The effect was astonishing. The carbuncles and boils began to dry up, and in two weeks my face was as well and smooth as ever. My brother also took a bottle with the same benefit. ROBERT STEWART.

PETALUMA, Cal.

[Explanatory Note—The mineral iodide of potash, which is the basis of nearly all other sarsaparillas, attacks the blood direct, hence forces impurities through the skin, creating more boils and pimples. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla acts oppositely. Its vegetable alteratives stimulate the various secretive organs and thus eliminate all impurities through the natural channels, hence dries up pimples and skin eruptions. The above testimonial is a case in point.]

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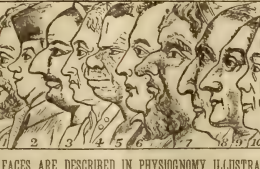

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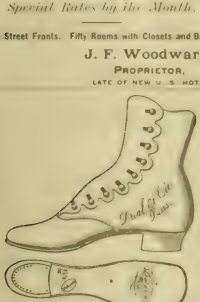

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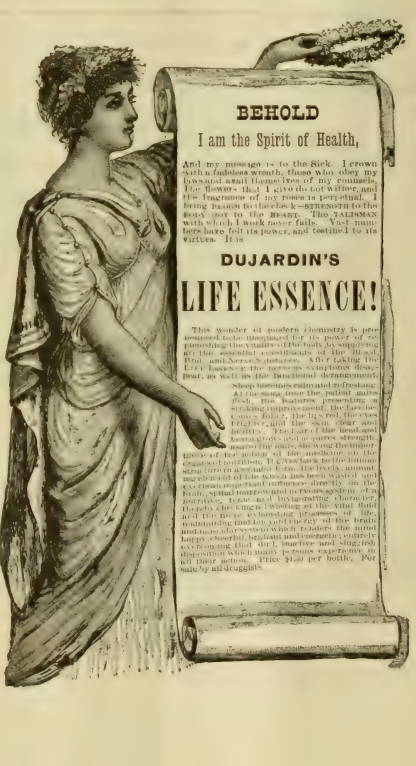
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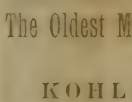

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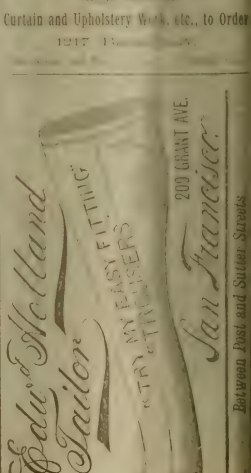

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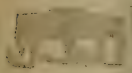

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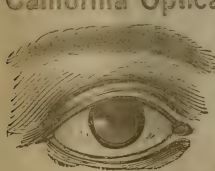

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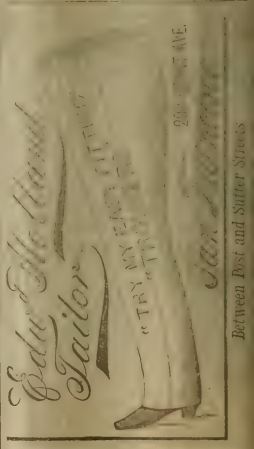

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VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 23, 1889 NUMBER 12.

The Divine Guest.

BY ELIZA A. PLUNKETT.

To-day we give the readers of the CARRIER DOVE one of our Author's grandest productions; and instead of expressing our own views in regard to its merits, we insert a notice of it from *The World's Advance Thought*, to which journal it was originally contributed:—"The Divine Guest is a tide of poetic fire once poured through our columns—is one of the poems to which the critic may unflatteringly apply the adjective, *remarkable*."

Hail, all hail, ye striving mortals,
Workers, builders of the clay
Ye who tread the shadowy portals
Of destruction and decay.
Lo, I come as one commissioned
Crowned, anointed from on high;
Angel-eyed and inner-sensed
Looking through the earth-veil-sky
To behold in silent wonder
Sandaled for a golden planet
Quickened by a new desire
From the balmy winds that fan it
I have quaffed the subtle fire.
I have quenched the burning fever
And upon the stream that roll
Down the limpid tides of ether
Through a flood of light I sail.
Treading now this lower planet
Wandering from pole to pole
To unseal the revelations of a true immortal soul
On a chain of lightning pacer
That no mortal hand could stay
Through the labyrinthine mazes
I have trod the fiery way.
I have passed the gate of morning
I have touched the shining tier
Of the clouds have made an awning
Over Jupiter and Mars.
And I traveled 'mid the asteroids and sang amid the stars.

O, the wildly throbbing numbers
How they blustered upon the breeze
Like the music tone that slumbers
In the heavenly Pleiades!
Like a swiftly-footed courser,
In a current have I run,
As I made my spiral journey
In an orbit with the sun.
With my feet above the clouds—and my mission well begun.

I have won the smiles of Venus,
And for Saturn made an ode,
Which I sang to all between us
On this high and dazzling road.
Chanting, singing, O, Apollo!
How they sparkle, how they shine,
And the glory that may follow
May be mine, or may be thine.
Lovely Hebe, bring the wine,
For this life it is immortal, and this rapture is divine!

In my car of burnished glory,
With my panoplying shield of light,
With my sparkling lay before me,
And beyond me zenithward,
Tame faster, I still faster
Heave my high-toned song to him,
For I have one only master,
At his feet my lyre I fling.
Hush! I nuddled with song fancy
Have I wrapped me in my time
Have I called to my liking
Have I blessed as my mine.
But this is my own exceeding
Crowned, anointed and accepted, on the dazzled tide of time.

Where am I—what is my mission?
Can it be the sons of earth?
Where are those famous and buried saviors
And the new-world-birth?
Where are they—all dead and known me
From primeval heights we climb.
Or, what else can I possibly be me
I, the star-sphere-sphere-shimmer?
Would I tell ye, ye will laugh at me for all I proclaim.

I have sensed the emerald mountain
I have sped on wind of mist
As I have stood me on the fountain
Bent with quaint and tame host
I have felt the soul of love supernal
In my heart-pulse-core I feel
And I am a strange-begotten-eternal
To you—no—one—human soul
As the mystical one—and I do keep a gathering—still I wind

Where am I, I seek my mission?
I have scaled heaven in my flight
Yet I have the right commission
For most of life I enter still
I have passed to strength and be low me
And to give to all of you
With the love I feel I want to show me
Where I dwell—what is love
Is it—no—can't tell I know me
I am strange—as is a dove.
And I blend this serpent's wisdom with the olive branch of love.

I forge new lines of tribulation
I have found the raging helm
And with waves of desperation
I—no—I revile upon the storm
In hatred—no—and of sorrow
Never a blessed regret in me
And I feel—and to morrow
From the seething summer sun
As we ride the storm-tossing billows, and in spiral exhilaration

Would we wear a while lands are singing
Would we darken 'mid the stars
On my face—no—blossoms springing
I—no—I—no—I roam large
I am—I am—I roam lands of knowledge
Of new space through the glooms
Dashing out immortal foliage
Yet living ever perennial bloom.
All the fabrications—win lings from the manger—mercy and tombs

Rise to me—thou quickened spirit
Chant thou—rement—and bring
In my ear—of burnished glory,
With my panoplying shield of light.
With my sparkling lay before me,
And beyond me zenithward,
Tame faster, I still faster
Heave my high-toned song to him,
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Rise to me—thou quickened spirit
Chant thou—rement—and bring
In thy

Original Contributions.

Early Life In California.

BY LEON M. DOWDON.

NUMBER NINE.

Although wages were maintained at such a high figure ($10 per day for some time after the spring of '50 it was no such easy work to save money as might be supposed.

The new arrivals by every steamer, and the returned disappointed gold hunters from the mines, kept the number of mechanics far in excess of the amount of work to be done, and it was only by dint of continued rustling that we could find work for any length of time, and those that were too indolent or modest to look sharp after jobs, and to be persistent in asking for them, remained idle a great part of the time.

Jobs were, as a rule, short; they were rushed ahead with lightning speed. Paying $10 per day, bosses expected every man to keep moving lively, and make every blow count, and there was a striking contrast between the gait of a crew of California workmen and the slow and easy way of Eastern hands, where wages were $1.50 to $1.75 per day.

This same difference in movement was observable in all other workers, and in business men of all classes, and the discipline of those days when time and material were so valuable, left its impress upon the people for many years, or a life time; producing a habit of "push," of despatch, and going straight to the mark, peculiar to this people, resulting in an effectiveness that has become typical of the genuine Californian.

It is seen not only in business affairs, but with writers and speakers, and even the loafer, a product of later years, has fallen into this way. He loafs in earnest, as though he meant it, and has developed into the tramp that will discount the world in his audacity in "beating" his living out of the community without work.

The speech of the country has become proverbial for its terseness and expressiveness, and has crystalized into such expressions as "you bet," "you get," "not much," "a bilk," "a bummer," etc., etc., and though more expressive than elegant, shows the prevelling tendency to go straight to the mark, even if it has to go "across lots."

Among California writers, too, we see the effect of this trait, to make them "hit the nail on the head," with the least possible amount of verbiage, and with an economy equal to that of Lowell's New England country deacons, who were in the habit of "saving their pork and souls with least amount of salt and sanctity," and though sometimes losing polish and delicacy of expression in their eagerness to reach their meaning, it is found that those writers are most in favor who say the most with the least possible amount of words, and we find ourselves admiring writings sometimes with this merit alone, having no other literary excellence.

In a letter written home, dated May, 1850, speaking of this habit of "push," this was said:

"If we get a job it is soon over, and we are out of work again. You can judge how things are pushed here when I tell you the store we have just finished was a large two-story building 25x100 feet.

We commenced the foundation Friday morning, and Tuesday night after we quit work at 6 o'clock, they began moving in their goods, and were all in order for business the next morning, having worked nearly all night.

"It is no uncommon thing for men to contract for a new building before the flames are done with the old one, and contractors have in some instances come near having the lumber they had hauled for the new job, while the fire was yet burning, consumed by the old fire.

"I have heard of some who have actually contracted for a new building before the fire had reached the old one, so certain were the flames of their prey when once under good headway."

"We get good wages, but have to work accordingly.

"No nursing of jobs here to make them hold out; it you do you get 'kicked out.' And then, when weary with the day's struggle, our eyes, nose and ears full of cinders, sand and ashes, to go home and find no nicely spread table, with a clean, white table cloth on it, with the nice home-made biscuit and cookies, pies and doughnuts, and best of all, our dear old mothers to welcome us, it is cold comfort. But we think of the 'good times that are coming.'

"We each carry home an armful of cuttings—for by common consent the chips all belong to the carpenter here—and while the rest of us are washing up, the cook for the week kindles his fire, puts on the teakettle, slaps on the beef steak, turns over the plates we left upside down in the morning, and then while he is washing, those with clean hands cut up the bread, slice up the cold potatoes, and put them on to fry; set the tea to steeping, and by the time the cook gets washed up, supper is about ready. In our housekeeping, except on Sunday, we have to 'push things' just as we do about our work to make time—everything on the double quick.

"But Sunday we take it easy and grow fat. Usually we get the best the market affords, and get up a big dinner, and if some of the boys happen around to enjoy it with us, we have a merry time.

"Week days dishes only get washed up at night, but Sundays three times, for they have to be piled away to give us room to write home, especially the Sunday before steamer day. Sunday after steamer day we all get our letters out and re-read them, not only once, but two or three times, and what there is of general interest is read aloud.

"Old Californians that is, we who have been here three or four months don't work Sundays, but the job we have just finished there were men at it all day Sunday. The Sunday workers are usually the new comers. The $10 a day looks so big, they can't think of missing even Sunday if they can get work, but after a month or two they get cured of that and are as ready as the rest of us to lay off and let nature have its due amount of rest.

"When we go by a building and see men working Sunday, we say, 'There are some new comers.'

"I say we don't work Sundays, but we do sometimes, do a little washing and mending. At first I thought I wouldn't, but had to give in or go dirty. I kept my wash in soak two weeks, rather than wash Sunday, and had to do it Sunday at last, for as soon as one job was done, found another, and couldn't think of breaking into a $10 day to wash dirty clothes, so if you think I have 'fallen from grace,' this is my excuse."

In the spring of 1850 silver was a drug in the market, and it made the old hands growl to be paid off for their week's work in silver dollars, and the losses used to pick out the new comers to haul them up with silver. It was such a novelty and so bewildered them to receive into their open palms $60 to $75 for sixty hour's work, that there was no room for growling. I remember with what gusto I hauled in my sixty silver dollars for my first full week's work and crammed it into my breeches pocket, and didn't appreciate a smile and a sly wink that I saw pass between some of the old hands till I saw them receive their pay in "yellow boys" that they could carry in their vest pocket. But I felt too much elated, too rich, to raise any objections. Sixty big silver dollars for a week's work! Was it possible? I felt as though I had almost robbed the boss. It looked and felt so big as compared with the $7.50 that I had received at home for the same length of time.

And so I trudged off home with my kindling wood under one arm, and my other hand supporting my pocket to keep the bottom from dropping out. Once at home, where there were none to fear, my silver was dumped in a pile on my bunk, and my eyes feasted on it till they closed in sleep.

A favorite pastime with us Sundays after the housework was done up was to take a stroll up on to Telegraph Hill, to watch for approaching steamers, and view the forest of shipping in the harbor below us, get a glimpse of the bay stretching far inland towards San Jose, Contra Costa and the Oakland shore, with the Sierras in the dim distance, and the Pacific Ocean out through the Golden Gate.

But this time I held back—couldn't go. "Why, what's the matter with Bowdoin? Why don't he come along?" I didn't like to say, and made some flimsy excuses, but they were too thin," and soon they "dropped on to it." "Oh, he can't leave his money, and can't take it with him, and has got to stay by it." And they tauntingly said something about a "camel" and a "rich man," and the "Kingdom of heaven." I have forgotten what it was. In fact I was too much engrossed with my silver to appreciate all their remarks, but I had to own up that the money was what anchored me, and let them go without me. Their last remark as they looked back was "Hope you won't get robbed." But I didn't fear that. There were "pepper boxes" in all the berths well loaded, and I knew how to use them; and had I got "stood up," I would have fought more desperately for what I had stood mute then than I ever would have done since, for it was my first hundred dollars. And if I had quoted scripture to suit the case it would surely have got reversed and made to say, "What shall it profit a man if he keep his life and lose all his money?"

But during the long hours of watching and waiting for my chums to return, I had plenty of time to ruminate on the subject of *money*, and *silver money* especially, and realize what a burden money was if you had to be tied to it, and if too long continued what slaves it would make of us. And I resolved if I ever saw the light of another morning, as soon as banks opened, I would trust it in some of their vaults, shaky as they were, and I commenced the week by exchanging that pile of silver and thirty dollars more for a piece of paper with the figure nine on it with a cipher at the right, and in two many cases as it turned out, it didn't matter whether the cipher was at the right or left of the nine, or whether the nine was right side up or not, you got back about the same in either case. Not one of the banks that took in money then survived as late as 1854, and half of them went under before '51 was passed.

But that short experience of mine that Sunday while a prisoner, was suggestive of what the inordinate love of money might lead to increase that hundred dollars to thousands and millions, and extend the time into eternity, and see what a terrible web of slavery we may weave for ourselves by a life devoted wholly to the worship of gold.

There we shall be riveted to earth and its treasures without the capacity to enjoy them, and unable to break our chains and rise with freed souls to view the illimitable expanses of heavenly grandeur that fills the universe. We can then realize something of the meaning of the scripture where it says: "It were better that a mill stone were hanged about his neck."

STOCKTON, Cal. March 1, 1887.

Inspirational Teachings Through the Mediumship of L. C. Ashworth.

NUMBER THREE.

SPIRITUALISM AND PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

The laws of matter differ from the laws of mind, although mind is matter in the sense that it is a substance, an entity possessing weight, and the other ordinary attributes of matter. But the analysis and explanation of the laws of mind are not to be considered as identical with the proper comprehension of the laws of matter. The latter have a different basis, being governed or controlled by a force inherent in the particles; but the laws controlling mindare of an opposite, or at all events, a very different kind. Here is the difficulty which Professor Huxley cannot overcome. A difficulty which he is not actually aware of, but which has none the less a very important influence on the theories which he gives to the world. Laws controlling matter can be classified and arranged in such a manner that cause and effect can be very readily determined and understood. The laws of mind, on the other hand, present such complex and intricate combinations that an altogether higher order of intelligence is needed to understand them, and, harder than understanding them is the power to control and arrange them so that certain definite and tangible results may be secured. This difficulty, though known to exist, is not made sufficient allowance for, and the phenomena produced are set down as either fraudulent or stupidly silly by those whose intellectual powers in other directions, ought to make them better able to form a judgment in the matter. Huxley says the raps may be produced by the toe-joint, but the question is how were raps produced which no such a theory was in any wise admissible? This difficulty is ignored, but the fact is, the professor has not learned time to give the subject the thought and attention it deserves. His content, apparently, to let the matter rest on such a very precarious basis as he has placed it, and people must be content with the toe joint theory till such time as Professor Huxley, or some other professor, brings some other theory out to supplant it. But there is consolation in the fact that the mass of mankind cannot be prevented from the exercise of an independent judgment, because of the fanciful suggestions of scientific men. On subjects which touch seriously their own individual selves, they will arrogate to themselves the right of using that judgment in spite of the sneers of pseudo-geniuses of Prof. Huxley. Truth must eventually triumph, and the admitted truth is, even now, that phenomena have been observed and faithfully recorded which no such a theory as Prof. Huxley's can possibly controvert.

Than truth no greater blessing can man receive on God's throne.—*Plutarch.*

The Exercise of Judgment.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In an article published in a prominent Spiritualistic paper the following is quoted, apparently from the Bible: "Judgment is mine, saith the Lord," and then the article goes on to say that certain spiritual teachers seem to have usurped the Almighty's prerogative in their condemnation of some erring fellow mortals, said erring fellow-mortals being certain fraudulent spiritual mediums.

In the first place no such passage as that quoted can be found in the Bible. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," is what the Bible says. It is true that in a large number of Biblical passages judgment is ascribed to God; but in others it is likewise committed to men on earth. In John viii:24, Jesus is represented as saying, "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." This is a very sensible and excellent precept, and it is just what the friends of truth and honesty in Spiritualism endeavor to do. When purported spiritual manifestations are presented to them, they endeavor not to judge by the superficial appearance of things, as so many Spiritualists are inclined to do—accepting as genuine that which is spurious—but they search deeper into the matter, in order that they may give righteous judgment. Paul says, "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." In order to prove the character of spiritual phenomena, it is absolutely necessary that we use our judgment. In fact, a good judgment is the crowning attribute of human nature. "Reason is the flower of the spirit" and judgment is simply the exercise of reason. God never intended any one not to exercise his best judgment. The fact that man is endowed with the capacity for judgment, and that a man without judgment is perforce a fool, proves that if it is no usurpation of the Almighty's prerogative to judge others, evil-doers as well as the righteous.

It is our duty to judge and condemn vice and crime, and to do all we can to suppress it. It is our bounden duty to aid in preventing our brothers and sisters from being played upon and swindled by knaves and charlatans; and no sentiments of false or mock charity should swerve us from the straight line of duty. True charity does not require us to aid the vicious and criminal by silence concerning, or approval of, their misdeeds. That is true charity both to the evil-doer and to his victims which does what it can to check the wrong doer in his or her course, and prevent the victims from being increased in number or from being further preyed upon. Justice and charity should go hand in hand. So-called charity without justice is productive of much evil in the world; and so-called justice exercised independent of the considerations of charity is in

itself often rank injustice, cruelty, oppression.

Rash, hasty judgments, whether of a favorable or unfavorable character, should ever be avoided. In all cases, "judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Be careful and cautious, avoiding prejudice on either side. Seek honestly and candidly to know the exact truth. Be neither quick to condemn nor quick to approve. Search for the facts. Examine all the evidence in any given case, and let reason unbiassed and untrammelled, be the arbiter. If convinced of wrong-doing being practiced, let no false charity excuse or condone it, unless there be extenuating circumstances calling for the exercise of the charity. True charity must never be lost sight of even with the vilest wretches. No motives of vengeance or vindictive retaliation should mar our justice to the wrong-doer; but the love of the supremacy of right, the welfare of humanity, the protection of society, demand that the criminal should be exposed and restrained; and no false charity should interfere with the exercise of "righteous judgment," to the suppression of evil and the advancement of the good and true.

How to Better Comprehend the All-Knowing Infinite Deity.

BY DR. E. B. WHEELOCK.

We often read of great minds among the so-called clergy, but in what particular as yet I have failed to learn. For a great *mind* with my definition, is one that can think in all directions and rationally upon all subjects—free from prejudice and perfectly humanitarian and truly scientific in every sense of their words.

Present me with such a *priest* or clergyman, and I will place his name upon the roll of honor as being the first of his class I have seen in a life-time.

What important lessons has the world ever learned from them?

Read Buckle's "History of European Civilization," or Prof. Draper's "Conflict Between Religion and Science," and you may find the answer. And even as exponents of what is called the Infinite, and All-Knowing Deity, what have they taught the enquiring and ever-waiting world?

All rational knowledge is usually ignored, and the only thing most needful for "poor men" is "Faith, saving faith;" but is it not self-evident that an All-Knowing God must be well posted in the great law of mathematics?

If so, is not the study of arithmetic essential to a knowledge of Deity in this department of his, her or its wisdom?

Again, is not Deity a number one, boss mechanic?

Who can equal Him in the building of a flower, or even of the the eye of a gnat, or in the more stupendous work of unfolding a system of revolving suns with their myriads of satalites?

Hence the greater our knowledge of mechanical arts, the greater will be our love and devotion for the great *Master Mechanic*, the All-Knowing Deity.

Let us ask again, is not nature's God a superlative artist, as witnessed in his universal paint-shop?

Think once of the rainbow and the star-spangled heavens, of the supreme glory of a western sunset, and the golden fringe that skirts the eastern sky in time of morn; think of earth's out-stretched plains all bespangled with beauteous flowers nodding in the breeze and sweetly blushing in the summer sun.

No "holy books" can equal these. In these the "Word of God" is silent, but their effect upon the inner soul of man is more potent for good, than a string of wordy prayers reaching from earth to the moon.

Hence to rightly worship and adore the All-Knowing Deity, we should quietly close all moss-covered books and enter with brush in hand the ever open door of Deity's universal temple and become calming Spiritualists by obtaining a knowledge of Deity, direct, instead of indirect, through some uncouth records of the long-ago.

Is not the great Deity also the divine author of all the wonders in the sublime subject of chemistry? Is not the grand work of perpetual evolution the unavoidable result of chemical affinities, and the repellant powers of dissimilarities?

The make up of the human form and of the human spirit divine and all else whatsoever is found in the Universe are but so many chemical manifestations from the hand of the All-Knowing, the Supreme Deity.

Oh! ye priests, how small is your mission if ye preach naught but the stale gospel of some unknown man, or records by some unknown men called Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The present living gospel, the gospel according to nature and God, is what the world needs and must have. In this gospel lies the only hope for a true Deity knowledge and a sublimer conception of the the ever present Instructor and Infinite Controller of all events.

I have long desired that our spirit mediums and writers and all believers in the spiritual or harmonial philosophy, would outgrow the foolish and absurd idea that human spirits once disconnected from human brains still possessed evil dispositions, and were still holding revenge and malice aforethought against the undeveloped and misdirected children of earth life.

To me every angular or angry manifestation through mediums is only the earth life daguerreotyped, or repeated over again. It gives no evidence of the real character or disposition of spirit, or spirits in the higher life.

The doctrine of obsession by exarmate spirits, for a malicious purpose and Milton's word-picture of a war in heaven are twin sisters and should be speedily expunged from our spiritual literature.

The divine code in spirit life from the lowest to the highest plane of conscious existence, is discipline and reformation and perpetual progression. The spirit of retaliation by the law of necessity is therefore unknown.

In earth-brains the feeling of destructiveness and combativeness may rule for a while, and perhaps for a legitimate purpose; but on a plane of life where all is harmony, where there is no struggle for the survival of the "fittest," these feelings are lost. The feelings of love and charity and a constant desire for wisdom and knowledge ascends the throne, and misdirection flees away.

SPRAGUE, Mo.

Selected Articles.

From the *New York Press*, Sunday Feb. 17th, 1889.

THE BELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

Statesmen, Officials, Merchants, Professional Men, Men of Business and of Letters Who Are Firm in the Faith—Unique and Strange Are the Manifestations—Prominent People Who Vouch for Remarkable Phenomena in the Way of Spirit Rappings, Drawings, Writings, Speeches, Readings and Communications—The Term Spiritualist, Strictly Speaking, Difficult to Define—All Who Call Themselves Spiritualists Believe in the Continuity of Life After Death, and the Return of Spirits to This Sphere—Beyond This There Are Many Differences of Opinion—Intelligent Men Who Give Reasons for the Faith That is in Them—Curious Ways in Which the Dwellers in the Unseen World Frequently Return to Spirit to This One—The Innumerable Number of Spiritualists Spread Throughout the Land—Men of Wealth, Culture and High Position Who Are Not Cranks or Fools Who Assert Their Belief in the Spiritualistic Faith—Wonderful Mediums—Prominent Spiritualists in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington Furnish Testimony.

The *Press* to-day lays before its readers the reasons which have induced so many intelligent men to believe in Spiritualism. It is an undeniable fact, that the eminent lawyer Luther R. Marsh is only one of hundreds of other brainy and cultured men who believe firmly that the dwellers in the unseen world do frequently return in spirit to this one. It is also quite as certain that tricksters have wrung money from the purses and made weary the brains of intelligent people under the pretense that they are mediums, that is to say, people through whom speak the spirits of the dead.

IN NEW YORK.

Well-Known Spiritualists Explain the Reasons for Their Faith.

(*Continued from page* 173.)

"Do you think Spiritualism is gaining ground?"

"Certainly; inconceivably fast. These checks that it appears to receive from the discovery of frauds, either real or apparent, and the exposure of deceitful mediums are mediums probably nevertheless—they are, in some cases, I know, these are not interfering with the real progress of Spiritualism at all because that progress is silent and unseen. Tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of these people are perhaps quietly

investigating the subject, and reasoning thoroughly convinced of the reality of the phenomena as produced by disembodied spirits, and thus becoming believers or rather, I should say, acquiring an actual knowledge of the actuality of the future life and the spirit world. I consider that Spiritualism, so called, as a practice is by no means to be approved of in all its phases, that it may become debasing rather than elevating. I would also say, too, that the moral and spiritual character of mediums should be very carefully scrutinized, and none of them should be patronized or even visited in any way unless their character and conduct as men and women are entirely exemplary."

Mr. Henry E. Newton, the president of the New York Society of Spiritualists, is one of the most prominent as well as one of the most earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism. He claims not only to have seen spirits, but to have been able to take some of their photographs, he being an expert in amateur photography.

Mr. Newton says of himself: "I was brought up a Presbyterian, but afterward became a member of the more liberal organization of Methodism. My attention was first drawn to Spiritualism thirty-seven years ago. I was a piano manufacturer, and I went to Bridgeport to set up a piano. The instrument was shipped by boat, but I went by the cars. I waited there day after day, expecting the arrival of the piano, but it did not come. Some friends of mine who were believers in the spirit rappings suggested that the "table" should be got out, and then it was rapped out that a ship was aground. At first we did not know what the communication meant, but on inquiry it was found that the boat on which the piano had been placed had come to grief in the manner mentioned.

"I thought this was very strange, but I was interested, and told my wife the circumstances when I went home. She thought what had been done was wicked and sacrilegious, but I talked about it so much that she finally overcame her scruples, and we sat down to a table of our own, placed the tips of our fingers upon it in the manner required, and it began to move. We could neither of us believe it, and one said to the other, "Did you do that?" or "I am sure you moved that," but once we were convinced that it was done by an outside power we sat down to the table every night, and after piling heavy objects upon it, invited our friends in to see how easily it would move in spite of any amount of weight. The result of investigations made both of us strong Spiritualists, and some of the most remarkable manifestations that have ever been given have taken place in our house. The mechanistic powers unfolded and unfolding in our time is only the swelling of a bud or celestial germ inherent in the human constitution. The Spiritualism of history was simply meteoric flashes of light prophetic of this time and the time to come when this bud shall become a radiant flower. Then humanity shall not grope in darkness with bandaged eyes and parsed hands, bowing to mystic shrines with superstitious fear and terror, but will walk upright in its redeemed manhood.

"Mediums are mostly found in private families. The public mediums are few compared with those in private life. Medium ship as a fact as well and finally established as any fact possibly can be, and it as with as become there is need for it. The progress of Spiritualism can no more be stopped by human efforts than the workings of any other law of nature can be rendered inoperative."

Mrs. Newton exclaimed with enthusiasm after her husband had ceased speaking:

"Everything in life looks so different from our standpoint. We consider this world only the primary school. The church people think that we do away with hell and fiery spirits, but if we do we don't do away with punishment. We believe that evil doing is surely followed by suffering or some kind. Miss Jennie E. Hagan, when she spoke to us at Adelphi Hall last Sunday, said she had visited a hat factory in the East and she found that all the hats before they were sent to market went through a bleaching process, and she thought it was the same with people, that we all had to go through with the bleaching process.

"We don't believe in the forgiveness of sins," continued Mrs. Newton. "Whatever of wrong we do in life we must atone for it, we must make amends, although not always in this life. There are many states of purification, and we are in a constant state of progression in the other life. Only, however, according to your own ability do you progress. I long for the day to come when ministers will preach that people cannot live a wicked life and go to heaven. Criminals are taught that they will go straight to Jesus, but it is all wrong. Spirits have come back here and told the remorse they have suffered for the life they had led here."

"About how many people attend the meetings at Adelphi Hall?"

"Sometimes there are 300 or 400 in the audience, and often not more than 200, but this number does not at all represent the number of Spiritualists in New York. People think it more respectable to go to church than to come to our meetings, but I may say with truth that there are Spiritualists in most of the churches here. Of course, we all know there is a great deal of trickery and fraud about the mediums."

"But why is there this trickery and fraud?"

"Because there are evil minded persons in the other world, just as there are counterfeiters. Those who speak for us at Adelphi Hall, and there are a great many women among them, are engaged for months, sometimes a year ahead. They are given subjects for a discourse and poem, which they find on a slip of paper after they come there. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is one of the favorites. She travels about from place to place, speaking every night in the week and twice on Sunday. Besides this regular work she often has funerals to attend, sometimes going long distances to officiate over the body of a person she has promised in life to attend. She, like the others, is an inspirational speaker, her spirit seeming to go out of herself as she delivers the discourse. She makes quotations from books she has never read, and she says she listens to herself as she makes these quotations, shrinking and fearing that she may have made a mistake, but on looking them up afterward finds that she has always been correct. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is another speaker, and Mr. Lyman C. Howe and Mr. J. J. Morse and others. A curious instance of Mrs. Brigham's power is her ability to write backward, so that the communication is only distinguishable if held before a glass. She first discovered her force when her hand began to move involuntarily one day. She did not take any notice of it at first, but afterward concluded to take up a pencil and see if she could write. It resulted in her being able to pen words backward."

MYSTIC STATESMAN.

Senators and Others Who Believe in Spiritual Lore.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—There are many public men at the national capital who believe in Spiritualism, but there are few of them who can be made to acknowledge it. Men who stand for preferment before the people and who run for elective offices regard a Spiritualist as open to severe criticism, and for that reason they cover up as far as possible their religious belief when it runs in that direction. Occasionally a bevy of Senators or Representatives get together at the Capitol, and during a free and easy private conversation they express their views in such a way as to disclose their spiritualistic beliefs, but there is seldom an opportunity given in any other way to ascertain when a man in public life has faith in Spiritualism.

Senator Coke of Texas is regarded as one of the most prominent Spiritualists in Washington. The Senator is very large and brusque in physical composition, with a head of heavy hair and a face covered with a bushy beard, all of which is snowy white. One would not regard him as a Spiritualist, but to his most intimate friends he does not hesitate to say that there is something more than theory in Spiritualism. He believes that there is power possessed by the spiritualistic mediums to call into communication with the living spirits of the dead, and he has attended more than one seance in which

he participated. Senator Coke is the uncle of the wife of Count Eugene de Mitkiewicz, the famous Russian-American diplomat, who secured the Wharton Barker telephone and telegraph franchise in China. Count Mitkiewicz is a noted believer in Spiritualism, and claims that he secured the "tip" in regard to the chances for electrical introductions, and that he was able to reach Li Hung Chang, the uncrowned king of China, and secure from that functionary certain concessions through the operation of the spirits. It is stated that Senator Coke and the count not infrequently go together to spiritualistic circles.

Representative Plumb of Illinois, who is a banker and financier of signal success and who is always counselled whenever there is monetary legislation pending in Congress, makes no secret of his belief in Spiritualism whenever he is in a circle of his friends. He believes that the good spirits linger with their friends after mortal dissolution, influencing them for good, and that the contrary is true of bad spirits. Mr. Plumb believes in the direct communication of mortal beings with those in the spirit. He does not attend circles for amusement, but because he believes he derives benefit from them. Mr. Plumb regards Spiritualism as a religious belief in rather a doubtful way in this respect. A too close study and an absolute concentration of the mind on the subject may lead to mental wanderings and therefore result in harm. On general principles, however, he accepts the belief as a whole.

Dr. Baxter, who is one of the most prominent physicians at the national capital, being called into consultation with the most distinguished physicians of the country, is such an ardent believer in the faith that he holds private circles at his residence, and there are among his guests some of the distinguished figures in public life.

More has been written about Senator Leland Stanford of California in connection with the spiritualistic belief of public men in Washington than any other. Senator Stanford says he is not a Spiritualist—at least in the common acceptance of the term—and he does not want to be classed as such; but he gives a very interesting account of how he came to be regarded a Spiritualist, and what he really does believe, and I will relate it, as coming from one of his best friends.

Five or six years ago the only son of this well known millionaire and philanthropist died, away from home and his parents. He was travelling in Europe with his tutor, and there was no parting message, no last farewell to father or mother. This fact so preyed upon the mother's mind that it distressed her friends very greatly. Spiritualistic mediums heard of this and went to Mrs. Stanford with their theories. She accepted their doctrine to a limited extent and believed that with the aid of mediums she could converse with the spirit of her son. When Mrs. Stanford conveyed what she learned and believed to the Senator he attempted to dissuade her from the belief. He did not then have any patience with it. Finally, however, he consented to a trial of the power of the mediums, and when they went to New York they secured the services of the most respectable Spiritualists to be found. Seances were given, three or four of them, and communications were held with what was represented as the spirit of the dead son. They were not satisfactory to either the Senator or Mrs. Sanford, but they put the former to thinking.

He would have been willing, he would now, to make almost any sacrifice in order to obtain for either Mrs. Stanford or himself a communication with the spirit of their boy which was satisfactory. The feature that impressed him most during the efforts to secure spiritual communication was the sincerity of the mediums and their evident honesty of purpose. Senator and Mrs. Stanford have for years been pestered by dead beats, beggars and fortune hunters, and one of the principal objects of those who worked up the medium communication was to get an advertisement. Nevertheless, the Senator believes that they worked in good faith, and their earnestness and the sincerity of all who believe in Spiritualism impressed him greatly. He began to study the theory, hoping to solve it and to derive benefit in some directi on.

The Senator's communication through the spirit mediums was not satisfactory because he knew that the spirit was not that of his son. It was not the voice, he says, nor the manner of his son. The study he has made has probably put him in the general category of the Spiritualists, however, and his philosophy on the subject is in the direct line of the most popular theories.

"I believe that the spirits of the dead inhabit the atmosphere," said the Senator the other day in discussing Spiritualism. He says that heaven is undoubtedly a spirit condition, and that there has never been any location given it by astronomers or logicians. He is every day influenced by some intangible power which he attributes to spirits about him. The doctrine of some of the denizens of the Orient, that the bad or good spirits of the departed move the living in their every day deeds, attracts his attention and solicits his consideration, although he does not believe in the doctrine itself. It is a mystery to him in connection with his belief that the spirits of our friends are all about us. He says the doctrine of the average Protestant, literally construed, as it commonly is, will not stand under the surgeon's knife or last under the test of the astronomer. The Senator is not a disbeliever in the doctrine of future punishment or reward, but he does not believe that they come in just the form or at the time most Protestants do. The fact that he is guided in his actions, given impulses which impel him, by some invisible power into contact with which he comes, makes him believe that the spirits of our friends are not located beyond our immediate reach. He regards the spirits of the dead as in daily, momentarily contact with the living, and he is constrained to believe that contact must move the living to deeds which they would not have suggested to them under other conditions. Whether these spirits can be commanded by the powers of the medium he does not pretend to say. So far as his researches have gone he is led to doubt the claim, and there he departs from the prime doctrine of the Spiritualists of the day.

Professor Elliot Coues and Bishop Newman, the latter who was General Grant's minister and who was recently promoted to the situation he now occupies, with headquarters at Omaha, are believers. Dr. Sunderland, who is President Cleveland's minister, is also classed as a Spiritualist, and some of his friends go so far as to say that President Cleveland himself has conversed with Dr. Sunderland on Spiritualism, and is at present studying the principles upon which believers base their religion.

Ex-Senator Spencer of Alabama, who at one time wielded a powerful influence in legislative circles, and who is now living in the West and pursuing mining, was so firm a Spiritualist that he used to talk it in the cloak rooms of the Senate, and relate experiences with the spirits through the influence of the mediums that he became a subject of general comment. He believed he possessed the powers of the medium, and imagined that he could from his seat in the Senate converse with the spirits.

Had it not been for the fact that he was very sensitive to ridicule, President Arthur would have openly acknowledged his faith in Spiritualism. I am told that private seances conducted by three or four intimate friends and a medium were more than a few times held at the White House between the years 1882 and 1884. President Arthur communicated with the spirit of his wife, and said he had great satisfaction in it. Those who learned that he was a Spiritualist and who desired to converse with him on the subject were unsuccessful, however, in their efforts. He did not want the public to know that he believed in or studied the subject.

Dr. Lincoln who was one of the leading physicians to President Garfield, is a Spiritualist. Those who have talked to him at the private circles say his views are exceedingly interesting, going as they do far below the surface of the ordinary believers, and branching out into depths of philosophy which show to good advantage the breadth of his intellect, which takes the very highest rank.

(To be Continued.)

Injuries are forgiven only in their ceasing to be such, and then, what is there to forgive.
Tuckerman.

CARPENTER'S THEORY.

A Comparison of the Phenomena Explained by Dr. Carpenter, and the Phenomena which Dr. Carpenter Did Not Explain.

G. L. BRADFORD.

Dr. Carpenter, F. R. S., one of the strongest opponents of Spiritualism, delivered at Manchester, in 1871, a lecture on "Epidemic Delusion," among which he classed modern Spiritualism. Now I am a Spiritualist, and possibly prejudiced; but I like to see Fair play, and I propose to analyze Dr. Carpenter's reasons for classing Spiritualism as a delusion. I am free to confess that I can see in this lecture nothing prejudicial to a belief in the theory of spirit, as being the only possible explanation of a certain class of phenomena, and while I am quite in harmony with Dr. Carpenter's explanation of the phenomena he observed, and his methods of investigation, as I am, perhaps, no less skeptical than he. I object to his considering the crude instances he relates and explains as being a necessary part to, or all the bases of, Spiritualism. My object in this article is to furnish an answer to the objection to Spiritualism, so frequently raised, that it is all fully explained by Dr. Carpenter on the "Ideo Motor," "Unconscious Muscular Action," "Mental Cerebration," etc., theories. I would like to quote all that part of the lecture that bears on the subject, but space forbids; so I will simply present sufficient extracts to enable the reader to gather a fair idea of the line of argument used. Dr. Carpenter does not as many believe, consider it to be a scientific impossibility, either that there are spirits, or that they might communicate with mortals. He says:

"I can only assure you of myself that having, as I have said, devoted considerable attention to this subject, I have come to the conclusion most decidedly, with, I believe, every large thing of many things that are beyond our philosophy, with every disposition to accept facts when I could once clearly satisfy myself they were facts—I have had to come to the conclusion that whenever I have been permitted to employ such tests as I should employ in any scientific investigation, there was either intentional deception on the part of interested persons, or else self-deception on the part of persons who were very sober-minded and rational upon all ordinary affairs of life."

Judging from this, it appears safe to assume that had Dr. Carpenter witnessed such phenomena, as are, though rarely I admit, to be observed nowadays, such as I shall describe later on, he would have become a spiritualist, as will become evident when the character of the phenomena on which he bases his conclusions is presented. The first instance he relates is of a seance at which a table was supposed by the sitters to have arisen bodily from the floor, under their hands, by spirit power. Had it really done so a scientific explanation of the phenomenon would be very interesting, would be an explanation science has never yet presented; but Dr. Carpenter found by watching that all the feet of the table were never off the floor at one time, so he had nothing to explain save the "involuntary muscular action" of the arms and hands of the sitters under the "stimulus of belief," and these theories he further demonstrated by an experiment of Faraday's from which it will be seen that, instead of explaining how a table rises bodily from the floor under the hands of the sitters, he simply explains how in this instance it did not—nothing more. He then proceeds to explain the "stimulus of belief" as the result of "expectative sensations," which will be felt by the individuals as realities, and will be presented to others as realities, when they are really the creation of their own minds, that creation arising out of the expectation which they have themselves formed.

The next instance he relates is one in which intelligence seems in connection with the movements of the table. In this way the spirit of a poet announces itself to a young man, who is sitting with his sister, and spells out a line of poetry, by request; but the young man has no recollection of the line, and, in response to a question, is told it is in a volume of which he has no recollection of having read, but which he afterwards ascertains by certain marks in a volume he finds in his library, had he has read. In regard to this Dr. Carpenter says:

"I have no doubt whatever that that line had remained in his mind; that is, in the lower stratum of it, that it had been entirely forgotten by him . . . but that it had been treasured up, as it were, in some dark corner of his memory, and had come up in this manner expressing itself in the action of the table, just as it might have come up in a dream.

"These are curious illustrations, then, of the mode in which the minds of individuals act when there is no cheating at all, this action of what we call the subjective state of the individual dominating these movements, and I believe that that is really the clew to the interpretation of the genuine phenomena."

This last paragraph contains the gist of the whole lecture, and it is safe to say that if Spiritualism is founded on no phenomena that differ entirely in character from those recorded by Dr. Carpenter, and that are absolutely unexplainable on any of the theories he presents, then Spiritualism must go; science and truth can not. On the other hand, if there are such phenomena which can be observed under certain conditions, no matter what the conditions, so they are above suspicion, then, while all the conclusions drawn by Dr. Carter from the phenomena he observed may be conceded, Spiritualism, the theory of spirit, is, so far as Dr. Carpenter's theories are concerned, a fact; and now, after allowing for these theories all that Dr. Carpenter claims for them, allowing that his theories are correct concerning the phenomena on which they are now based, I must confess I can see no connection between the phenomenal delusions "described and explained," and the phenomena on which rests my basis of belief; no analogy in fact.

Dr. Carpenter made his investigations in England prior to 1871, at a time when modern Spiritualism was in its infancy; since then millions of people have investigated, have placed themselves under the conditions necessary to a proper investigation; and where tens had developed their mediumistic faculties at that time, thousands have been developed since; and these faculties differ in individuals as individuals differ from one another.

No doubt Dr. Carpenter exerted himself in his part of the little island of Great Britain to find the best exhibitions of these powers that had been developed up to that time; but by his own confession, the best exhibitions he succeded in finding were but sorry affairs in comparison with what may be witnessed under proper conditions any day in the presence of the best mediums, public or private, in America, in 1880; a few of which I will briefly present for the purpose of showing their complete difference in kind, and how utterly inapplicable and inadmissible are Dr. Carpenter's theories when applied to their explanation.

In the city of San Francisco, in 1880, in the presence of a number of friends I blindfolded Mrs. Livingston, a public medium, with cloth pads lined with kid, held in place by a heavy handkerchief tied tightly around her head; over this and passing beneath her nose I tied a string, tying another handkerchief loosely over all,—the method of blindfolding being left to myself. In this condition she read correctly a letter presented by myself, the contents of which were unknown to any mortal present. This is clairvoyance.

In the same city and year, I wrote at home a half-dozen names, each of dead or living persons; sealed each in a separate blank envelope, and shuffled them until I had no idea which envelope contained a certain name; then, at a seance with Dr. L. Schlesinger, I took from my pocket each envelope separately, and he told me at once; first, if the envelope presented contained the name of a dead person; second, the full name of such dead person, the envelope remaining the while in my own hands; and, third, the the relationship, if any, between the dead person and myself; and the relationship be-

tween the various dead people, and in one instance he stated the relationship between the name of a dead person he had given, and the name of a living person, which name he selected from the remaining sealed envelopes, and all this without an error. This is a case where the conception of an intelligence outside that of any mortal present is a logical necessity.

A careful perusal of Dr. Carpenter's lecture shows no reference whatever to such phenomena as I have just described; the phenomena he mentions being of an entirely different order and connected with movements, with or without intelligence, of ponderable bodies possibly operated on unwittingly by honest but interested parties. Now, in regard to the intelligence exhibited by the movements of ponderable bodies or of raps, the explanation he offers becomes at once inadmissible if it can be shown that it cannot possibly be referred to the "subjective state of" any mortal present, "dominating the movements" or raps.

In reply to this I have to say that in pursuing my investigations in Spiritualism, sufficient medianistic powers have been developed among the members of my own family, including myself, for the production of raps; either on the table at which we sit, or in any part of the room, or on any article of furniture; and that by calling the alphabet and writing down the letters indicated by these raps, I have received hundreds of long communications from what purport to be the spirits of dead friends; and since these communications are often of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of their being derived from the "subjective state" of any mortal present, I am, with all due deference to the well understood theories of Dr. Carpenter, Herbert Spencer, and other renowned scientists, who claim never to have observed anything of the kind, placed under the pleasant necessity of believing that these communications are exactly what they purport to be.

The following extract, which bears so pertinently on this subject, I have copied from a very interesting volume, entitled, "Whence, What, Where?" by James R. Nichols, M. D., A. M., Editor of "Boston Journal of Chemistry:"

"Among the instances of exalted sensation which have come under my notice during the last third of a century, and which have been subjected to thorough and protracted study and experiment, I recall those of two ladies of the highest social standing. These ladies have frequently in the trance condition, so-called, engaged in conversation with unseen intelligences, alleged to be departed friends, standing near them, whom they asserted they could distinctly see and touch. These scenes, as described by the one and the other, in homes widely separated, were in striking correspondence; and the alleged appearances, the information conveyed, descriptions of the future home, etc., were in such congruous and intelligent accord that the most intense interest was awakened. The results of experiments in like exaltations of mind on the part of others have been found to be uniformly alike where the parties have been of the educated and intelligent class.

"The impression, to one intently watching and directing these experiments, is almost that of awe. The conviction is irrepressible that one is brought into close continuity with the mysteries of the unseen life; that the claim on the part of the persons in the exalted sense condition, that they are looking behind the veil, is valid and truthful. It is only, however, within the sacred precincts of well regulated and orderly homes that such phenomena are observed with any degree of satisfaction." *Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

A DREAM.

Why the Seybert Commission Failed to get Results.

Weary with my morning rounds, I threw myself on the lounge in my office, and commenced reading an article in the *R. P. Journal* of Feb. 4, 1888, entitled "Somewhat Critical," from which I will quote: "I see frequent mention made in your columns of the Seybert Commission, generally in a sarcastic and denunciatory style. It may be true that its report is not altogether a fair one, still it is useless to assert that the verdict of a number of highly respectable men of probably average intelligence and honesty in a matter which they have deliberately investigated, can be treated as of no importance, especially when on the other side of the question we have but a confused, heterogeneous, and badly authenticated series of statements. It must be apparent to any one, that if it is impossible among the hundreds of so-called mediums in the United States to produce evidence of the existence of communications from departed spirits sufficiently strong to convince any half dozen fair-minded and intelligent men, Spiritualism stands upon a very shaky foundation.

"Certainly experiences of the kind named by Dr. Wolfe will not be entertained by any reasonable man; they serve but to make the very name of spiritualism ridiculous."

I let the paper drop down over my face and fell to wondering why it is that just when most needed, the whole spirit world seem to desert their poor frightened media.

The paper shut out all outside thoughts and sights, and my imagination was fully occupied with this question. While pondering thus, I pictured to myself a scene in the spirit world—a magnificent palace, with all its surroundings transcendently grand and beautiful. The walls were of the purest jasper, and the stately columns were of cornelian. The dome was studded with diamonds and rubies, that flooded the halls with a softly-tinted, sparkling light. This magnificent edifice I imagined to be the council chamber of spirits. It was studded everywhere with gems of rare beauty and seated with thrones of gold and ivory, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, glistening with jewels and cushioned with a cloth of satin and gold. At one end of this hall was a raised platform upon which stood a magnificent throne, which seemed one mass of glittering stars, so brilliant were the precious gems of which it was formed. On this throne sat a venerable personage whose massive brow and far-seeing eyes eyes showed him to be a spirit of vast intelligence and wonderful power. His robes were of glistening whiteness and his superb form with matchless grace. At the foot of this throne was an orchestra of bright being whose instruments were of gold set with precious stones.

The hall was fast filling with spirits of surpassing beauty and grace, who approached the throne and seated themselves thereon. They were of human form but far finer mould. Their every movement was majesty; every lineament of their celestial faces bespoke benevolence of purpose and exhalation of character. At this moment an exceedingly musical voice at my side said, "This is the eighth sphere, the home of the bright ones who once lived on earth and have come up through great tribulation, and have been purified, and have had granted to them thrones and crowns, principalities and powers, and have been counted worthy to become ministering angels. These are they who control the media of earth and by them are called their "guides." The venerable one on the throne at the end of the hall is an ancient spirit who lived on earth over eighteen hundred years ago. He was then a great healer, teacher and medium, and was considered wondrous wise and good, and is still accorded the chief seat among the glorious ones who have come up to this high sphere from earth. These bright beings which you see have each been on a mission to worlds which you of earth call stars, to make arrangements for connecting them all with this sphere by spirit magnetism. It is a grand scheme. The bright one with the two golden rings on his crown has just come from Saturn. The one with the crimson star has been to Mars. The one with the yellow star—" but at this moment the celestial band began to play such enchanting strains of music that the voice ceased speaking, or was drowned in the divine harmony.

During the performance of this orchestra, bright spirits thronged the hall until every seat was occupied. As soon as all had found their places and were still, the Ancient One on the throne waved his hand and the music ceased. The business for which the council met was about to begin when a shining mes-

senger was seen approaching in great haste from a distant world, and with one accord they awaited his arrival. Approaching the ancient spirit, to whom he bowed reverently, he said: "I come on lusty wing with a message from the media of earth. A rich man has just passed out who willed sixty thousand dollars to defray the expenses of a commission for the purpose of investigating the truth or falsity of Spiritualism. This commission has been appointed; here is a list of their names;" and he handed the Ancient One a scroll. "These men," continued the messenger, "are counted among the learned and wise of earth. They have summoned the media with their guides to come before their august (?) tribunal, and challenge them to prove their philosophy true, or they will proclaim it false before the world."

"We will see who these presumptuous mortals are," the ancient spirit said, and reaching beneath his throne he drew forth a ponderous volume and spread it open on his knees, and as he read the names upon the scroll, he searched for them within the open volume. And as he read their meager record of good deeds done for love of God or fellow men, he found them far outweighed by selfish acts, strivings for gold, for place and fame. He found their sordid souls puffed up with pride, arrogance and self-conceit; that they loved the praise of men more than the favor of God. A look of fine scorn overspread the features of the Ancient One. As he closed and replaced the book he said to the messenger:

"And think these puny ones of earth in their pride to command the angel world, that they summon us before their petty tribunal or bid us come at their behest? It is love that moves the spheres, not pride. These haughty ones of earth are not my witnesses, nor could they bear the sacred vessels of my truth to hungry souls. Truth passed through such unholy hands would, through fear of man's opprobium, become perverted and to falsehood turn. Free spirits bow not at the behest of mortal man unless he come in love; therefore, go tell my media of earth that their guides go not with them them to meet these men. They shall not be the messengers to bear my truth." And then he turned and wrote upon the jasper walls with a pen of flame: "Cast not your pearls before swine," and the messenger withdrew to carry the message back to earth. S T S

Carpentry for Women

One of the new reforms which are expected to revolutionize the world is the instruction of women in the arts of carpentry. An active member of a committee of educated women in charge of a large private school in the East protests against the plan of teaching girls sewing in schools, while the "pleasant work" of handling tools is kept for the favored boys. It matters not that the girl's ignorance of sewing will interfere with her usefulness, and consequently with her happiness, all through life, while she may never need any more knowledge of tools than she could learn in an hour—the old fashion savors of tyranny and must be abolished. "Give the dolls to the boys," says Miss Willard, "and the jack plane and saw to the girls." The boys will pulverize the doll incontinently, and the girls will cut off all their fingers with the plane the very first thing, but the experiment is worth trying.

In the Women's Training College for teachers in Cambridge, England, recently, a school of scientific carpentry has been started. One afternoon in the week the young ladies are trained in the use of tools. There is no attempt to teach a trade, only an effort to develop a certain degree of manual dexterity on the part of the young ladies, and the experiment has been so satisfactory that Miss Hughes, the principal, thus sums up her estimate of its value as a means of training: "I can not speak too highly of the educational value of scientific carpentry. I am delighted with the result here, although we can spare very little time for it. The relief from mental work is immense, the exercise excellent—one rule is, we learn to saw equally well with the left and right hands, so as to develop both sides of the body equally; the pleasure is very great, and the powers of observation, accuracy and common sense that can be developed by this manual work are simply marvelous. It is also the very best possible training for a future technical training." A lady who has seen the Cambridge class at work thus sums up the advantages of their idea: "The whole subject is suggestive of new departures in our educational systems. If needle-work be an indispensable accomplishment for the future mothers of England in the middle and lower classes, would not a little elementary knowledge of the use of carpenter's tools come in useful? How many things in a house wear out or fall to pieces, bringing unspeakable discomfort to the inmates, which a little timely mending would save! What mistress of a household, wrestling with economy and a limited income does not dread the necessity of sending for a 'handy man,' because of the bill that is inevitable in which so much seems to be charged for so little that has been done?"—*Intercheange.*

Every event that a man would master must be mounted in the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him. *O. W. Holmes.*

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate; it is this noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind, for every man would be a distinct species to himself were there no sympathy among individuals.—*South.*

ADVOCATES OF CREMATION.

Prominent Eastern Women Who Favor Incineration.

Cremation societies are being augmented in this country by women of the better class, who are joining them rapidly. In New York, Brooklyn, and Boston particularly there are a great many well-known women enrolled among the cremationists, and the movement is indorsed by a still greater number who have not taken pains to become members. Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Miss Peabody, Clara Erskine, Clement Waters, Edna Dean Proctor, Lillian Whiting, Lucy Larcom and Miss Whitney are among those in Boston who advocate burning the dead. In New York there is yet greater company of literary and artistic women, and throughout the country the prominence and numbers of cremationists is surprisingly large. Nearly all the members of the Nineteenth Century Club are outspoken adherents of this ancient custom. Many members of Sorosis, of the Authors' Club and the Artist League are cremationists, and the rank and file of heterodox people are its advocates. Among Unitarians cremation is generally accepted as the best mode of disposing of dead bodies, and not a few orthodox Christians favor it earnestly. Miss Frances Willard, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and of the American Woman's Council, indorses it; so likewise do Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer; Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, who is in this country on a visit after an absence of thirty years; Mme. Le Plongeon, the archeologist, and Mrs. Frances B. Thurber. Mrs. Livermore attributes her horror of the grave to a string of verses which she had to commit to memory as a Sunday-school lesson. It began:

> Oh, could we step into the grave
> And lift the coffin lid,
> And look upon the greedy worms
> That our away the dead—

And its realism shocked her into a life-long aversion to burial. Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton believes in cremation on hygienic grounds, also do Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Thomas, president of Sorosis, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. Among literary women who are avowed cremationists are Grace Greenwood, Edith M. Thomas, Celia Thaxter, Shirley Dare, Helen Campbell, Mrs. Ella Wilcox, Mrs. Abbey Sage Richardson, Olive Thorne Miller, "Bessie Chandler," Sarah K. Bolton, Elizabeth Akens, Rose Terry Cooke, Margaret J. Preston, Laura C. Holloway, Octave Thanet, Miss Holley (Josiah Allen's wife), Kate Field, Rebecca Harding Davis and Mary D. Bryan. A perfected list would include the majority of the prominent women writers of the day and a large percentage of the college-bred women of the nation.—*New York Sun.*

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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SPREADING THE TRUTH.

How can we, as Spiritualists, best spread the truths of our philosophy, that those who are now unfamiliar therewith may be led to investigate and know for themselves? This question may be answered in various ways according to the different views entertained by different individuals, each of which may, of itself, be successful in a measure, but yet fail of embracing all the advantages embodied in other methods. Some advocate the diffusion of spiritual truth through means of the press, and the generous distribution of spiritual literature. Others think that it can best be proclaimed from the rostrum, through gifted speakers. Others still, believe that the test mediums are the only avenues through which the world can receive the demonstration of immortality.

Each of the above are important and indispensable in the promulgation of truth; but there is another and still more important agent that must accompany them, or each and all will fail of attaining the highest and best results. This other agent, the one that bears greatest weight and carries most influence with the more intelligent and cultivated classes, the one that is a practical demonstration of the purifying and refining power of spiritual truth is the daily lives and practices of its expounders and adherents. Unto them is turned the eyes of a critical world, and their faith is judged by their works. If the mediums and teachers to whom is given the power to demonstrate the truth of immortality, and proclaim its message of glad tidings to the world do not embody their teachings in their daily practices of what avail are their teachings? If the "communion of saints," the daily and hourly companionship of angelic beings, is not sufficient to refine, purify, and ennoble those blest with such high companionship, of what avail is the condescension of these loving ones who leave their homes of light and love to mingle with and minister unto the lowly ones of earth? And if such influences do not thus bless and bless their recipients, what power in heaven or upon earth could do it? There can be no sweeter incentive to lives of goodness, than the knowledge of this divine companionship with those who have passed beyond the portals of death and gained higher ground, better attainments, clearer vision, and a deeper and more unselfish love for those who are still struggling amid the mists and shadows of earth-life.

To those, then, who have deeply and truly drank from this living fountain, and partaken of the heavenly manna, there must be the outward manifestation of the indwelling spirit of truth, or they are indeed but as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal, having failed to grasp the deep import of the teachings of their angel guardians.

When we see mediums through whom the spirit world can voice the most exquisite melodies, can speak the most exalted sentiments, and discourse upon all that pertains to our immortal heritage in language the most elevating and inspiring, yet yielding to all the weaknesses of common humanity—selfish, ill-tempered, passionate and vindictive, making no effort to overcome evil but yielding readily thereto, the question arises, of what value is their mediumship? "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the sure and certain test, and when Spiritualists, mediums or otherwise are unjust, unkind full of bitterness and envy, speaking falsely of others, depend upon it the spirit of truth abides not with them; they have never tasted the life-giving waters or feasted upon its soul-satisfying bread. To them the divine messenger has appealed in vain, they only see the outward and physical sign of his presence, and are content with the "sign" the "test."

If the table moves and answers, by tips, the question, "Is my friend here?" that is satisfactory to them. The deep, grand, and wonderful significance of the manifestation as it appeals to those of spiritual discernment, is not apparent to them; and consequently fails of becoming the helpful, saving power it should be unto all who truly interpret the message.

Lives of true goodness and purity do not consist in an outward observance of forms and ceremonies, but in doing good to our fellows, dealing justly and honestly with all, relieving the suffering and distress of others as much as in us lies, helping to plant the seeds of love, faith and hope into the cold, barren soil of hearts seared to human tenderness; making the rough places smooth for weary feet; dispelling the darkness of despair with the beautiful rainbow of promise; bearing ever in our hands the olive branch of peace to those who are tossing upon the turbulent sea of life without one star of hope in their deep night of grief; living daily and hourly the beautiful teachings of the angels, and drawing unto us those who are without this blessed faith, by the sweetness and charm of lives befitting those who claim the fellowship and guidance of angels.

Thus will the light and truth spread over all the earth, for men seeing our good works will be constrained to investigate the source of our inspiration, and turn to it for help and healing as the flowers turn their faces to the sun.

A NEW BOOK.

Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science.

I have contributed to various journals during the past year, sections from a work on Psychic Science, which embodies the inspirations given me on the spiritual nature of man, in its connection with his physical existence and independent thereof. Those who have read these articles will, at least partially, understand the character of the work. It essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause.

The leading subjects treated are as follows: Matter, Life, Spirit, Mind; what the Senses teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution, Scripture Methods of the Study of Man, and Results; What is the Sensitive State; Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism, Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness proved by Psychometry; Sensitiveness during Sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness induced by Disease; Thought Transference; Intimations of an Intelligent Force Superior to the Actor; Effect of Physical Conditions on the Sensitive; Unconscious Sensitiveness; Prayer, in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Transference; Immortality—What the Future Life must be granting the preceeding Facts and Conclusions; Mind-Cure, Christian Science; Metaphysics, their Psychic and Physical Relations.

I hope to publish the work the coming spring, but desired to secure the co-operation of those interested in this subject by receiving at once, in advance, as many subscribers as possible. Those who are willing to be promoters of the early publication of the book, will please send their names and addresses to me. They can send the money with their order, or when the work is commenced, as suits their convenience. The book will contain about 250 pages, be printed on fine paper, good type and handsomely bound in cloth. To those who subscribe in advance, the price will be $1.00, postage free. Subscribers copies will contain the autograph of the undersigned. Address,

HUDSON TUTTLE,

BERLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—*O. W. Holmes.*

EAST MONTEREY.

Three Hours From San Francisco, and Half a Mile From the Grounds of the "Hotel Del Monte;" One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, $35 for inside and $50 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold, "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in never being dull or quiet. Here everything is always life, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public), drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles and is reached by express trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of they year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

We have received an installment of Prof C P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

THE TIGER STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a Christian Government with God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws and the Bible the foundation of law or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association with all the Churches Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters urging their publication as a tract for distribution that I have concluded to comply, proceeding an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of last order, per copy, post paid or $2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions. Evidence that the publication may not be delayed. Address Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 384 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than any publication ever issued for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth and half morocco, gilt edges, $4.50. The latter is more elegantly bound. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1886 will be sent to any address when ordered together with 1888 for both books.

Send in your orders at once, as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

PERSONALS.

J. J. Morse, on the occasion of a brief visit to America, is engaged by the Spiritualists of Philadelphia as the colleague of his labors in that city.

The many warm friends of Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Clark, will be pained to learn that she has been seriously ill for a week or ten days past. Her physician pronounces her disease to be typhoid fever.

We clip the following from the New York *Dramatic Mirror* of March 9: "Valerie Hickethier of Oakland, Cal., will probably go East in two months and prepare for the stage. She had several pupils with Coquelin during that actor's visit to San Francisco. We learn that Mrs. Avery will proceed to leave for the East the first week in April. It is expected that a social gathering in honor of her excellent reception in San Francisco at the approaching celebration of the advent of Modern Spiritualism—her last appearance in public in this city prior to her departure East.

DOVE NOTES.

Fred Emerson Brooks will be present at Prof. Perkins's social on Saturday evening next, March 24th, and give some of his original humorous recitations.

The Elsmere Free Kindergarten is another outcome in San Francisco of the bracing activity of Mrs. Wardell's young enthusiast and martyr to the cause of Christian Unitarian.

The annual election for Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, will be held at 2 P. M. Sunday, April 14th, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, San Francisco. Mrs. S. B. WHITTEMORE, Secretary.

Next week we will give our readers an address by F. Muhlhauser, of Cleveland, Ohio, entitled "Joseph's Cup, or Modern Spiritualism," an answer to Rev. Dr. Macleod's lecture, delivered on Feb 1st, in that city.

Prof. Burdick will give a domino party at his dancing academy, Metropolitan Hall, on Saturday evening, March 24th. This party will present a new, original and novel feature, and will be an assured success under the Professor's efficient management.

Mrs. L. A. Logan, lecturer and healer, holds public meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. in St. George's Hall, 1236 Market street, also public circles every evening through the week at her rooms 23 and 24, 841 Market street. Good reliable mediums in attendance.

The Auxiliary to the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, of San Francisco, an organization of women, has changed its name to the "Ladies' Elsmere Club," finding in the plan name of the plan hero an embodiment of practical inspiration beyond even the commanding distractions—religion, philosophy.

Prof. Perkins informs us that the Young People will celebrate on the 30th of March by a musical and literary entertainment followed with a social hop and refreshments, at the St. George's upper hall. Extra efforts will be made to provide a first-class entertainment and a good time for everybody.

In a letter to J. J. Morse in the *Banner of Light* of March 9th, he speaks of the CARRIER DOVE as follows:

"The CARRIER DOVE I am under unqualified obligations for a frank, generous, disinterested and sustained support, that helped to encourage and wide the work my inspirers did. I found the editor Mrs. J. Schlesinger, and its publisher Dr. J. Schlesinger, earnest and untiring workers; their home and being to make our one hundred pages the best, and certainly the handsome appearance of the DOVE, and the excellence of its contents indicate a high and satisfactory order of results.

We certainly appreciate the kind words of Bro. Morse, and would say that the courtesy extended by the DOVE to Mr. Morse when he came a stranger amongst us is always as freely bestowed as others when we feel that in so doing we assist in every possible, unselfish worker to advance the true interests of Spiritualism

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL.

On Tuesday evening, April 2d, there will be a grand musical and literary entertainment and ball, at Irving Hall, in celebration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. The various societies or individuals holding spiritual meetings in this city have determined to commemorate the day, March 31st, and as a fitting finale to these exercises it has been decided to conclude them with a social dance. Preparations are being made to present a choice programme that will interest and amuse old and young. The Committee having the arrangements in charge are John Slater, Wm. Emmette Coleman, T. R. Newton, Prof. J. O. Burdick, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. E. B. Crossette, Miss Bertha Davis and others.

Fred Emerson Brooks, is preparing an original poem expressly for that occasion and it will doubtless be a rare treat. Miss Valerie Hickethier has also promised a recitation, and as this will be that popular young lady's last public appearance in this city for some time, as she leaves for the East early in the month we trust her friends will take advantage of the occasion and give her a hearty farewell reception.

Further particulars will be given next week.

STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

The announcement that I would publish the above entitled work if a sufficient number of subscribers had been secured, has been responded to with such promptness, that I have been enabled to at once place the MS. in the hands of the printers, and can assure its publication by the 15th of April next.

The publishers price will exceed that stated by me, but all those sending their names with subscription price ($1) before April 15th will receive a copy post paid. After that date the book will pass into the hands of the M. L. Holbrook Co. New York.

I assure the friends who have made possible my placing the work at once before the public, that they have my heartfelt thanks, and I sincerely hope that it may not disappoint them.

Address, HUDSON TUTTLE,
BERLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

He who is most slow in making a promise, is the most faithful in the performance of it.—*Rousseau.*

It is such a sad thing to be born a sneaking fellow, that I sometimes feel as if we ought to love the crippled souls, if I may use this expression, with a tenderness which we need not waste on noble natures.—*O. W. Holmes.*

You can't keep a dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul, if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so, out of the trade in potash.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

A very interesting meeting was held on Sunday afternoon. The subject of "Responsibility of Mediumship" was again discussed, being the third Sunday it has been before the Society, showing that it is a deep and momentous question. Mrs. Cummings Ellis was the first speaker, followed by Mrs. M. J. Hendee. They are two of our oldest mediums and are well qualified to speak on mediumship, which they did very acceptably. The next speaker was the Hon. W. H. Mills, who spoke at some length on the question. Dr. Mead gave a little talk. Judge Swift's address was deep and earnest; he spoke of the importance of the subject, not only to mediums, but to all interested in the progress of humanity. Judge Collins gave the closing address. Dr. Schlesinger gave tests to *eight persons*, and all testified that the sitting with him was truly wonderful. Singing by Mrs. Rutter. Piano solo by Miss Violet Wheeler.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Neither the persistent rain, nor the three other meetings upon the same floor at the St George's Hall, interfered with the young people in having many more in attendance than was expected. In addition to the good congregational singing, Miss Margie Kohn, Nellie Bacon in songs, and Mr. Purnell in a tenor solo, favored the audience, while the zither solo by Mr. John Koch was a charming musical production, and had a spiritual effect that could be realized by all sensitive people.

Mr. P. C. Tomson spoke for three quarters of an hour, relating some of his wonderful experience with spiritual phenomena in its different phases. He has promised to favor us next Sunday with some of his investigations with the insane and obsessed unfortunates who have been in the hospitals. He cannot fail to interest you, reader; come out.

Mrs. Perkins made a short speech and gave tests and communications from the spirit spheres. The young people are making extensive preparations to celebrate the anniversary upon the 30th of March (Saturday), with a grand entertainment and social. Fred Emerson Brooks will contribute to the programme. Come friends, patronize them and enjoy yourselves.

ONE OF 'EM.

MRS. LOGAN'S MEETINGS.

Dear Dove: If thy wings are not too heavily laden, we would waft the spiritual essence of our meetings of last Sunday in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, to the far-off shores of the Atlantic and down the Pacific, that those who can discern spiritual things may be encouraged to step stead onward in the cause of progressive unfoldment, however much the bigot may cavil, or the uninitiated may slur at manifestations that they have not wisdom or experience to comprehend.

Our meetings are not for the purpose of setting ourselves or any one else, over the assemblage as the *all in all*, but to hold the forces in harmony and yet with perfect liberty for each and all to speak, as their controlling guides may impress at the time. We have no lack of talent to instruct the child or the philosopher in the fundamental truth of Spiritualism. An honest, upright young man, whose very countenance betokens sobriety and purity of character, attends our meetings and is sometimes controlled. On being asked to relate his experience, he said that his attention was first called to the subject of Spiritualism by attending John Slater's meeting in Metropolitan Temple about eight weeks ago.

He went more to hear the large organ than for anything else, as he was fond of music. Mr. Slater told him that he was to become a better medium than himself. He thought it all "bosh" being an Orthodox in belief and sentiment; but consented to sit with two or three of his own acquaintances in private circles and then an invisible power took possession and caused him to speak in different tongues. Being wholly unconscious he knew not what he had said or did until informed by his friends. He says he is not a Spiritualist only an investigator, and if he is convinced of the truth there will be none more willing to advocate it, if it is a fraud he will most surely discard it. We shall continue these meetings every Sunday while our mortal strength holds out, if not in this city elsewhere. Our dear co-workers will excuse the non-mention of their names in this article, for we could not ask space to do them justice.

We have decided to celebrate the forty-first anniversary on Sunday, the last day of this month in our own hall, by speeches, recitations, tableaux, marching, good music, etc.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN,
541 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

The meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was well attended; notwithstanding the pouring rain, the hall was well-filled. Mr. E. G. Anderson assumed the duties of chairman very acceptably. The address by Judge Swift on the subject of "Salvation by Sam Jones" was a severe criticism on the slang utterances of Sam Jones as a preacher of Salvation; he ventured the assertion that if Satan had taken account of stock, the day Sam Jones opened his batteries on his work in San Francisco and again at the close of the attack, he would find his stock in trade had not been diminished a particle—that such slang utterances from a pretended advocate of salvation, had a tendency to degrade society and debase Christianity—it was hardly up to the standard of the method of reformation of the Salvation Army.

If we would save men we must appeal to their reason and judgment. The day for saving

men by singing to them "There is a fountain filled with blood." is passed. The world no longer seeks salvation through the "blood of the lamb," but consists in being good, and adopting the system as promulgated by the immortal Paine "to do good," no higher or truer system of religion was ever uttered or practiced by man or angels. Questions were answered by Mrs. E.B. Crossette, in a very pleasing and interesting manner. Mrs. D. N. Place gave platform tests which were very satisfactory and well received. Dr. Schlesinger as usual gave tests to several skeptics and unbelievers, eight in number, who expressed themselves individually as not only convinced, but perfectly astonished at the manifest presence of their spirit friends.

The songs by Mesdames Rutter, Muhlner and Mr. Ely were well rendered and appreciated by the audience, as also the piano accompaniment by Mrs. Katz, the pianist. Notice was given of the forty first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism to be held on the last Sunday evening of the month. A complete and interesting programme will be presented, consisting of songs, recitations and short addresses by the best talent to be procured, and will be made a highly interesting occasion.

REPORTER.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Despite the downpour of rain, both of Mr. Slater's seances were largely attended, demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt the great interest created by Mr. Slater for the cause of Spiritualism in this city. It is ever a theme of wonder to every one. Taking into consideration the fact that Mr. Slater has been before the public of San Francisco for almost three years, a record never attained by any other medium, and still the good work goes on. Thousands have had their first experience of Spiritualism at these public meetings, have been convinced of the great truths, and have been made very happy accordingly. The "tests" on Sunday afternoon were, as they always have been, of a most convincing nature, and recognized by the recipient in every case as correct. In the evening the rain poured in torrents, and yet the large auditorium was almost filled. The flowers were very handsome, and in profusion. Mr. Eckmann officiated at the organ, playing the overture from "Martha," very acceptably. Mr. John W. Mackenzie sang very beautifully "The Heart Bowed Down," and was encored. Mr. Slater, after the audience sang "Nearer My God to Thee," presented tests for over an hour, holding the audience to the end. To our thinking, some tests were very pointed and carried conviction to the receiver.

Mr. Slater wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not thinking of leaving this city. He has engaged the Temple for one year from last December, so he wishes it to be understood that although he has numerous letters from all parts of the world, he does not contemplate any removal at present. Mr. Slater will celebrate the 41st anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday afternoon, March 31st, at 2:30 P. M. sharp, and also with a grand concert and test seance on Sunday evening. The concert talent is the best obtainable, and a grand time may be looked forward to. The prices of admission to the evening entertainment will be 25 cents, and fifty cents reserved seats. Reserved seats can be had at the Hall on Sundays, or at 330 O Farrel street. The concert has all the appearance of a grand success.

LECTURE, TEST AND HEALING.

The weather was a little against lecture goers on Sunday evening last, nevertheless many of the stormier and a few of the weaker sex, faced the elements and the result was quite a respectable audience assembled at St. Andrew's Hall, to listen to the controls of Mrs. Edith F. R. Nickless. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch opened the services with a duet, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Invocation followed, then the controls spoke from two words. "What is Spiritualism Doing for the World?" It has proved to millions, that which all other isms have failed in proving, that which man most desires to know, "the immortality of the soul." All the creeds of the past have been speculative, have fixed on faith. Spiritualism comes to the world with the fact and has demonstrated that fact over and over again. The lecture was a grand one and we wish it could have been listened to by the over anxious and starving millions, who are living on husks, but are seeking patiently the bread of life. We heard many exclaim" Why, Mr. Nickless should have a large hall, such words as these should be given to the multitude" After the lecture "Sunflower" gave many wonderful tests, which were greatly appreciated by those to whom they were given. The services were concluded by public healing by Dr. Nickless each patient receiving demonstrative relief from the treatment. Mrs. Nickless gives a seance every Tuesday and Thursday (not Friday) evenings at No. 108 McAllister street.

Very few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time. *Chesterfield.*

That lesson which a dunce can learn at a glance, and likes mightily, must contain little, and not good. *H. N. Landor.*

Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment and your anger will vanish at once.

Sins of commission are the usual punishment for sins of omission. He that leaves a duty may well fear that he will be left to commit a crime.

The blessings of fortune are the lowest; the next are the bodily advantages of strength and health, but the superlative blessings, in nature those of the mind. *L'Estrange.*

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF L. C. ASHWORTH.

NUMBER TWO.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

Professor Huxley has given us what may be considered as the average opinion prevailing among men of science to-day in regard to Spiritualism. He seems content, even at this time of day, to accept the "big toe" or "joint and tendon" theory. To many people it would appear that the opinion of such a man must possess great weight. Science speaks through him, and Modern Science has attained a high place in the estimation of most people. But the question arises, how far does Modern Science extend? What are its theories compared with its facts? Every one who has much acquaintance with the achievements of science is aware that while the facts cover an enormous area, the theories are in a very different relative position. The latter need to be separated very clearly from the former, and the trouble is that men are apt to confound the two, or at all events to keep within their own minds a constant relation between the two. This relation, however, does not exist. Sensuous perception means the evidence of the senses; but the power to collect those evidences, and to formulate a rational and consistent theory as to their origin and meaning is altogether another matter. Instead of patiently investigating the principles on which the phenomena are founded, Professor Huxley adopts his scientific method in examining the phenomena. Such a process must be ever full of difficulties, because to separate the actual facts from the preconceived notions of scientists requires an amount of freedom from intellectual bias which even Prof. Huxley has not got. His opinion, once given, he has the idea that the matter is settled with himself, and also a great many more whose opinions he knows are moulded to a great extent on his own, but he is very much mistaken. Science cannot radically effect the spiritual feelings which are at the foundation of every human organism. These things are beyond science, and the claim made by the latter to erect a standard of judgment on such subjects is utterly untenable. Men must be permitted to exercise a free and independent judgment on matters which come not within the province of science. While science can very well teach us on subjects which require the culture of the intellectual faculties, keen powers of observation and unbounded confidence, it is not competent to teach us on those higher faculties which the infinite justice of Nature has bestowed equally on all. This may not be comprehended by many who have set up Modern Sciences as their authority and guide, but it will come as a comfort and encouragement to the few who have the intuitive promptings of nature to be their daily teacher.

Throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment have its hour.

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

"COMPENSATION."

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS

In this life of cloud and sunshine,
Strange, dark shadows sometimes fall,
Hiding from the keenest vision,
A wise purpose over all;
And when hope's rare buds are blighted
By untimely frosts, or dearth,
We may see no compensation,
In the fleeting things of earth.

Wealth may give but transient pleasure,
Ere the phantom flies away,
And the treasures that we cherish,
Vanish at the close of day.
Out into the midnight darkness,
Eyes may peer for some bright ray,
Some faint hope of compensation,
At the dawning of the day.

Though it may be always darkest,
Just before the dawn appears,
Lo! there comes a rosy morning,
Glittering with crystal tears;
Nature speaks in gentle love tones,
In the music of the rill,
As well as in the storm and tempest,
And the thunder's deaf'ning peal.

Nature's open book, whose pages
Will reveal to mortal sight,
Richer treasure's veiled in darkness,
Than have ever been the light;
Age on age, the silent forces
Have performed their ceaseless round,
Locking up her valued treasures,
In the storehouse, under ground.

Typical, of priceless thought-gems,
That lie deep and unexpressed,
Waiting for a true unfoldment,
In the restless, human breast.
Laborers, go struggling mortals,
There's a mine of wealth within.
To unfold in light and beauty—
Compensation, *there*, you'll win.

There's a language of the spirit,
That no art has framed in words.
Soul speaks to soul in voiceless cadence,
Only by the spirit heard.
Listen, to its gentle whispers,
Of the priceless gems we hold.
Only waiting for unfoldment,
To reveal the shining gold.

In the furnace of affliction,
Oft, the soul is purified,
And the precious ore is gathered,
That no more, the dross can hide;
Thus, we see the law unerring,
In the spirit realm of thought—
Compensation in just measure
Where no soul is sold or bought.

STERLING, Ill., Feb. 27, 1889.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

INVOCATION.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Immortal spark of heavenly glow,
Illuminate this vale below—
Pour forth thy warmth, thy love, thy cheer
Upon the many homes so drear.
Infusing hope to hearts despairing.
Diffusing light to souls wayfaring,
Revealing beauties long concealed
By passion, pain, and weary strife,
Till keenest woe is human life!
O, fount of Light and Truth and Love—
Open the way to joys above,
And grant the weary, careworn soul
Full entrance to this peaceful goal
Where virtues thrive and fruitify,
And carnal germs so surely die—
Where stain, and scar, and foulest blot
Are cleansed, removed, and full forgot
In joyous, universal light
To brightest day, from deepest night
Of human ills and poisonous crime,
Up purifying steps of Time.
'Till love's perennial, blissful stream
Shall fill each heart with peace undreamed
Redeeming, blessing every soul
From deep to deep, from pole to pole,
Till this new scene, this earth elysian
Reflecting to heaven its beauteous vision
Of "Peace on earth, good will toward men"
While angels answer back, "Amen."

Written for the CARRIER DOVE

"THE MEMORY OF THE PAST."

BY ELLEN F. R. MARSHALL

If my lips have been too ready
In the strife to censure wrong,
If my heart hath been unsteady
In the clamour of the throng.
If bitterest thoughts have entered me,
And poisoned me at last,
Ah! then indeed a blasted flower
"The memory of the past."

If I have been too slow to speak,
For justice, or for truth,
If I have lost the rounded cheek,
And buoyant heart of youth.
By cowardice or envy,
Or hatred's deadly blast,
Ah! then indeed a poisoned flower
"The memory of the past."

But if with loyal heart I've clung,
To all the good and true,
And sacrificed the much of earth,
For that I dared to do.
If purest motives all unseen,
Have buoyed me through the blast,
Oh! then indeed a fragrant flower,
The memory of the past."

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

OVER THE THE RIVER.

Over the river our friends have passed,
Over the waters calm and clear,
Borne by breezes soft and fair,
To the home of angels and loved ones dear

Over the river our friends have gone,
And landed safe on the gleaming shore,
Where air is laden with sweet perfumes,
Where music peals forevermore.

Over the river's the spirit's home,
Where parted friends in joy shall meet,
Where death and pain shall never come—
Sweet rest is there for weary feet.

Over the river sweet flowers bloom:
Over the river the wrong's made right;
Over the river the soul shall roam
Thro' all eternity in fields of light.

No tears are shed in that dear land;
Care and sorrow have no home there.
All is light, and love, and joy
In the home of the spirit bright and fair.

A. P. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, Mar. 8, 1889.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

RUNNING ALONE.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Ha! when I was a little tot,
With feet about three inches long,
And head which knew not right from wrong,
I learned to do a pretty feat
Whereat my courtiers cried "The sweet!
See, baby runs alone!"

And on I ran, from day to day,
Without the aid of chair, or hand,
Until I thought, *my feet are sure*,
Running alone I understand;
The wisest grandma in the land
Need not look after me,

I run alone! Indeed, indeed!
My feet, may be they learned to go;
But yet, I cannot run alone.
I make mistakes and tumble so!
I find there is *somebody* else
Before one runs alone.

Sometimes I say in pettish pride,
"Stand back, oh, friends, and leave me be!
My soul is bold, and I am strong,
And no one need look after me;
I stand defiant, centered, free,
And I will run alone."

Alas, I do not journey far
Before I feel a thousand strings
Pulling about my sneering heart,
And striking with the pain and stings.
I cry, "I uttered foolish things:
I *cannot* run alone!"

O, lost conceit of baby loss!
O little tongue which used to say
"Now I have learned to run alone
And all you folks can go away."
You prattled in a silly way.
To hard to run alone.

LOVE.

Who can resist thee, O thou mighty king?
The proudest spirits quail before thy breath;
In every conflict victory plumes thy wing,
For thou art strong as death.

Who can resist thy smile, when on thy face
Its radiant, tender, thrilling beauty glows?
The lonely heart, the solitary place
Doth blossom as the rose.

Brighter than stars that o'er us nightly roll,
Sweeter than dew-washed buds at early morn,
Love breathes upon the unconscious slumbering soul,
And straightway heaven is born.

Free as the wind, what power can bind thy wing?
Restless as waves upon the moaning sea;
Tender as new-born blossoms of the spring;
Sublime infinity!

O fair! O terrible! O heaven! O death!
Spirit of beauty, angel, demon, dove!
Ah, breathe on me, on our souls with angry breath
Give us thy smile, O Love!

UNMASKED.

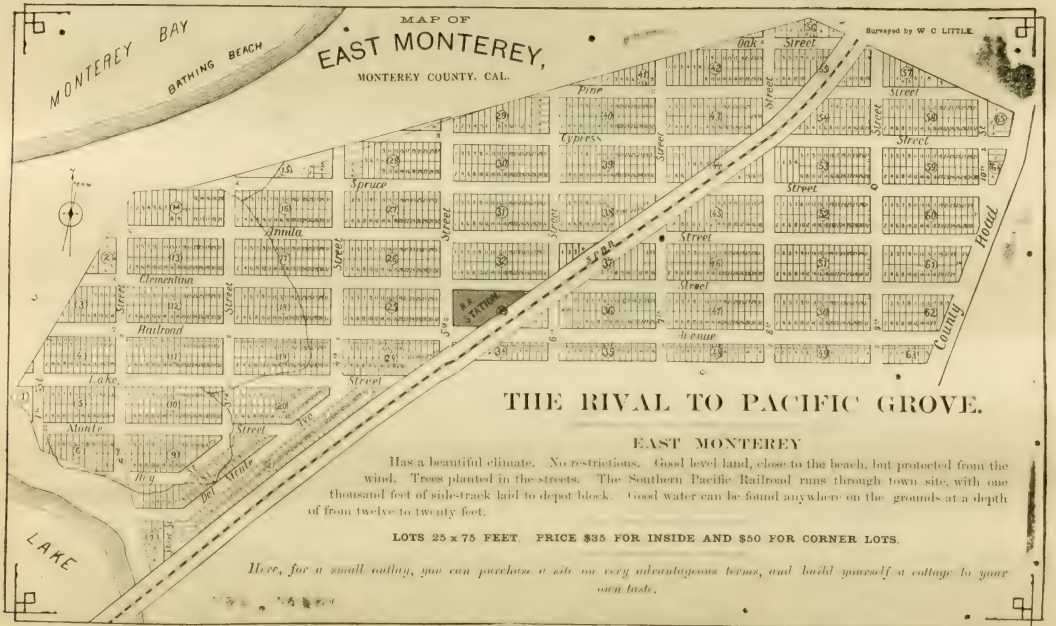
There used to live a learned man,
As wise as wise could be;
You'd find it very hard to find
A wiser man than he.

He'd studied all the ologies,
And knew them all by heart;
No man was better versed than he
In science or in art.

His neighbors all revered him, and
Deferred to him with awe;
They thought he was the wisest man
This old world ever saw.

But even this wise man proved no
Exception to the rule;
For finally he fell in love
And acted like a fool.

—*Journal of Education.*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MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.
Surveyed by W. C. LITTLE
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Pine
Cypress
Spruce
Amnita
Clementina
Railroad
Lake
Monte
Del Monte
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PROLEGOMENA.
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IV. Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.
V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.
VI. The Second Birth: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.
VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.
APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 136. Price, $1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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Advice to Mothers.

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

How Small Fingers Harped on the Heart-Strings of Justice.

"The officer tells me that you were drunk and disorderly, and that you have often been arrested for the same offense," said Justice Foote yesterday, as he frowned through his eye-glasses at a hard-looking woman who stood before him. "I have no sympathy for women like you, and I will fine you a hun——"

"Papa!" interrupted a little voice, clear and sweet, and two soft arms slide around the judicial neck and a soft face was laid against the judicial cheek.

Justice Foote's frown changed into a smile. "Aha, you rascal!" said he, seizing his little daughter and seating her on his knee. "So you came to see me just while I am hard at work, did you, and you slipped up behind me and tried to scare your old papa? Ah, you!" and he gave her a great hug.

Clerk Clingen, poised his pen, ready to record the fine; the lawyers took their seats with a smile; the prisoner was left alone before the bar. She looked at the little child and passed her sleeve over her eyes. For five minutes the old head and the young head nodded at each other, while from two red lips came a wonderful story of "Oh! such fun at the park!" and how funny the deers looked!" Then a bright ten-cent piece was produced from the Justice's pocket and put into a little hand. Then came a long, hard hug, and the little girl skipped away, shouting good-bye as she went through the crowd.

When Justice Foote turned his face toward the courtroom there was spread over it a smile that would have graced the countenance of a saint. "Where was I?" he asked, as he rubbed his glasses and looked down at the sheet. "Oh, yes, this drunk and disorderly case." Then he looked at the prisoner. "You look like you might have been a decent girl once," said he; "I will give you one more chance. The prisoner is discharged."—*Chicago News.*

"Mrs. Fuller wore a beegum dress of grass that was frizzled in front with silver thingumbobs and brocade omniumgatherum. The skirt was emboupoint and trailed along the floor like a thing of lie. Miss Fuller was in blue, and Miss Mary in an umpire dress of rustic wool, with cremation armadillos upon the bodice, which made her look rasharshay. Mrs. Nathaniel Paige and Mrs. Ralston were in the dining room, and sat dos-a dos at a well spread table, both of whom recognized the writer and received him rapturously."—*The Hatchet, Washington, D. C.*

Love labor; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic.—*William Penn.*

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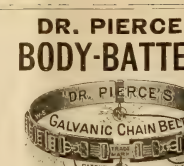

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HIS VIEW OF THE DOG.

Mother explained to small boy the meaning of the word beheaded. A few days later he ran into the mother, rather excitedly, exclaiming "O, mamma! there's a beheaded dog out here on the street."

HE TOOK THE WRONG MEDICINE.

Robert Stewart, of Petaluma, recently had a queer experience. He writes:

"Carbuncles and boils afflicted my face and neck for weeks. Finally I procured a bottle of one of the leading sarsaparillas. To my surprise it made matters worse. This made me lose faith in sarsaparilla, but seeing a statement that Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla dried up boils and face eruptions instead of forcing them out as the potash sarsaparillas do, I bought a bottle. The effect was astonishing. The carbuncles and boils began to dry up, and in two weeks my face was as well and smooth as ever. My brother also took a bottle with the same benefit." ROBERT STEWART.

PETALUMA, Cal.

[Explanatory Note: The mineral iodide of potash which is the basis of nearly all other sarsaparillas attacks the blood direct, hence it causes inflammation of the skin, creating more boils and pimples. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla acts oppositely. Its vegetable alteratives stimulate the various secretory organs and those luminals all impurities through the natural channels, hence dries up pimples and skin eruptions. The above testimonial is a case in point.]

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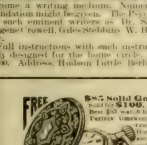

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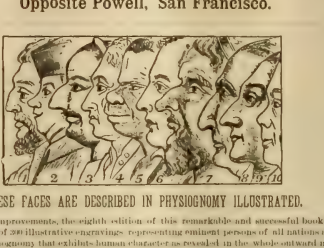

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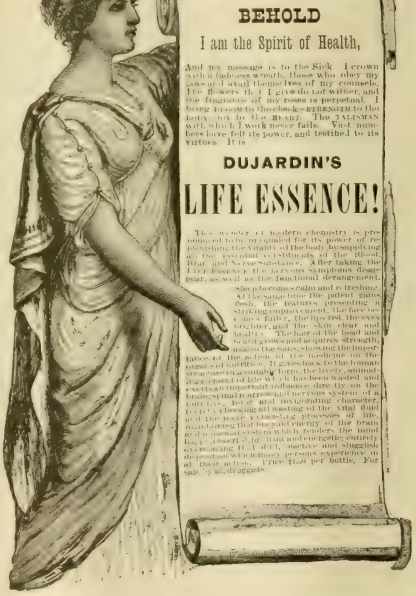

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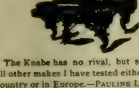

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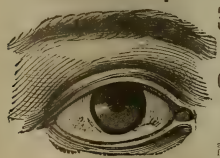

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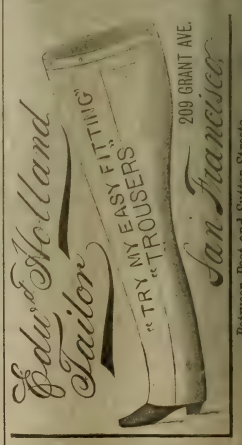

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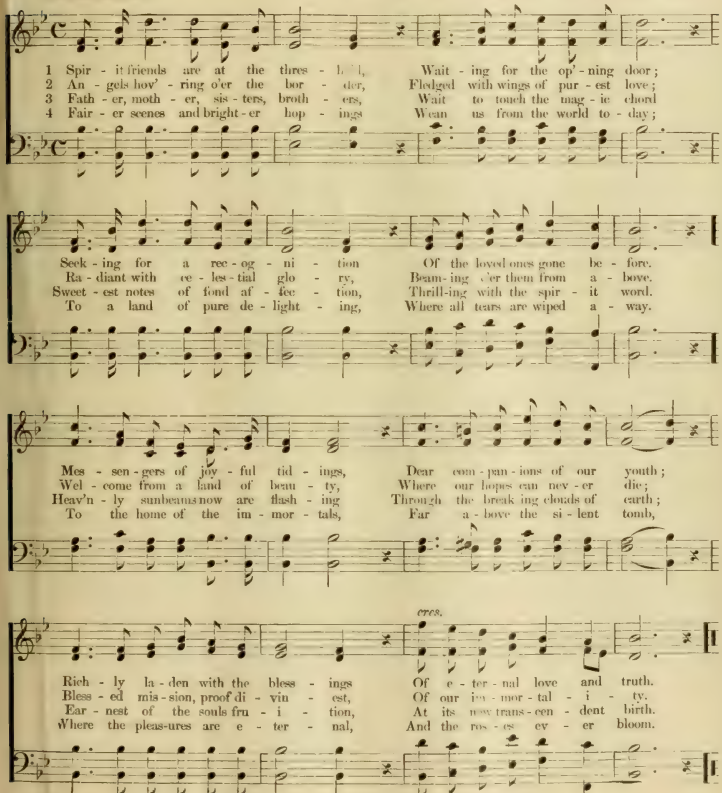
1 Spir - it friends are at the thres - hold,
Wait - ing for the op' - ning door;
2 An - gels hov' - ring o'er the bor - der,
Fledged with wings of pur - est love;
3 Fath - er, moth - er, sis - ters, broth - ers,
Wait to touch the mag - ic chord
4 Fair - er scenes and bright - er hop - ings
Wean us from the world to - day;
Seek - ing for a rec - og - ni - tion
Of the loved ones gone be - fore.
Ra - diant with ce - les - tial glo - ry,
Beam - ing o'er them from a - bove.
Sweet - est notes of fond af - fec - tion,
Thrill - ing with the spir - it word.
To a land of pure de - light - ing,
Where all tears are wiped a - way.
Mes - sen - gers of joy - ful tid - ings,
Dear com - pan - ions of our youth;
Wel - come from a land of beau - ty,
Where our hopes can nev - er die;
Heav'n - ly sunbeams now are flash - ing
Through the break ing clouds of earth;
To the home of the im - mor - tals,
Far a - bove the si - lent tomb,
cres.
Rich - ly la - den with the bless - ings
Of e - ter - nal love and truth.
Bless - ed mis - sion, proof di - vin - est,
Of our im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Ear - nest of the souls fru - i - tion,
At its new trans - cen - dent birth.
Where the pleas - ures are e - ter - nal,
And the ros - es ev - er bloom.

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VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 30, 1889. NUMBER 13.

The Platform.

JOSEPH'S CUP; or, Modern Spiritualism.

F. MUHLHAUSER.

[The following is a reply to a lecture delivered, on the above subject, by the Rev. Dr. Machol, in the Scovill Avenue Jewish Synagogue, Cleveland, O., on Friday, February 1st, of this year. The "reply" was made by Mr. Muhlhauser, in the form of a pamphlet which he has widely distributed among his personal friends. As a copy has reached the DOVE it is placed before our readers as an able reply to a gratuitous attack, written by a gentleman who has been converted from the Hebrew faith to the light and knowledge that our noble gospel so ably dispenses. Mr. Muhlhauser is a well-known manufacturer and prominent citizen of Cleveland, O., so, alike from his position and from the fact of his being one of the few Jews embracing and defending our philosophy, there is no doubt that the readers of the DOVE will be glad to peruse what follows. EDITOR CARRIER DOVE.]

This lecture deserves more than passing notice, being the first of the kind as the reverend doctor himself says that has ever been delivered from a Jewish pulpit. The reverend doctor began by stating that mysticism had ever been an attraction for the human mind, and that at all times man wished to investigate the supernatural. As far back as history relates, do we find the desire to lift the curtain, which the Almighty had flung before the future, and it was very questionable whether any benefit could be derived by trying to lift the veil. In all times in the past man was wont to consult fortune-tellers, in order to know something of the future which was in store for him, etc. Now as to this desire in the past, I know not; but I do know that the greatest discoveries in science in recent times are due to a desire on on the part of man to lift the veil. To investigate the laws of nature is, evidently, the plainest duty of the intellect, and, indeed, in the face of the rapid strides that humanity has made in the last half century, many things which were mysterious are to-day unveiled. It is the intellectual development of man that is the great factor in a better understanding of nature's laws. Electricity and magnetism are not new inventions of the mind. They have always existed in the universe, thousands of years prior to the historic age, but it was necessary for man to develop to a comprehension of those powers. If it had not been for the mind investigating into the unknown in all ages, very many valuable discoveries would not have been made. When Luigi Galvani witnessed the spasmodic movements of the leg of a frog caused by pieces of copper and zinc in his hand there was little in it to suggest the electric light, or the ocean telegraph. Had the similarity of the electric spark to the lightning met with your advice, Franklin would never have defied the storm cloud with his Kite. Had Galileo been less of an investigator, the world would have stood still and the sun revolved around it. Now every school boy knows this fact, and yet it was mystic in Galileos time. Had Columbus been imbued with your desire, not to lift the veil, some one else than he would have had to discover America. God has always existed and manifested his omnipotence through the laws of the universe, but how many centuries did it take to understand them, and how few understand them to-day? To the ignorant and uninitiated the laws of chemistry, geometry and mathematics are mystical, and may appear supernatural; but the reverend doctor is in error when he says that anything exists *super to nature*. If every one had studied medicine and therapeutics, there would be less untimely graves opened. And when the reverend doctor advises his hearers not to inquire into nature's laws, he is stating a poor example to the inquiring mind. And when he says that the people, who are reaching out for knowledge in occult matters, are reviving a superstitious age, and are laying hold upon holy things which God does not want them to understand, he is making a most remarkable statement, in which he seems to depend entirely upon the ignorance of his listeners, and invokes the very superstition which he decries. But let us investigate first whether some of the so-called dark ages were so very superstitious. Any man of intelligence knows it to a untrue, that the teachers of immortality of the past ages have dwelt in superstition. Out of the enlightenment of Greece sprang Socrates to teach those who were to be the philosophers of the world of immortality. Was Pythagoras the result of an age of superstition, from whom you borrow, even to-day, the first principles of mathematics, and who, educated by the Egyptian scientists, gave unto Greece the best formulas of mathematical science? Yet Pythagoras believed in immortality, and taught it to his pupils. Was that an age of superstition which gave to Greece and Rome its greatest scholars? Was that an age of superstition in which Memnon, the Egyptian, drew the light from heaven under which he discovered the first knowledge of language? Was that an age of superstition in which the primal principles of all the education of the world to-day were founded?

You go back to that age of superstition for your knowledge of geometry, for your first knowledge of figures, and the language which was first spoken and written upon the earth, so far as you know the language; which in the inscriptions, holds the correct planisphere of astronomical language—was the language of the Egyptians. Was that an age of superstition in which Martin Luther and Calvin burst from the bonds of an all-powerful church, and wrote the name of inspiration in new letters? Was that an age of superstition in which John Wesley gave the mild light of his teachings, and testified to the voice of communion with spirits and family? Are the Quakers and Shakers the result of a superstitious age, who burst from the fetters of an ancient church, that they might more freely have communion with spirits? But if all these are relegated by scientists to days of superstition, what shall we say of this epitome of enlightenment, civilization and culture? The nineteenth century, that has spanned the world with its electricity and steam? That even now plans a new motor that shall have wings for flight? That girdles the earth with lightning and with splendor of human invention, and bears the burdens of the world? What shall we say of this age, that resolves everything into Utilitarianism and would make the angels if possible its message and burden-bearers? Is this an age of superstition? "No!" says the materialist. "Yes!" says the Rev. Dr. Machol. Then I declare to you that there are more people upon the earth to-day than at any other period of human history, who have open communion with the spirit world; more openly avow it; more people who believe in immortality; more people who demonstrate their knowledge of immortal evi-

dence from those who passed before. What the angel of Socrates was to him; what the prompting was to Plato which with angelic eyes won him on to the divine contemplation of his cosmos; what the ministering spirits were to those Jewish, Protestant and Catholic churches, who believed in the ministry of angels; what the voice of Martin Luther that prompted him to forsake the sacrament of the Roman Catholic church, all its ceremony and mockery; what the voice was that led George Fox and the Quakers to a higher conception of God in the worship of the spirit instead of the letter, in the form of ministering spirits, in the form of guardian angels, in the form of those who preside and abide in the household, near the hearts of those they love, has been found in greater abundance in the world to-day. The modern Spiritualist is the result of this enlightenment, because the world is more enlightened, and does not put its prophets and seers, under the name of witches, to death, though they are persecuted sufficiently to almost die. Because the laws of most countries are more liberal, men of most advanced convictions are not subject to inquisition, the rack and the fire. As the world has grown in perception, in science, and in art more and more, so the upper window of the heavens can be opened to man's spiritual nature, can enter more into his daily contemplation. The winged messenger can visit him without fear of their mediums being put to death or being accounted as witches possessed of Satan. But perhaps the reverend doctor ascribes all the records, that we have of the administration of angels and archangels in the Bible to the superstition of the fore-fathers, and probably denies and disbelieves them to be truthful records of his own religious history. From the time when the Lord spake unto his chosen people, "In the mount out of the midst of the fire of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, with a great voice," and talked with Moses at the door of the tabernacle, and looked into the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and the cloud, and took off their chariot wheels. And when "the angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses in a flame of fire, out of the midst of the bushland called, "Moses! Moses!" up to the present time do we see the footprints of angels in the pathway of the race.

Now do you believe in the truth of this phenomena? Or do you disbelieve it? I will give you a few more quotations from the good book, in order to draw your attention to the fact that angels have visited humanity before, and brought special messages to them, and prophesied through chosen ones. The prophet Joel prophesied thus: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." Now my good reverend doctor, here seems to be a plain prophecy of what was to take place in the future, and the question is, has that prophecy been fulfilled? If so, when and where, and in what manner? If not, when is it to be fulfilled, and how? But I proceed: "And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre, and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day, and he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three men stood by him, and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door, and he bowed himself towards the ground."

Now the Bible says this is what happened to Abraham, and says they were materialized spirits, or angels. And now, my good reverend doctor, if you say that they were manufactured ghosts and goblins, or visions produced by sorcerers and witches, then I must respectfully disagree with you, and am compelled to believe the Bible.

And again, "There came two angels to Sodom at even, and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom, and Lot, seeing them rose up to meet them, and he bowed himself toward the ground, and he said to his angel guests: "Tarry all night with me;" and they did, and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat." Now do you deny the truth of this story? And have you the moral courage to admit it? I proceed further: Once upon a time there was a certain ruler in Israel called Saul, and sacred history says, "Now, Samuel and all Israel lamented him, and Saul had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land." "And the Philistines gathered themselves together, and came and pitched in Shunem, and Saul gathered all Israel together, and they pitched in Gilboa." "And when Saul saw the host of the Philistines, he was afraid, and his heart was greatly troubled. And when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by prophets. Then said Saul unto his servants, "Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit." I confess that there was a time when I did not know what kind of women these were, and in seeking for authority, find one acknowledged so by the theological world, viz: Adam Clark, L.L.D., F.S.A., M.R.I.A., and I find that "they were those that had familiar spirits, whom they could invoke *when they pleased*, and receive answers from, relative to the futurity." And the servant said unto Saul, "Behold, there is the woman who hath a familiar spirit at Endor." Saul disguised himself and called on the woman and said to her, "Bring me up Samuel;" and according to sacred history, the spirit of Samuel came: and whilst it is not certain whether Saul actually saw Samuel's spirit, yet Samuel spoke to Saul and said, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" It must be remembered here that Saul and Samuel had been old friends. Samuel had annointed Saul as King, and after some conversation the spirit told Saul that the Lord would deliver Israel into the hands of the Philistines, and the morrow Saul and his sons should be with him. The prophesy was true. The next day the Israelites were defeated, and Saul and his three sons slain in battle. Doctor Adam Clarke said, "That Samuel did appear on this occasion is most evident from the text, nor can this be denied from any legitimate mode of interpretation." And this is the woman whom you, my good reverend, are pleased to call the *witch* of Endor, and whom, no doubt, you would burn at the stake to-day, if it were in your power to do so. The question again arises here, Is this story true in your opinion? To my comprehension, in the light and truth of Modern Spiritualism, it is simply the narration of a seance, such as occurs every day in our time, and of which the reverend doctor could convince himself if he would take the trouble to do so.

I will proceed to quote an instance of the appearance of a spirit hand. In chapter V of Daniel it is related that "Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords. In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the king's palace. And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote: 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.'" This, when interpreted by Daniel, was a prophecy, which was immediately fulfilled. Now, my good reverend, I ask you once more, are these Bible stories true? Most certainly you dare not deny them; and if true, were they spiritual manifestations or were they witchcraft and jugglery? In both cases the prophesies were fulfilled, and you cannot attribute them to ancient magic. And if these phenomena once occurred, why can they not occur again? For, "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it; nor anything taken from it: God doeth it that men should fear before him." "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be, hath already been, and God requireth that which is past." It is said that the high priest Onius, and the prophet Jeremiah, appeared to Judas Maccabeus. Also Moses and Elias appeared to Peter, James and John, and it is further narrated that, "the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose. There are even records of lying spirits in ancient times, very much like now a days. It is related that one "Ahab, king of Israel, proposed to capture Ramoth-gilead. And the king called together four hundred of his prophets, and they said, 'Go up, and God will deliver it into the king's hands.' But Ahab mistrusted the prophecy and wanted to make sure whether his amiable intentions toward Ramoth-gilead would be successful, and he sent after Nicaiah, "And when he came to the king, the king said unto him, 'Nicaiah, shall we go to Ramoth-gilead to battle?' And he said, 'Go ye up and prosper, and they shall be delivered into your hand.'" And the king said, "I adjure thee that thou say nothing but the truth." Then Nicaiah said, "I saw the Lord sitting upon

the throne, and all the host of heaven standing upon his right hand and on his left." "And the Lord said, 'Who shall entice Ahab, the king of Israel, that he may go up to Ramoth Gilead?" And one spake after this manner, and another saying after that manner. Then there came out a spirit and stood before the Lord, and said, "I will entice him." And the Lord said, "Wherewith?" "I will go out and be a lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets." And the Lord said, "Thou shalt entice him; go out and do even so. The lying spirit told his story to Ahab. The king believed it, went up to Ramoth-gilead and was killed in battle." Now I have yet to hear from any of the modern learned reverends, an explanation of these historical records, other than in the manner related. But I come back to take up the thread of the lecture. The reverend doctor said, "The birth of Modern Spiritualism dates back forty-two years ago. At Hydesville, New York, one Kate Fox was supposed to have established communication with the spirit-world by rappings on the walls, on the tables and all over the house. She finally reduced those rappings to signs, and for the affirmative answer to questions she received two raps. The doctor does not say here how many raps for negative answers, and for his information I will tell him that she established the following code: affirmative, three raps, negative, one rap; doubtful, two raps. And that from that day to this many people, numbering now about 11,000,000 in the United States, have become the victims of this craze." He was not prepared to say that the many intelligent people who belonged to their ranks were bent upon deceiving the world, but he contended that they were themselves deceived, deluded and imposed upon; that they imagined they knew what they knew. And for a proof of his assertion the reverend doctor attempts a description of a seance—a most ludicrous perversion of the truth, proving beyond a doubt that the reverend doctor was entirely ignorant on the subject, and has drawn simply upon his own imagination or upon hearsay evidence.

Here is the manner in which he describes the seances which he attended: A few nervous people come together into a room; the lights are put out, they join hands. Ten minutes pass and nothing is either seen or heard, and the expectations are alive. Twenty minutes pass, and no response as yet from the invisible world. Thirty minutes pass, and the expectations become more vivid and the nerves become excited. The imagination becomes flighty, until finally an abnormal condition is produced in the minds of the sitters, and they then begin to see ghosts. The doctor here describes this abnormal condition of the mind, calls it a hypnotic condition, and says that only ignorance can be at the bottom of these supernatural appearances that these good people are either imposed upon by their own superstitions or by tricksters and and magicians, mountebanks or witches, and in support of his argument the reverend doctor relates how the Indians put themselves into a hypnotic condition by sitting around a camp fire. Gazing and staring silently and sullenly into the fire whilst one of their number beats a drum in single taps at short intervals, and by and by their imaginations are brought to a pitch of admonity, when they see spirits and ghosts. Oh! *Simeo simplicitas.* How shall I calmly and with respect criticize the reverend doctor? To what purpose were all the scientific researches of Professors Zœllner, Crookes, Wallace, Hare, Wagner, Butlerof, Crue, Ruddle, Baron Duprel, Doctor Ludwig Kuhlenbeck, Hubbe-Schleiden, Albert Famodzing, Langsdorf, Lowenthal, etc. the Dialectical Society of London, or the Academy of France who, after many researches, have published their investigations to the world, establishing beyond a doubt, the existence of spirit phenomena? Of what use were all your researches? You were simply a lot of deluded fools, or you were imposed upon by tricksters, the victims of your own imaginations. Here is a reverend doctor of theology, of Cleveland O., who so declares and he advises you gentlemen of science and learning not to investigate further, and that God never intended you should do so. I do not know upon what investigations of "*the supernatural* which reaches beyond human understanding," the reverend doctor presumes to judge of your labors, but I do know from the interesting lecture to which I had the pleasure to listen, that your publications have not as yet found their way to his library. The reverend doctor implores his hearers not to disturb the rest of the dead; not to call them from their peaceful condition back into earth's sphere's and ask them to rap for you under or above a table! How do you know they are resting and in peace? Have you ever asked them? Perhaps some great wrong has been committed, the perpetrator is in a deplorable spiritual condition, and for his own salvation wishes to implore the pardon of his victim.

The trouble with the reverend doctor is that he confounds spirit phenomena with spiritual philosophy. He seems to think that it is necessary to believe in all kinds of phenomena in order to be a Spiritualist, and he does not consider that the proof of the immortality of the soul is to be had by inquiring into the laws of nature. Had the reverend doctor taken the pains to inform himself before launching into a tirade against the only truth and light given to man upon the question of mortal and immortal existence, he would have saved me the task of calling the attention of so learned a gentleman to this fact. If you would reflect a moment and consider that the theology of the orthodox church, no matter of what denomination, finds no response in the intelligent heart, that the scholar of to-day believes not in miracles, but finds a solution for all the phenomena that have ever taken place in the world; and that the angry Jehovah of the past, and the absolution of sins, either through fasting and kneeling, or the blowing of horns and trumpets, or through the vicarious atonement, or confessions to priests, are fast becoming subjects which rank only as legends of past ages, to be looked upon by coming generations with wonder, that their substance had really at one time formed a part of men's faith, and wonder if men's intellects could ever have grasped them as truths; nay, even died and suffered martyrdom for upholding them as such, and thanking the Creator, like a child that has been frightened by a bad dream, that they have awakened to the fact of realizing that it was but a dream, a vision, and that the frightful theme is not true, and wonder why they and their ancestors, to whom they credit so much sound judgment and good sense, could for one moment have adopted sustained sentiments at which they like the child, awakening from its dream—that dream often the result of a disordered stomach, fed upon poor food—now are themselves surprised. I do not accuse the reverend doctor of administering the food of so poor a quality as to bring about dreams of that kind as its result.

The attendance in your synagogues and churches is diminishing every year, and if you persist in standing still much longer, and refuse to "lift the curtain and penetrate the veil," the generation now growing up with a better understanding of nature's laws, with a larger scope of intellect, will either have to play the hypocrite, and profess to believe in your teachings—as many are now doing, just to accomodate their loving parents—or they will have to receive their spiritual teaching from another source. The future generation is not to be satisfied with an empty appeal to faith; why should we remain ignorant of anything that exists in the world.

Coming back to the lecture. The reverend doctor is very much opposed to Spiritualism, "because it shuns the light of day." "If it is truth, it need not hide in darkness; but the very fact that you must have a cabinet or dark room proves in itself that it is intended to deceive the senses." Now I would ask the reverend doctor in all candor, whether the fact of the immortality in which he believes is any less a fact, be it night or be it day? But I suppose the reverend doctor means that the phenomena all occur in the dark; and here again he displays a remarkable ignorance on the subject. There are many phases of phenomena which he can witness in broad daylight. He can get communications from those he calls dead, through independent slate-writing, when every opportunity will be given him to sat-

* Bible quotations are from Judge Richmond's answer to Seybert Commission

isfy himself that he is not being deceived, and where he can get answers to questions upon subjects concerning which he and the spirit intelligence are alone cognizant. The doctor can also get rappings and table tippings, clairvoyant visions, trance-speaking, inspired writing in trance, and all intellectual manifestations in broad daylight. It is only certain physical manifestations which, being subject to the physical and chemical laws of the universe, can not be satisfactorily given, when surrounded by the conditions of strong light. If the reverend doctor would go to a photographer and ask him to produce a likness of himself without the dark room, the photographer would tell him that if he insisted upon his conditions, and would not allow him to make the likeness according to chemical laws, the reverend doctor would have to leave without his photograph. And if he would say why plow up the fields and place the seed into the dark earth and cover it up and protect it from the light and atmospheric actions upon it, I will have my own conditions of growth. I will place the seed on the top of the earth and allow it to grow in broad daylight, with the sun shining upon it in the summer, and the snow and frost hugging it in the winter. When the harvest time would come, and the time of reaping was at hand, I am afraid the reverend doctor would have to starve from the result of dictating his own terms. And yet the same laws of the All-wise underlie the physical phenomena which the reverend doctor so glibly calls sorcery, witchcraft, tricks, humbug, snares and delusions. Another observation the reverend doctor has made, that "only the bereaved and sorrowing are drawn into this craze." "You lose a father, mother, brother, sister, child or dear friend," says the reverend doctor; "you are almost distracted at the loss. Some one taps you on the shoulder and says: 'Did you ever hear that you could speak to your departed friends?' You go along to a medium, and you go through the ten, twenty and thirty minute performances, (which the reverend doctor has described,) and you imagine you have seen the spirit of your departed brother or sister."

It is an accepted axiom of science that the universe contains no falsehood, and it ill agrees with the high standing of the doctor to accuse eleven million people in the United States, numbering among them the highest talent in the land—lawyers, doctors, statesmen and philosophers—of either professing a falsehood, or being too weak minded to distinguish the truth from the fraud. But lest you think your theories and teachings are accomplishing good results, just look around with your eyes open. Your congregation comes to the synagogue, week after week, and year after year, and where is there a sign of progress? They mechanically read page after page of a prayer in the Hebrew language, which they do not understand, and which, even to this day, has not been correctly translated; as it has even taken the knowledge from the recent discovery of the Rosetta stone, which gives us a key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics not possessed before —to understand the meaning of Jehovah and Jehovah Elohim—and you may proceed to teach your children the same literal meaning of biblical records that you have been taught, and ask them to travel the same road of salvation that you have trod. But the time is coming when credal inheritance and sacred dispensations will not be taken upon *faith alone*, but upon the evidence of understanding and upon reason. The method of the past has developed materialists, who will proclaim to your face, that they do not believe in a God; that there never was a creator, and for proof of this assertion I will mention that the very valuable and excellent work of the Rev. Dr. A. Hahn, "History of the Argument for the Existence of God," seemed to have been a necessity in this materialistic age to prove the Creator's existence. And yet you find numbers still declaring that "death ends all existence for man and beast alike."

You have not been able in your teachings to give your fold *the proofs* of the immortal existence which you proclaim, and as they will not believe you upon faith, they prefer to disbelieve it; and I do not much blame them. I myself will believe nothing, that is of so much importance to me as the faith of a continued existence after death, except upon the same proofs that I would accept any other science. All you tell your mourners, when they assemble around the bier and are bowed down with grief and doubting the existence of that God whom you call all-wise, is "that all is well; God giveth and he taketh, and the name of the Lord be praised." "You must not question the ways of the Deity," says the reverend doctor, in place of telling them that the cause of the death was either an accident, and that in that case the laws of the universe are no respector of persons; or that the cause, no doubt, was the result of some ignorance of psychological laws, and that if the child had not caught a severe cold it might still be alive, and that God had nothing to do with making an angel out of it. My good reverend doctor what an irony in this latter part of the nineteenth century. You, then, proceed to preach on the immortality of that soul, and pray for its welfare every week, praying the same prayer mechanically until doomsday, and when you are asked by the sorrowing mother, who looks up to you for consolation as her spiritual adviser, "Where is my child?" you tell her, "My good woman I sympathize with you in your bereavement, but I do not know; it is not well that we should be too inquisitive in such matters; you must not lift the veil of the future." Now, in the face of modern research and science, I declare to you, my good reverend doctor, that if you do not as yet know where that soul goes to, that it is high time you did. I for my part refuse to accept a paradise of eternal rest and peace. God forbid that such a state should be my lot, that after a life of business activity, social and political duties, I should be condemned to a life of rest and indolence, learning perhaps to play David's harp and sing psalms and hallelujah at the throne of an imaginary God, somewhere in company with my forefathers, with my friends and neighbors, singing praises and anthems in an imaginary paradise. Away with such a picture of ignorance and superstition, not much above the materialist, and the adoration of the golden calf. Away with your request not to disturb the rest of the dead; not to lift the curtain of the future, when God himself, through his wise laws, has given us the opportunity to do so. The intelligent portion of your congregation are not to be satisfied any longer with your fairy tales. They will lift the veil and satisfy their thirst for more light, and when they have received it, as surely they will sooner or later, you must not be surprised at the empty seats in your synagogues.

But you may say, "What have we to do with Spiritualism any more than with any other ism?" I answer, you have to do with whatever claims to be from the other world, that which can settle so many vexed questions, that can decide whether the Israelite, Presbyterian, Congregationalist or Methodist is right concerning the future state; that can declare whether the Roman Catholic or Presbyterian is correct, the one in relegating souls to heaven or hell, the other in adding purgatory as well; that can decide whether the spirit can sleep until judgment day, when all shall be resurrected, or in what state the spirit dwells while awaiting the judgment day. In fact all questions in theological disputes can be decided by this voice to which you refuse to listen. What does it mean that you do not regard it as worth while? Then what will you do with all these souls, that are plunged into hell, which you have in vain tried to save from materialism, and now try to save from Spiritualism? You speak about the Summerland and the land of the soul, and of paradise, and ask your hearers to take your own imaginations as a part of their faith.

By the time you again hold another lecture on this subject, which I trust may be soon, I hope to hear that you have given the matter more attention and investigation, so that you may say, "'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always stranger than fiction." And I trust that I may be able to testify to your progress in these scientific researches, which are the basis of all experiences.

Your story of Joseph's goblet was, that Joseph used it, like the tool of a magician, to make his brothers believe that he could tell their ages, when in fact he already knew them: thus proving that all such fortune

telling and prophesying was simply legerdemain.

Your story about the French peasants hanging balls on the foot of bedsteads, in order to hypnotize the children and put them to sleep, wishing to prove by this little story that all Spiritualists were similarly hypnotized and put to sleep, and through such similar experiences became "the victims of a craze," are really too deep for me to fathom, and confess I can not find the least cause why you should occupy the valuable time of your hearers with such absurdities.

"Now what I want is facts—facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. Stick to facts, sir."—*Dickens' Hard Times.*

"The facts on which this philosophy is based, like all other systems or theories of science, can only be proven by human experience, and then propagated only by human tongue or hand. Should we discard this class of evidence it would be but to ignore all the text books of law, history and science, for they are but the testimony of creditable witnesses."—*Judge Edmonds' answer to Sceptic Commission.*

Pardon me but contrary to your admonitions and solicitations, Israelites are just as much entitled to know what is true in nature as members of other religious denominations; hence they will not likely remain dormant much longer and refuse to listen to the voice of progress and of unfoldment as you would and have advised them to do.

A guilty weight upon the heart takes the sun out of the sky.—*Thom.*

The great difference in labor is, not in what is done, but in how it is done.

Religion is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.—*Bungay.*

Those that live in the Lord never see each other for the last time.—*From the Germans.*

Some men are so covetnous, as if they were to live forever; and others so profuse, as if they were to die the next moment.—*Aristotle.*

A good character, when established, should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still further good.—*Atterbury.*

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is under no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigor, and takes up too much of his attention.—*Jeremy Collier.*

There is little need of trying to paint the still, warm, misty, dreamy Indian summer in words; there are many states that have no articulate vocabulary, and are only to be reproduced by music, and the mood this season produces is of that nature.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Selected Articles.

[From the *New York Press*, Sunday Feb. 17th, 1889.

THE BELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

Statesmen, Officials, Merchants, Professional Men, Men of Reconnoissance of Letters Who Are Firm in the Faith—Unique and Strange Are the Manifestations—Prominent People Who Vouch for Remarkable Phenomena in the Way of Spirit Engravings, Drawings, Writings, Speeches, Healings and Communications—The Term Spiritualist, Strictly Speaking, Difficult to Define—All Who Call Themselves Spiritualists Believe in the Continuity of Life After Death, and the Return of Spirits to This Sphere—Beyond This There Are Many Differences of Opinion—Intelligent Men Who Give Reasons for the Faith That is in Them—Curious Ways in Which the Dwellers in the Unseen World Frequently Return in Spirit to This One—The Innumerable Number of Spiritualists Spread Throughout the Land—Men of Wealth, Culture and High Position Who Are Not Cranks or Fools Who Assert Their Belief in the Spiritualistic Faith—Wonderful Mediums—Prominent Spiritualists in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington Friends Testimony.

The *Press* to-day lays before its readers the reasons which have induced so many intelligent men to believe in Spiritualism. It is an undeniable fact, that the eminent lawyer Luther R. Marsh is only one of hundreds of other brainy and cultured men who believe firmly that the dwellers in the unseen world do frequently return in spirit to this one. It is also quite as certain that tricksters have wrung money from the purses and made weary the brains of intelligent people under the pretense that they are mediums, that is to say, people through whom speak the spirits of the dead.

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AT THE HUB.

Prominent Bostonians Expound the Spiritistic Faith.

BOSTON, Feb 16.—Spiritualistic leaders not only in Boston, but all over the country point with pride to the fact that no less a personage than Rev. Minot J. Savage has thought it worth while to give to Spiritualism his most distinguished and careful consideration. They assert and so do a multitude of others who are not in any sense allied to the occult movement, that if a man with such a remarkably bright intellect and such broad and liberal common sense believes that Spiritualism and quackery are not synonymous terms, the public at large and the press in general had better reserve their sneers and abuse for something else.

Mr. Savage was interviewed by a *Press* reporter in his study under his church on West Newton street.

He said, among other things: "I have three things to say about Spiritualism:

"First—that in my judgment at least half of that which concerns itself with the work of public and paid mediums is downright fraud.

Second. There is a large amount of what might be called honest self delusion and misconception. For example, some strange thing occurs and the person in whose presence it happens misinterprets it and says that a spirit is at work, when in reality the phenomenon is capable of some other explanation. In this respect I refer not to tricks, but to psychic experiences.

"Third. I believe that there is a large amount of facts that demand for their explanation one of two things—either the presence and agency of invisible intelligences, or such a widening of the range of activity on the part of minds still embodied as our ordinary scientific theories have made no room for."

Mr. Savage referred to a number of marvelous personal experiences with mediums which had served to increase his desire of finding out what there really was in the so-called Spiritualism. Among them was an experience with the famous Slade, whom Mr Savage and a friend visited in the old Adams House when Slade was in Boston. During their visit Slade gave a startling illustration of his power of leviation. Mr. Savage was seated in a large, heavy armchair in the center of the room, and Slade simply placed his hand on the back of the chair and with no effort whatever raised the clergyman, chair and all, some distance from the floor.

A slate writing experience with the same medium was more marvelous still. "I have brought my own slate," said Mr Savage—which, by the way was not a double one—and several messages were made to appear on its surface. Finally, I said to him: "Why cannot I get writing independently of you?"

"Try it," replied Slade.

"Accordingly," said Mr. Savage, "I took the slate in my own hands, and, after placing a small piece of pencil upon it, I held it under the edge of the table. Slade was seated on the other side. His hands were in plain view, and he had no contact with me whatever. In a few moments I looked at the slate again, and lo and behold! I had a message."

Another instance was more marvelous still. "I was seated at some distance from a wonderful male medium," said Mr. Savage, "when suddenly I felt my right knee clasped in a firm, strong grip. I looked down and saw nothing. The pressure continued, and I thought I would make a little investigation

on my own account, I slowly and gently extended my hand down to the spot and held it there right where the invisible force was acting. What was the result? I felt a curious sensation exactly as if fingers were running over the back of my hand and the phenomenon finally concluded itself with an unmistakable patting on the back of my wrist. I was not alone with the medium all this time. Another gentleman, a friend of mine, was with me, but neither of us could see anything which could give us even the remotest explanation of the wonderful occurrence.

"Such occurrences as these, and many others equally as inexplicable," said Mr. Savage, "have convinced me that there is something which is eminently worthy of investigation. If there is even a grain of truth in Spiritualism the world ought to know it, and the search should be instituted by the thinking men of the world. A great many persons, many of them with wonderfully bright intellects in other respects, think it their duty to denounce everything pertaining to spiritualistic phenomena as the basest kind of fraud. Why do they do this? Simply because they have seen only the tricks and the shams, or perhaps they may have witnessed one of the 'exposures' of Spiritualism, which very often expose nothing or nobody but the person conducting the exposure."

Dr. Solomon Schindler, the famous Jewish rabbi, was exceedingly loath to being extensively quoted on the subject of Spiritualism.

"You see," he said to the *Press* reporter, "this is a subject of so eminently peculiar a nature that a man cannot give his views on it in an offhand manner. It would require a good deal of time and calm and thoughtful consideration on my part before I could express myself with the requisite clearness, for there are so many and so varied phases to the matter that a cursory statement would not bring credit to the man who uttered it."

Dr. Schindler was assured that anything which he might say, even though spoken without preparation, could not fail to be interesting to the readers of the *Press*. So, after a little more persuasion, he said: "Well, I am afraid that even if I should express my sentiments concerning matters spiritualistic my opinion would be of very little worth, for really I am one of those who are far from being on the outside of the valley of doubt. It is true that many times during my life I have turned my attention to the consideration of spiritual phenomena and their probable or improbable causes, but my life has been such a busy one in other respects that my spiritual studies, so to speak, have been altogether too brief. It has always been my desire to see the light, if light there is, in the clearest manner possible. To this end my efforts have been directed, but, as I said before, circumstances have been of such a nature that my desires have been only partially gratified. It seems to me that if a man has made up his mind to search to the very bottom in quest of the spiritualistic essence, he should apply himself in the most assiduous manner. He should read every authority of any note on the subject and compare their arguments with the dictates of his own reason and conscience. Besides he should witness as many of the so-called manifestations and materializations as possible. Moreover, he should visit the very best mediums and endeavor to learn from personal observations and experiments the causes, effects and extent of their wonderful powers, if in reality such powers exist. The last branch of the investigation would be, as you probably are aware, very expensive. Mediums, that is, the first class ones, come high, and I have no doubt that this fact has dampened the ardor of many persons who wished to make a thorough examination of the subject. It has had such an effect upon your humble servant, though, as you may have inferred from what I have said, my principal reason for not more fully pursuing a spiritualistic investigation has been the lack of sufficient time."

"But as far as you have investigated, what is your opinion as to the existence or non-existence of spiritual phenomena?" queried the *Press* reporter.

"I have witnessed experiments under test conditions," replied Dr. Schindler, "and I cannot deny that some of them were nothing short of marvelous. How they were done I do not know, and, therefore, I would not attempt to offer any explanation. I will say, however, they impressed me to such an extent as to urge me to investigate further, which I will assuredly do when my circumstances will permit."

Ed Smith, a well-known Bostonian, who is a large manufacturer of pianos and organs, was seen by the *Press* reporter. Mr. Smith is not a medium, neither is he a person who might be styled a "professional" believer, for, although he believes firmly in Spiritualism, he has never taken any active position in spiritualistic circles. Moreover, he is a gentleman who has secured the respect of all who have come in contact with him, and his opinions, though hitherto only privately expressed, have always been listened to with the deepest kind of consideration.

He said, in the course of a lengthened conversation with *The Press* reporter:

"I do not think that spiritualistic phenomena have happened and will continue to happen. I know it. I am as much assured of this truth as I am sure that I am talking to you in this room and at this moment. My belief is the result of no sudden fancy, and I have not been imposed upon by any fraudulent practices. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind—no, not even the suspicion of a doubt.

"Over ten years ago," continued he, "my wife, whom I dearly loved, breathed her last. Her death had a most depressing effect upon me. She had been all in all to me, and when I was left alone I became, as I thought, incurably disconsolate. I longed for the time to come when I could see her again, and I ardently wished that I might, in this world even, communicate with her, if such a thing were possible. A few nights after she died I was in my little boy's room. He had just retired after repeating the prayers that his mother had taught him. We were talking together, when, all of a sudden he said:

"Papa, there is mamma standing at the foot of the bed."

I looked in that direction, but could see nothing.

"Are you sure?" asked I.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed he. "Can't you see her?"

"I must confess that I could not, but soon I was sure that her spirit was in the room, for I felt its influence, until a few moments later, when my little boy told me that his mother was gone. From that moment I began to think seriously of Spiritualism, for I was convinced that my little boy had not been mistaken. Some time after that a medium, whose name I think was Watkins, came to this city. I had heard of his marvelous slate writing powers, and I was determined to test them, and see, moreover, if he could not get a message from my wife. Accordingly, I bought a double slate and went to his room. Remember, he had never seen me before. I told him I wanted a "sitting," and he gave me his instructions, which were to write the names of several of my deceased relatives on little slips of paper, and roll them into little balls, while he was out of the room. This I did, and then mixed them up on the table in front of me to such an extent that I myself could not tell which was which. When he returned he picked up one of the little balls, and without looking at it, he called out the full name of my wife, which was written on the paper. Then he took an ordinary slate pencil, bit off a small piece, and placed it inside the slate, which all this time had not left my possession. I grasped one end of the slate firmly, he took hold of the other, and presently I could hear the pencil scratching around inside. A few moments this continued, and then we opened the slate. You can imagine my astonishment when I read a message of endearment inside from my wife, and the most marvelous part of it was that it was written in her own handwriting, the signature being almost a perfect fac simile of hers. All this occurred in broad daylight, and I am satisfied that not the slightest kind of chicanery was employed. Since then I have witnessed a large number of manifestations and materializations. I soon saw enough to convince me, and I am not, as a general rule, easily convinced, of the undoubted truth that is contained in

Modern Spiritualism. I have given the matter a great deal of time and careful attention, and have spent not a little money in my investigations. Whatever doubt I might have had on the subject has been long since removed by nothing more than a complete personal examination. The numbers of believers in Spiritualism is increasing every day and in every part of the country. Men of means and men of brains are revolving these questions in their minds and are fast becoming converts, though some of them do not care to admit it. For my part, I am convinced that Spiritualism will be the coming belief in the not very far distant future."

IN THE QUAKER CITY.

Most of the Spiritualists Have Reached Three Score Years.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16. One of the strongest believers in Spiritualism in this city is Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, whom *The Press* correspondent found yesterday afternoon at her office on Walnut street engaged with her professional duties. This lady is well known here for the prominent part she has taken in women's suffrage and for her noble battle, lasting some sixteen years, for the right of admission as an attorney in the courts of this State. She was the second woman who qualified for that profession, but by the time our judges were willing to admit her, there were eighty-five female practitioners in this country.

To speak of Spiritualism in Philadelphia without mentioning Mr. Danion Y. Kilgore, her late husband, would be, to use an old expression, like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Mr. Kilgore, in 1850, joined the N. E. conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Four years later he organized and was elected superintendent of the public schools of the village of Madison, Wis. He was identified with the educational interests of that State until March, 1860, when he resigned from the position to become principal of the Evansville Seminary.

For many years, and until the time of his death, which occurred some months ago, he was one of the leading lawyers, practicing jointly with his wife.

Mrs. Kilgore, who now occupies the same office, spoke earnestly of his and her belief in what she called "the grand truth of Spiritualism," and gave many proofs to justify it. She said that while Mr. Kilgore was in Madison, one of his pupils, a boy of some eight years went into a trance, and pictured most graphically to Mr. Kilgore the deathbed scene of his mother. This young medium told exactly who attended the funeral, and several other particulars that could not possibly have been known to him by any human methods. He went back to the scenes of Mr. Kilgore's childhood, and correctly related events which then occurred. At another time, a pupil named Gilbert was the medium through whom appeared the spirit of Henry Clay, which made astounding revelations regarding a body of men who were known as the Knights of the Golden Circle. The assassination of President Abraham Lincoln and four Governors had been planned by these men.

Mr. Kilgore was urged by the spirit visitor to go to Washington and lay before the President all the facts that had been presented.

Mr. Kilgore, who had implicit faith in these manifestations, went as suggested. As it was at that time extremely difficult to obtain an audience at the White House, he sent in to Mr. Lincoln a card, with this suggestive wording:

"D. Y. Kilgore, wishing neither office nor favor, desires to speak a few moments with the President." For an answer he received from Mr. Lincoln's son "Tad" a card with the message, "My father says write your name on this card." The bold, open handwriting of Mr. Kilgore proved the "open sesame." They talked together for an hour, and by prompt action the well-laid plans were frustrated and the four valuable lives saved. Governor Curtin, so says Mrs. Kilgore, acknowledges that he owes his life to that influence which had been brought to bear upon the dead lawyer. Mr. Kilgore was a student and investigated thoroughly the physical phenomena and science, which he considered too sacred a truth for fraud. His wife learned with him and believed with him, too. She is not satisfied that disembodied spirits have anything to do with the cabinet manifestations of professed mediums, nor with some of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. Neither has she much faith in the creeds based upon the Spiritualistic stories of the Christian Bible; yet she does believe that these stories of spirit visitations may be true. Her faith depends upon the fact that in the economy of nature there is constant change, but no loss.

Mr. W. H. Jones is the successful owner of the large seed and farming implement store 2045 Market street. He is about sixty years of age, possesses an open and genial expression of countenance, wears his hair, which is fast growing white, rather long and wavy, and is a fluent talker. For some twenty-five years he has been a believer in Spiritualism, and during that time he has studied and investigated its phenomena deeply.

Mr. Thomas Phillips, well-known in professional circles in this city and Camden, where he has lately located, is on the shady side of sixty, with a long and varied experience in the science of psychics, etc. In 1854 he first became interested in the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. At first a skeptic, he used every opportunity to seek out its mysteries. So much evidence of an unquestionable nature developed itself that he is now a firm believer. One of his experiences should here be narrated. In company with Captain Hutchinson and two others he bought two new slates from Shaw's hardware store, went to the house of a medium, through whom, on the slates, which were firmly fastened together and were not for a moment even out of sight, he received two communications, written apparently the one by a son, the other by Constantine Herring, who at that time was unknown to either of them. There was no evidence of trickery. In fact, there could have been none.

At another time Mr. Phillips invited twenty-five persons to his house, where, in a brilliantly lighted room, a test was again made. A committee of three took charge of the slates, which they screwed together and laid on the lap of the medium. After ten minutes or so had elapsed the small piece of pencil came from between the slates, which, when separated, disclosed the following message from his two year old daughter: "Father, mother and all—I am alive, well and happy; have grown in stature and in grace. You cannot tell how happy I am. ANN."

This child died in October, 1856, and the communication was received in 1880. Mr. Phillips says he has since had other messages, and that the characteristic features of the writing agree exactly. In two, between which an interval of many years elapsed, the words, "I don't want" occurred, and were identical in every respect.

Mr. P. L. Sanborn, one of the largest down town dry goods merchants, was until 1870 a member of the Methodist Church. His conversion to the belief of Spiritualism was brought about in a singular manner. He was traveling through the Western States, and one night when he was in Chicago the memory of his wife, who had died two months previously, pressed heavily upon his mind. He met an acquaintance, who suggested that he visit a "sensitive," the faith name for a medium. He followed this advice and procured a sitting. To his great surprise all the scenes surrounding the death of his wife, the conversation, names of those present and other facts were correctly given. And, what was still stranger, the sensitive foretold the future of his two sons, who were then but young children. Mr. Sanborn says the prophecy has been literally fulfilled, and his sons, who have grown to man's estate, are, like him, firm believers of "the great truth which underlies Spiritualism." He thinks that that belief, as it becomes more generally diffused, will be a great factor in bringing together the various Christian sects, which are now so opposite, and asserts that he could not be induced to change his faith under any possible circumstances.

A celebrity in the profession of medicine and surgery and a bright light in literature under the nom de plume of "John Darby," is Professor James E. Garretson of the Medico-Chirurgical College. No one in this

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

This is said to have been uttered eighteen hundred years ago, and yet it is unfortunately as true to-day as at that time. That it need be true we do not believe; yet as society is at present constituted it is an inevitable result. Legislature favors the aggrandisement of wealth in the hands of the few, to the great detriment of the masses who must consequently struggle with poverty. Whenever the people become intelligent enough as a body to remedy the evil it can be done. This whole world is a vast store-house wherein Nature has made abundant provision for all her children—both animal and human. If the human family are not endowed with sufficient intelligence to appropriate and distribute equitably the provision thus made for their comfort and maintenance a portion of them—and that portion a vast majority—must suffer privation and destitution while others are living and rioting in luxury at their expense. Who is responsible for this condition of things? *The people themselves.* "The voice of the people, is the voice of God;" then why does not God speak and change all this wrong? Ignorance, indifference, selfishness and lack of brotherly love, are the causes of this inertia. The wheel of fortune which turns against you to-day may favor you to-morrow; and so hoping against hope each one feels that it will be his turn next, and plods along waiting for "something to turn up" which never turns, and the poor wretch dies in his poverty while waiting. Humanitarian, philanthropic souls seeing existing evils, and being but a small minority of the sum total, knowing how utterly hopeless the attempt to bring about a change until the masses are ready to co-operate with them, have done the next best thing they could to relieve the present necessities of their suffering fellow-creatures and have organized and put into operation vast charities for the amelioration of the distressed. These charities are to the body politic, like an anæsthetic to a hopelessly diseased or dying person; they give temporary relief from suffering, but do not touch the root of the evil, or effect a cure of the disease. In this sense they are a blessing, and should be encouraged, until the patient dies, or a system of reconstruction and regeneration is inaugurated whereby a cure may be effected.

All social, religious, and fraternal societies and organizations have their established systems of charity, or provision for their sick and destitute; and a vast amount of distress is relieved by them. In this respect they have surpassed the protection and relief afforded by the national government to its helpless classes; for without these private charities the children of the Republic would suffer far greater destitution than at present. Public sentiment is responsible for this. It has been considered a *disgrace to be poor*, no matter what untoward circumstances may have developed the unhappy condition; and when the aged and infirm victim of such circumstances, or the young and helpless ones—have been obliged to seek shelter and protection in the homes provided by the government for such classes—the poor-houses, county-houses, or work-houses as they may be called, the stigma attached thereto has been so great, that none unless lost to all feelings of self-respect or independence, could be induced to accept such hospitality. Consequently private charities have sprung up of a more *respectable* kind, where the destitute and suffering could be assisted and yet not be disgraced. This, also, is the fault of the people. As long as such conditions of society obtain as make it possible for the many to suffer the pangs of poverty, they should also make it possible for such to seek and obtain relief from the national government without any stain or stigma attached thereto. It should be *respectable* to go to the "poor-house;" and when sufficient numbers of self-respecting, intelligent people, who have bravely fought with adversity and been vanquished in the fight, and like maimed and disabled veterans obliged to lay down their arms, and go *en masse* to the homes provided for them, and insist that such homes shall be comfortable and and decent habitations, there will come a revolution in public sentiment, and wealth will be made to realize that poverty has rights that *must be respected*; as one is the hand-maid of the other, and twin evils.

Of all the numerous organizations—religious and fraternal—there are none more derelict in their duty in regard to the destitute and helpless among them than are Spiritualists.

While their philosophy teaches the greatest charity, philanthropy, humanitarianism, universal brotherhood, and all the highest virtues it is possible to conceive of, yet in a practical exemplification of all these they are, as a body, most sadly deficient. There is no doubt that in response to appeals for individual help, in special cases, they are as generous and liberal as others; but they lack a systematized method of doing such necessary and important work. They should have a general relief fund for all emergencies, and never allow such a fund to become exhausted; so that in cases demanding immediate aid it could be forthcoming. Several instances showing the great necessity of such a fund have recently occurred in this city. One was that of the death of a poor, honest, hard-working Spiritualist—a good medium—who had lived an exemplary life, but whom unpropitious circumstances had made penniless, and at the end, when the silent messenger came, his aged companion, who had also toiled with him in his profession of tailoring, was left without means to bury the mortal remains of the one she loved. A kind-hearted undertaker volunteered to render this last service, and await the generous action of the Spiritualists of this city for compensation. The funeral took place last week.

Another case is that of one of the public mediums of this city, who has been ill for several months and is entirely destitute, with two children to provide for. At a recent meeting at Washington Hall, the Society of Progressive Spiritualists took a collection amounting to about thirty dollars, for this lady's benefit, which was but a meager sum towards paying rent, and providing the needful things of life, and was soon exhausted, leaving the case as hopeless as before. Now the question arises how are these emergencies to be met?

Who is coming to the rescue? A small amount from all would soon make a large sum; but when the burden of giving is constantly borne by a few, it becomes a tax that cannot long be sustained.

Will not the Spiritualists of San Francisco, whatever their other differences, unite in this one movement and form a mutual aid society, with a fund for such emergencies as those just mentioned? No one, however prosperous to-day, knows how soon he may have reverses and have need of the friendly aid of his fellows. Those who ride proudly upon the waves of prosperity and popularity may be engulfed to-morrow; and unless the friendly life-boat is manned and ready to succor the unfortunates, they must go down and perish in the wreck that may come to any and all. Any communications containing practical suggestions upon this subject will find a place in the columns of the DOVE.

Lots at East Monterey will, after April 10, be raised $5 per lot. The school there is an assured fact, and lots now sold for $35 and $50 will be worth $150, or more before the year is out. Mrs. Scott Briggs will be at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, from 10 to 5 daily.

Read the advertisement of the entertainment and ball at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening next.

MRS. E. B. CROSSETTE AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Union Spiritual Society, holding meetings every Wednesday evening at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. E. B. Crossette as their regular speaker.

"It was the writer's privilege to attend the and-able replies to questions through this lady's mediunship. Our very brief and imperfect report of these replies may serve to give the reader some idea of the interesting manner in which each subject meeting last week and listen to the eloquent was treated especially when it is known that Mrs. Crossette is an educated and accomplished lady, of pleasing presence and gentle, unaffected manners. Her language is chaste, and at times eloquent when the subject is one of especial interest. On this occasion a good audience was present, and after congregational singing, the president, Mrs. Addie Swain, introduced the speaker who announced that the control would answer questions from the audience. The first question was: "Do spirits know more than we mortals?"

She said: It depends on who the are is and who the spirit is. The man who lives experience, study, and observation has developed his mental and spiritual faculties is in a far different state from the one who has not done so, and whether he be a spirit or mortal would know more than those spirits less developed. To say that spirits, taken as a whole, do not know than mortals would be to say that spirits do not progress. The fact that they have passed through the varied experiences of life, and passed across death's river and gained the broader vision of the spirit implies a clear, perception of things pertaining to the immortal life than those still denizens of this world possess; for they have had two lessons and you but one.

Is Materialization a fact?

ANSWER.—Is matter a fact, and is spirit a fact? You know that in nature you see new forms springing into life from the darkness and mold of earth into which the tiny seed has been deposited. That is materialization. The same force can, in twenty-one years create a man, but as nature's forces can be used to hasten the development, or produce abnormal growths in vegetable life, so, also, can these same forces be used to create the semblance of a man if intelligently applied.

It is true as the everlasting hills; as true as nature and God, and you will find it if you search aright. Because the fraudulent and counterfeit exist the genuine must also exist. The question of what is genuine, or what is not, will never be settled as long as it is made a show and spectacle, and until only the pure and holy are allowed to minister in this temple—this holy of holies; and none should be permitted to enter its sacred vestibule who go with scorning and contempt in their hearts.

Will you explain Illumination?

ANSWER.—When the mind of man becomes so transparent that the light may shine through it, and his whole being is tuned in harmony and concord, then is he capable of becoming the recipient of the Holy Ghost—the truth and light of the spirit—and becoming illuminated, and reflecting its rays so that men will say: Behold! He has been with God upon the mountain tops, and His glory shines in his face and reflects upon all around. The Infinite worketh through him because he hath been found worthy to do this holy service for humanity.

Do spirits believe in evolution according to Darwin?

ANSWER.—Spirits certainly know that evolution is the law of nature, for looking back they trace the continuous unfoldment that enables them to rise, step by step, in a constant chain of new experiences, ever taking on higher forms and grander developments, ever growing toward the great Central Source of all life and being.

Is there any such thing as bad luck?

ANSWER. That things are seemingly bad we admit; but what is called bad luck is usually our own ignorance. Those who are successful never attribute it to luck, they call it wisdom, foresight, and their superior knowledge. Then, if you fail to attain and achieve that for which you hope and strive, be brave enough to take to yourself the responsibility of your failure and not call it bad luck.

Is Obsession a fact?

ANSWER. Most assuredly it is; obsession by spirits in the form and out of it. You seem to think it is confined to evil spirits; but this is a mistake. You are acted upon as you yield to any power in or out of the body, and after yielding once you lose your power of resistance and must drift with the current. This puts you in a condition to be obsessed. You become discordant through the jarring and inharmony around you and are seized upon by spirits who use you for their purposes. But by bringing to bear upon the obsessed the magnetic and electric conditions they need you can cause the spirit to depart

It behooves you to watch and guard yourself so closely that those may not come to you. If your souls seek for light—if your souls are in harmony and go out for higher and brighter things beyond you are safe from any untoward influences in or out of the body.

How can we obtain spiritual development amid financial embarrassments?

ANSWER. If a man's aim and object in this life is the attainment of this world's goods, to which all else is made subservient, and he amasses great wealth, and lives surrounded with every luxury the physical man could desire, is clothed in fine raiment and fed sumptuously every day, yet, in that tenement of clay stands a soul hungry, starved, naked and shriveled, that has craved food and been denied—that has been entirely ignored in the mad pursuit of that which ministered to the physical only.

The struggle of life—its financial embarrassments and ills would not be so great if you did not put such a fictitious value upon unnecessary things. If the unfoldment of the higher nature, reason, and intuition, were your desire you would not care whether you had a crust or a feast. You should not ignore the physical, but man makes too much of these things. Set at naught the unnecessary demands of the material and live more in the Spirit. For one half hour each day shut eyes and ears and say, I will hold communion with the Oversoul; and when you again go forth you will feel strong from having put your hand in the hand of the spirit, and cannot be put out of harmony. You have received God's benediction and it will lead you into the light

ANNIVERSARY ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL.

On Tuesday evening, April 2d, there will be a grand entertainment and ball at Irving Hall, 129 Post street, in commemoration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

The following programme will be presented:

Overture	American Brass Band.
Opening Address	Mr Charles Dawbarn.
Vocal Duet	John Slater and J. W. McKenzie.
Anniversary Poem	Mrs. J. M. Mathews.
Recitation, original	Fred Emerson Brooks.
Vocal Solo "Looking Back"	Miss Evangeline Ballou.
Recitation	Miss Valeria Hickethier.
Vocal Solo	John Slater.

Dancing and refreshments will follow. The committee having the arrangement in charge will endeavor to make the occasion one of enjoyment to all.

Committee: John Slater, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Prof. J. O Burdick, C. H. Wadsworth, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. J. M. Mathews, Mrs. E. B. Crossette.

GRANDMA HARRIS.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Perhaps the many friends of Mrs. Eliza Harris better known as Grandma Harris, will be glad to know that she has returned from an eight months sojourn in the country with her daughter and is at present stopping at 154 Mission street, Portland, Or.

Then will at the same time be pained to hear that her husband, who was paralyzed near three years ago, is again ill. I give this in this manner to let her friends in San Francisco and Portland know that she is still in the body and doing an able work for the spirit world.

We should not forget our old mediums who work along without any attempt to advertise themselves at the expense of good sense and Spiritualism.

It seems as if the "tried and true" are the easiest forgotten. If we knew of the many converts made to our blessed cause by these same retiring and unostentatious mediums, like Grandma Harris, they would receive their share of patronage, and at the same time be able to cheer the despairing. MORRIS S. LILDES.

PORTLAND, Or.

DOVE NOTES.

Read the notices of the anniversary exercises in the various halls for to-morrow.

Don't forget the anniversary entertainment and ball at Irving Hall, Tuesday evening next, April 2nd.

Dr. Dean Clark's Anniversary Poem will be read at the People's Meeting in Washington Hall to-morrow night.

Tickets for the anniversary entertainment and ball next Tuesday evening at Irving Hall, only fifty cents, refreshments included.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn will be present at the anniversary social at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening next and give a brief addrsss.

The American brass band, of twelve pieces, will discourse most excellent music for the dancing at the anniversary ball at Irving Hall Tuesday evening next.

The Ladies' Elsmere Club have secured the services of Mr. Charles Dawbarn for a lecture on Sunday, April 7th. The hour and place will be announced next week.

Charles Dawbarn and John Slater (the philosophical and the phenomenal), Fred Emerson Brooks and Valerie Hickethier, Eva Ballou and J. W. McKenzie, the American Brass Band and Laverna Mathews, a constellation of talent for the anniversary entertainment and ball, next Tuesday night at Irving Hall.

The next social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, will be held at the residence of the President, Mrs. E. B. Wheelock, 331 Geary street, on next Saturday evening, April 6th. Let there be a full attendance to aid and encourage the ladies in the prosecution of the good work they are so nobly performing.

In a recent letter from J. J. Morse in the *Banner of Light* we find a pleasant notice of our highly esteemed friend, Wm. Emmette Coleman, which we have taken the liberty of copying, and which we heartily endorse. Here itis:

"Many esteem Brother Coleman only as a critic and a bookworm, which is a great mistake. He is a pleasant one to meet socially, when in appropriate surroundings. He is the happy possessor of a magnificent library of several thousand volumes, and as a standard authority on fact and literature, in all matters of spiritual or liberal thought he is *sui generis*.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt-edges $5.50 The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Sunday evening meetings established at this hall, at No. 111 Larkin street, by Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Edith F. R. Nickless, are meeting with the success they justly deserve, and our citizens show their appreciation of the endeavors of these earnest workers, by turning out to the seating capacity of the lecture room. Sunday evening's services were very interesting. The discourse by the the controls of Mrs. Nickless, who took for their considerations, "Know Thyself—Unfold from Within," was listened to with marked interest. These are a few of the expressions snatched here and there. "When we know ourselves we are in a condition to know others. We are all of one family, and at some time have been very nearly in the same condition of unfoldment as our neighbor. Spirit has never had a beginning. It has lived always, consequently it can have no ending. It is never in the same condition—constantly changing; what it was to-day, it cannot be to-morrow. Every hour, every minute, each second, experiences a change as radical to itself as the most important changes which are perceived by us. Our progress toward perfect good is as rapid as the globe on which we live will permit. We cannot develop beyond the present possibibility of this world on which we live. Being part and parcel of that planet, in the physical, we are subject to its laws and conditions as long as we are dwellers within its influence or magnetism. As time rolls on and old earth throws off her crudeness, and adorns a more spiritual garb, then the happy dwellers thereon will be an entirely different class of people, changed in form and feature from those of to-day. Content and happiness will reign where now we have tumult and strife. It will be a pleasure for us to look from our spiritual home and see the grand condition dear old earth has evolved into. Our love for earth will never cease, any more than the love we now have for some spot on earth which has been made dear to us by association. Do not despair of your neighbor because he cannot see as you do. That which he sees is as essential to his growth in his present condition as that which you see is to yours. Despise not anything, but try to beautify everything by seeing the beauty that it has within itself, and which some time will expand and become a blessing to all who behold it. When we do this everything will become beautiful, and the so-called evil will disappear from our view." At the close of the remarks the control was greeted with a hearty applause.

"Sunflower," whom all who know love, described fifty-two departed friends, all but four of which were recognized. As the descriptions of some dear one who had passed from our physical sight was given and recognized, and the tear of gratitude overflowed from the overjoyed heart, we could but rejoice with the receiver of the message, and feel thankful that the gate between the two worlds had been opened and our departed ones could come and make known their presence and heal the wound that heretofore no panacea has ever been found. God bless "Sunflower" and her medium for the good she is doing. Mrs. Eliza McKinley controlled, and spoke to her many friends about the work her whole heart was engaged in while in the form, and was still engaged in. She spoke of the coming anniversary exercises, and said she should have a few words to say through the lips of the lady she was now using on that occasion. She hoped all present would attend Odd Fellows' Hall next Sunday evening, in commemoration of the day, and to help with their mite the noble woman who had given her strength to depletion for its promulgation.

Dr. Nickless treated several of the suffering who were present. Thus the meeting resulted in good to both soul and body.

"Sunflower" will give receptions at 108 McAllister, every Tuesday evening, and at College Hall, No. 106 McAllister every Thursday evening. Admission to the latter, ten cents.

There will be no services at St. Andrew's Hall on Sunday evening next; Mrs. Nickless will be at Odd Fellows' Hall, assisting in the anniversary services.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Notwithstanding hundreds of the attractions in the city on Sunday last, Mr. John Slater's seances were crowded, with hundreds of intelligent people, anxious to hear the marvelous tests of spirit presence as given by this unequalled platform test medium. People never tire of hearing Mr. Slater and they often complain of the seances being of too short duration, but considering that each service lasts from one hour and a quarter to one hour and a half it may seem short to the auditor, but must be a terrible strain on the medium; and so we must be satisfied. One great thing we notice at Mr. Slater's meetings, is, that not one person leaves the hall, until the very last word issues from his lips, and even then it seems impossible for them to break away; standing at the doors night after night by the hundreds waiting for Mr. Slater's smiling face, and to see him with his arms full of flowers. The tests, as usual, were of a most convincing nature, and we have no words to adequately express the admiration elicted as each test was presented, the audience, bursting out into loud applause, and anon hushed into a silence that was almost painful by some more striking test, and again into loud laughter at some comical evidences. And so on Sunday after Sunday. In the even tenor of his way Mr. Slater has, and is converting more people, to the knowledge of Spiritualism and spirit return, than any other medium living.

Facts are given that convince the most skeptical. There is no stereotyped list of names, that can be very easily gleaned from sources no

spiritual. No monotony, all bright, pure, good, elevating, making all who attend these meetings, feel better toward their fellows. The flowers were very beautiful. Next Sunday, March 31st, anniversary exercises at the "Temple" at 2:30 in the afternoon, and in the evening a grand concert and test seance. The hall will be beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and a general good time all around. REPORTER.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Fraternity Hall was crowded last Sunday evening to listen to the unusually interesting exercises by the young people and the very able lecture by P. C. Tomson of Philadelphia, who spoke rapidly for three quarters of an hour upon "Insanity and Its Causes."

Mrs. Tomson, an exceptionally good subject for the spirit world, interested the audience with demonstrations by three distinct intelligences. The first, a Scotch control, spoke beautiful words of cheer and comfort. Next came a peculiarly interesting and amusing Indian control, who, after giving several tests, gave a prayer which, although extremely comical at times was deep and telling.

G. F. Perkins sang "The Tempest," and by request Mrs. Perkins assisted in singing "Only a Thin Veil Between Us" and "Glad That We Are Living Here To-Day." Miss Lizzie Filer gave a beautiful recitation, also Oscar Stormfield and R. H. Ely, favored the audience with selections. The interest in the entertainment on Saturday and the meetings on Sunday in commemoration of the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism is increasing, and a good time is expected.

Mr. Tomson and others will assist the Young People next Sunday evening.

"ONE OF 'EM."

The spiritual meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was largely attended. The platform was occupied during the entire evening by two of our well-known mediums, who have often appeared before the public, giving great satisfaction. Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers and Mrs. Ladd Finnican in appearing before the public, do honor and credit to the cause of Spiritualism. It is maintained by the managers of these meetings that only first-class mediums should be brought before the public in order to bring Spiritualism up to the higher plane.

As an independent spiritual meeting this one has been a success. Its audiences are composed of intelligent and investigating minds, and system and order is the rule that governs. Mrs. Stears and Mrs. Finnican as mediums give most convincing proof of sincerity and genuineness. Such mediums as these and Dr. Schlesinger and others of this class, are convincing, and command the highest regard and the respect of the best class of the community.

Mrs. Muhlner added greatly to the interest of the occasion by her sweet and beautifully rendered solos, accompanied by Mrs. Katz, pianist.

Next Sunday evening will be the celebration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism and it will be a grand and highly interesting occasion. The programme is full and complete, and will consist of a musical, spiritual and intellectual treat; songs, short speeches, female quartete, recitations, anniversary poem. As the anniversary comes but once a year, we wish it to be an enjoyable occasion, therefore welcome all to our feast of good things, and should there be any that have not the small admission fee, they shall be freely made welcome and all are invited. REPORTER.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Another interesting meeting convened last Sunday to hear the question of "The Duties and Responsibilities of Mediums" again discussed, and it proved the most interesting of the series of four that have been given. The opening speaker was Mr. Hatch. E. G. Anderson's address was instructive and common sense all through. The speech of the afternoon was given by Mr. P. Tomson, showing by many interesting experiences of his own, that mediums are not alone responsible, but are irresponsible to a great extent, and depend largely upon their surroundings as also do all humanity and that aspirations and desire for the good and true is only safety from undeveloped conditions with which we may come in contact. Mrs. Miller spoke in the same direction and spoke of the power of prayer to overcome evil. Solo by Miss Wheeler. Dr. Mead was the next speaker. Judge Swift took this occasion to speak of the little book on sale at the meeting and at the Dove office, "Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. J. A. Collins," inviting all to buy it. Cost ten cents.

AN INTERESTING TIME.

Those Spiritualists and others who were so fortunate as to be present at Mrs. Logan's meeting, last Sunday, in St. George's Hall, 994½ Market street, enjoyed a rare treat—a literal "feast of spirit and flow of soul." The meeting was opened by a few well-chosen and timely remarks by the worthy president, Mrs. Logan, on "Mesmerism" in which she gave a brief sketch of its origin and history. She was followed by Mr. P. C. Tomson, whose address was full of good points and instructive similes. Mr. T. is a very easy, fluent speaker, and always seems to interest his hearers. Mr. Hyde, of Alameda, was the next speaker, and as usual, gave us many new thoughts, after which, assisted by his sister, Mrs. Logan, he sang that beautiful spiritual song, "Meet Again." Mrs. Cowell, of Oakland, and Miss Stevens, recently from the East, both of whom are fine mediums, made excellent addresses under control, which were heartily applauded by the large audience. Dr. Houbert's control also made a few remarks, taking a calla lily as the ground upon which to base them. Mrs. Higgins also gave us a deeper insight into the truth of our philosophy. Mr. Peterson pleaded the cause of undeveloped spirits and new arrivals in the spirit land who often come to us for help in their upward struggle. Mr. Hyde again spoke illustrating the difference in the work of Love and Wisdom. One of the best features of the day, however, was the parts taken by the little ones, and not the least of these was Miss Helen Henry's recitation of "The Passport Gained," which won her a hearty round of applause. The young man, of whose development your readers have heard, was present, took the platform, and made a short inspirational address, which for clearness, well-rounded periods, and logic, one seldom hears excelled. It is my belief—as well as that of many others—that he is destined to be of great use to our loved cause. Mrs. Pruden made some fine remarks under control of her little son, called up four little children from the audience, and with them went through the intricate motions of a march, Mr. Wilbur presiding at the piano, after which Master Lee Farnham recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in a very creditable manner. The evening meeting was also very interesting. Mr. Mills and others speaking, and one cannot but feel that these meetings are doing much good and spreading the light effectively.

Next Sunday evening the 31st anniversary will be celebrated at St. George's Hall, by Mrs. Logan and friends, when a choice programme of music, speaking, tableaux, etc., will be presented. A. P. W.

ANNIVERSARY NOTES.

On Sunday evening, March 31st, there will be an anniversary celebration at Odd Fellows' Hall, for the benefit of Madame De Koth, who has been ill for a long time and is greatly in need of aid.

The Independent Spiritualists will celebrate the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at 35 Eddy street, next Sunday evening, the 31st. An interesting and varied programme, consisting in part of an inspirational poem for the occasion; short addresses by Messrs. W. H. Holmes, T. Curtis, G. C. Irvin and Swift, Mrs. E. B. Crossette, Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers; music, solos, a female quartette, Mr. Muhlner, Mr. Hirschberg, Mr. Ely, Mrs. Rutter, etc. Mrs. B. Katz, pianist. All invited; a good time expected

The Progressive Spiritualists will celebrate the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Sunday, 31st of March, at 2:30 P. M. The exercises will consist of short addresses, commemorative of the occasion, by many of the old-time Spiritualists. An anniversary poem, written for the occasion, will be given by Mrs. Mathews. Short speeches will be given by Mrs. Ada Ballou, Mr. Tomson of Philadelphia, Mrs. M. J. Hendee and many others. Tests from the platform by Mrs. Ladd Finnican and Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers. Music by Mrs. Katz, Eugenia Clark, Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Rutter.

MY ANCESTOR'S WRAITH.

(*Continued from page* 205).

had happened to me; then gradually the vision had pictured itself in my mind, and I began to review the late events. Was it all a dream, and why had it such an effect on me? Evidently I was the victim to some hallucination which was unbecoming in a sane man.

Soon a sense of the absurdity of my position asserted itself. That I, one of Her Majesty's veteran troops, should have fainted like the veriest schoolgirl was too absurd. Evidently the doctor thought so too, for after listening to my heart for a moment, he said with a scarcely-suppressed smile:

"Colonel Thynne, about five minutes after you left the dining-room we heard a noise as of some one falling, and we found you lying at the foot of the stairs. A lucky thing for you that your headstruck on the mat, not on the stone. Have you any remembrance of what took place during that time?"

Remembrance! Was there any fear I should have forgotten or ever should forget what I had seen and heard in those five minutes? I related exactly what had occurred. The doctor listened attentively, and then inquired: "Have you ever had a touch of sunstroke?"

"No, never."

"Ah, I thought perhaps you had. These hallucinations often follow that sort of thing; but, in any case, the Indian climate works the deuce with a man's nerves. You must take life easy for a time. Try a sea-voyage. Coming back to your old home has upset you, I suppose. You don't look an impressionable fellow, though."

Mr. Foster interrupted him. "If this be a hallucination, how do you account for Nellie's experience?"

"Oh, Miss Nellie is a nervous, susceptible girl, and the sooner you get her out of the house the better. With the Colonel it is another sort of thing. Now Colonel, as between men of the world, what do you think of this affair yourself?"

"I cannot think of it—that's just the point, but I should like that sixth step to be taken up."

"My dear Colonel," the doctor began; but again Mr. Foster interrupted him.

"You are right, Thynne; it shall be taken up at once."

"But easier said than done; the servants were summoned, a carpenter sent for, but it is no small task to take up a solid oak step. Fully an hour had been passed before even the first block had been removed. When this was done we found that underneath it were other planks, scarcely less solidly fixed.

"Foster, this is really nonsense, pulling your house to pieces in this way. What will Mrs. Foster say?"

But scarcely had the doctor finished speaking when one of the men called out that he could see the corner of an iron box. In a moment our coats were off; side by side with the servants we were all struggling to drag out of its resting-place a great, iron, deep box, of the same sort and size as those which I can remember used in the old days to stand in the Priory strong-room. It was about six feet long and perhaps two broad.

The box was found securely locked, which caused a further delay, and the time seemed interminable before it could be opened. At length the lid was raised, and revealed to our view a small sized skeleton, partially covered by a gown of pink brocade, inwrought with threads of gold. Of the face and neck nothing but the bones remained, though all around them, forming, as it were, a glittering pillow for the ghastly, eyeless head to rest upon, lay masses of long, bright, golden hair.

In our family annals stand the following records:

* * * * *

"Jasper Thynne, son of the above third baronet, born February 1, 1645. Married Isabel, daughter of the Count Theodor of Valsarina, May 13, 1670."

There is a short marginal note attached to the announcement, of Sir Jasper's marriage, setting forth that the Lady Isabel left her home secretly during the night of September 17, 1674; and that, although her husband, Sir Jasper, sought for her with all diligence to the day of his death, he was never able to discover either her retreat or the name of her lover.

Who was the owner of the note? Was it Sir Jasper?—*Oregon State Journal.*

ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM BY JOHN SLATER AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

PROGRAMME.

Organ Solo.....II Trovatore
Prof. Eckman.
Recitation.....Selected
Miss Jessie Cranston.
Trio.....from Attila
Miss Blanche Dorland, Mr. Albert Tissot and John W. Mackenzie.
Piano Solo.....Selected
Mr. Lesley Martin.
Duet.....
"Home to Our Mountain"
Miss May Code and Mr. John Slater.
Baritone Solo.....
"The Message," Blumenthal
Mr. John W. Mackenzie.
Soprano Solo.....
"'Twas a Dream"
Miss Blanche Dorland.
"The Cuckoo Song".....by request
Mr. John Slater.
Contralto Solo.....
"Mio Fernando," Verdi
Miss May Code.
Tenor Solo.....
"Mappari," Martha
Mr. Albert Tissot.
Quartette.....Rigaletto.
Miss Dorland, Mrs. Grant, Mr. Tissot and Mr. Mackenzie.
Grand Test Seance.....
John Slater.

A NEW BOOK.

Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science.

I have contributed to various journals during the past year, sections from a work on Psychic Science, which embodies the inspirations given me on the spiritual nature of man, in its connection with his physical existence and independent thereof. Those who have read these articles will, at least partially, understand the character of the work. It essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause.

The leading subjects treated are as follows: Matter, Life, Spirit, Mind; what the Senses teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution; Scripture Methods of the Study of Man, and Results; What is the Sensitive State; Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism, Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness proved by Psychometry; Sensitiveness during Sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness induced by Disease, Thought Transference; Intimations of an Intelligent Force Superior to the Actor; Effect of Physical Conditions on the Sensitive; Unconscious Sensitiveness; Prayer, in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Transference; Immortality—What the Future Life must be granting the preceeding Facts and Conclusions; Mind-Cure, Christian Science; Metaphysics, their Psychic and Physical Relations.

I hope to publish the work the coming spring, but desired to secure the cooperation of those interested in this subject by receiving at once, in advance, as many subscribers as possible. Those who are willing to be promoters of the early publication of the book, will please send their names and addresses to me. They can send the money with their order, or when the work is commenced, as suits their convenience. The book will contain about 250 pages, be printed on fine paper, good type and handsomely bound in cloth. To those who subscribe in advance, the price will be $1.00, postage free. Subscribers copies will contain the autograph of the undersigned. Address,

HUDSON TUTTLE,
BERLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

OAKLAND ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

The Spiritualists of Oakland will celebrate the anniversary this, Saturday evening, with an entertainment and ball at Shattuck Hall, corner Eighth street and Broadway.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

Correspondence.

AN ADVENTURE.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: For the last week I have been sojourning in Menlo Park with an old schoolmate, and as I have not seen her for a year and a half, you can imagine our tongues were not idle, and we managed to pass the time agreeably in spite of the fact that it has rained every day, but one, since I came. Between the lulls in the showers on Thursday last, we visited the Stanford University.

There are ten buildings completed of about seventy-five which are intended, and work is being pushed rapidly. Of course it rained while we were gone, but, as we had provided for that we didn't care, but laughed gayly when a particularly large, pearly drop settled on our noses and moralized on the disastrous effect it would have produced if we had been sugar or salt.

I never made a visit without some thrilling adventure and I wondered how it was going to be this time. When it rained all the time I didn't see how we could "adventurize," but it was provided for. On Saturday last the sky cleared and the sun shone brightly. At about five o'clock Liela and myself started for a drive. We happened to turn towards the right at the first branching of the road, and the reen depends the adventure. At the next branching we were divided between the Mayfield or Searsville road, but Searsville triumphed and so on we drove. Before us lay the foothills with their carpet of green enlivened with patches of yellow, pink, or blue wild flowers.

The mountains lay beyond, enchantingly beautiful in a purple haze. On and on we rode, the breezes which gently fanned our faces, bearing odorous whiffs of wild flowers, woods and ferns, and the snatches of the meadow-lark's song to us. Very soon the road began to have a wilder look, and pausing on the brow of a hill and gazing back, I cast my eye over the landscape. On the left was a rocky hill which rutted out against the clear, blue sky. The sun was setting and the heavens were studded with soft, fleecy pink and purple clouds. Growing in the face of this rocky hill were scrub oaks and the base was lost in a tangle of live oaks, wild vines and laurels. Below us lay softly rounded foothills dotted with live oak trees and their tops touched with the slanting rays of the sinking sun. On the right stretched away the purple mountains. Here and there, at their base rose a redwood or two outlined in their rearness against the distant mountain slopes.

Our artist soul would feign sit forever gazing, but these slanting beams recalled us to ourselves, and leaving this behind we rounded the hill, shutting out this beautiful vision. A few more minutes and Searsville lay at our feet, nestling close to these mountains the trees and o'er it protectingly and the purple sentinels wering above it dreamlike and enchanting.

The first man we met directed us, and on we drove. Here the roads begun to get muddy and wild.

A branch of the road and a sign-board told the traveler it was the road to "La Honda Pescadero."

The dark shadows and the romantic names were very tempting, but our road was equally as mysterious and shadowy, and, as home lay in that direction we crossed a bridge over a purling stream and drove into the darkness beyond. Overhead the red woods met, the golden moon could be seen through the branches and the "woody" smell of the trees was delicious.

Now we passed a white cottage nestling among the trees, now, a group of kine cropping grass then an open space in the redwoods through which we viewed the twinkling stars.

On one side of the road rose the mountains and below us on the other stretched a green wheat field. Then more redwoods with here and there a romantic path crossing the road making one long to investigate the leafy beyond. Tangled vines and mossy banks starred with the golden-backed ferns or delicate varieties of odorous wild forget-me-nots. Then across a bridge and looking down on rushing waters and fragrant willow copse.

The road was muddy, muddier, muddiest, but the musical blending of moonlight, aromatic perfume of the redwoods, and rushing waters and cricket songs kept our minds above the muddy roads.

Liela said it was time we began to look for familiar signs. The redwoods disappeared, the mountains retired to the background, and we rode on into the silvery moonlight. Our road wound round hill after hill and the valley at our right was down—down—down—and from its darksome depths came the silvery sound of the babbling stream.

With one accord we started a song to cheer us on our way. Very soon our road branched again, and we took the one which seemed most familiar, but alas! it was not the right one, and so we turned back crossed another bridge, passed another willow copse and on on and on.

After awhile we came to the conclusion we were lost; and when the road branched again we knew it. At a wayside cottage we alighted and asked our way. A motherly Spanish woman directed us, telling us we were on the way to Mayfield and we had missed the Menlo road miles back, so we continued on the Mayfield road, thanking our stars that we had asked for we might have taken the road to Mountain View, farther still from home.

The road was first rocky, then muddy; the mountains and streams and trees were left behind and our road was up and down with nothing entrancing but moonlight. We sang song after song to cheer us on our way, and when the lights of Mayfield twinkled through its trees we sang "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," but home was still four miles and a half away. Our hearts bounded lightly and we sang with more spirit, feeling that there were some prospects of getting home before daylight. The road lay level before us and with smiling faces we passed Menlo and turned into the road for home. It seemed but a little while that the house was visible and when we reached the gate we sighed, "at last."

Thus ended our adventure, but when we reached the house, we found that Liela's brother and the neighbors were scouring the country round, advertising "Lost, strayed, or stolen young ladies, a black and tan dog and a horse and wagon."

We were very sorry and hoped they wouldn't take the long trip we had taken, but they soon returned. They fainted us back in the mud, but we assured them we were only lost, not—

Cold and tired we crawled into bed and soon in dreams were roaming redwood forests with babbling streams at our feet. G. M.

SPIRITUALISM IN SANTA CRUZ.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: We are having glorious times here in Santa Cruz. There is more life to the square rod than there are roods in acre, by a large majority, just now. Mr. John Slater came here on February 8th, and gave the ball a lively start, then comes Mr. Moody down to the "help of the Lord against the mighty," to help Satan's cause like a lizard from the burning "hell prepared for the devil and his angels," and to interfere with the game that Slater started, but as Slater had an interest in the game he proposed to come again and see it through, so on March 8th he came, and gave us four nights to crowded houses; the result was, that the truths he enumerated aroused the greatest interest in the people who attended, and the greatest ammosity in the breasts of some who did not come to hear him. Our good Baptist brethren imported a second prophetess Bardam, a Miss C. Kellogg to come down and "curse we the people for behold they are too great to be cursed," Moody and blessed and cursed not, for after quoting the Bible from Genesis to Revelation to prove the communion of spirits with mortals, admitting the realities of familiar spirits, she had to eliminate all the attributes of materialism, clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance, and fraud, in order to show that but little would be left; but there was a little left after all, and she fondly believed in familiar spirits. Then from the various ramparts of orthodoxy bigotry manned by zealous warriors for the faith, hot shot and shell has rained on our devoted heads, through the daily press, without however causing any fatal results so far as heard from. One of the more zealous for the Lord opened his phials of wrath and decently wished he could drown all the Spiritualists like the herd of swine. Oh! I fell soon as I was just "perfectly lovely," this Christian spirit these brothers are manifesting. And now comes to our midst Doctor Schlesinger, whom to know is to love, who was with us to-day at our meeting, and will remain a few days with us, giving us from his rich store house truths from the immortal shores, and messages from the loved ones gone before. He gave some tests to-day to a few who were only waiting to have the truth, as he can give it to finally settle the question and eradicate the last vestige of doubt in their minds. He will give us an evening this week at the church, and we look forward with great anticipation to the treat in store. By the way, I send you a paper with a reply to one who was pleased to write a most scurrilous article on what transpired at Mr. Slater's meetings, which expresses the sentiments of every Spiritualist, and liberal soul in the community. I shall be pleased to communicate the success of the Doctor here, and from what has already transpired we are rejoicing at the prospective harvest, to be gathered after the seeding time by him. Yours for the truth,

W. H. BAXTER.

SANTA CRUZ, March 24, 1889.

Poetry.

TWO CITIES.

BY DORA DARMOORE.

Two cities I saw to-night,
And both were white and still;
One in the valley lieth,
The other on the hill.
Beneath the roofs of one,
The sleepers toss and dream,
Of coming joy or sorrow,
And many a golden scheme.

But where the other city
Rears many a marble door,
The sleep is all unbroken—
The sleepers dream no more
The moonbeams, pale and misty,
Wrap both in silvery sheen:
In both the flowers are blooming—
Their tints by both unseen.

But on the coming morrow,
One will awake again;
Will wake to joy or sorrow,
Will wake to bliss or pain,
Will wake to cull life's flowers,
Or, perchance, to pluck its thorns:
To laugh with careless laughter,
Or weep, as wears and worn.

It will turn with wistful glances
Up to the quiet hill,
Where lieth the other city
The city so white and still;
The city which never wakens,
Tho' all the live-long day,
Round its silent door the birds sing,
And wandering children play.

Ah, well! some day, not distant,
The cities which now I see,
Will have grown in size and beauty;
But how changed for you and me.
Those aisles so still and quiet,
Will all be lengthened then;
These busy streets we oft tread
Be filled with other men.

While from a fairer country
Beyond the waiting stars,
Where sin can never enter,
Nor sorrow come to mar—
Our free and happy spirits,
Bound by earth's chain no more,
Down the etherial heavens,
On angels' wings may soar.

And perchance may stand in silence,
And view, as I did to-night,
Our olden home so beautiful,
By the moonbeam's silvery light;
With its sister cities, lying
Asleep, so white and still,
One nestling in the valley,
The other on the hill.

FIRST LOVE.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all, who need indeed his care;
And yet I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps, and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one whom—Heaven help and pity me—
Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think.
We are all changed. God judges for us be it;
God, help us do our duty and not shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear,
Who knows the past? And who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child, he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all

WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY WILLIAM BENTON.

Not masses, nor crosses, nor Catholic creeds,
Nor mumbling of aves, nor counting of beads,
Nor church-going, psalm-singing, paying of priests,
Attendance on sermons, prayer-meetings or feasts,
Nor wearing a broad brim, and plain "thees" or "thous,"
Or strait-collared coat, from the world's fashion free,
It is not to kneel with a long, pious face,
Or sing solemn anthems in some holy place,
In sect to be crushed, or on a creed nursed,
Believing that every outsider is cursed;
That God has ordained us in heaven to dwell,
But left countless millions to drop into hell.
Religion is love in the heart and the life,
The soother of sorrow, destroyer of strife;
The soul's best physician, relieves every pain,
And in her dark craven lights hope once again.
It curses no one who has doubts of its creed;
It hunts up no martyrs to burn or to bleed;
It tells of no devil with tortures and chains,
No hell of unending and horrible pains.
It seeks not to bless men by force or by fear,
But draws them with love to a God very near
It tells of the right, and it whispers Obey;
To happiness, virtue alone is the way.
This world it makes happy; and then, beyond this,
It points to another all sunny with bliss.
Bright heaven of hearts, how fair are thy skies!
Thou home of the good, and thou school of the wise.

LOVE'S WHISPER.

Go, heart of mine, and hasten to my love:
Tell him I mourn throughout the slow, sad hours,
And that I wander through forsaken bowers
Like some disconsolate and widowed dove,
Who, being one forsaken of her mate,
Doth wander ever after desolate.

Go, heart of mine, and tremble in his breast:
Tell him that I am like the winds that scour
O'er hill and vale, that leafy woods deflower,
And meadows many dued, yet find no rest.
But making moan which never doth abate,
Do wander up and down disconsolate.

Go, heart of mine, and whisper in his ear
That I am like a tree no longer green,
Where Winter's barrenness may be foreseen
In branch and bough, by Autumn's touch made sere;
And like the leaves which rough winds violate,
The days from off my life drop desolate.

And if that move him not, go kiss each lip,
And tell him that I can no longer live,
Unless he come again to me and give
His sweet and ever-constant fellowship.
And from his lips thou shalt not separate
Until he swears to be compassionate.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain;
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the drowsy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of Cain,
Would our manhood dare doom them,
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,
Thus the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that, when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellowmen.

MARGUERITE.

With her box of building blocks
Marguerite, of dark brown hair,
Changing oft her simple plan,
Builds a castle in the air.

Scarce two summers is she yet,
Full of joy and free from care.
Conscious of her blocks alone,
Builds her castle in the air.

Many a tower the castle boasts,
Lofty roofs and winding stair,
As the little name with pride
Builds her castle in the air.

Laws of gravity defied,
Full too soon their rule declare;
To the floor the ruin falls,
Vanished castle in the air.

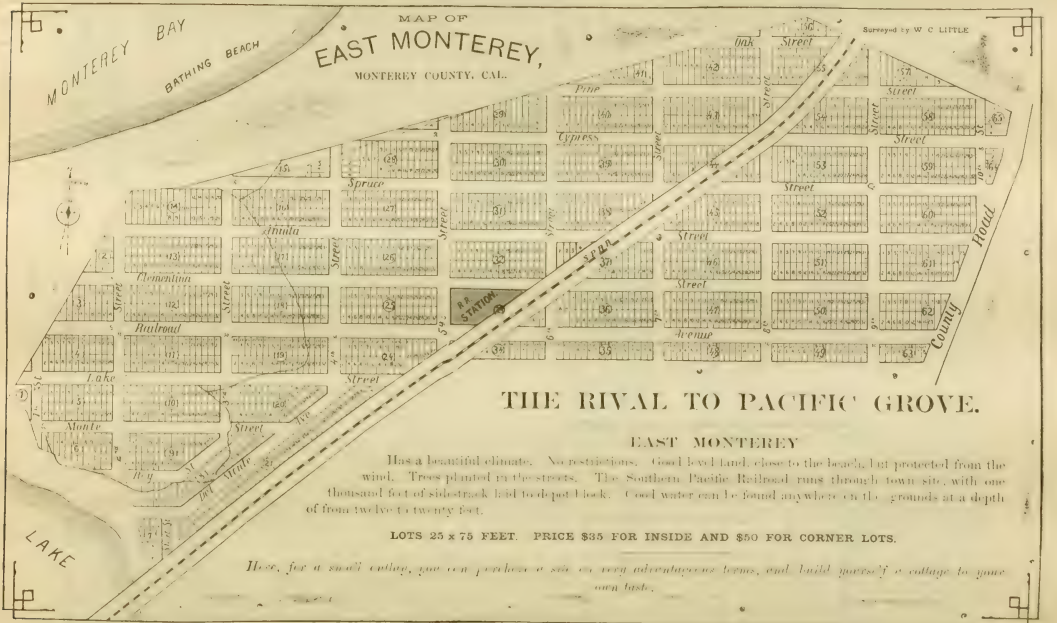
So her elders in their dreams,
Seek relief from brooding care;
Only wake to find like her
Castles vanish in the air.

W. C. Wood.

TO C——.

Life would be dark and drear
Without thy presence. And the days
Would glide around me as the shadow plays,
Without an object my lone heart to cheer;
The stars would have no meaning in their eyes,
The fields, and flowers and streams,
All sameness seem beneath the sunless skies;
While joy would only visit me in dreams
Of what might be if thou wert ever near.

No other face could awake
The music in my heart, which, day by day,
Makes life more cheerful. If thou wert away,
No other voice could thrill my restless heart
Like thine, and but its gathering loom depart.
No resting there beneath the starry skies
To woo my soul to tarry, I would take
The burden of my life, and softly lay
It by my side, and ask, with tearful eyes,
To go where thou wert gone, nor ask the way.


MAP OF
EAST MONTEREY,
MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.
Surveyed by W. C. LITTLE
MONTEREY BAY
BATHING BEACH
LAKE
Oak Street
Pine Street
Cypress Street
Spruce Street
Anita Street
Clementina Street
Railroad Avenue
Lake Street
Monte Vista
Del Monte Avenue
Sloan Street
R.R. STATION
Monterey and Salinas Valley Road
THE RIVAL TO PACIFIC GROVE.
EAST MONTEREY
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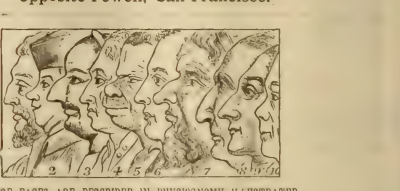

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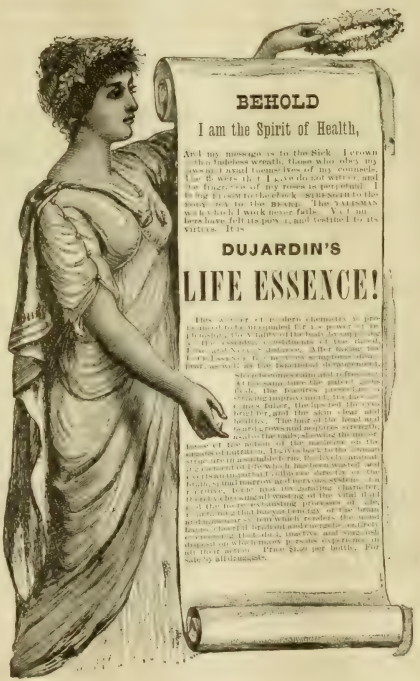

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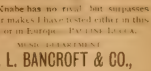
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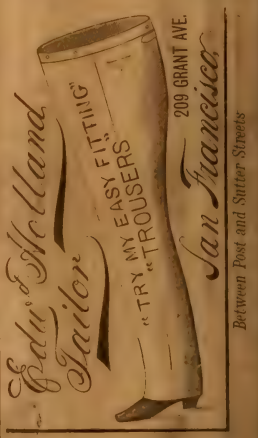

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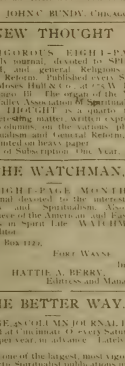

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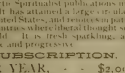

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VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 6, 1889. NUMBER 14.

Original Contributions.

Early Life In California.

BY LEON M. BOWDOIN.

NUMBER TEN.

Of all the subjects we felt an interest in during our pioneering in California, getting letters from home was the all-absorbing one. The desire for that was simply intense, and threw in the shade all other considerations, and it was a feeling in which there was no cessation.

There was erected on "Telegraph Hill" a high mast arranged with movable arms that could be extended at different angles to indicate the kind of craft approaching the "Golden Gate," as seen by the man on the lookout with a glass. When nothing was coming, the arm hung down. Then sometimes we would see one arm go up at right angles with the mast, then again up at an angle of 45°, then two at the same angle. Shippers knew what any or all of these signs indicated, whether a brig, schooner, ship or steamer.

But the signal that everybody understood, was two arms pointing out at right angles like a guide board. That meant a side-wheel steamer, the kind that comes semi-monthly and brings our mail. And within a day or two of her being due all eyes were turned toward the signal.

Many hundred times we have turned a wishful glance that way that met no response. But when at last we saw the two arms stretching straight out for a "side wheel steamer" it electrified the whole city, and the cry sounded from one end to the other "The steamer is coming; the steamer is coming," and then hours before the mail was distributed, men rushed to the post office and formed a line to await their turn. No scrambling or crowding. The position in the line was respected by all, and a person attempting to "jump" another's chance would have the whole line against him. Sometimes we used to go there at four o'clock in the morning with a camp stool and wait till eight or nine. Next morning after the mail got in those not coming till seven, found hundreds ahead of them, and I have seen the line reach from the post office on the upper side of the plaza to Montgomery street, and a block or two along that street. Many who had leisure took their place in the line to "sell out" when near the window for one, two or three dollars, according to the rush. And when after all that waiting, the clerk shook his head at us, how disconsolate we felt, as though we had lost our best friend, and with a heavy heart go at our work again

The sign of two arms out for a "side-wheel steamer" was in everybody's thought, and the story was told of an actor in the theatre coming out in one scene in an anxious manner, with both arms extended in astonishment at what he saw, exclaiming with extended arms, "What does this mean?" and before he could be answered from the stage, a boy in the pit sang out, "side-wheel steamer;" that brought down the house and they didn't hear the other answer.

For amusements at home in those days we had card playing. Euchre was the regular game, and I think there was more euchre playing to the acre in California in those old times from '50 to '54 than was ever known elsewhere.

For public resorts the gambling houses were the most attractive to the masses. They occupied the most conspicuous part of the city, around the Plaza, or Portsmouth square as it was sometimes called.

They were fitted up in gorgeous style, having very fine bands of music, and the walls were hung with paintings that would grace any picture gallery. They were brilliantly lighted for those days, and kept in an orderly manner.

Judging from descriptions we have had of the closing scenes of our last legislature no such disgraceful spectacles were ever tolerated in any first-class gambling house of those times.

Not one in ten who habitually visited those places did so to bet on any of the games. In each saloon were from six to a dozen tables, with piles of gold and silver, which were called the "bank" of the proprietor, and not a night was passed without some "bank" being "broke" by a run of luck in favor or some fortunate player.

As soon as it was known that such a thing was in progress a stampede would take place for that special house and table. In all the saloons at one time it was said there were as many as a hundred tables. The most noted places were the California Exchange, the Eldorado, the Verandah, the Bella Union and the Arcade.

Going to the theatre was an amusement we indulged in sparingly, owing to the cost, tickets $2 and upwards.

A large majority of those old-timers kept "Bachelors' Hall," and the duties of home life, cooking, washing dishes, mending, etc., took the larger part of our spare time, and our manner of life would have been a curiosity for our female friends at home to have witnessed

In our little room 9x12 we had a cook stove, table, all our household furniture, and four bunks. To wash and turn around we had to go out doors. Much of our cooking was done evenings for the day following. Our first attempts to reproduce some of the old home dishes, were sometimes ludicrous. The baked beans, brown bread, doughnuts, hasty pudding and milk the first kettle we had of the latter especially so.

Some of the boys said if I would hunt up the milk they would make the mush.

I remembered seeing in some of our Sunday tramps over Telegraph Hill, on the west side of it, a Mexican corral, with a hut and family in it, near by, and with my milk pail I made for that spot, after having brushed up my Spanish, as I thought, sufficiently to ask for the milk without "putting my foot in it"

Remembering the fate of the boy who was sent for allspice, pepper and ginger," and kept repeating it all right till he stubbed his toe and falling got it changed into "Tar pitch and Turpentine." I made a memorandum of what I wanted to say in Spanish, to which I was assisted by the best linguist of our camp, Capt. Robert Cleaves. I carried it in my vest pocket to have handy in an emergency. I found the Mexican and proceeded to business without consulting my memorandum, and asked in Spanish, "Tiene V leche?"

The Mexican answered, "Si, Senor." I asked the price, six reals, 75 cents per quart. I handed him my little two-quart tin pail, and told him how much I wanted, all in my best Spanish, and was congratulating myself on my success as a linguist, when I noticed a puzzled look on his bronzed visage and then a laugh, and he called the "Senora" to come out, she came and asked how much of the "leche" I wanted. I told her and she laughed, and some of the "pickaninnies" came out and they laughed also. I thought something must be wrong and pulled out my memorandum, and found I had asked him

to put ten quarts of milk into my two-quart pail, and then I laughed with them. I laughed in English and they laughed in Spanish.

With the help of two fingers I corrected my Spanish and cut it down to two quarts, and the man took his larrietta and tackled the cow. He started her around the corral, and soon threw the noose to catch her hind foot. The first time he missed it, and with a "muttered "carrahoo" drew in his line.

The second trial was successful, and he handed me the rope to hold while he milked. That milk, I can swear, was the pure article, not even being contaminated by a strainer, and I was too much puzzled about how he threw that rope to catch the cow's hind foot, to criticise his other maneuvers. It seemed a mystery to me, and is so still, whether he threw it on the ground where the foot was going to step, or aimed at the foot "on the fly." I thought it best not to tell the boys how the Mexicans got the laugh on me, but it was too good to keep and I "let the cat out," and it was a long time before I heard the last of my milk pail.

Although in the early Fifties our physical wants were well supplied, having plenty of good, nourishing food, all the clothing we wanted, and most of us a good shelter, there was an unappeasable hunger for the greatest luxury of civilized society; the company and sympathy of our mothers and sisters, "sweethearts and female friends.

Occasionally we found while prospecting the city, a domicile where the unmistakable evidence of female presence was seen. The table nicely set with a clean white table cloth; "crockery" on the table instead of tin ware; dishes washed every meal instead of our *upside down expedient*. The housekeeper in skirts, with a clean apron on, instead of the kind that wore blue overalls and blue flannel shirts, and the sight was tantalizing in the extreme.

We would walk by the house, and then as though we had forgotten something retrace our steps and pass it again, all the while looking out of that corner of the eye towards the house where the woman was, and when out of hearing exclaim in "euchre phrase," "That man holds the right bower, sure," and if there were any daughters around, added "and a hand full of trumps." But here the simile ended, for we never supposed that a man so fixed would ever want to play the game (of life) "alone."

The way our friends of the female persuasion back home pictured us out in their mind's eye, was well set forth in a letter in verse written in 1850, by the "gal I left behind me;" she said:

"Methinks I peep at you to-night,
And see what you are doing.
You Saco boys, in such a plight,
Are baking, frying, stewing.

The flour is in an old straw hat,
The sugar on the floor,
And the old dish that holds the fat,
Will ne'er do service more.

Leon has mixed the doughnuts up,
And that they may be rolled,
He piles the gray mass on a chest,
Pressed to the lid with gold.

Now Waterman, to roll them out,
Seizes his faithful cane,
And levels them, beyond a doubt,
Of raising them again.

Then he exclaims, "Give me the knife,"
I'll cut it into stripes,
And you may put them in the fat,
With two of the cleanest chips."

"Alas! alas!" poor Leon cries,
"The eggs were not put in,
And then too true the butter lies
On that old rusty tin"

It can't be helped, 'tis now too late,
The last one soon is frying,
Delicious these, at home but ate,
To keep oneself from dying.

Closing with this invocation:

"Leon, good night, may God in Heaven,
Be ever near thee still,
And 'neath the shadow of his wing,
Guard thee from every ill.

Preserve thee when there's danger nigh,
Turn each dark hour to day,
Granting thee health and to thy toil
Success in every way.

When homeward bound, broad ocean takes
Thee in its treacherous keeping,
Thou who the sparrow ne'er forsakes,
Keep its high billows sleeping.

With such prayers as these ascending Heavenward from those we prized in the dear, old home, we should have been base indeed to have disregarded them, and not done our part to have merited the blessings asked.

A belief in "guardian angels," is one of the pleasantest points in the spiritual philosophy, and I believe those "angels" are not all on the spirit side of life, but many of them are so when inhabiting these mortal bodies, and throw out their influence in many ways to reach the absent ones with their prayers and sympathy.

We may never know how much we are indebted to such fervent aspirations and petitions in our behalf, and how much they have to do in keeping us in the correct path.

STOUGHTON, March 21, 1888.

Hope.

BY JOSEPH SIMMS, M. D.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."
—*Pope*

Hope has been correctly defined as the desire of some good attended by at least a slight prospect of its attainment. It has been truly called "the lover's staff," but it is also in a very high sense, the support of every human soul. Enterprise looks to it for its incentive, and success but fulfils its prophecy. It was Pindar, I think, who described it as the "dream of waking man;" if so, it were well for us all to die dreaming. And yet were it not for hope, disappointment would be impossible, for if we never sipped the bead from the cup, we should never come to its dregs. There are bitter moments in almost every life when sweet hope is spurned from the heart, as only the seductive precursor of a fresh delusion. Thus, in Shelley's dramatic adaptation of the Italian tragedy of "The Cenci," Beatrice, on the eve of her execution replied to her step-mother, who bids her still to hope for the tardy pardon.

"Worse than despair.
Worse than the bitterness of death is hope.
It is the only ill that can find place
Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour
Tottering beneath us. . . . No! mother, we must die"

Hope differs so much in its character, its practical effects, and its physiognomical signs, that I shall, for the sake of clearness, consider it under the head of Physical Hope, which is fixed on the objects of time, and Spiritual Hope, which looks forward to the things of eternity.

The degree of physical hope principally depends on the condition of the life force. When the vital powers are vigorous,

"The light of hope will linger near
When wilded beats the heart's emotion.
A talisman, 'mid breakers near,
A star upon the troubled ocean."

The signs of this kind of hope are the same as those of general good health, viz: fullness of the cheeks, freshness of complexion, vigorous movements, and clear and sparkling eyes.

The deep and increasing despondency which is usually manifested by the aged is generally referred to the inevitable disappointments of life, and this, notwithstanding that many of these hypocondriacs have more friends, more creature comforts, and more intellectual recourses in their advanced than in their early life. The truth is, that were every annoyance removed from their path, they would, in common with all kinds of invalids, fall into comparative gloom, as the necessary result of their decaying vitality. Since then, the despondency of old age is, to some extent, a natural and inevitable misfortune, its alleviation should be the self-imposed duty of the young. But, it may well be asked how can the young people of the present generation perform this office, when they themselves are often "as sad as night merely for wantonness." Fashion in her myriad ways, in dress and diet, in business, courtship, education and pleasure, is gradually stealing the freshness from that period of life which should be as bright as the sunshine, and as sweet as the spring. That waning of the vital powers among our people which is the unhappy result of unwholesome food, whiskey, tobacco, corsets and tight shoes, must necessarily express itself, in the decline of hopefulness as a national quality. We find, indeed, that suicides are becoming more and more com-

mon with us every year, even boys and girls of twelve, sixteen and twenty years of age not infrequently terminating their lives by self-murder. Several instances of juvenile suicides occurred in New York, last year, and many others might be mentioned. Twenty years ago, such cases were of the rarest occurrence, but the pernicious modes in which children are now educated, has substituted disease and melancholy for healthfulness and hope. Suicide is increasing rapidly, especially in France. In London the annual proportion of suicides per million is 87, while in Naples it is 34 and in Paris 402.

The juices of life sustain the mental, as well as physical powers of our nature, and hope is no exception to the rule. In physical hope we may learn a lesson from the grasses, which, though crushed beneath the foot, or shorn by the sweeping scythe, draw on the deep sources of vitality at their root, and spring once more into exuberant life. In nature, spring and summer, with their abundant vegetable juices, are the cheerful seasons of hope, while the dying autumn and the seemingly lifeless winter, when the freezing sap shrinks back to the colder bosom of earth, are nature's seasons of despondency.

The domestic animals give unmistakable signs of cheerfulness when they are fed with judicious bounty. In their hour of labor, they anticipate the pleasures of the manger with a feeling which cannot differ in kind from the hope of human beings. The ox pulls his burden unflinchingly, cheered by the pleasing prospect of food and rest, and the weary horse, as he nears his accustomed home, manifests his hopeful anticipations by his quickened pace, and his cheerful neighings. But if his life-force be worn to the lowest ebb by the length of the journey, he will neither whinny, nor increase his speed, for hope will have failed with his declining vitality. The dog, by his wagging tail and bright-ening eye, displays the joy with which he perceived the near fulfilment of his hope when the master's hand holds forth to him the tempting food.

Spiritual hope, as I have said, looks forward to the joys of eternity. For those who possess it, death has no sting, and the grave no victory. They approach the deep, but narrow stream which divides the kingdoms of time and eternity, without the shadow of misgiving, for beyond the cold and gloomy tide, they behold the sweet fields "dressed in living green." When an individual has through true spirit communion with friends beyond the grave, become fully convinced of a future life he will be strongly characterized by spiritual hope, and a happier expression and more intelligent countenance mark this era in his life. Daniel Webster possessed every sign of this noble quality. His last words, "I still live," seem like a voice from the farther side of the grave, attesting the glorious fulfilment of all his spiritual hopes. Swedenborg, Prof. Mapes, Robert Dale Owen, and Judge Edmonds, were famous examples of spiritual hope.

We should cherish our hopefulness with assiduous care, for it sweetens the temper, and elevates the soul.

"Hope of all passions, most befriends us here:
Passions of grander name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death:
Hope, like a cordial innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes:
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.
The all our present state can safely bear.
Health to the frame and vigor to the mind.
A pow attempered a cheerful delight—
Like the fair evening mild and sweet
'Tis man's full rap, the paradise below."

Melancholy should be avoided, not merely as a misfortune, but as a temptation to sin. It is not the spiritual man with sparkling eyes and minds overflowing with the knowledge and kindly assurance of a nobler and better existence beyond the grave, that are liable to fits of ill-temper and jealousy sufficient to ultimate in murder and suicide, but those melancholic, materialistic creatures whose eyes are dull and yellow, whose abdominal viscera are obstructed, and whose features are moulded into an expression of anxiety and gloom.

THE DENIAL OF JESUS BY PETER.

The Infallibility of the New Testament Illustrated.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Peter declared that he would lay down his life for Jesus previous to Jesus' prediction of his thrice-repeated denial (John xiii, 37, 38; Luke xxii, 33, 34); though it was after the prediction of the denials that Peter expressed his willingness to die for Jesus (Matt. xxvi, 34, 35; Mark xiv, 30, 31). Jesus told Peter of the prospective denials while they were at supper, before they went to the Mount of Olives (John xiii, 1, 2, 37, 38; Luke xxii, 14, 34, 39); but it was after supper, on the Mount of Olives, that Peter was informed of his future denials by his Master (Matt. xxvi, 30, 33, 34).

Jesus told Peter that before the cock crew once he would deny him thrice (Matt. xxvi, 34); Jesus, however, informed Peter that before the cock crew twice the three denials would occur (Mark xiv, 30); howbeit, Peter denied Jesus, not three times, but once only, before the first cock-crowing (Mark xiv, 68, 70, 71); nevertheless, Peter did deny Jesus three times before the cock gave the first crow (Matt. xxvi, 69-75). The denials of Peter occurred while the trial of Jesus was going on, or after it had ended (Matt. xxvi, 57-68, 69-75); but Peter denied Jesus before the trial had commenced (Luke xxii, 54-62, 66).

Peter's first denial occurred while he was sitting in the court of the high priest's house (Matt. xxvi, 69); notwithstanding the denial occurred while he was entering the court of the palace (John xviii, 16, 17). Peter was sitting when he first denied his master (Matt. xxvi, 69, 70; yet, when Peter denied Jesus first he was standing (John xviii, 16-18).

Peter's second denial was to the maid servant (Mark xiv, 69, 70); but the second denial of Peter was to a man (Luke xxii, 58); which man or maid was several persons, either male or female (John xviii, 25). Peter was in the court of the palace when he denied the second time (John xviii, 15, 16, 18, 25); still Peter, when he made his second denial, was outside of the court, in the porch (Matt. xxvi, 71; Mark xiv, 68-70).

Peter's third denial was to several bystanders without the house (Matt. xxvi, 71, 73, 74); which bystanders were one certain man (Luke xxii, 59); which certain man was the high priest's servant (John xviii, 26, 27). The third denial took place without the court, in the porch (Matt. xxvi, 71, 73, 74); it, however, occurred while Peter was within, in the court or hall of the palace (Luke xxii, 55, 59, 60, 62). Jesus was present with Peter at the third denial, both being in the house (Luke xxii, 54, 61-62); yet Peter was not with Jesus when he denied him the third time, Jesus being in an upper apartment of the palace, and Peter in the porch beneath (Mark xiv, 53, 66, 68, 70).

Peter was reminded of Jesus' prediction relative to his thrice-repeated denial by hearing the cock crow (Mark xiv, 72); but the prophecy of Jesus was recalled to Peter's remembrance by seeing Jesus looking reproachfully upon him (Luke xxii, 61). Peter made use of an oath at the second denial (Matt. xxvi, 72); but he did not begin to curse and swear until the third denial (Mark xiv, 70, 71); nevertheless, Peter neither cursed nor swore at either the second or third denials (Luke xxii, 58-60); the third denial took place an hour after the second (Luke xxii, 59); but the second denial occurred less than an hour previous to the third (Matt. xxvi, 73). Another disciple (John) came with Peter to the high priest's house, and was present during the denials (John xviii, 15, 16; 17); but Peter came alone to the palace, and no disciple was with Peter when he uttered the denials (Matt. xxvi, 58, 69-75; Mark xiv, 54, 66-72; Luke xxii, 54-62).

Query. Did Peter ever deny Jesus at all?

Poor sad humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet
To the weary road it came
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught
And that remainth still;
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.

H. W. Longfellow.

* The basis of this examination and analysis is the revised translation of the New Testament; had the authorized or King James' version been used the number of incongruities would have been increased

Inspirational Teachings Through the Mediumship of L. C. Ashworth.

NUMBER FOUR.

MEDIUMSHIP.

Mediumship is a gift that needs to be used with the greatest caution. To many people it would seem that the acquisition of such a gift must be put before a great many other things, as for instance, bodily health and many other worldly advantages; that is advantages pertaining to life in this sphere: but it should be remembered that the practical use of a gift lies in the benefits that accrue; and a gift like mediumship may be often used as a detriment instead of an assistance both to the medium and to those with whom he or she comes in contact. It would appear that such a gift ought to be always advantageous and people are apt to exclaim, "What is the use possessing such a power if we cannot make use of it to benefit ourselves and others?" Mediumship is always more or less of a benefit to the persons and to others who may be near its influence, the evil is in the undue exercise of its powers. The object of mediumship is primarily to enable each one to judge or know for himself that there is a latent force within man, that can demonstrate to his understanding the existence of forces lying outside the region of ordinary science and observation; and although the reality of this force can be demonstrated in other ways, it can come in no way so unequivocally and so decisively to a man's intellect as when it is demonstrated to him in his own organs, becoming a part, as it were, of his own individual self. Hence one of the most desirable faculties to be cultivated is that of mediumship. The expression, genuine mediumship, is unnecessary, although it is frequently used. All mediumship must be genuine in the sense that it is the result of the condition of the medium's mind. All the mistakes, all the so-called frauds that are perpetrated except those of the latter where mechanical appliances are used may be generally attributed to the more or less inharmonious condition of the medium's brain and physical organism generally. The objection that high powerful spirits ought to be able to control the conditions, is the result of a failure to comprehend the very complex laws governing the whole process. Spirits have great power in certain directions but not when they are operating in a much lower plane. The laws of nature are so designed that certain effects must be brought about in a certain way, and beings in any sphere can only use these laws or direct their operations in accordance with other laws by which spirits are, in their turn governed. Were it otherwise there could and would frequently be too much and unjust interference with the working out of these grand results, which the Supreme Power has designed. Mediumship is only necessary during this imperfect stage of man's development. As he progresses he will find that the existence and power of these (at present occult forces) is so palpable to his intelligence that such a thing as mediumship in any such sense as it is now used will be considered ridiculous. The glorious problems of the Universe will be spread before him for his investigation, he will look, critise, learn, and he will find that the power to comprehend and use the forces in Nature comes slowly but surely; and in proportion as he desires to attain them by the course which nature herself points out to him.

Note Book Notes No. V.

BY J. J. MORSE.

A remarkable poem has lately appeared in the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, from the pen of the Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is entitled "The Visitation," and was an inspiration, "from reading Poe's 'Raven,'" it is announced. Some months since it was my good fortune to hear its author recite it in a select gathering of mutual friends, and it was so full of inspiration, so in accord with the spirit of Poe, and so thoroughly imbued with the style of the "Raven," that it at once seemed to assert itself as a breathing from the soul of that weird poet. Every lover of poetry should procure a copy of the paper containing the poem, as it is a gem, a veritable oasis amid the oceans of "inspirational" twaddle called poetry. It will rank amid the classics of the poetry of our cause.

SAMUEL CARTER HALL.

No name is so much venerated among a more than large class of English speaking people than that of him whose patronymic heads this paragraph. Of him the New York *World*, of the 18th inst says:

"Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, who died in London yesterday, was born in 1801 and had been for two generations a noted figure in the English literary world. As a barrister, journalist, artist and author he won the respect of his fellow-men, and his "Book of Gems," Book of British Ballads" and "Baronial Halls" are all standard works. He and Mrs. Hall were said to have written and edited 340 volumes.

The *World's* testimony is generous, but far from excessive. It, evidently, is unaware that Mr. Hall was for many years an earnest Spiritualist, a staunch friend of D. D. Home, an author of several pamphlets upon the subject, and a frequent contributor to the spiritual press of Great Britain. Mr. Hall was a medium, himself, and the writer has, on several occasions, heard him asseverate that his beloved wife was his constant companion and helper. He was a staunch believer, and in character a man of the utmost honor and probity.

LENTEN BUT NOT DOCTRINAL.

As all things, it is said have a funny side, so is it true of the Lenten season, now on according to a certain genius—whom, is uncertain—who evidently thought Lent could be made light of, and the following is the result:

Somno	—Lent—	The policeman.
Preva	—Lent—	Poverty.
Si	—Lent—	The Mugwump.
Re	—Lent—	The usurer's money.
Sueva	—Lent—	English scandals.
Condo	—Lent—	"I told you so."
Redo	—Lent—	The Spring onion.
Truc(k)a	—Lent—	The luggage man.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary under the date of January 11, 1662: "I heard the custom of the election of the Duke of Genoa, who for two years is every day attended in the greatest state, and four or five hundred men always waiting upon him as a king; and when the two years are out, and another is chosen, a messenger is sent to him, who stands at the bottom of the stairs, and he at the top, and says: "Your serenity is now ended, and now you may be going home," and so claps on his hat. And the old Duke having by custom sent his goods home before; walks away, it may be with but one man at his heels; and the new one is brought immediately in his room in the greatest state in the world." Commenting on the above, a writer in *American* justly observes:

"Those who have witnessed the departure of a President of the United States at the close of his term and the welcome extended to his successor, will vow that the ceremonies attending those two occurrences have been taken bodily from the Genoese."

HAS SHE REACHED HER LEVEL?

Mme. Editha Lolcta Montes Messant O'Delia Ann Diss Debar has taken a new departure which will undoubtedly be a great comfort to her. Prof. Herrmann, the prestidigitator, has, after negotiations extending over a period of several months, succeeded in securing her as an attraction for his company. She has signed for the season of 1888-9 from March 25 at a weekly salary of $1,500, and her agreement calls for the production of Spiritualistic manifestations and the production by such means of oil paintings on canvas.

In an interview with a *World* reporter she is reported as follows, in answer to her interviewer's queries:

"Does your engagement meet with the approval of Spiritualists?"

"Now, in that connection," replied the madame, "I wish to set myself right. Regarding a statement recently published purporting to come from Mr. Kellar, to the effect that I had while on a visit to him denounced Spiritualism and its phenomena as a grand humbug and fraud. I beg to state that no such conversation ever took place. Once and for all, as sworn to by me and testified to by others in that most disgraceful conspiracy against the Diss Debars, I am a Roman Catholic by birth, by faith, and shall live and die in the communion of that Church I am not, and never was one, of the so-called modern Spiritualists who are a living dis

grace as they exist in the present enlightened age. By the term spiritual medium, I mean to convey that the spiritual power understood and derived through myself as one of the great class of genuine media."

"Have you outlined your programme?"

"I regret to say that I cannot in advance herald broadcast just what phenomena or phases of manifestation will take place, since I never know what is to be the character or nature of such manifestation. I will state, however, that I shall place myself *en rapport* with the spiritual agencies through whom I have so successfully worked in the past as the medium through whom such phenomena have successfully occurred for the production of spirit paintings like those known as the Marsh collection."

Mme. Editha's, etc., friends must feel highly flattered at the opinion entertained of them by this blubberous whale on the sea of spiritual thought. Her sniffing cant will deceive no one with a grain of sense, while those without will swallow anything, or anybody. A few days prior to the above announcement in the *World*, that paper said the madame had become a Theosophist. If so that cult has an interesting member added to its peculiar household. Speaking of Theosophy recalls a paragraph in the previous "Notes" anent the Boston, Mass., "Esoteric College of Theosophy," which was admirably shown up in a recent *Journal of Man*, by the able editor thereof, Dr. J. R. Buchanan; Hiram E. Butler, and "Solar Biology," and young Mr. Smart, with their "G. N. R.," will henceforth be numbered with other tomfooleries of like genus.

A HANDY INVENTION.

An eye-glass-holder that is handy, and safe—and will stay there—is a desideratum for all compelled to use such articles. Such an article has been invented by a Spiritualist, too, by W. J. Rand, of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is a small piece of finely tempered watch spring steel, in the form of a loop and hook, which fastens securely into the cloth, and clutches itself, while the loop-hook easily and safely receives and keeps the glasses. The same principle has been applied to a "safety side elastic holder" for upholding misses and ladies hosiery. Mr. Rand is a devoted Spiritualist, and if it had not been for his energy and determination the past two years would have left Brooklyn without any Sunday meetings, but he kept his pretty and comfortable hall open, and our lamp alight. By the way the inventions above referred to, are endorsed by over one hundred prominent men, including Grover Cleveland, Prince of Wales, General Sherman, Chauncy M. Depew, Col. Ingersoll and others, as by printed copies now on my table.

THAT SHAM LATIN.

The translation that reached me first, and the only correct one, was by W. E. Coleman, who is the terror of all puzzle-mongers. It is here appended, and when compared with the original will no doubt cause many a broad smile.

I say, Billy, here is a 'go!'
Forty 'buses in a row!
No! why, Dick 'tis forty trucks:
See what is in 'em—peas and ducks.'

WHAT SEX IS THE NATIONAL BIRD?

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, at the recent convention of the Woman's National Suffrage Association positively asserted that "Old Abe" Wisconsin's war eagle, after serving through the rebellion, went into retirement at Madison, the Capital of his State, and passed the rest of his days in laying eggs. Such a slander as this has scarcely ever been put upon the male sex by the vandal hand of woman, but no man rose to defend his cause, for men are chivalric and love to let the women have their way. But Mrs. Blake's statement was taken up by the press, and the *Critic*, of Washington, D. C., wrote to Gov. Hoard, Madison, Wis., concerning the matter, receiving the following letter from His Excellency, under date of Feb. 25th:

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of 23rd inst. is received. In reply I have to state that all of the keepers of "Old Abe," Wisconsin's war eagle, unite in saying that "Old Abe" was not a hen bird, and never laid an egg from the time of his capture till his spirit soared aloft.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM D. HOARD.

Perhaps the national emblem may some day become dual, an eagle and his mate! When it is then men and women will have equal political rights. But, in the mean time, is the U. S. eagle "he," or "she?" Who can tell?

CLEVELAND, O.

Book Reviews.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Woodnotes in the Gloaming; Poems and Translations by Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea), Boston, Cupples & Hurd, 1889, *pp.* 196.

Below Montreal, on the banks of the magnificent St. Lawrence is Milton Cottage, the poetical home of one who is well known to the readers of progressive literature as Gowan Lea. Her poems are marked by a profound and philosophical view of nature and the ways of human life. In this dainty volume of green and gold she has collected her treasures, cast at various times on the swift tide of journalism, and presented them as she wishes them to be received by posterity. She trusts in nature:

Nature, I would be thy child
Sit and worship at thy feet;
Read the truth upon thy face
Wait upon thy accents sweet.
I would put my hand in thine
Bow my head upon thy knee
Live upon thy love alone,
Fearless trusting all to thee.

Of Sleep:

Ah! in our waking moments do we think
How much of latent power exists in us
How many faculties are yet asleep,
Unconscious of themselves, or of the past
Or future, or the spirit of the worlds
The Being that can still the noisy day,
And beckon silently unto the night
To come and give earth's weary children sleep

There are many pieces written for music, which one of themselves with melody is especially sweet, begins with the following:

Go, little bird, and tell my love from me
That I am lone without her and do mourn;
Fly pretty bird across the summer sea
And whisper to her all I tell to thee.

Another:

Be strong, O Soul! The morning waketh fair;
All blue the sky, no clouder anywhere;
Yet think thy path is infinite and there
Thou walkest all alone, O soul, be strong!

Be calm, O soul! Dream not the night can last;
If memory hath linked thee to the past
So to the future. Hope hath bound thee fast
Be thou as calm as strong. O anxious soul!

Doubt:

Thou blessing, Doubt, I welcome thee,
Sure symbol of activity
We needs must question ere we see.

'Tis doubt that teacheth us to wait
That saves us from a hateful fate,
And opens to us Reason's gate.

The Soul:

Mysterious soul! Thy course sublime
Not fettered is by years of time;
Nor past, nor future limits thine
Thou livest in eternity."

These passages will give the reader a taste of what the volume contains. There are also many exquisitely finished sonnets, and a prose translation from the German of a story that, while written in prose, is replete with the exquisite imagery of poetry.

If we attend well to our own affairs, we shall not have time to superintend our neighbor's.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquent. *Macaulay.*

Keep up hope in bad times. We have the same sun, and sky, and stars; the same God, and heaven, and truth; the same duties and the same helpers. Hope thou in God. *Dr. Goodell.*

Good manners must have a solid foundation in kindness and self-control. To be genuine, they must be the fruit of sincerity and good feeling, and their exercise must be in conformity with the working of these qualities in the heart. No art can successfully counterfeit true elegance of manners and deportment. To be real they must have roots deep below the surface in the soul and heart.

Selected Articles.

[From the *New York Press*, Sunday Feb. 17th, 1889.]

THE BELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

Statesmen, Officials, Merchants, Professional Men, Men of Business and of Letters Who Are Firm in the Faith—Unique and Strange Are the Manifestations—Prominent People Who Vouch for Remarkable Phenomena in the Way of Spirit Rappings, Drawings, Writings, Speeches, Healings and Communications—The Term Spiritualist, Strictly Speaking, Difficult to Define—All Who Call Themselves Spiritualists Believe in the Continuity of Life After Death, and the Return of Spirits to This Sphere—Beyond This There Are Many Differences of Opinion—Intelligent Men Who Give Reasons for the Faith That is in Them—Curious Ways in Which the Dwellers in the Unseen World Frequently Return in Spirit to This One—The Innumerable Number of Spiritualists Spread Throughout the Land—Men of Wealth, Culture and High Position Who Are Not Cranks or Fools Who Assert Their Belief in the Spiritualistic Faith—Wonderful Mediums—Prominent Spiritualists in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington Furnish Testimony.

The *Press* to-day lays before its readers the reasons which have induced so many intelligent men to believe in Spiritualism. It is an undeniable fact, that the eminent lawyer Luther R. Marsh is only one of hundreds of other brainy and cultured men who believe firmly that the dwellers in the unseen world do frequently return in spirit to this one. It is also quite as certain that tricksters have wrung money from the purses and made weary the brains of intelligent people under the pretense that they are mediums, that is to say, people through whom speak the spirits of the dead.

(*Continued from page* 208.)

IN CHICAGO.

Prominent Citizens in the Windy City Who Are Firm Believers.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16. Ostensible Spiritualists in Chicago are so few that they can only be discovered after much search. Speaking of Spiritualists, it may as well be remarked here that no reference is had to mediums, clairvoyants or other professional believers, who here, as elsewhere, are largely swindlers, perhaps exclusively so. Such people as Judge Isaac G. Wilson, of the Appellate Court bench, ex-Judge W. A. Barnum, of the Superior Court, Henry Booth, President of the Union College of Law; Leonard Swett, the famous lawyer and friend of Abraham Lincoln, Professor Rodney Welch, one of the editors of the *Times*, J. H. McVicker, the veteran theatrical manager; Colonel John C. Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and a few others are referred to. While Colonel Bundy's publication is, in a measure, an exponent of Spiritualism in its metaphysical aspect as well as in the matter of manifestations, it is but just to state that there can be no doubt of his earnestness. Both his social station and journalistic ability entitle him to respect. Much of what is known concerning Spiritualism in Chicago has been learned through the intercession of Colonel Bundy, because most of the other gentlemen named, while they are by no means averse to speaking of the subject which is prominent in their thoughts, are not inclined to father their views in cold print. This is especially true of the legal profession, which, relatively speaking, has more adherents to spiritualistic doctrines in Chicago than any other. Besides those already mentioned, E. S. Holbrook, Sanford B. Perry, Wm. Law, Jr., Thomas L. Darlow, H. F. Valette, George F. Westover and S. K. Dow—all lawyers in good standing, may be named.

The question, "How many Spiritualists are there in Chicago?" was asked some years ago in Judge Tuley's court during the trial of a case in which the validity of a transfer of real estate was concerned. Judge Tuley, by the way, is given credit for having given much study and research to Spiritualism, though he denies being a believer in frequent communications from the world of spirits. The answer was an indefinite one as to the actual number of those who subscribe to the doctrine in the abstract, but it contained the astonishing statement that three-fifths of the people of Chicago believe either in the return of spirits from the spiritual to the terrestrial sphere because they have become convinced of the fact by manifestations, or they believe that such return is possible. In either case, the belief is Spiritualism, though the holder may not call himself a Spiritualist.

Colonel Bundy repeated this statement to *The Press* representative, adding that there was no possible means of telling the number of Spiritualists, because there was no national organization which could be clearly defined as a spiritualistic one. Some years ago Judge Edmonds made an estimate that the Spiritualists of the country numbered about 11,000,000. "This is altogether too many," said Colonel Bundy, "though in a general way I hold that Chicago illustrates the country in this respect. The doctrine of the return of spirits of departed persons has unconsciously taken hold of the people. However, if you ask me directly whether I am a Spiritualist, I would not give a categoric answer. The position is this: All who call themselves Spiritualists believe in the continuity of life after death, and the return of spirits to this sphere, beyond this there are so many differences of opinion that the term Spiritualist, strictly speaking, can hardly be defined."

Concerning the various manifestations in Spiritualism the foremost lawyer among those mentioned above spoke freely. He is a man whose name is also quite well known in national politics, but he objected to being quoted, not so much because he was afraid to father his views, but, as he declared, whenever his name appeared in public in connection with Spiritualism, he would be bothered to an almost unbearable extent by communications from both believers and unbelievers. This gentleman believes firmly in spiritual manifestations in the shape of communications from the spirit world, rappings, drawings, writings, speeches and healings. "The persons who vouch for all these marvels," he said, "most certainly produce them in good faith, and firmly believe in them. Spiritualists are not pursuing a phantom. The best men among them speak very forcibly and earnestly on this point. The great fact to be established is the reality of spiritual intercourse. The spirit of Calhoun is claimed to have declared that the object of Spiritualism was to bring mankind together in harmony, and to convince skeptics of the immortality of the soul. For the attainment of this object, morals, religion and government must be reformed, and the mission of Spiritualists is to work this out. In the principles of this doctrine rests the only hope of stemming the ever-increasing tide of infidelity which the church and her ministers, unaided, are powerless to overcome. This universal evil is to be dispelled by the potent evidences from beyond the tomb. Great results are expected. We have just learned the alphabet of Spiritualism, and higher developments are promised. We affirm that we are advancing the truth; and ought, therefore, to receive just consideration for our efforts. The great doctrine divined from spiritual communications is that of everlasting progress—the spiritual part of man is ever progressing toward perfection, which, however, will never be attained. The universe is considered as a succession of spheres, of which the earth is the lowest. The spirit, immediately after death, is attracted to that sphere for which it has an affinity, and there remains until sufficiently purified and advanced, when it is imperceptibly absorbed into the sphere immediately above, and so progresses. Spiritualists from higher circles are perpetually engaged in instructing and improving those below them. Infants, for instance, progress not only in spiritualistic capabilities, but also in stature. The spirit is believed to be an exact counterpart of the body, in which it is sheathed like a sword in its scabbard. To be plainer, if a finger or other member is cut off from the body, the spiritual finger flies instantly to the stump and joins itself thereto, remaining afterward exposed or unsheathed. The patient thus possesses a cor-

poral and spiritual stump; but merely a spiritual finger. In this way I account for the curious fact that persons who had been subjected to painful attacks of gout in the feet and legs have, in case of subsequent amputation, declared they could feel the twinges of pain in the old place, though the limbs were gone."

J. H. McVicker, of theatrical fame, Rev. M. J. Savage, a Methodist minister; Sanford B. Perry, and Professor V. B. Denslow swear by slate-writing as they witnessed it a few years ago on the part of Mrs. Simpson, well known as a medium for independent slate-writing, and Henry Slade. Two single slates were purchased when Slade was visited in the daytime. The slates were constantly held by the purchaser, Mr. McVicker, from the time the little company entered the house until after the sitting. The owner of the slates separated them to allow Slade to drop upon one a tiny bit of slate pencil, then brought them together and held them on his left shoulder in full view. Slade then placed the tips of two fingers and the thumb upon the outer edge of the wooden rims of one edge of the slates. At that instant the writing began, and when finished, the pencil gave the signal indicating the completion of the writing. Slade released his fingers, the owner of the slates brought them down in front of him, and, separating them, found the inner side of one of the slates completely covered with writing. The entire sitting was closely observed by the witnesses named. This experiment, by the way, is familiar to thousands who have had similar experiences with Slade, and even more striking ones with Watkins, where the sitter and slate were never, at any time within several feet of the medium.

At a sitting with Mrs. Simpson, Rev. Mr. Savage took his own slates cleaned them, placed two bits of pencil, each about the size of a pea, upon one, placed the other slate over it, screwed the two frames together on two sides, and then tied a string around them—all this without the slates having been touched by any other person than himself. A goblet two-thirds full of water was then placed upon these slates, the medium placed the slates upon her extended right hand, raised the table cover with the left, and dropped it over the whole, at the same instant placing her left hand upon her head. Under these conditions, writing was produced on the slates.

A gentleman of less note in local circles, but withal a man of unimpeachable character, O. A. Turner, of 843 West Monroe St., quite a fashionable residence quarter, reports a remarkable sitting which he had the other day. He purchased two slates, wrote a letter to his wife, "who has been in the spirit world for thirty-two years," inclosed the letter in an envelope and placed it between two slates, which he then screwed together, sealing the top of the screw. At the medium's house he tied his own handkerchief around the slates and suspended them from the gas fixtures in the room. He never turned his eyes from the bundle. After some minutes it was taken down. The seal on top of the screw was not disturbed. The letter had disappeared from between the slates. The two insides of the latter, and one outside, were closely written, containing an appropriate answer to the letter.

IN ST. LOUIS.

Professional and Business Men Who are Firm Believers.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—Ghosts are as tractable in St. Louis as elsewhere. Spiritualism, although by no means so prominent in St. Louis as in some Eastern cities, is still not without its devotees. Nor are its disciples drawn exclusively from the lower classes. Many men and women occupying commanding positions in the commercial and social world are its warm advocates, while the average intelligence of those seeking light from the land of the spirits would not suffer by comparison with the congregation of many of the most popular churches. There is one peculiarity, however, about the larger number of the more intelligent: They avoid letting the world know that they are Spiritualists. A well known medium deploring this fact the other day, said: "A bishop of the Christian church died in St. Louis not long ago who was a Spiritualist. Mediums knew it, but no member of his family had the slightest inkling that he held to one fragment of belief that was outside the confession of his church. A leading homœopathic physician and his wife come to our seances sometimes, but their friends are never allowed to know of it. A pillar of the Methodist Church is one of the finest and best informed Spiritualists in the country, but he says his business would suffer terribly if he acknowledged it."

Of the acknowledged Spiritualists the most prominent is Thomas J. Portis, the general attorney of Mr. Gould's railroads—the Missouri Pacific and the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern. Mr. Portis is one of those most thoroughly learned corporation attorneys in the country. He lacks ability to make a clear statement of the facts in a case, and yet so well do the judges of the courts in which he appears most frequently know that he will be thoroughly clear on the law that they listen to him with great indulgence, and always with attention. In appearance he is very grotesque. His long face, with its caverns beneath high cheek bones, is surmounted by a pompadour halo of stiff, gray hair. He is tall and awkward in carriage. In conversation he is turgid at the opening, a magnificent monologist at the close.

Judge Portis—he carries the title by courtesy—is a firm Spiritualist, and at the same time is fond of the good things of this life. He was president last year of the Knight's of St. Patrick, an organization of leading Irish-Americans. His address at the annual banquet was full of mighty fervor. It was a mystery of bending knees and waving arms. Its inspiration, he said afterward, was from the other world. He had prepared a speech which was given to the papers before the banquet, but it had no relation to the speech he delivered. The one emanated from Judge Portis and the other from the Irish heroes.

"Spiritualism is on the increase," he said, when he approached on the subject. "The curious investigation into certain phenomena which has grown fashionable has led many people to a serious study of and belief in Spiritualism. The occasional charlatans of the pretended revelations of such people as the Fox sisters, cannot seriously injure it. What we have seen and heard we know."

Mr. Portis was averse to talking about his intimate conversations with spirits, but the mediums say he has had many conversations with the wife who has passed to the other side, and with men of great prominence and position when on this earth.

A lawyer told this story of Mr. Portis: "I was interested in a case and needed a paper which I knew was either in the effects of Samuel Glover, then lately deceased, or Judge Portis. I asked Judge Portis about it. He said he could not tell where the paper was, but he would ask Mr. Glover for it that night. I thought he was wandering, and reminded him of the death of Mr. Glover. 'I know,' he said, 'but I'll ask him to-night.' A day or two later he sent me a note, telling where I could find the paper in Mr. Glover's boxes. I got the administrator to look for it, and in the place indicated the paper was found."

Henry Timken is a firm believer. Mr. Timken is a self-educated German. He was some years ago, a carriage-maker in a small way. One of his patrons, C. P. Damon, took a carriage to Mr. Timken's shop with a broken spring. He talked to the carriage-builder about the proneness of light carriage-springs to break and other defects, and suggested an improvement in the welding. The improvement did not go far enough for Mr. Timken, and he devoted his energy and ingenuity for weeks to the subject without any wonderful results. He took his problem to a medium, for he was then interested in Spiritualism. The result was a revelation from George Stephenson, which, worked out in steel by Mr Timken, was patented and has made him an immense fortune. His name is known wherever there are carriages to be sprung. His royalties are enormous, and, being a man of simple tastes, his fortune is still piling up.

Freeman Barnum, Collector of Internal Revenue for this (the first) district of Missouri, is a Spiritualist, as is also his mother,

who in the early days of St. Louis hotel keeping, enjoyed a wide reputation for her management of Barnum's Hotel. The Collector managed Hotel Barnum for his mother for many years and has always been prominent in movements which have interested St. Louis business men. He was appointed Collector by President Cleveland at the urgent request of Senator Vest of Missouri, a lifelong friend of the family. It is said that Mr. Vest is at heart a Spiritualist, and has sat in circles with profit to himself.

On taking office, Mr. Barnum—who had never paraded his belief—ceased almost entirely to talk about it. He is said to be a well-developed medium, and has conversed with many statesmen of the dead past—Henry Clay and Daniel Webster being his frequent companions.

Mr. Barnum's predecessor in the office of Collector, Isaac H. Sturgeon, was one of the first Spiritualists in the country. He is still a firm and thorough believer, referring all the important problems of his life to the etherialized minds of the other world. He does not attend the gatherings of his brothers of the faith as frequently now as in former years, but is spoken of in the circle as possessed of exceptional control.

Joseph Brown, who was at one time Mayor of St. Louis, and has since that time been considerably interested in the Democratic machine in Missouri, is a rare medium. His conversion to Spiritualism is said to have occurred at a circle in which a loved one appeared unmistakably and conversed with him on hidden matters. He has ever since been a constant attendant at seances, and within his means a liberal contributor to the cause.

Dr. J. H. Pottinger is one of the most scholarly and scientific believers in Spiritualism. This gentleman brought an analytical and scientific mind backed by extensive reading and much original investigation to the aid of local believers, and his clear reasoning and firm faith have added largely to the influence of those of like belief.

Richard Harbison, well known as a lawyer, never engaged in an important case without consulting some of the dead lights of the Missouri bar—the late Mr. Geyer and Judge Lawless being his principal advisers. He would lay out his line of defense or attack, and his advisers would express disagreement or assent by raps. When there was a difference of opinion between the dead the decision of the trial court was always reversed, Mr. Harbison learned.

Concerning Criminals.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

Though the old Calvinistic notion that certain babies are born as unadulterated compounds of Adamic depravity has about been banished from the realms of religious absurdity, it is still an indisputable fact that there are children launched into life with an inherited inclination for iniquity. Not that they take to wrong doing for the delight of doing wrong, but the transmitted taint of a thousand generations seems to give them a headlong trend down the career of crime.

There are probably beings born with as special tendency to sin as others are to scrofula. There is a virus of vice in their moral make-up for which they are no more accountable than for bad blood in their bodies. They are what may be truly termed foetal felons—children conceived in criminal impulse, or maybe imbibing the malice of murder in their mother's milk. Poor guiltless victims of parental ignorance or gestational conditions! Their only crime is in being born, in coming into the world as criminals through the cruelty of circumstances; yet it is a crime the world will not condone, and fearful are the punishments it frequently inflicts.

Oh, yes, of course, society should protect itself, but not as the hunter with hounds in pursuit of the rabbit or the hare. The world is wide enough and mankind mighty enough to quarantine every earthly evil—to put every criminal in probationary isolation, to exhaust every resource of experimental reformation, before having recourse to cruel and retaliatory punishment. It has not been conclusively shown that even the worst felon that ever lived was hopelessly beyond the pale of human reclamation.

All that society has a right to ask is safety, not judicial vengeance. The deterrent influence of the death penalty has never been apparent. Indeed, murder was more common when men were hung for stealing a shilling and heads were set on temple bar. Crime was no less prevalent when people were burnt alive for theologic beliefs. Make *Autos-da-fe* as common in Madison Square as once they were in Madrid, and the callous crowd would soon care no more for them than for a street-car strike. A spectacle of brutality but serves to brutalize the beholders. The public sentiment of the times that prohibits its infliction upon horses still permits human beings to be hung up by the neck—still suffers women to be strangled upon the scaffold.

Time was when folks afflicted with disease were put out of the way, not as Bergh's men kindly kill a disabled animal to mercifully end its distress, but because deemed unfit to live. Now the crowning glory of our century is its magnificent hospitals. Time will be when our prisons, the disgrace of this grand age, will be changed to humanitarian institutions for the control and cure of crime, instead of pest places for its punishment and propagation.

Statesmen and reformers are beginning to consider that our system of society is really accountable for more crime than it prevents. Judges and juries are frequently called upon to condemn unfortunate creatures of circumstances less guilty of offence against their fellows than those before whom they are arraigned. Did all wrong-doers escape detection, as doubtless the majority do, there would be no criminals known; while if the consciences of men were encased in glass, all would be criminals alike. There would be no honest men to bring the guilty to justice. Let all who read reflect upon this.

He who robs you wrongs himself worse than you. You may recover your property or purchase more, but he has corrupted his conscience, ruined his reputation, assassinated his manhood. He has inflicted upon himself a misfortune, while you have but sustained a pecuniary, and perchance, a trifling loss.

The treatment of crime is truly a solemn subject. Its commission is most frequently the effect of ignorance, folly, unpremeditated parley with temptation, or unfortunate relations of life. Our criminal courts, instead of being besieged by idle sight-seers, often to find material for merriment, should be thronged by the philanthropic and the Christ-like to render what remedial help they can to the human wrecks drifting upon the rocks of crime.

> "What might be done if men were wise!
> What glorious deeds, my suffering brother
> Would they unite
> In love and right.
> And cease their scorn of one another
> " " "
> The meanest wretch that ever trod
> The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
> Might stand erect
> In self-respect,
> And share the teeming world to-morrow"

The old vindictive method of dealing with crime has had a thorough trial and crime is still increasing at an appalling rate. Now, let society seek a system of prevention and reformation rather than one of punishment and condemnation—employ its magnificent moral machinery in providing for the propagation of better beings, stop the supply of criminals from the cradle and permit the sunshine of a beneficent civilization to pervade our prisons and penitentiaries.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Indian Spirituality and Practicality.

BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

The North American Indian has ever been a natural, unquestioning believer in unseen presence, power and intelligence. The spirits of his ancestors were to him as realities; he had his mediums, dreamers, healers, and prophets; he never doubted the prolongation of his existence beyond his body's dissolution, and confidently expected and awaited his final repose in the "happy hunting grounds." In the courage with which he faced death and endured torture, he was stimulated by the belief that other than human eyes were upon him. Savage as he was he called all men brothers.

The Indian did not coffin himself in what we term "materiality." In all nature, from the finest pebble to the greatest orb, he saw no dead "matter," but living parts of an infinite whole, and this whole was his God, the "Great Spirit." Intuitively he recognized visible matter as the cruder form of the spiritual; and himself clothed in flesh and blood as a part of that cruder spiritual whole.

"Sit down in yonder chair," said an American general to a captured Indian chief, "and hear what your Great Father at Washington" (alluding to the President) "wishes to say to you."

"I have no Great Father at Washington," was the Indian's haughty reply; "The sun is my father; the earth is my mother; I will repose on her bosom," and he cast himself upon the ground.

To me, it seems as if the Indian had in this one sentence sent a misty gleam to the bottom of all human philosophy and speculation as to the origin of being. Earth, the mother; sun, the father; and all, from the animalcule to the man, expressions of the Great Spirit; kindled by his rays from her bosom into life and consciousness.

The Indian mind was a reflection of all nature about him. He had no need for the written poem, for every river, mountain, lake and forest, the clouds, sun, moon, and stars, had with him a life of their own. He gave not merely names to places, but ideas. His language was alive. He expressed ideas by comparisons with objects about him. A man, strong, firm, and steadfast, was a "granite rock;" a weaker brother was the "bending pine." He was not obliged to borrow from the "dead languages." His grammar and dictionary were in every leaf, flower, animal, mountain, and river.

I am not defending every phase of Indian custom and habit. He could burn and torture his captives. His wives were the veriest drudges; but while he burned prisoners, so did the New England Puritans, witches. All female drudges, toiling through existence in the bonds of matrimony reside not in wigwams.

The different families of earth seem to have travelled various roads of development. The Indian had more receptivity and repose. The comparative calmness of his forest life brought him nearer his own invisible world. Our race has more force, ingenuity, and aspiration; but often our pursuits absorb and fascinate us. We give ourselves no time to look around. We travel in narrow grooves of thought. We may reach a high degree of cultivation in some particular calling; but, as an appreciator of all, the Indian may have been our superior. It is better as the evening shadows fall to feel permeated with the spirit of lake, forest, mountain, sky, and cloud in a canoe, than restlessly to hurry through such scenes on a steamboat. Those whose harps are harmoniously strung need not even to express their poetry in words. The most exquisite and thrilling sentiment is felt, not thought. Millions are the strains which, in by-gone ages have thrilled through the Indian's being. It is echoed back in the few fragments of his oratory which have reached us. Neither Greece nor Rome furnish more conciseness, more meaning, more force than is found in the compact sentences of a Logan or a Tecumseh. The aim of being is to feel the grandeur, beauty, and sublimity of the infinite universe, of which we are parts. It is a book; its pages are endless. It is read in many languages; it is sung in many varying measures. It is a volume whose pages are as open to him whom we pityingly term the "untutored savage" as to us. True, he had no libraries to preserve the sentiment uttered by others. Perhaps, in not being taught to admire nature at second-hand, he was brought into closer communion with her himself. His spirituality was eminently practical. He obeyed the instincts and promptings of organisation, and as a result enjoyed health and vigor. Civilization, with its noisy and smoky train of factories, foundries, shops, and offices did not demand that his exhausted body should daily perform its round of mechanical exertion, impelled to such effort only by the spur of will, necessity, and jaded habit.

Take any of the cat tribe, and note the great amount of rest which precedes exertion. When effort is demanded, it is powerful. The panther may sleep during the entire day, but it will roam miles from its lair at night, and to that lair bring back a prey double its own weight. The Indian received lessons from all nature about him, and instinctively lived in accordance with its laws. On the hunt or the war path, he could travel for days, sustained only by water and the parched corn he carried in his belt. There was an object in view, and on that was concentrated every faculty of mind and body. When the effort was over, he allowed himself time to recuperate. After the hunt, the feast, after the foray, the festivity. Civilization at this may in horror hold up its hands, protesting that what it may term the dissolute laziness of the savage be cited us as an example for imitation, and all the time three-fourths of the weary bone and muscle of civilization goes tramp, tramp, tramp over the iron road of labor ten, twelve, fourteen hours per day, snatching momentarily at injurious excess of pleasure, its freshness of thought destroyed, its waking repose found only in the use of some unhealthy stimulant.

Civilization may receive a hint from the Indian aye, even from the panther. Civilisation is overtasked. It aims at and accomplishes great things; but it often forgets that rest is an essential to the most perfect work. We frequently draw our bows with muscles unbraced through exhaustion. Hence our aim is neither steady nor correct. Interest, even pleasure, accompanies any exertion, mental or physical, to a certain point. When fatigue comes, that is nature's first demand for rest. If this be not complied with, she soon deprives us of interest and ability in our work. The effort then becomes mechanical. Thousands in every occupation are either accusing themselves of laziness, or wondering and grieving at the sudden loss of both interest and ability in exercise, formerly full of pleasure for them. Their trouble lies, in that they know neither how to use nor store up their force. We covet the stimulus of the panther's spring in every action. Especially does this refer to workers of the brain—perhaps it would be more fitting to say, those whose business it is to give thought and suggestion to others; for brain is the direct agent in *all* works. Brain directs the woodman's axe, and writes *Cosmos*. The greatest skill is the greatest brain-force concentrated and impelled in some particular direction—maybe in the leg and foot of the acrobat, as he rolls himself on a ball up a spiral plane, or in the general's mind directing armies, not first in the material field, but first on the chart of his own intellect. By a mind or body overtasked, and sometimes both combined, many are kept in a condition of involuntary inability, thought and despondency. Occasionally, accidental conditions giving them proper repose and strength they are lifted on higher planes of thought, but these few visits serve only by contrast to render the average of existence more gloomy.

I term this Practical Spirituality; for I believe that all the practical is based on the spiritual. The thought must precede the act, the plan, the work, and the force with which is an organization is filled, the more vigorous and capable will the mind it carries be to act in the direction intended for it by nature. I learned this from an Indian, who once said to me, "Lie a-bed till noon, lie a-bed until night, rather than get up without strength for your daily task." But all cannot act upon such advice, if is true. The demands of "business" look one way, those of nature another. Nature, in every languid sensation, says, "Rest, recuperate, live in the dreamland of the hills, the plains, the mountains, and forests; let your system imbibe and be permeated with the healthy but unseen emanations ever being thrown off by earth, leaf, and flower, for these are your belonging and your strength for further effort."

Business says, "Work, work, work, or you shall starve; work without intermission, from year's end to year's end. Be regular, be mechanical, be a machine. Burrow in cities. Breathe an atmosphere of dead emanations and poisonous gases, and, finally exhausted, tumble prematurely into your graves, still blind to the perception of those calm, delightful, and ever-increasing pleasures which it is your being's end and aim to enjoy."

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MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

The anniversary of Modern Spiritualism has come and gone; duly observed in numerous fashions according to the varying tastes of organizations calling themselves spiritual, and now a backward glance ere closing the old book and a forward glance as the new is opened. That Spiritualism has "come to stay" is clearly evident, for no amount of foes within or foes without are able to shake its foundations of truth. To the man or woman who honestly investigates the phenomena as presented to him in their many phases through those who are the "instruments of power," conviction of its truth is the inevitable result. But conviction must be followed by conversion if the knowledge is to go either to the individual or the world at large. The knowldge of any truth is only the lower steps of the stairway of progress, it is the application of the fact to the practical wants of the hour that makes valuable the work of the specialist.

Forty-one years have been spent in the storehouse of phenomena by many of the investigators, who as yet cannot begin to build a superstructure of practical philosophy from the facts gathered in the best part of a lifetime. With all their materials so many are standing idly in the workshop of humanity, refusing to use or ignorant of the means of using the knowledge at hand. Perhaps one great stumbling block may be that some feel the work to belong wholly to the spirit world, that human creatures are but puppets in the hands of higher powers, and feeling thus, naturally refrain from putting forth the power and strength that inhere in all spirit embodied or disembodied.

The fact that life is continuous after the change called death should inspire humanity with the conception that this present life, as a part of the great whole, is to be as full and complete as time and effort can make it. Not leaving to the next state the development of the higher nature, the love of humanity, the helpfulness and assistance we ask of the risen one of earth; but doing unto the visible brothers and sisters of this life that which is expected of the invisible brothers and sisters of the other.

Coming up as the greater part of the first generation of Spiritualists did through the old forms of superstition and ignorance there has clung to the mind of many fragments of former beliefs, relics of old theories, old loves and old antagonisms that have naturally kept the ranks of Spiritualism in confusion. But there is arising now a new generation that educated in the pure air of spiritual truth, should stand shoulder to shoulder in the army of progress, with this as their motto: "In essentials unity, in non-essential liberty." And what is the essential on which all may unite? The continuity of life as demonstrated by spirit return, the brotherhood of humanity, and the eternal progress of all things from least to greatest. That which has been done, has been done as best it could by those who had the paths to clear through the wilderness of doubts, misunderstandings, and errors. All honor to the faithful pioneers; their work is well done; let those who come after do their's as well and there shall be no cause to fear for the safety or honor of the cause of Spiritualism. Broadening with the broadening view as one by one the heights of progress are gained, deepening with the deepening knowledge as the plumet of thought sinks deeper and yet deeper in the ocean of life, brighter with the increasing brightness of the sun of truth as it shines in fuller splendor, the Spiritualism of tomorrow shall so extend the limits of the Spiritualism of yesterday, that all nations, tribes and peoples shall come within the embrace of its love and wisdom, and humanity shall become the temple of the indwelling spirit of power.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth, or full-morocco, gilt-edges $5.50 The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

Read article on the treatment of criminals on another page. It is golden.

ANNIVERSARY ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment and ball given at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening last, was a very pleasant social affair. The programme, as advertised last week, was strictly carried out, with the addition of one item. Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman presided, and after an overture by the band introduced Mr. Charles Dawbarn, of New York, who addressed the audience as follows:

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY MR. CHARLES DAWBARN.

"This gathering seems to me a most enjoyable way of celebrating the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. But we are, after all, but specialists, dealing with one phase of human life. For this remarkable half century has evolved many a truth beside "spirit return," and the demonstration of human immortality.

A truth is always in harmony with every other truth. And when we discover inharmonies between statements of facts, it may well be that we are not yet large enough and broad enough to discern the harmony of nature. But a direct contradiction may also mean that we have not yet mastered nature's laws.

For instance, scientists have been delving in mines of ignorance and superstition in this wonderful era, and they have discovered that Nature's laws are not vacilating, but continue out to the limit of telescope and microscope. One of the most conspicuous of these laws is her limiting vertebrated animals to just four limbs. But she also permits the animal to change two of these limbs into wings if it so desires, by a slow process of evolution.

A little child said to me one day "My mother says I may have sugar, or I may have butter on my cakes; but I can't have both butter and sugar." And mother nature has declared in her gospel of evolution that the animal who would develop manhood by cultivating his right hand till he becomes a lord of creation, cannot have wings and an arm too.

The scientist is only talking about this life, but at this point Modern Spiritualism comes in and discovers this law reaching into the next life too. For our friends never come back fluttering a pair of new wings; and they tell us they don't meet any men or women wearing wings in the summer land. This is all in harmony with the teachings of nature and science; and if it contradicts theology, so much the worse for theology.

But Modern Spiritualism goes a step further than this, and finds proof that this same law of continuity lasts beyond the grave in the whole of human nature. So here comes another woeful contradiction of theology.

Your presence here to-night shows that you all like to have a good time—that you enjoy meeting one another; that plenty of innocent jest and merry laughter is a type of happy manhood and womanhood that belongs to earth life.

Theology declares you will all live on after death, but it pictures a total and a most grievous change. It asserts that men and women are to sing psalms 'over there,' cover their faces

with their wings, as they stand in awe and reverence before the throne; they are to play upon harps, but that must be done with their pin feathers or their toes, for they don't have arms and wings too.

But in all the revival sermons of theology—in all its ponderous tomes, there is never a word of having a good time such as this 'over there'; never a word of going to concerts 'over there,' with something better than hosannahs to listen to. Never a word about pathetic and humorous recitations 'over there;' or of picnics inside or outside the golden city. Nothing about dances 'over there,' that mean music in the soul as well as in the instrument; nothing about joke and laughter, and good fellowship, that scatter rays of joy all around 'over there.'

Not a word of this in theology, but much, very much of it in Modern Spiritualism. In fact, nature's way to be happy is her lesson all the time, but the trouble is that many of us are very poor scholars.

Under her law of continuity of human nature all that is bright and beautiful to-day will evolve 'over there' something yet higher and more lovely. Sisters of the Elsmere Club will find buds of humanity to unfold 'over there.' Editors may scatter brighter thoughts in papers of wider circulation. Our good brother Slater will find yet larger audiences eager to receive higher truths through him. And students such as our learned brother Coleman, will continue to add thought to thought with eternal possibilities. All this is the teaching of Modern Spiritualism, and in my judgment this is a beautiful way of keeping its forty-first birthday."

At the close of Mr. Dawbarn's remarks John Slater and J. W. Mackenzie sang a duet, which received an enthusiastic encore. Miss Valerie Hickethier, of Oakland, gave a charming recitation in her own inimitable manner, which was followed by a vocal solo by Miss Evangeline Ballou, who possesses a voice of rare sweetness. Her singing was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled the songstress again to the stage. Mrs. J. M. Matthews, whose name is inseparably woven with that of Spiritualism in San Francisco, was introduced, and read an original poem for the occasion, reviewing the birth and growth of this great and grand movement.

Fred Emerson Brooks delighted all with his humorous recitations, and for a second encore sang an original song.

John Slater gave the "Cuckoo Song," by request, and as usual "brought down the house." On a recall he gave an imitation as only John Slater can give them. Little Miss Laura Crews, the child prodigy, being in the audience, was solicited to recite, and gave "The Boy at the Museum," in a remarkably creditable manner. Her acting is perfect, her voice clear and distinct, and she is surely destined to make her mark in the world upon the stage.

The applause that followed the little lady recalled her to the front with her sister, Lina Crews, who played a piano accompaniment while little Laura sang, "Sweethearts and Wives."

This closed the excellent programme, and the floor was cleared and dancing commenced which continued until twelve o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Foss, of Oakland, were present with Mr. Dawbarn and expressed themselves as much pleased with the evening's entertainment.

The Committee wish to thank all who assisted in making the social a success by kindly giving their services in various ways. The names cannot all be mentioned here, but each will know and feel that this is intended especially for them.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CELEBRATION.

The anniversary was commemorated by the young people at St. George's Hall, on 4th Market street, by entertainment and social upon Saturday evening followed by an unusually interesting meeting Sunday.

The programme, Saturday night, drew a large audience.

The following exercises were successfully conducted by Prof. G. F. Perkins:

Piano Solo	Mrs. Stout
Vocal Duet	Messrs. Fountain and Perkins
Recitation	Miss Nettie Bacon
Reading	Miss Gertie Michener
Original Recitations	Fred. Emerson Brooks
Vocal Solo	Mr. A. Purnell

A Farce in One Act,

"THE PUBLIC WARRIOR."

Mr. Gibbets, the warrior	Robert Aitken
Mr. Skipwell, a cashier	Clement Ward
Mr. Leek, an editor	Oscar Stormfield
Mr. Snooter, a lawyer	John Anderson
Mr. Slicer, a doctor	Charles Pownell
Mrs. Leek, the editor's wife	Jessie Cranston
Miss Henrietta Glimp	Winnie Michener
Zither Solo	A. Vanza
Banjo Solo	Thomas Eggert
Songs and Readings	Prof. G. F. Perkins

The universal opinion seemed to be that the entire programme was a decided success; many compliments were given to the training of the would-be actors and actresses, whose performances would give credit to many professionals.

Of course Mr. Brooks took the audience by storm, as usual.

Mrs. Perkins superintended the refreshment department. Among those who assisted, Mr. Young, Miss Fossett and Mrs. Harris deserve especial credit for donations of eatables, flowers, and assistance.

Others of the Lyceum and friends outside rendered valuable aid in various ways. Due credit is given to the officers of the Lyceum, for the use of kitchen and dining-room utensils.

The dancing hall was ably managed by R. H. Ely and C. H. Wadsworth, music being furnished by Mrs. Stout.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The usual young people's meeting was largely attended. The platform and tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, gifts from kind friends) which diffused a perceptible spiritual influence through the atmosphere.

Gertie Michener, Eva Peck, Oscar Stormfeld, Clement Ward and Willie Cranston successfully gave recitations appropriate to the occasion.

P. C. Tomson, after reading a grand poem from Lizzie Doten, gave a stirring address full of spirituality and enthusiasm, complimenting the efforts of the managers to furnish an opportunity for the young people to become interested in our glorious cause, and urged the hearers to support this movement.

Mr. Tomson gave many interesting experiences. Mrs. Tomson gave spirit communication, which was most interesting and furnished much food for thought. A Scotch control followed with a very beautiful poem.

Dr. Garter also related some interesting facts and experiences.

Mrs. Aitken favored the listeners with remarks and tests.

Mrs. Perkins followed with tests.

The meeting closed at a late hour with the best of feeling, and the managers believe that a successful future awaits the young people's meeting.

ONE OF 'EM.

A SPIRITUAL HOUSEWARMING.

The writer was one of the privileged few who partook of the spiritual feast spread by unseen hands at the "housewarming" tendered Mrs. A. L. Smith at her room, No. 39, Murphy Building, last Wednesday evening, the 27th ult., by her friends, spiritual and material. About a dozen of us were present in the form and a "host which no man could number," from the "green isles of the Beyond." Space and lack of time forbids a mention of all that occurred, therefore, suffice it to say that the occasion was one long to be remembered. Messages from spirit friends to many present were given through the mediumship of Mesdames Seely, McCann, Gentry, and others, while written words of love in prose and rhymes were given through A. P. Wilbur, who was also inspired to answer numerous questions, both mental and written, and in no instance was an error made. The spirit friends promised materialization, independent and direct writing and pictures with many other phenomena, if the conditions were made good, laying great stress upon the need of *absolute harmony*. Mrs. Smith and her co-workers have embarked upon an enterprise, which will, we trust, be a means of doing much good for our cause. When arrangements are perfected mediums will be present at all times to answer the question so often asked: "If a man die shall he live again?" Mediums, Spiritualists and all enquirers are always welcome to come to this room. May the good work go on until eternal life is known to all men, is the heartfelt, earnest wish of the writer.

A. P. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31st, 1889.

Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer Longley contributes to our columns this week.

DOVE NOTES.

J. J. Morse contributes another interesting number of "Note-Book Notes" in this issue.

The annual election for Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, will be held at 2 P. M., Sunday, April 14, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, San Francisco. MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD.

The sketches of the "Early Life in California," by Leon M. Bowdoin, of Stockton, now being published in the DOVE, will be continued, but not every week as the writer will be very busy about other matters.

Don't forget the Dime Social for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, given to the Ladies' Elsmere Club to-night, Saturday, April 6th, at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, 331 Geary street. Let there be a full attendance. A good, jolly, social time is expected.

Another intellectual treat from the pen of Dr. Joseph Simms is presented to our readers this week entitled "Hope." We trust that its perusal will inspire those of our readers, who are lacking in that essential element, to hope more, and fear less. The ills of life are half vanquished if we meet them with hope and courage.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, who is well known in Spiritualistic circles in this city as a writer of ability, and a highly educated and talented woman, is at present residing at Los Angeles, where she has in press a new book entitled "Hertha." It will, doubtless, be a most interesting work, and embody many grand, progressive thoughts. We wish Mrs. Hughes success in her enterprise.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for April contains a full-page steel-plate portrait of Dr. R. B. Westbrook, President of the American Secular Union, a good likeness with J. L. McCabe, and full biographical sketches of each. The "Contents" are very valuable. It includes "Respiration," by Prof. Herman Ohlsen, "The Logic of a Miracle," by D. K. Washburn, "Lord Bacon Compose the Shakespeare Poetry," by J. J. McCabe, "Church and State"—Concluded "The Late Army Post-Obituary," by Parker Pillsbury, "The Death Penalty," by A. Schell a poem, to "Giordano Bruno," and much other valuable matter. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents.

NOTE FROM MR. MORSE.

By an oversight my pen omitted to state that the copy of "Practical Occultism" promised for a translation of the four lines of mock Latin in No. IV. of "Note-Book Notes" was only to the author of *the first* translation that reached me. That, as stated, was from W. E. Coleman, and there the matter ends. The error was mine, but inadvertent, but the intent of my mind, was, and is, as here expressed. I am sorry of course to disappoint others, but first come is first served.

J. J. MORSE.

March 23, 1889.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The attendance of last Wednesday evening showed the increasing interest of the public in meetings where both the philosophy and phenomena are presented from the same platform.

The first hour was given to the answering of questions from the audience by the guides of Mrs. E. B. Crossette. The wide range covered by the questions indicated the activity of thought in the minds of those present and the clearness of the answers revealed how much is to be learned by asking the *invisibles* how to help to solve the riddles of life.

During the next hour Mrs. Ladd-Finnican occupied the platform in giving tests. The genial manner of this medium added to her great gift makes this lady one of the most pleasing and effective of public workers. All the various tests she gave were recognized, for Mrs. F. does not yield till she shows conclusively that the communications are correct. At the close of Mrs. Finnigan's tests the audience were surprised by a neat little speech, full of earnestness and enthusiasm, from the president, Mrs. Addie Swain. It contained but one point from which the listeners were likely to demur. That was the lady's resignation as President; but as she gave the good and sufficient reason of being unexpectedly called to leave the state, all were forced to accept the situation, and expressed their hearty good will in a unanimous vote of thanks for the able and successful manner in which the retiring president had conducted the meetings during her occupancy of the office.

One of Judge Swift's happy little speeches closed the meeting. But immediately on adjournment an impromptu farewell reception was given Mrs. Swain, her many friends crowding around her to personally express their regrets at her departure, and good wishes for her future in her new home.

THE PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

The exercises of the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism at Washington Hall last Sunday evening were of a highly interesting character. It was a musical, spiritual and intellectual feast. The audience was quite large and deserve the compliment of being called first class. It is not boasting to say no church in this city can present a more respectable and intellectual class at any of their gatherings. This speaks well for the moral tendency of the influence of Spiritualism. It attracts and draws to its teachings men and women of the highest culture of thought and mind which is an irrefutable and demonstrable proof that Spiritualism elevates and develops our better nature.

The meeting was opened by Judge Swift, with a few remarks saying that Spiritualism was the liveliest of all "isms" for one that had received so many dead shots from its enemies during the past year. Mr. Muhlner and occupied the chair. The singing was charming, the trio by the Misses Holmes was sweetly rendered without accompaniment and was highly appreciated by the audience.

The solos by Miss Kelly and Mrs. Muhlner were beautiful and charming; also the solos by Mr. Hirschberg and Miss Hirschberg.

The "Anniversary Poem" was read by Judge Swift.

The addresses of T. Curtis and W. H. Holmes showed themselves to be men of scholarly attainments and broad views and their speeches were extremely entertaining and instructive. These are men who should be more before the public in this advanced age of truth seeking. J. V. Mansfield, the Patriarchal Spiritualist of world-wide reputation, made a very pleasing and enjoyable address. The exercises closed by Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers who under control of her guide "Little Rosa" gave some convincing tests of spirit return.

Next Sunday evening Judge Swift will discuss the question of "License" and show its illegality; this is of vital interest to Spiritualists. Mrs. Mayo Steers will be present and give her usually interesting platform tests. REPORTER.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Sunday, March 31st, was a good day for the cause of Spiritualism in the city of San Francisco. The weather was simply charming, and all that could be desired. Mr. John Slater celebrated the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in a most fitting manner. In the afternoon the regular test seance was held, and the tests were, as usual, very satisfactory.

In the evening, before a very large audience, there was a grand concert and test seance, opening at 8 o'clock sharp by an organ solo, a potpourri from "Il Trovatore," rendered by Prof. Eckman in a most artistic manner; Miss Jessie Cranston recited an opening poem, in such a satisfactory manner as to win the approbation of the audience; Miss Lena Crews sang a song called "Recompense" in a beautiful manner, was encored, and sang "Bid Me Good Bye and Go." The lady possesses a very rich soprano voice. Miss Laura Crews, a tot of seven or eight, recited "The Boy at the Museum," creating a great amount of laughter, and was applauded, and sang a lullaby song very acceptably; a piano solo by Mr. Leslie Martin was enjoyed immensely, he is a fine artist. Miss Blanche Dorland, Mr. Albert Tissot, and Mr. John Mackenzie, sang the Atilla Trio very artistically, after which Miss May Code and John Slater sang a duet "Home to Our Mountains," from "Trovatore," in such a harmonious blending of the two voices, contralto and tenor as to charm the audience, as it were, into complete silence, and a storm of applause greeted them at the finish, to which they responded by singing "In the Starlight." Mr. John W. McKenzie sang Blumenthal "Message to Heaven" in such a beautiful, yet simple, reverent manner that it almost entranced his hearers, and to con

ginuous applause, kindly responded by singing "Molly Bawn." Miss Blanche Dorland, and Mr. Mackenzie sang Schubert's "Serenade" very acceptably. The lady possesses a phenomenal soprano voice, very clear and birdlike, and was very welcome. This lady will be heard more of in the near future. Then John—the inimitable John Slater, sang "The Cuckoo Song," and almost brought brought down the house. The applause was simply immense, and for an encore sang, "The Wasser Fall."

Miss May Code sang the very difficult solo, "Mio Fernando," from "Favorita," and she sang it so grandly as to win a wonderful applause from an audience that was critically inclined to answer any ambitious amateur who would dare attempt such a solo; for an encore she rendered very beautifully "The Song That Reached My Heart." Mr A Tissot sang "Niappari," from "Martha," beautifully, and also an aria from "Rigoletto." A future is in store for this gentleman that is very promising. The quartette from "Rigoletto," sang by Miss Dorland, Mrs. Grant, Mr. Tissot and Mr. Mackenzie brought the long concert programme to a satisfactory close. After the audience joined in singing "Nearer My God to Thee" Mr Slater gave tests that held the audience to the end, not one person leaving the hall until the conclusion of the "seance." The floral offerings were simply immense, ovr twenty designs, and nearly two hundred bouquets of flowers were the offerings from Mr. Slater's friends There is no use mentioning in detail all of the many beautiful designs. The platform was like unto a flower garden. The florist who dressed the platform did his work well. The plants were rich, rare, and in abundance, literally covering the large stage. This was the grandest celebration ever known in the annals of Spiritualism in San Francisco, and Mr. Slater deserves great credit for the success that has attended it.

REPORTER.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The anniversary at St. George's Hall, 958 Market street, was well attended. An original anniversary poem was given by the one presiding, which you are at liberty to publish The leading idea being that the spirit of Benjamin Franklin opened up the communication by raps between the two worlds, an idea that she had never heard advanced until it was written by inspiration on the thirty-eighth anniversary and read before a large audience in Santa Cruz, one year ago in Leadville, Colorado, Moses Hull, editor of *The New Thought* advanced the same ideas in his anniversay lectures which found a hearty response in the bosom of the writer. But to our meeting. Mr. P. C. Thompson, W. Hyde, Dr Houbert, gave fine addresses. Good music by three young gentlemen on the banjo, violin and piano, assisted by the Misses Hare, with songs and recitations.

A grand march was played by Mrs. Cook, then Mrs. Pruden with a band of little girls and boys marched in to the front of the stand bearing each a lily and a beautiful silk banner with this motto. "Truth is one motto. Willie to mamma." By the side of the stand, a superb picture of Willie, a manly boy of ten years was resting on an easel, while his spirit seemed to inspire his mamma to march and countermarch with the children Their graceful, easy motions combined with the spirit and harmony of the occasion caused many a tear to start throughout the audience. After a song by the children and some very appropriate remarks by their leader they marched out as they had come in. After music by Mr. Wilbur and the entire audience, speaking by Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Higgins of New York. Mrs. McCann, who has only been a professional medium a short time, made a speech which was well received, on being asked who the controlling spirit was, Mr Dean, another young medium, entranced, said it was the spirit of Eliza McKimball. The evening meeting was addressed by Dr. Fred O Houbert in a creditable manner A young medium arose and sang with piano accompaniment, after which he spoke to the text, "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The subject was strictly adhered to throughout, and as for argument, appeal, and perfect acting, a Beecher could have done no better in his own form Recitation by Mr. Humphrey, marching, singing and recitations by the children, and closing speech by Mrs Pruden, we had only time to present one tableaux, "The Babes in the Woods," which was very pretty.

We shall hope to continue on upward and onward course by helping the lowly to a plane of spiritual unfoldment. Meetings in the same place every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

The Progressive Spiritualists held anniversary exercises in their hall, Eddy street, at 2. P. M. Although there were several other meetings held in the city in commemoration of Modern Spiritualism, a goodly number of the old-time Spiritualists, as well as those of later times, came together to again rehearse the story we are never tired of hearing, of how the angels came and made themselves manifest to mortals in these modern times The exercises were opened with an invocation and short address from the controls of Mrs Crossette, who, although young in the field is destined to be a good work for the cause.

Our dear old sister and medium, Mrs M J Hendee, with tear-dimmed eyes spoke of the workers who in the past year had gone over to the other sides paying a just tribute to their labors and their worth. Mrs. M. Miller was the next speaker to say a word (as she expressed it) for the blessed truth of Spiritualism. A duet was given by Mesdames Kutter and Cook. P. Tomson, of Philadelphia, gave some good thoughts Mrs. I. M. Mathews, the conductor of the Children's Lyceum for so many years in this city, and who never fails to add her mite, gave an original poem written under inspiration—the angels telling their own story, we hope it may be published. Mrs. Gertrude Muhlner sang one of her sweetest songs.

The meeting was appropriately closed by tests and messages to loved ones, through the mediumship of Mrs. Ladd Finnecan and Mrs. Clara Mayo-Steers. All were pleased and returned to their homes feeling that they had received benefit from the celebration of our forty-first anniversary.

S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER.

A representative of the *Transcript* accompanied by W. C. Burbank, yesterday accepted an invitation to witness the powers of this eminent test medium and healer, and had a sitting at the Mansion House.

While both Mr Burbank and the reporter can truthfully say that they are not prejudiced against Spiritualism, neither are advocates, or make any attempt to explain its mysterious workings.

It, as is charged by a portion of the press, Dr Schlesinger performs his wonders by his powers as a mind reader, the results are miracles that we are equally at a loss to explain away, and our minds must be an open book to the gentleman, as he readily told us incidents, dates, names of both the living and the dead, etc., that we cannot account for his finding out, that we neither had written, spoken, or that we can call to mind, thought of, for many years.

The doctor will remain in Watsonville for a week or more, and if our people desire, will give a public exhibition of his powers as a medium. We leave the exposing or explaining of the methods employed, to some of the many sages who abide in our midst. *Watsonville Transcript.*

THE TIGER STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $2 per hundred

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

LECTURE BY MR. CHARLES DAWBARN.

The Ladies' Elsmere Club has secured the services of the well-known orator and thinker, Mr. Charles Dawbarn, on to-morrow evening, Sunday, April 7th, at Scottish Hall, 105 Larkin street. The exercises will begin at 7.45 sharp. Admission ten cents. Suitable music has been engaged for the occasion.

The lecture will be for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten. The subject will be "The Science of Spirit Return," and in the hands of so able an advocate of the verities of rational Spiritualism a rare treat may be expected.

This lecture was delivered at the Lake Pleasant and Cassadaga Camp meetings, and was pronounced the finest lecture that had ever been listened to at each place. In response to the general demand therefor, it was repeated at both places.

Mr. Dawbarn comes to us from the East with a reputation second to none as an earnest and powerful speaker, and as a logician, thinker, and scholar. At the various eastern camp-meetings he always draws the most crowded audiences. His lectures are a stimulus to thought, and are pregnant with ideas forceful and inspiring. They voice the conclusions of his unseen inspiring guide and mentor, assimilated with the deductions of his own inner consciousness.

The sterling virtues of his personal character, the excellence and purity of his daily life and conduct, *sans peur et sans reproche*, conjoin with his ability and zeal upon the platform and with the pen, in rendering Brother Dawbarn an honor and a credit to our cause. Persons of intellect and character, such as Mr. Dawbarn, deserve all possible encouragement, sympathy, and support at our hands.

As this is probably the only opportunity for some time that the people of San Francisco will have of listening to Mr. Dawbarn's eloquent exposition of the truths of the spiritual philosophy, we bespeak for him an overflowing house to-morrow night. Let the Spiritualists turn out *en masse* and greet this sturdy champion of our faith.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, a Hebrew, gave a couple of *Sentinel* men a test last Saturday in this office. He certainly did things we cannot do and do not understand. Where he gets his power, if power it is, is a mystery. He denominates it Spiritualism. There were rappings, but the table did not rise up and move about, as we desired to see it do. He readily called off names written on slips of paper, and told relationships they bore to the gentlemen present.—*Santa Cruz Daily Sentinel*, Sunday, March 24, 1889.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The last three numbers of the DOVE have contained articles entitled "Lessons from Nature," by Charles Dawbarn, in which he reaches some conclusions that are rather startling to those of us who possibly have not got quite so far along.

In number three he says, "So the birth of a new world must be compassed by intelligences who have evolved their powers from the great oversoul, and gained their skill through vast experiences."

He here declares in plain language that worlds are constructed by man, progressed indeed to high attainments, through long ages of personal life; and by a fair inference that all worlds are so produced by the direct action of man. He likens the production of a world to the production of the Suspension Bridge over the East river, between New York and Brooklyn, and therein shows that with all his investigation and study, he has not yet learned to distinguish between that which is evolved, and that which is constructed.

He says: "Something cannot come from nothing." Very good. I will accept that as a fact, and using it as such, present a few statements for his consideration.

Man is something, and this something must have always existed in some form.

Chemical analysis shows that that part of this something called matter is found on all the planes below the human, and observation shows that that other part, called spirit, also is manifested on these lower planes.

Now suppose that this something should cease to exist, as vegetable or animal, on this earth, could it continue to exist as man, here on this earth? Certainly not.

Or suppose that this something as it expresses itself in the alluvial and aqueous should be taken away from this world, could the vegetable, animal or man be produced upon it? Certainly not.

Does not this prove that this something comes up, step by step, to fuller and higher expressions of itself?

All worlds, suns and nebula, as such had a beginning in time, and each may be traced back in its history until the point is reached when this something that constitutes it was aggregated into its first beginnings, so that the final analysis of this something gives as its elements, Simple Self-Existence, and as outside of self-existence there can be nothing, it is a logical sequence that self-existence must contain within itself as inherent and potential, all things to which it may attain, and facts that cannot be set aside or ignored, demonstrate that by a process that has been named evolution, the self-existent entity of primal being, by aggregating itself into individualized forms, gives expression to its inherent qualities, and that these various individualized forms, follow each other in sequential order; and in this order of unfoldment and development self-existence expresses itself in the form of a world ages upon ages before it expresses itself in the form of a man.

Self-existence must first express itself as a world, and carry that world entirely through its sun stage of world life, and so far into its planetary stage as to give expression to its inherent vegetable and animal forms, before it can give expression to its inhering human form, as man.

No, Mr. Dawbarn, a world is not the product of the intelligent design and labor of any man or body of men, no matter to what stage of unfoldment they may have attained for self-existence evolves all forms in which it expresses itself by and through the powers that inhere in the substances that constitutes them.

The finites, individualized forms of self-existence, construct other forms, using some portion of the self-existent substance that has become fixed as matter for that purpose, and all such forms are properly termed constructions, and the Brooklyn Bridge is such a construction. It is the product of human intelligence operating upon it from without, but the rose is an evolution. It is the product of self-existence operating upon its substances from within, and it is the same with the world.

It requires a world to produce a man, and self-existence as manifested in a man may consciously and voluntarily use its powers as therein expressed, to beautify and improve the world that antidated him, and also to help his fellow men to attain to higher conditions, until in the human form, as man, self-existence shall develop and attain unto its state of Godhood.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

ADA FOYE IN THE EAST.

To the readers of the CARRIER DOVE: It has occurred to me that you would be pleased to learn something of the grand good work that Mrs. Ada Foye is doing here in the East. During the winter that lady has lectured and given platform tests nearly every night in the week and twice on Sundays, confounding the skeptic, and astonishing and delighting even the staid old Spiritualist, who, it would seem must by this time have ceased to be amazed by anything that spirits can do, by the accuracy and clearness of her exhibitions of spirit power. Mrs. Foye is undoubtedly one of the best and most convincing mediums the world has produced. It is really wonderful to listen to the raps occurring in her presence, loud, clear and forcible, replying correctly to questions, oral or mental, and showing signs of intelligence that are unmistakably of spiritual origin. The ballot tests, too, given in promiscuous assemblies without hesitation or failure have awakened deep attention, while the names and messages from departed spirits—all of them strangers to the medium—read by Mrs. Foye, as if written upon the atmosphere, are a marvel to all who have listened to them.

From city to city, from one state to another Mrs. Foye has travelled, giving her seances

public halls which have been thronged by the skeptical public, and displaying the broadest and fullest evidence of spirit communication that one could ask. Wherever the lady has appeared she has challenged the attention of thoughtful minds, and has made many converts to our beloved cause. Her second appearance in any place has brought out a still larger crowd than the first, and often many have turned away, unable to find even standing room among the eager throng. It would be impossible to depict the good this grand medium from your Coast has done during the winter just past. Her work is of no mean order and could not fail to arrest attention and to carry conviction of its reliability at any time, but coming as she did, close upon the steps of that poor misguided medium, and unfortunate woman, Margarita Fox, who, with perjured speech had passed our way, publicly proclaiming herself a sham and a charlatan of forty years standing, and accusing the whole fraternity of mediums of trickery and dishonor, Mrs. Foye brought to the East in her own splendid mediumship such a refutation of the base slander against her class, and such an overwhelming proof of the truths of phenomenal Spiritualism as to make her coming doubly welcome to every believer in Spiritualism.

It was as if the angel world had mapped out her line of travel and of labor, and indeed, Mrs. Foye assures us this was so. Margarita Fox under the subtle influence of her tempters and managers, went forth like a destroying flame, with intent to scorch and blast the fertile fields of Spiritualism with baleful and dishonored words, but in her wake, came Ada Foye, with healing in her touch, scattering freely forth the cool waters of everlasting truth, and casting abroad the rich and fruitful seed of spiritual manifestation which at once sprang forth with abundant harvest. Mrs. Foye has derived much satisfaction and pleasure from her protracted visit East. In a few days she leaves our city to journey westward, taking with her the love and grateful blessing of thousands who have listened to her words and have received her tests. Could she remain with us for an indefinite time, her days would all be filled with appointments for her blessed work.

Everywhere she has been received with welcome, and more than one home has been opened, and its walls been honored by the friends who have convened within them to pay tribute to this unselfish medium, whose work is a credit, and whose personal life of purity and truthfulness is a glory to our cause.

It was the happiness of my companion and myself to receive Mrs. Foye as our guest into our harmonious little home on Friday, March 22nd. As the dear sister was to remain with us through the night, we invited a number of well tried and noble Spiritualists to meet with us during the evening and tender a reception to our esteemed guest. Among those present here came Luther Colby, the veteran editor of the good old *Banner of Light*, and his efficient assistant, John W. Day. The latter gentleman was accompanied by his sweet singing wife, also by the rising young violinist, Mr. Lewinisky. There were also present, Col. Wm. D. Crockett, President of Onset Bay Association, with his daughter, Mrs. Billings, and his sister, Miss Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Sr., and J. B. Hatch, Jr., and wife, well known to Lyceum workers everywhere, also W. B. Sprague, the former publisher of the "Voice of Angels," also Eli Smith, whose good work for Spiritualism is at least well known in Boston, with many other congenial friends who felt it was good to be here. During the evening, the gathering, which had partaken of a social nature crystalized itself into a more formal spirit, and under the direction of Mr Hatch, Sr., an impromptu programme of exercises consisting of finely rendered instrumental selections upon piano and violin by Mrs. Day and Mr. Lewinisky, remarks by the chairman and others present, quartette singing by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Longley, an address by John W. Day, singing by Mrs. Day, and a duett by Masters Eddie and Charlie Hatch was successfully arranged and performed.

At the conclusion of the above number, it was my good fortune to serve as the mouthpiece for my beloved guide, John Pierpont, who in earnest speech and impressive manner bade our guest welcome in the name of the angel world, paying merited tribute to her work as a medium and her worth as a woman, in fitting words. At the close of the spirit's remarks, Mrs. Foye feelingly responded, winning the applause of her hearers by the eloquence and sincerity of her well chosen utterances. A collation followed the singing which then ensued, during the progress of which raps were distinctly heard upon the table, giving evidence of the presence and delight of our spirit friends.

At our breakfast-table on the following morning with only Mrs. Foye, Mrs. Sprague, Mr. Longley and myself present—raps came thick and loud replying to questions and giving us tidings of our dear immortal friends. These rappings were made not only upon the table, but upon the closet door and wood work some feet away from where we sat. Lotela, my little Indian messenger signalized her presence in this way and later, controlled my organism and conversed with Mrs. Foye at some length. It is needless to say that all who attended our reception to our beloved medium were well satisfied and pleased with what they saw and heard.

Sincerely yours,

M. T. SHELHAMER LONGLEY.

Boston, March 25th.

SPIRITUALISM IN MICHIGAN.

The seventh annual meeting of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association was opened on Friday afternoon, February 22d, in the new quarters of the local society, who gave the free use of their hall, which they have leased from the Good Templars; a well-lighted, handsome hall with a seating capacity for about six hundred, and although this was more than double the capacity of the hall in which the last annual meeting was held, on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening, there was not even standing room for the people who came to hear the eloquent speakers that had been engaged, and many went away disappointed at not being able to gain admission. As a representative meeting it was a success, and all who attended expressed themselves as well pleased, and were proud of the fact that Michigan had such a large number of Inspirational speakers. The first session opened at 2 P. M., on Friday, with an address of welcome by the President, Dr. W. O. Knowles, after which a conference occupied the remainder of the afternoon. At 7:30 P. M. opened with an invocation by Hon. L. V. Monton, of this city, after which he chose as the subject of his address "Fact or Fancy. Which?" "What do we know, how much can we demonstrate?" "How much is mere speculation?" It was in every sense of the word an able address, and was listened to attentively by a very large audience. This speaker was followed by Mrs. Mary Lawson, of this city. She is a trance speaker and for twenty minutes she spoke words of wisdom that were appreciated by all. She is the best test medium we have in the State. Mrs. E. C. Woodruff of South Haven spoke for a few minutes. On Saturday morning, after an hour's conference, Mrs. Nellie S. Baade, of Capac, spoke, subject "Experiences." She is a gifted medium, and should be more generally known. The afternoon was partially occupied by the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result. President, W. E. Reid, Grand Rapids; Vice President, Mrs. D. F. Smith, Vicksburg; Secretary, C. M. Potter, Grand Rapids; Treasurer, Mrs. E. J. Winals, Grand Rapids; Trustees, John Lindsey, Grand Rapids, to fill the vacancy caused by the demise of Dr. J. B. Sullivan, of Stanton; D. E. Thompson, of Benton Harbor, I. N. Potter, of Lansing. After the election was over, Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven, spoke for an hour. "If you have an idea the world will come round to you. The people know where to find bread, and they will for your ideas, you cannot withhold it if you wish. Every man is to be measured by his moral use in the world." Referring to the habit of profanity, she said, "We should guard our lips as if they were the doors of a palace, the king within."

The business of the evening was an address by Dr. A. Spinney, of Detroit. His text was taken from Rev. xxi:3. His discourse was a dissertation upon the relation of man to the divine principle, or the God power in us. "You who have seen the glories of heaven cannot find words to describe them to your friends," Dr. Charles Andrew, of Grand Rapids, gave inspirational poems upon two subjects. The first upon a basket of flowers presented to the President, Dr. Reid and the other, "The Red, White and Blue," The Sunday morning session was opened at 9 A. M. with a conference, which was participated in by Samuel Smith of Fruitport; Mrs. D. F. Smith, Vicksburg; Samuel Marion, Grand Rapids; Dr. Thomas of

Lagrange, Ind., and Mrs. Crawford, of Elkhardt, Ind. After singing "Marching, God to Thee," L. M. Moulton spoke for an hour upon the text "Be ye wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. Men often do what they think is good, but because they are not as wise as serpents and harmless as dove, the result is evil." Mrs. Nellie S. Baade, of Capac, followed with an invocation to the infinite spirit for wisdom, strength and assistance, and then spoke for an hour; "subject, "Spiritualism. What is it? What has it done for humanity?"

The afternoon session opened at 2 P. M. Mrs. Lena Beble spoke for forty minutes; subject, "Where and Whither," and the closely packed audience (at least two hundred were standing) listened as only people deeply interested could. Dr. Spinney followed with some very interesting experiences he had when first investigating Spiritualism. Dr. Charles Andrews followed on the subject. " What authority have we for the inspiration of the scripture? Faith or knowledge. Which?"

Sunday evening was one of the most interesting ever held in the State of Michigan.. Although the morning session had convened at 9 A. M. and closed at 12:30, the afternoon convened at 2 and closed at 5 P. M., 6:30 found the hall one mass of humanity, struggling to obtain even standing room. The President, Dr. W. E. Reid, had called out every speaker and medium, and massed them on the stage (over thirty in all), and then commenced one of the grandest meetings ever seen in the State, the President insisting on each each one speaking promptly and for a few minutes only. Tests of a startling nature were given by Mrs. Lawson; fourteen full names given with the descriptions and all recognized. Mrs. J. P. Hinkey's poem by (Uncle Sam,) "Trying to be like Christ," was applauded, and when the final benediction was pronounced by the chaplain, Mrs. Sarah Graves, it was conceded by all present to be the grandest success we have ever had. Respectfully,

C. M. POTTER,
Secretary Michigan State Association of Spiritualists.

SPIRITUALISM IN SANTA CRUZ.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I am encouraged to drop you a line again from Santa Cruz, as you have kindly published two or three little notices of our doings here, that I have written as best I could, to let the outside world know that there are friends tried and true in this orthodox garden of God. As I wrote you in my last, there has been a troubling of the waters here, and some have stepped in and been healed, and others are waiting for the angel of the Lord to come down again and roil the waters of the pool. Dr. Schlesinger was with us, and gave us Thursday evening at the church in his most wonderfully truthful manner, endearing messages from the dear ones from the thither shores. It was unfortunate that we did not have him for Monday night, as it was very evident if we had his services would have been in much greater demand, for after he left on Friday, quite a number came to see him. They are the ones waiting for the troubling of the waters when the "angel" shall come again to Santa Cruz. Our little society is laboring under a little pecuniary obligation for our organ, and the doctor magnanimously gave us this benefit, and although the audience was small in numbers, it was immense in appreciation. On every hand expressions of the most exalted satisfaction were heard, and a vote of thanks tendered him at the conclusion of the services. He, no doubt, realized the truth of the saying "It is more blessed to give than to receive," for in giving us the little "life" on our organ, the "bigness" of his heart was made manifest, and that touched a sympathetic chord in every bosom here, which was, without doubt, revealed to the Doctor's intuitive perception, making him happy as he sped on his homeward way behind the steed of steam. God bless Dr. Schlesinger. We will ever welcome him among us.

We had a good meeting at our anniversary, Bro. B. Pilkington lectured, giving his experience as one of the original committee to investigate the Fox girls, forty-one years ago, in Rochester. Then short speeches, experience recitals from those who wished, making it very interesting. We feel very much encouraged, and shall continue the good word and work to the best of our ability, and trust the angel world for guidance. Yours for the truth,

W. H. BAXTER.

PROGRESSIVE THOUGHTS.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I agree fully with your remarks on "A Baby's Cry" in the DOVE of the 9th inst, and sympathize deeply with Mrs. Lydia Kennedy and her little girl, in the wrong done to them by the unjust decision of Judge Wilson. When it becomes the custom of a woman to propose marriage to the man of her love's choice, which is just because a woman's love generally is deeper, purer and less selfishness than a man's; when husbands become more chaste in their affections, and love their wives sufficiently to leave the begetting of offspring entirely subject to the wish of the wife, then will the marriage relation become a voluntary bond of pure, conjugal love; and divorce will be less frequent, if at all. I also coincide fully with Emma Train in her remarks on "Let us be truly liberal," in the same number of the DOVE, and can bless every effort to remove the curse of intemperance. When General Sherman with his army made his celebrated march through Georgia, from Atlanta to the Sea, in our late war, in 1865, he answered a woman who complained to him of the loss of her chickens, taken by some of Sherman's soldiers, "Madame, this war must be brought to an end, if it takes every chicken in Georgia," and I say, the curse of intemperance with its accompanying evils and sufferings must be removed, if it takes every drop of intoxicating liquor, manufactured, exported or imported in these our United States of America. Yours for progress in all that tends to elevate humanity.

FREDERICK HAASE.

A CARD.

EDITOR *Sentinel*: During the past two or three weeks my name has been freely used by several citizens in connection with John Slater, the medium, and now Dr. Schlesinger is in town, gossip has already started its tongue wagging, and the query is freely propounded, "I wonder if Coolidge will post this man?" Well, in all seriousness, what a long head a person must have to post a man in as many ways as Slater gave tests. As regards myself I can only say this: I never had fifteen minutes conversation with Slater while he was here. My wife's family are Spiritualists, but who dares say that they are worse than many others? If one of the family chooses to use my horse and buggy and take these gentlemen around to see our beautiful city, is it anybody's business?

As far as Dr. Schlesinger is concerned I am willing to add my testimony as to his ability, as follows: The first of the year I was in San Francisco, and to fulfill a promise made to my family I went to Dr. Schlesinger with my wife. He did not know me or I him, but in less than fifteen minutes he told me my name, as well as the names of my own family, both living and dead, and other matters known only to myself. What this power is I know not, but this much I know, that in less than one-half an hour, since he has been here he has given my wife more relief in her sickness than physicians in San Francisco have in nearly three months, and to whom I have paid a great deal of money.

I am still a skeptic, and I do wish the people to let me alone in this matter, as I am thoroughly competent to care for myself.—C. S. COOLIDGE in *Santa Cruz Sentinel*.

NOTICE.

The Woman's Congress.

The above-named society was duly organized in the city of Oakland, Cal., Dec. 3, 1888. This society is composed of *women only*, from the early developed youth to old age. Its object and aim is for their educational advancement and a higher standard of culture and intelligent attainment, also for investigation and agitation of all subjects of reform, for the seeking out of all the causes that are at the present time developing so many evils in this our fair city.

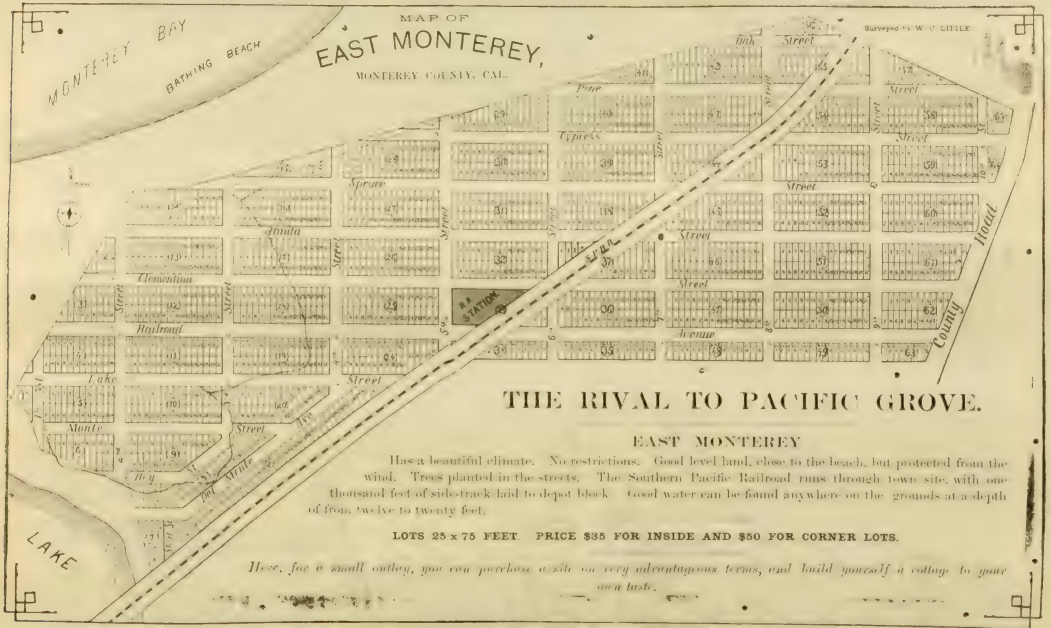
This society is not sectarian in the least, but broad and philanthropic, granting to each the undeniable right to retain their own political or religious opinions, without discussion or interference, ever bearing in mind the golden rule.

Its further object is to bring before its members subjects of vital importance to us as women of this generation that by interchange of thought each and all may be benefited, thus throwing an influence for good over all those we meet in the daily walks of life, and to educate the rising generation of young women in such a way that they may become better wives and mothers than those of the past have been.

Women of Oakland and all surrounding cities and country, we most cordially invite you to visit us at your earliest convenience. See for yourselves what we are doing and we feel confident that you will join us heart and hand to forward the good we have undertaken.

This society meets every Monday afternoon at two o'clock at Montana Hall, corner of Seventh and Adeline streets.

MRS. R. A. LOOMIS, President.
MRS. H. L. BIGELOW, Secretary.
OAKLAND, April 2, 1889.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APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, $1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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Compensation Rendered.

What are these things that seem light and trivial to me? What are these burdens of responsibility and pain that bend the back and weaken the will, and press me steadfastly away from the freedom I would so joyously make my own? What are these daily tasks, dishwashing, sweeping and dusting, mending, sewing and cooking; these disheartening and distasteful tasks that roughen and harden my hands? What is this wear and tear with the hurrying world that warps my nature from the generous, loving impulses of early life, and turns the bloom of my hopes into dust that chokes and parches as I look? What is the meaning and use of all this to me when I so long to live in rest, plenty and luxury? What have I who would be a dweller in life's high and positive condition, to do with its meaner details?

O soul, broad-embracing and splendid entity—fulfilling its destiny in its own unspoken mysterious way, these things are much to you. They are the channels through which you draw deeper and ever deeper draughts of life from out the abyss of All Life. These poor daily duties, with their pitiful accompaniment of pain are compensations rendered for superb states of happiness yet to be delivered; they are hourly payments for the fulfillment of your highest conceptions and aspirations; they are God's medium of exchange with man, and are given always for something better than you have known, leading on and onward, farther and farther still, in an ever encroaching march upon the unseen forces of life; they are the prices you pay for admission into the unknown quantities of love, and peace and power beyond.

Therefore, O soul, keep on thy way in content, remembering that thy life cannot drown itself in its own flood of tears.—A. W. P. in *Wilmin's Express*.

Money will make us work, but money will not make us give our hearts to the work—nothing but love for our work or real good principle can make us do that.—*Jean Ingelow.*

When men avail themselves of the assistance of villians they regard them with the same feelings as they do venomous creatures which they employ for their poison and gall; for while they make use of them they show affection, but when their purpose is accomplished they detest their rascality.—*Plutarch.*

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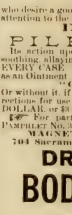

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When the fresh young rosy morn
Is breaking into light of day
O'er the eastern horizon;
When twittering birds are waking
From their nights of refreshing sleep,
When perfume fills the morning air
From fragrant blossoms sweet.

Or when the shades of evening
Are stealing o'er the earth,
And the sound of fresh young voices
Are heard in happy mirth;
When the last notes of the robin
Are borne upon the air
'Tis then I'd fold the weary hands
For a home more bright and fair.

I would not pass away
Amid the winter storms,
When earth lies chilled and frozen
In all her icy forms,
When all is covered over
As with a winding sheet
Of purest crystal snow
Beneath the traveller's feet.

But let me make the change
In the pure sweet month of May
When fragrant buds and blossoms
Are scattered o'er the way,
When happy song birds trilling
From every bush and tree;
'Tis then I'd lay the casket down
To set the spirit free.

I would kind hands should lay me
Beneath the silent sod
Where fresh green grass and mosses
And fragrant blossoms nod
Their bright and graceful heads
Beside the new made mound
Within the city of the dead
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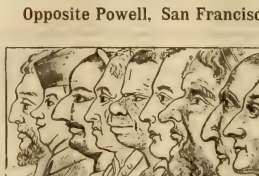

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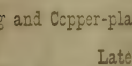

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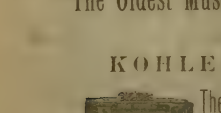

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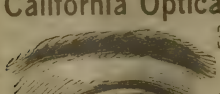

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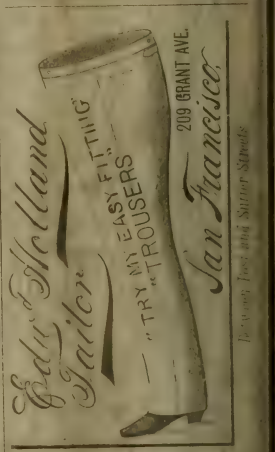

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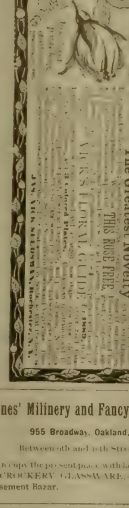

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The Platform.

The Dwellings of the Dead

BY THE GUIDES OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

"How are the dead raised up? in what body do they come?"

"If a man die shall he live again?"

"There is no sight, nor sound, nor any life in the grave."

"In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you."

"Where are the dwelling places of the dead?"

The ancient scripture, or the compilation which appears in connection with the Christian Bible, affords very little clue to what the Jews really thought concerning the future life, for the dead are referred to as being so utterly dead; and the grave is referred to as the habitation of the dead; those who have passed from mortal sight are spoken of as not knowing anything, that it would seem at a casual glance from the interpretation offered you that there was no belief in a future state at all. It would seem that angels appeared among men as men, in their talk of a future life, and salvation, and of the soul in its highest estate, and those who were inspired, always referred in such a way to the future state as though it were certainly a thing that was understood. So we have arrived at this conclusion; that the Rabbinical Jewish Bible differs essentially from the Christian interpretating, that the teachings of the Jews has been translated by Christian authorities and compilers rather than with the view of offering what they supposed to be prophecy concerning Christ than to correctly interpret the views of the Hebraic religion. We think there were three distinct classes: the initiated, or priests, who understood the Kabalistic lore, and who preserved from the ancient records and Oriental Bibles the inner meaning of inspiration, they believed in immortality, believed in a future state, believe in all that you understand as the recognition of the immortal life. The second class understood but dimly those mysterious things, and accepted salvation and everlasting life more as a physical fact than a spiritual thought, and this physical fact became more and more material, was transferred more from heaven to earth. The majority of the people believed that the dead were dead, that the wicked would never rise again, but continue to be dead, while the good would be resurrected and inherit the physical earth, since their idea of the New Jerusalem and of the kingdom which was to be their's was purely physical. Such is our interpretation of the three lines of history that are found in the Jewish record; that which is prophecy and inspired as spiritual, and that reaches far forward into Christianity.

But there certainly can be no doubt, when one turns to the pages that give the history of Jesus, as to what kind of heaven or future state awaits mankind, all the teaching therein contained, which is very little in point of language, but very much in meaning, refers distinctly to a spiritual state, refers distinctly to a kingdom that is not of earth. He refers to the "Father's House" or the mansions in heaven as being a spiritual not a material condition; but the Jews who heard Him did not understand Him, did not know whom He meant by the word "Father," did not understand to what He referred when He spoke of His "Kingdom," supposed that His "Father" and His "Kingdom" were physical facts, which would be demonstrated to them by the arrival in some grand or wonderful manner of this King or Father. Such was the tenacity with which the Jews clung to material life, Christ being their King, that when the death blow came, when the fact really appeared that He had physically perished as other men do, it was also a death blow to their spiritual faith, no wonder they felt the blow so keenly, no wonder that the people who believed in some sort of way that He was to lead them to the New Jerusalem, to be their ruler, that they felt such utter barrenness and desolation when the physical fact of the crucifixion of Jesus was known to them.

Among the still more ancient nations, especially in Egypt, the dwelling places of the dead were set apart from all the residences of mankind; those who had aught to do with the physical dissolution, or prepared the bodies for interment, were Pariahs, were set apart from all contact with all other people, no human being could touch their hands under penalty of violating the law, none indeed, could even come in contact with them, except through especially appointed ways although they were possessed of human loves and human interests they were literally in habitants of the city of the dead. Across the river from where Egy t's splendid cities arose, these dwelt in absolute isolation, never coming in contact with the daily lives of their kind, having for companionship only the thoughts of the dead.

But a still more subtle idea pervaded the minds of the Egyptians and Arabians; that far in the desert where no man had penetrated was the dwelling place of the dead. For some time in Africa, afterward in Egypt, it was customary to bear their dead into the desert, where the elements would destroy the bodies, where birds of the air and wild beasts would feed upon them. Where naught would be near any habitation of aught that remained of the dead forms. It was even thought that souls, imprisoned for sin and selfishness were wandering in those distant wastes; that the arid desert held the wandering wraiths of those who had been wicked upon earth; and such souls as had been initiated and true, passed through the shadows and by the hand of Horus into the upper heavens, and were admitted into the kingdom of celestial light. Still another theory prevails in the Orient among the worshippers of Ormuzd and Ahrimines; Ormuzd the god of light, Ahrimines the god of darkness or shadow. The former was the sun, not the literal sun, but the sun of splendor dwelling in the upper heaven. Ahrenines was the winter, the night, the satan of mythology, not endowed with such revengeful fury as the Satan of Christendom, but whatever shadows were upon the earth when winter or darkness came Ahrenines prevailed. He also was the god of Death, and into his kingdom which was the lower world, or world of shadows, passed the souls of those whose bodies were dead; there they either passed to Ormuzd in his temple of light, or through other forms of reincarnation wrought out their destinies on earth to win the kingdom of Ormuzd.

Under the Brahminical and Buddhistic religion there is also a subtle theory about souls; all souls come from Deity, from the state of Deity which is Nirvana, beyond the state of time and sense, but when they once enter the realm of time and sense they must pass through all its changes of planetary conditions, all physical conditions upon each planet and they even teach that they must pass through all stages of animal life—we think, however, that this is an interpolation.

Then, according to Buddha, such souls as have conquered, as have ceased to desire to have any contact with matter, as their desires have become so exalted that the material life no longer enchains them, pass again into Nirvana. But such others as are in the shadow still, pass through the various stages of earthly life enchained by the "Karma, or conditions of their previous incarnations, until, finally, they are lost in the shadows utterly or are restored unto Nirvana.

Among the Jews it is undoubtedly true that some portion of these Oriental teachings prevailed. They believed that the dead only occupied a spirit state, an intermediate state, for a certain length of time and then were incarnated again upon earth. But there also was another theory among the Jews, that is the dead were sleeping, and that they would reappear as possessors of the earth, or they would slumber forever. Christianity on the other hand makes a distinct digression, almost in the opposite direction, and the teaching, coming as it did, in the midst of that kind of materialism that prevailed in Judea, is as much a stamp of its genuineness as any proof that could be revealed. Everything taught in the Christian Bible is spiritual, that which is taught in the Jewish Bible is literal. Everything taught by Christ concerning man as a spirit is so distinct that he makes a man's desire to do wrong as sinful as the wrong doing itself; He makes the thought of anger as palpable a murder as the slaying by the hand; He makes the thought of robbing one's neighbor as real as the act itself, so that there was an entire transference or the sinfulness of man from the mere violation of the law to a lack of spiritual perception. So, also, was there a change with reference to the dead. This is why it is so impossible to gather from that which was comparatively a Jewish record, or rather Jewish tradition, (which is, after all, history) exact data concerning the birth, life and death of Christ, for they did not expect Him to die physically at all, and if He did physically they expected Him to be restored physically, to live in a literal form in a literal kingdom.

It is only by reading between the lines and behind the record, by understanding that the spirit of Christ's teachings referred to himself as a spirit as well as to others, to know that he taught a distinct life separate from the senses, a distinct spirit in man separate from his body, and a distinct existence beyond this life separated from the physical form by the change called death, the distinct inheritance of an immortal nature as separated from the physical nature. That he did not teach many of the doctrines of the Orient taught by Buddha is no evidence that he did not recognize them, for it is certain that he intimated that he believed that John the Baptist was Elias, in fact, he states it in so many words, so it is accepted as a portion of his teachings recorded in the New Testament that he believed that the prophets and others could appear again on earth.

When we take this in connection with all the other things that he taught, we find he was here more to teach the triumph of the moral nature over the physical form, the spiritual nature of man as distinct from his physical nature, and an immortality that was spiritual. But he taught no literal heaven; he taught no physical paradise; he taught nothing that could be construed into an acceptance of the state of the hereafter as being a literal state in any sense. Since he made the moral realities of life spiritual when here, it is utterly impossible that he would make the spiritual realities of a future life material when there. So when he says to his disciples, his wondering and bewildered disciples, who did not know whom he referred to when he referred to his Father; who did not know of what he spoke when he spoke of his kingdom, or, "In my father's house there are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." They took it in a literal sense; they supposed he would send for them, or that a messenger would arrive from that great kingdom of the Fathers and bear them materially hence. When he died and gave no sign; when he was crucified and did not claim them, it was a death blow. But after all the ministration came; the appearance in their midst was a revelation; it led them step by step to the doorway of spiritual truth. When he finally went away and came no more, in personal form, or it is not recorded that he came again, there still was a consciousness of that presence, of that light that had led them before.

Of course into Christianity, strange as it must appear to the impartial mind, there has crept the material, revolting, and impossible interpretation of death, that the Jews entertained. The body, holding in thrall the sleeping soul, and the narrow house of clay, as the habitation of the dead, and even the literal resurrection of those who are to be saved is typified spiritually in the vision of John. This is accepted literally as the truth and these theological dogmas are chained to be predicated upon the life, death and resurrection of Christ. If there is any resemblance between the teachings of Christ and those who teach the sleeping of the spirit until the resurrection of the body, we have not found it; if there is any resemblance in Christ's picture of the future state and his preparation for his disciples, and that which has been woven into these theological dogmas many centuries after, we have not discovered it; and if that which follows the supposed resurrection unto eternal torment can be tortured by any misrepresentation from the teachings of Jesus we cannot possibly discover it. It is Jewish, and not Christian; it is the ignorant Jewish faith, not even the faith of the Hebrew prophet; it is the commonly accepted idea of the literal multitude who do not know the meaning of the resurrection or spirit life at all.

And yet, into that house of clay, as taught in Christendom, and especially in Protestant Christendom, has been crowded the hope, the love, and the life of humanity; into that house of clay, as pictured under Calvinistic doctrines, as revealed even by the ritual of the Church of England, must be thrust all hopes and fears of a pleading, longing humanity to wait that dim, dismal sounding of the final trumpet. No one is spiritual enough to know that the judgment day, and the judgment seat is in the soul, no one is spiritual enough to know that the recording angel is also there, and no one seems to be endowed with perception enough to discover that the summons that comes to you, and comes to each, to rise up from the grave, is not to those who are physically dead, but to those in human life who are morally dead.

If it were true that the spirit and body could slumber together for any length of time in the resting place of the house of clay, prepared for the forms alone, then would annihilation be true; then would materialism be true; then it would be true that man could lay down his treasures at the grave with the certainty of never beholding them again, but because Jesus taught of another life, that which was divine, and because the heart of the whole world, by common consent, turned to something better; even Protestantism has been rescued from that dismal thralldom; a broader, fairer religion has swept across the theology of the past; imperfectly it is true; but human thoughts are greater than human creeds; poets have sung better songs than ministers have preached sermons, and the world has hung upon visions of hope more than upon pictures of despair. The people have forgotten Milton since Tennyson, Longfellow, Wordsworth, and Shelley sung of spiritual themes; Dante's pictures of Hades are blotted out in the light of that spiritual truth; and to day the heaven which is pictured by even those who worship at the outward shrine of Christian theology, is no such heaven as that which was painted by Calvin, or which Milton wove into his song.

Gradually the dwellings of the dead have been opened to your vision; gradually the habitations of the spirit world have been revealed to your comprehension; gradually that realm has been drawing nearer, and no man nor woman who has any intelligent faith to-day looks to the narrow house of clay in the dust for the loved ones; not even those who say in the ritual, "I believe in the resurrection of the body," dream of what they say. They believe their friends live somewhere, and they do not understand what horror they are rejecting when they say, "I believe in the resurrection of the body." That spiritual life has all been pictured by their friends, even as Christ did before them, and their loved ones are there.

Who could comfort a mother who believed that her babe was sleeping in the tomb until the judgment day? What voice could reach the father or friend who contemplated the fearfulness of that sleep? Nay, there is a faith in mankind stronger than the walls of the strongest creed; even Calvinism has yielded up its babes, that were lost because not baptised, and placed them at the feet of Christ in heaven. Even those babes that it was said hell was paved with, have been restored by the light of an inward faith, to the mother in paradise, by the better nature of an inspired humanity that will not bend to a creed that stultifies the name of Christ.

Now by a steadily moving impulse that picture of the new Jerusalem, that heaven with its alabaster throne, and literal streets of gold, with its walls of precious stones, and gates of pearl must be understood to mean a spiritual state, those glittering terms are symbols of the light and love divine; such attributes as only could abide in the innermost heaven within the soul of the blest.

Spiritualism has swept into the world to save mankind from the thought of annihilation and the night time of Theology, and to spread the mantle of its beauty over this horrible picture of the past by a certainty, a divine certainty, of a future life. But Spiritualism has found mankind just as theology left it; has found mankind in theology; and when a spirit has come knocking at the doors of your hearts by sometimes making signs, and sounds, and tokens, in your dwellings, it has been with various conflicting emotions that people have received the message. Sometimes they have thought of it as people returning from the grave. You would hear in the first years of Spiritualism the phraseology of "calling up the spirits," as though they were called up literally, from their slumbering bodies; you would hear the thought of spirits as in a world beneath; as though they thought the dead came upout of their graves. No one believed them dead, nor anything of the kind, no one believed that people called up spirits, in point of altitude, no doubt they thought they came from what you would call above instead of below unless they came from Hades, and none thought their friends came from that place; yet into the theology which formed the individual state of each mind, the messenger from the spirit world had to enter; the Calvinist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, and Roman Catholic, each had to be approached according to their state; and the great surprise of those who expected only to meet their friends at the resurrection can well be understood.

But now that these barriers are broken away; now that Methodism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, and even Roman Catholicism, have melted as creeds before the dawning of spiritual light; now that the spiritual realm is opened to your investigation, and you converse daily with your friends, receive admonition and advice from them, you ask them concerning their states, it is no longer excusable that you are ignorant of their dwellings, they are not the dwellings of the dead. The bodies are dead, save as they have been regenerated into the life of trees, grass and blooming flowers, save that the great and small, proud and lowly, have revivified the earth and made the daisies and violets to bloom more brightly, save that even on the battlefields, scarred, seamed and furrowed with human carnage, nature has kindly spread her mantle of brighter green above the graves. In the South, where the conflict of the late war waged fiercest, the bluest of the forget-me-nots bloom; where the battles waged fiercest, nature has incorporated the lesson of her spirit into physical life.

So has Spiritualism incorporated the lesson of her resurrection into man's spiritual life; you do not look for any part, or portion, or smallest flimsy fragment of your friends in their graves. Then if you do not look for them in the grave where do you look for them? What is the state of those whom you heretofore, before you had any knowledge of the life immortal, called in the state of the dead? Then people say: "we do not know, we are not able to gather from the teachings where they are, we are unable to decide concerning the realities of spirit life, the statements are so contheting and contradictory. Not at all, you mean that you are not able to make those statements conform to what you wish them to. People think the future life is not palpable as it is, but as they wish to have it, or as they philosophize that it must be from a spirit giving a message concerning his or her state in spirit life, the statement is given correctly, the lack is in the ability of people to understand. When Jesus said to His disciples, my Father's kingdom, they thought He meant a literal kingdom; when He said the kingdom of heaven is not of earth, they still did not know what kind of a kingdom He meant, when he said the kingdom of heaven is within you, they were utterly unable to even form a conjecture as to what it might mean. So when spirits declare their states, then conditions, their surroundings, when they speak to you of their habitations, their pursuits, of all that they do, you wish to make some general application to something literal to make it a literal kingdom, a physical land like this earth, and divide it off into quarter sections, which can be inhabited, and, it needs be, to conform to your understanding, be divided up by railways, and each allotment section be owned by the railways.

The spirit's dwelling is wherever the spirit's attractions are, and that one state, first and last, you can scarcely understand. If it be in the habitation that you call your mortal homes; if it be the chair the spirit occupied in the material form, if it be beside the loved one, who longs for the physical presence more and more, if it be in the pursuits that fill your daily life, it is not because the spirit loves the pursuits, but because the spirit loves you; and if it be in a larger sense in the companionship of those who are also in spirit life, who associate with your loved ones, forming a loving company that dwell together, you still would fasten your dwelling to some particular star or point in space, and make it a certain number of miles from the surface of the earth, and have it made of boards, stone or brick in order to understand it. Never mind; spirits teach according to your state; as you build block houses for babes, you teach them A while you are building a house, and B while you are making a miniature earth, and C while you are making something else, and while they are growing gradually the terms and knowledge of the alphabet enter their minds, take possession and become a language, then they know all their block houses were only stepping stones to the language, after a time when they are grown up children in the very large human sense they understand that language is only a term, the expression of an idea, that in the building of block houses, the using of letters, and the learning of words, the construction was simply a process to arrive at that which would convey an idea. All these states have been passed through in Spiritualism, they are being experienced every day; some are in the block-house stage, yet others have passed a little beyond it and are learning some of the letters and terms, but the great language of the skies is to convey the one thought that spirit lives are according to spiritual states not according to material states; and there is no measure of any material thing that will measure the state of the spirit world. But the measure of your spirits here and now, what you think and feel are the pulsations of your real lives; these are already your spiritual dwellings, these are those dwellings that are eternal and not made with hands.

Over, and over, and over, must the lesson be told, while children grow up to understand its meaning; while formerly block-house letters took their place in their minds, the thought at last expands to fuller meaning. Teach the Rule of Three, it is not understood, by-and-bye the mind grasps it, bears it along on its mathematical journey, solves problems with it, but does not make it the real life of the mind, so in these spiritual dwellings; oh, how airy, how spacious, how roomy, how wonderful they are! The construction of the human form, the dwellings which you call your habitations, have no semblance to these, unless the mind in that state fashions them for itself. But all that dreams are made of, all subtle processes that the thought can conceive of; the passing to and fro without the intervention of solid substance, all the divine and wondrous powers that fasten the spirit by bands of love and attraction to some soul these are unknown.

If the spirit world were material it could easily be described; all travellers journeying thither would give somewhat of the same outlines, you would have maps and charts, as you have maps of South America and India; you know where the Alps and Andes are; you know the courses of the rivers, whether they are as long as the Mississippi or as wide as the wondrous Amazon. You have nothing of this kind of the heaven, the celestial charts of the clairvoyants do not suffice to fix and fasten the spiritual geography in the human mind.

There is no spiritual geography; there is no spiritual geology, no spiritual chemistry; there is no astronomy, all these things are material, they are known in spirit life to have their uses in time and sense, they are great and fill the measure of human knowledge while here. But the realm of the spirit is a realm of its own, its powers and possessions are its own, what it resembles you may only know by measuring it by itself, and if you measure it by the standard of the senses you will fail utterly; but if sometimes material forms are used to illustrate spiritual meanings; if sometimes to reach your small spiritual stature or perception the spirits descend to the consciousness of matter as they once possessed it, it is only as a stepping stone that leads you onward.

The dwelling place of the spirit is not the dwelling place of the dead at all, for the spirit is life, the spirit is love, the spirit is truth, the spirit is knowledge; in proportion as these are unfolded the spirit has its dwelling; in proportion as these are not unfolded the spirit is in the shadow of the death of the senses. You are living in the dwelling places of the dead just in that degree that your spiritual knowledge is not unfolded. Yonder palace in which there may be gleamings of lights that rival the stars, sounds of music enrapturing as the sounds of the spheres, forms of loveliness that seem to rival the forms of angels, may be a dwelling place of the dead; but in the light of the soul in that heaven which is all perception of the enraptured presence of the loved ones whom you thought dead, there is neither touch, nor sight, nor any physical sense, but the pervading heart recognition of my loved one who lives and abides with me; within me.

All that there is of you is your love; take that human love, and all that renders it divine away, and there is nothing in life but a mere glitter, a pasteboard existence, a miniature, it is like the painted dolls that you offer your children compared to living forms.

The dwelling places of the spirits are within the innermost that you love; around, above, beneath, wherever you may be, or, in groups, or families they are come to minister to you with words of love and kindness. Into your states they may enter, finding the spirits that are imprisoned mortals in the bondage of death). Why should they be limited? Why should any atmosphere or state in space hold them, when their raiment is woven of the fine thoughts of the spirit, when their habitations are upbuilded around them by their own lives? Foolish and vain is every ladder with which man attempts, materially, to climb to heaven. That which Jacob saw in the vision, was a ladder let down from heaven by the angels to lead him to their condition; but no man ever built a pyramid, dome, spire, or any building, so high that it was any nearer to heaven than the lowliest cot on earth; nor does the loftiest mountain peak gleaming, glowing, and shining in perpetual sunlight have any more of the celestial light than you may have in a garret, or in a dungeon, or in a cellar, where the pure heart is uplifted in prayer.

Dwelling places your spirit friends have not, but they dwell within the hearts they love, in the lives that they lead, and govern in the lofty themes that possess them, not only is the Infinite, Eternal Life that beams upon them greater than suns and worlds, greater than all the enrapturing visions depicted in the city of the New Jerusalem; but one thought of an angel ministering unto a soul in bondage is more full of splendor than all the pictured heavens of the paradise of Mohammed, the Nirvana of the Buddhist, the literal heaven of the Christian; or the material spirit world of many Spiritualists.

A VICTIM OF TRANCES IN BALTIMORE.

Assuming the Appearance of the Dead Whom She Represents.

Psychologists and believers in Spiritualism have become interested in Annie Stidham, the sixteen-year old daughter of Richard Stidham, of Baltimore, who has developed remarkable powers. The family are Roman Catholics. A private exhibition was given the other evening in a brilliantly lighted room, and this afternoon the girl, in the presence of half a dozen persons, went into a trance and was said to have communications with the spirits of relatives long since dead. She is a pleasant, hearty looking girl; but this afternoon, when said to be under the influence of the spirit of an old woman who had died of paralysis, the horrible change that came over her countenance was as startling as the transition in the play of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Her cheeks and temples became pinched and sharp, her lower jaw relaxed. Her chin and nose became pinched and sharp, and with her left hand she slowly stroked the back of her right, with that peculiar motion seen in persons partially paralyzed. Toward the close of the trance she looked like dead. Her father laid her upon the floor. The reporters tried to change the position of her head, feet and hands, but they were immovable as in death. If it was acting, it surpassed the ability of any great actor in feigning death.—*New York Tribune.*

Original Contributions.

What the Life of Benjamin Franklin Tells Us.

BY F. K. BLUE.

The following article was read at the Children's Lyceum on Benjamin Franklin's Day, March 3, 1889.

The one idea that strikes me as the most prominent in a broad generalization of the life and character of Benjamin Franklin is that of economy. Though it would be folly for any of us to think of aspiring to the greatness of a character as that of Dr. Franklin we can develop our natural capabilities to a much greater extent if we consider the lives of great men and try to determine some of the principles of attaining such greatness.

Then let us in the discussion of the character before us consider what economy has to do with the making of great men. Now economy does not by any means signify that we should go without things we wish to have, but is simply the habit of making the most of everything we use.

Look around you in the school-room and you can soon see who has formed this habit of economy. Two little boys or girls get each a nice new tablet to work examples on.

One carefully commences in one corner and calculating his space works perhaps a dozen examples on the sheet.

The other commences at random and perhaps gets four or five on her sheet. One is economical and if her other habits correspond will certainly rise above the mediocrity of attainment while the other betrays a random habit and will be much less likely to ever reach any great proficiency.

To be sure a sheet of paper is of but very little account, but the habit is worth, perhaps half a person's life. Now, this is an illustration of economy in consuming things that we have, but its importance is far greater as a habit to be formed than in the mere value of the things that may be used, for the consummation of things is only a part of what we must understand as economy. Time, we must learn is far more precious than material thing, because it implies the consumption of so much physical energy, but perhaps the most important of all will be to form the habit of economy in thought.

Economy of time may consist in always having something to fill in every odd moment we may have and never doing anything without a well defined reason or object to be gained. Franklin's shows how he economized time; I doubt if time ever hung heavily on his hands in whatever circumstance he might find himself. His trips across the ocean show that where most people would lay in a stock of novels to kill time, he never found any that needed killing; that every

moment could easily be made of the greatest possible account, so he used these few days in making experiments and observing the nature of the bread ocean around him. Not many would see anything in a monotonous expanse of water, but Franklin saw enough to enable him to determine the course of the great ocean currents. So, if we wish to form the habit of using every moment to the greatest advantage we may have some subject that we deem of importance to think and study about at all such odd moments when we are going across the ferry alone, walking back and forth from school, or waiting for anything. And it matters little whether such subjects are really of much importance, provided we are led to form this habit of economy and definite thought, for none of us would, probably, for many years to come be able to bring forth any ideas that have not been thought by someone long before, and preserved in written records of the past. But if we have the aspiration which we all should have of being able some time to peer a little farther ahead into the vast storehouses of the unknown than those who have just gone before us, we must strive early to form habits which, alone, can ever enable us to realize any of our aspirations. Now, if we have formed a clear idea of economy in matter, and economy in time, perhaps we can form some comprehension of the most important, the economy of thought, which consists in the same manner of using what mind we have to the greatest possible advantage. All thought is a process of making and solving problems just as you do in arithmetic, and in the same way it has a great many methods. Just as in arithmetic you can shorten a long process of multiplication by cancellation; so, in every domain of thought you can form habits of using short economical methods of thinking or spend a great deal of thought rambling about to accomplish the same results. But, there are two typical methods, one of memory, the other of reason. Once in our little school-boys studies everything as he studies a declamation, simply committing it to memory that he may be able to recite it.

When he reads he selects nothing but novels and history. Thus, he may be able to remember thousands and thousands of things other people have said and done, but he was utterly unable to make enough use of it to say or do a thing himself. Perhaps, when he grows older he may wish to discuss some question of political economy or of philosophy or religion. What method will he be able to use? I cannot better illustrate how he would be apt to discuss it than by showing how a problem in arithmetic might be solved in the same way. Suppose you wished to find how many are $\frac{3}{4}$ of 8 apples. Most of you would say that 8 apples divided into four divisions would give two in each portion and three of these would make 6 apples, but if you solved it as he discusses political economy or religion, you might first give me a history of numbers, then give an account of what various writers had said about $\frac{1}{4}$ and 8. Finally, after searching several volumes of history you find where some great person has said that $\frac{1}{4}$ of 8 are 2 and you bring up the quotation as incontestable evidence that you are so far right. Then you remember wherever else he has said that $\frac{3}{4}$ 2's are 6. So you have finally solved the problem by history and memory, not in an economical way by any means, but precisely as you will solve problems in other domains of thought, if you do not wholly cut school form the habit of learning everything as you should learn arithmetic instead of learning everything like a recitation. Now, we see in the lives of all great men that they can be truly great only in so much as they can in some field of thought think beyond those who have thought before them and that to do so they must early form the habit of economy in thought, so that they can think everything the shortest way and make the best use of the thoughts of others. We must then in our school days early form the habit of reasoning carefully about everything we study, and be sure that we thoroughly understand everything that we go over, whether we remember it or not. It is very easy to go back and pick up something we have understood when we wish to use it, but if we only remember the words it is as utterly useless as a chest of tools to a man without hands. He must remember that teachers are only a matter of convenience to our study, simply to be made the best use of as we do oft books, and only more valuable because more economical than books. Why? Because, if we are reading a book and come to something we do not understand, we may have to think a long time or look through several other books, before we can learn what we wish, whereas if we only had a teacher who thoroughly understood the subject we could very readily learn what we wished from one who, having been all over the ground, knows in a moment just what we need to do to solve our problem and can tell us just which way to start out to get there by the shortest road, that is in the most economical way.

So, we must learn to practice economy in thought, to learn everything in the best way to feel a very great dissatisfaction with ourselves until we have thoroughly mastered everything as far as we go, to know always just how far we have gone and just what we don't know.

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> Those are best men are moulded out of faults,
> And for the most become much more the better
> For being a little bad. *Shakespeare.*

◆◆◆

Young men soon give, and soon forget, affronts; old age is slow in both. *Addison.*

◆◆◆

The most reasoning characters are often the easiest abashed. *Madame De Maintenon.*

Jesus, Bl. 1; Ch. ch.

Correspondence.

All Hail, Etc.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Should we in our meetings take to singing

> All hail the power of John Brown's name
> Let angels prostrate fall,

what a protest would be called out from hundreds in our ranks, and yet it would be as consistent with the teachings of Spiritualism as it is to use the name of Jesus in the same way.

When reading the report of the meeting in which Spiritualists under the influence of the emotions sang the hymn which makes Jesus "Lord of all" I attributed it to the force of habit, and spoke of it in the DOVE as such, not for a moment believing that Sister Logan could seriously defend the use of words so utterly at variance in their meaning with our belief; judge, then, of my surprise when I find her justifying the use of that old hymn in her meetings, because "The good old tune was sung by our fathers and mothers," etc.

Cannot Sister Frances see that it was not the tune that was objected to, but the words? Words recognizing all that the church claims for Jesus. And if the fact that our fathers and mothers used a thing is a sufficient reason for our doing the same, why come out of the church at all? Are the facts of spirit communion the all of Spiritualism? If they are, there is certainly no need of going outside of the church, for they are now quite generally accepted inside. If is not the facts but the teachings of Spiritualism to which the churches object.

Jesus is their leader master, ruler; we accept neither. Jesus our ruler, master? Never!

If Sister Logan is really sincere in accepting Jesus as "Lord of all," why not join the "God in the Constitution" party at once, as that is precisely what they are working for, and their leading men declare that with Jesus as king of our, and all nations, infidels and atheists will have no rights.

We will not believe it. Our sister, in her loving complaisance, has not looked at the other side of this question. She does not see that the spirit of those words, not the tune, but the words, would, if carried out, make us the subjects of a religious despotism which would destroy all freedom, all progress; and as to the "laughing," I should laugh myself, were not the sight too pitiable, to see even Sister Logan prostrate at the feet of any man, or humbling herself thus at the name of any being, in this or in the spirit world.

And yet the idea that Jesus is master has a strong hold on the minds of too many among us. Brother Watson said in a public address some five years since:

"I regard myself and every true Spiritualist teacher as just as much the disciples of

Jesus as were Peter, John or James; and I regard the terms of our commissions to-day as precisely the same as when he commissioned the seventy."

There you have it: "All true teachers commissioned by Jesus." I am free to say, I hold no such commission, neither do I wish so to do, and the truth or falsity of what I may teach depends upon no outside authority, but upon the nature of the principles involved.

Again, I find in the DOVE of March 23d, an article headed "Why the Seybert Commission failed," in which the same idea prevails. Jesus is there credited as causing the failure of that commission. He is there represented as sending out word to the guides of the mediums to withdraw their aid, because of the pride of the commissioners. Ah! and what better way to humble their pride than to demonstrate the genuineness of the phenomena? Jesus, while being thus credited as the leader of Modern Spiritualism, is in effect accused of acting like a whimsical tyrant. The commission were not sufficiently humble, eh? Not loving and tractable enough? Indeed, and has Jesus the monopoly of all the egoism of the universe? Out upon the arrogance that would (even had it the power) withhold the evidence because of such a reason!

No, no; if the mediums could not do their best under the critical eye of that commission, it was because of some natural law, and not because Jesus sat upon a throne and sent out his orders to that effect.

It is not that I question the motives of such that I write this, but because of the danger of our being so drawn back to the old that there will be little change except in name.

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him *lord of all*."

It is not difficult to understand how a church spirit could take advantage of the force of habit, and under the sway of the emotions bring about the singing of the above words in a Spiritualist meeting, but how an intelligent Spiritualist, who is as radical in many respects as I know our sister to be, can, when attention is called to it, defend the use of such words, is more than I can comprehend. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

The Old Songs.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: While reading a recent criticism on the hymns sometimes sung at our meetings I thought it is only natural that ex-church-members should express a sudden impulse in the manner habitual when belonging to an organization which considered feeling, emotion, of a certain kind, necessary to salvation; and anything which helped to bring that feeling wise and good; yet, should we always yield to impulse? As one correspondent writes, there are many tender memories connected with hymns, that, without them, might not seem so attractive; here, again, emotion comes uppermost, though we cannot say it is a wrong one in itself.

In place of harmony of ideas, harmony of feeling is sometimes sought at the partial sacrifice of common sense, yet it is a fault not very hard to forgive while living in such a contentious age.

Certainly not better are those who seem to consider the words mere framework on which their voice may trail up and down, and destined to be entirely hidden. Perhaps that is just as well if we *will* sing words so out of character with their belief, even if they are joined to such glorious tones. Tones represent instincts, instincts crystallized into ideas which are expressed by words; so, if the words are false misunderstandings result.

If you pour fused metal into a faulty mould the resulting vessel is inferior. If you persist in using that mould after the defect has been found are you wise? Is it any more advisable to use words whose meaning we cannot endorse? Language is the mould into which our thought is poured and will serve its purpose best when nearest perfection, when giving the most exact expression of our ideas; so, let us say nothing, sing nothing which would make us appear false to our convictions. What can we want of "royal diadems" in a republican land, and what use have we for "crowns" and "sceptres"? But the "grand old times" are hard to equal and should not be forgotten, *will* not, while we can mentally hear voices, now silent to other ears, floating out from the inner sanctuary of soul life and joining in the old familiar strain; yet we cannot help believing that only for our gratification would they thus join us, for long ago they must have learned a new and grander song. LUPA.

Portland Oregon.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The great event of the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated for the first time in Portland, Or., by the First Spiritual Society in G. A. R. Hall, corner of First and Taylor streets with a success unequaled in the history of Spiritualism in Oregon. Preparations had been made by a committee of ladies consisting of Mrs. F. A. Brown as chairman, Mrs. Maj. Newell, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Capt. McMillen, and Mrs. Hendee, who are the wives of the board of officers who are conducting the First Spiritual Society of Portland; many other ladies gave good services throughout the day. The exercises of the day commenced at 11 A. M. and lasted with intermissions until 10 P. M. From 2 to 4 P. M. was taken up with social chat and an excellently served-up cold dinner with best hot coffee.

The programme of exercises was carried out in a very pleasing and interesting manner; first, music by the audience under the direction of Mrs. Anderson, who is our regular organist and leader in all of our Sunday meetings. Then an invocation and music. Then short speeches by a large number of old and experienced Spiritualists giving some of the most convincing facts that they have been fortunate enough to be eye witnesses of. The exercises from 4 to 7 P. M. were conducted by Mrs. F. M. Brown in the form of a public circle with clairvoyant tests, spirit rappings, independent slate writing, and musical selections. The large hall was well filled with very attentive listeners. The tests in rappings were very satisfactory. The independent slate writing by Mrs. Brown is one of the most convincing tests of spirit power that has ever been given in Portland; more skeptics have been convinced of the power of our friends to return and manifest their presence by this phenomenon than any other ever in Portland. The evening meeting was attended by a very large and appreciative audience. Fine music by Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Brown. Many tests were given in the audience by Prof. Ewing and others, some very fine recitations by Messrs. Haight and Hendee and Mrs. Pollock. Short trance address by Mrs. Minor with fine music, and independent slate writing the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism in Portland was brought to a close.

D. H. HENDEE.

The Anniversary in Portland, Oregon.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The day was beautiful beyond description. All three of the societies held meetings at their respective halls, all the meetings were well attended and good feeling prevailed everywhere.

Grand Army Hall, under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, was well filled and the picnic held there gave a zest to the occasion; thus made all feel happy and glad that they were Spiritualists and thankful that their lines fell in such pleasant places.

The East Portland Society gave evidence of earnest work, and many a one will remember the day as a bright oasis in the dearth of years yet to come; may their numbers increase and may love and harmony continue.

The Philosophical Spiritual Society, who hold their meetings at Central Hall, had a grand, good time and was also well attended. The afternoon and evening meetings were especially interesting; among the speakers were Thos. Buckman, President of the State Association, and Mrs. Dr. Thompson of the First Unitarian Church of this city. The lady was very eloquent in her remarks and gave unanswerable arguments in favor of Spiritualism. Prof. Owens and Mrs. Carman described spirits that were recognized by those who received them and thus the day passed off pleasant and profitable to all.

C. A. REID.

April 1, 1889.

Anniversary Notes

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE. As so many will want your space for reports, I will say but little. The Southern Oregon Spiritualist Association met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pain, in the suburbs of Ashland, and had a general good time, physically and spiritually. Friends were present from Medford, Talent and other points, and in the joy of knowing that friends from the spirit side of life are with us, those here who are suffering for the truth's sake were not forgotten.

The noticable feature of the meeting was a resolution of sympathy with, and a pledge to assist as far as possible the editors of *Liberty*, Valley Falls, Kan., in their struggle against Comstockism, to wit, the freedom of the press against Christian censorship. The case of these men was presented by Wm. H. Breese of Talent, and heartily responded to by others. Mrs. Breese pointing out the fact that they were indicted and must be tried under the charge of sending obscene literature through the mails, because they had defended the rights of women against the claims of legal brutes called husbands, brutish men whose treatment of wives was slow murder.

These men published an account of a crime against a wife; the man being the legal owner the law cannot punish him, but the advocates of said law are trying to put these men in prison for telling of and condemning such crimes against women. We are glad to see this one protest of a Spiritualist society against this kind of encroachment upon our liberties. These men, one a Spiritualist, the other a materialist, have incurred the hate of a few bigots in Valley Falls for their bold arraignment of churchism and this is the real animus of the persecution. These imprisoned, and some other editor who dares to think will be next arraigned. If Spiritualists and Liberals everywhere would send out a united protest against all such attempts to muzzle the press, it might help to check the onslaught of those who are determined to rule or ruin.

These men used only the necessary language to point out the crime. Is this a crime worthy of imprisonment?

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Spiritualism in San Jose.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: During my stay in this city I went to hear Mr. N. F. Ravlin speak in his church which he has christened "The Church of Humanity." This is simply a name given to distinguish true Spiritualism from much that is so-called. Mr. Ravlin's lecture was an able reply to a sermon by Mr. Lewel against dancing. This gentleman claiming that it was of the devil, while Mr. Ravlin claimed that it was an innocent pastime.

Last Sunday morning Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson gave an interesting and instructive address which was listened to with great attention and interest by her audience. Mrs. Watson and her daughter attended the meeting as listeners, but owing to illness Mr. Ravlin did not appear and Mrs. Watson was requested to speak which she did to the great gratification of all present. Most of the Spiritualists of this city have united with the "Church of Humanity" and the attendance numbers from twelve to fourteen hundred people each Sunday. Their prospect seems good for future usefulness.

LOUIS SCHLESINGER.

SAN JOSE, April 3, 1889.

"The Spiritual World

Beneath about us and its avenues
Are peers to the unseen feet of phantoms
That come and go, and we perceive them not
save by their influence, or when at times
A most mysterious Providence permits them
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

LONGFELLOW.

The above words from our much beloved American poet, Longfellow, shows clearly and definitely that through the opening of his own spiritual sight he understood the "Spiritual Philosophy" way ahead of his time, and yet our good people and the church rave over him, pay his memory honors while he was no more no less than a mediumistic seer of his day. Let the people read some of his poetry, with the scales picked from their eyes and they will see in its lines the doctrine of Modern Spiritualism taught in all the highest, noblest, grandest expressions of the human language. In his most truthfully depicted "Hiawatha" Spiritualists have demonstrated to their satisfaction that Longfellow received his inspirational impressions from a beautiful spirit Indian maiden. Underwood (Longfellow's biographer) stated as follows: "His first conceptions came like inspiration, and his draughts of poems were done with exceeding rapidity." This corresponds to the "fine frenzy" attributed to numerous other poets and novel writers, philosophers, inventors and to all men who have succeeded in bringing into the world new and wonderful things. Longfellow's poems abounding recognitions of spirit-presence, showing a consciousness on his part more or less clear, of intimate relations to the realm of spiritual being, as in the following lines he distinctly indicates a perception of the immediate source of suddenly injected thoughts.

IT MAY BE.

The thoughts that visit us
We know not whence
Sudden as inspiration
Are the whispers of disembodied spirits
Speaking to us as friends
Who wait outside prison walls
Through the barred windows
In these written

Chestnut Acorn.

Children's Department.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

A Little Indian.

BY MRS. M. T. SHELHAMER LONGLEY.

[Not long since, while visiting the beautiful spiritual Lyceum of Henry W. Smith, at Greenwich, Mass., the following little story was whispered to me by one of my spirit guides, with the request that I would repeat it to the lyceum children, which I did. Thinking that the little folks who read the CARRIER DOVE might like to hear of the wee Indian maiden of the story, I have written it out for them as follows. M. T. L.]

Once on a time, on the open prairies of the far West, a little, wild slip of a girl lived and grew. She was a bright and fearless child who made friends with the untamed creatures that crossed her path, and whose heart was as light as the dancing sunbeam that sparkled upon the stream that wandered by her home. But she was a tawny girl, with red-brown skin and long black hair, a child of the Indian race, who dwelt in tents or wigwams of poles and skins, and was as unlike the fair little children of our own homes as a russet apple is unlike a ball of snow.

When this little one was about six years of age a change came to her life. The white men wanted the land where her people lived, and so they came from the far cities and drove away the Indians, killing some and taking others captive. Among those whom they carried away with them was little Tuluka. She was taken East and finally placed in the care of a kind lady who lived just outside a big city, in a pretty little village. At first Tuluka could not speak even the simplest words of our language, but could only express herself by signs and motions, but in a little while she began to learn the names of objects and things in daily sight and use.

The lady with whom she lived thought best to send the Indian girl to school, but as she knew nothing whatever of our schooling the child had to enter the lowest department where the alphabet is taught. The first day at school was a trying one, for an hour the little one sat motionless, gazing upon the children at their lessons in awe and surprise; her black eyes roving restlessly from one class to the other, and to the teacher at her desk.

By and bye, however, the restraint and monotony of her position galled the child; she could not bear the strain, and starting from her seat, she darted to and fro, up and down the aisles, and around the room like a veritable wild creature seeking to escape from its cage. The teacher, noting the situation, and supposing that the restless girl

would at once make for home, opened the door and allowed her uneasy pupil to rush out into the free air. But the child did not go home and toward night, a messenger from her benefactress was dispatched to the teacher to know why she did not appear. When it became known that the little Indian maid was missing, a search was instituted, men and women started to scour the neighborhood, and at last the missing child was found crouching down by a great rock in a strip of woods about a mile from the old school-house.

At first she trembled and refused to go home, but at last was led away by those who had found her hiding place. For some days she could not be persuaded to return to the school, but after the teacher had visited Tulula in her home, and become acquainted with her, she succeeded in inducing the child to come to school and be given a seat upon the platform by her own. Tulula was very fond of bright colors and pretty things. She admired the soft curls, and white hands and faces, the pretty dresses and shining ornaments of the little girls who attended the school. She had a fine taste of her own, which revealed itself in the graceful crowns and bracelets and necklaces and bells for her waist which she made from flowers and leaves and even from the feathers that she found in the barn yard. These adornments Tulula would wear to school, but when the other children laughed and made fun of her, because of them, the child hung her head, her sensitive heart was hurt and mortified, and she would have torn off the pretty garlands, had not one dear little girl, as pretty as a rosebud herself, stolen to her side, and whispered, "they are just lovely; I wish you would make me some just like 'em."

Tulula admired the white skin of the pale faces, and her own dark skin looked very coarse and unpleasant to her, now that she was away from her own people, she wanted to be white like the rest of the world, and her little head was filled with thoughts how to effect this change. One day the lady where she lived, found Tulula seated upon the floor, holding a large sharp pin in her right hand, with which she was scratching and tearing the skin of her left arm. She had torn off several strips of skin, and her arm was bleeding profusely when discovered, but there she sat, with pinched lips and determined countenance, bent on tearing away the objectionable Indian article, with the hope of finding the "pale face" skin beneath it.

There came a time, however, when Tulula sickened and passed away from earth, but the little girl was not forsaken in this eventful time. Kind friends attended and cared for her here until her spirit took its flight, when loving angels lifted her to the beautiful fields and sunny gardens of the summer land.

There she was placed in a lyceum where happy children sang and played, and studied, and marched, with banners made of bright and fragrant flowers. These little ones were not as the pale face children she had known, but they were of lighter skin than Tulula had been, as if some of the dark had been washed out of their faces; and one day, as our own little Indian stood looking down into the depths of a clear sweet stream of water she saw her own face gazing back upon her, she noticed that it had grown whiter, for much of the brown had left it, just as the "tan" which our children gain in summer when the hot sun kisses hands and arms and face, wears away when the winter comes, so the dusky hue had faded on Tulula's face in the fair summer land; and she was now more as she had wished to be in the past.

Tulula soon became a great favorite in the new life; she was an apt scholar and obedient and loving to those who loved and cared for her. Years have passed, and she is now a beautiful woman, giving her life and knowledge to the little ones who she gathers up from the earth and who have need of her instruction and care.

Boys, Remember

I was sitting in the office of a prominent manufacturer of Richmond not long since, when a boy about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman:

"I would like to get situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir."

I might give you a place, but you carry a very bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman

"I don't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly everybody smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, that I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice, and if you have not money, your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop.

The daybreak of great truths is yet unrisen:
The intuition and the expectation
Of something which, when come, is not the same:
But only like as fairest sun in men's dreams;
The longing, the delay, and the delight
Sweeter for the delay. Youth hope love death
And disappointment, which is also death;
All these make up the sum of human life.

—*Jones.*

A good laugh is sunshine in the house.—*Thackeray.*

Old hunters know that the flesh of deer run by dogs, or tormented just before death, becomes more indigestible and sometimes poisonous. The same is true of all animals that suffer in steel traps, slaughtering or otherwise just before death.

Selected Articles.

The Woman Question a Hundred Years Ago.

The Weekly Magazine of 1798 lies before me. Ninety years ago my ancestors were looking forward to this Saturday periodical. I wonder if they were sure to get it a day or two in advance, and thus be sure of their Sunday reading. It was published in Philadelphia, so the reports had a good opportunity to serve up national matters—the proceedings of congress, nominations by the President, etc., promptly and correctly to date. Did my grandfathers and grandmothers, my uncles and my aunts, get up any enthusiasm over these serials: "Arthur Myrvin; or, Memoirs of the year 1786," "A Series of Original Letters?" Did they enjoy the letters of young women to their lovers, complaining of members of the family? Perhaps these young women hoped thus to hasten the tardy movement of some prudent admirer, who thought to get a cage before he caught his bird. Coarse paper, yellow with nearly a century of age, soiled by children's hands which have long since mingled with dust, many marked passages, the antique long s—all these make the tattered old volume before me very interesting, if not somewhat pathetic. These pages do not much resemble the magazine of to-day lying beside them, with its elegant paper, and pictures and letter-press. Surely there is indicated a hundred years of progress, at least.

We are taught that there is nothing new under the sun, and that history repeats itself. Perhaps all things do move in cycles. I have looked carefully through this magazine to see what it might have to offer on the Woman Question: I was curious to know what thoughts were afloat concerning that question, eight or nine decades ago. The evidence evidence goes to show that men's minds were mildly exercised over the matter. I suppose the idea prevailed more widely than it does to-day that the highest career for woman was companionship for man. Why is this idea never turned about? Why do not women set the limit to men's culture, objecting to learned men, that they are not so agreeable as unscholarly ones; that they forget to post letters; that they order beef instead of fish, on Friday; that, as they grow scientific, they grow irreligious; that their soaring intellects unfit them for family cares? I have heard of one wife whose patience had been exhausted by the imperiousness of her lordly husband; and when her daughter wished to marry a worthy young man whom her father did not approve, she asked her:

"Do you love him?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said the brave woman, "marry him. We have had smart men enough in the family; now we want a husband."

And, the amiable head of the family assenting himself from the wedding, the mother rose to the emergency and gave away the bride. I wonder she did not do as a certain other lady did on a similar occasion, insist on the clergyman omitting the word "obey" in the ceremony.

The first article I notice is "Female Learning." The writer excuses the lack of literary knowledge which has always marked the female character because of their hard fate. What he exactly means by "hard fate" is not made clear; he may refer to the restricted career of woman in general, shut up to this one position of a "companion for man."

A hundred years ago, women were not entering upon almost all lines of activity as they are now. They were hindered by the universal sentiment that relegated women to home duties, whether they had a home or not; to the care of children, whether they were or were not mothers; that pronounced a woman masculine, indelicate, disagreeable, unladylike, who dared step from the beaten path, and blaze out a road, shorter and pleasanter, to a desired independence. While earnestly wishing that female education were an object of greater and wiser consideration by legislatures and parents and guardians, he continues: "We would not have it understood as our opinion, that women should pore out their fair eyes in becoming adepts in literature. Nature seems not to have intended them for the more intense and severe studies; besides, should they proceed so far as to rival or even equal us (that is should be, but is not, in largest capitals) in learning the gaining of their laurels would rob their brows of many of those charms which to them are more valuable, as they are by us more esteemed. We pretend not to chalk out the plan in which women should be educated; only, this we venture to affirm, that it should, if possible, be such as to avoid ignorance on the one hand, and pedantry on the other; ignorance makes a female companion contemptible, pedantry makes her ridiculous; nor is it easy to say which of the two is most disgusting."

The companion idea rules in the judgment, but we must remember this was in the last century, when there was no fearful surplus of women in so many of the older States. If the surplus of women could be reduced as easily and decently as the surplus of money, great would be the rejoicing thereat, and it would not be dreadfully improper to put the query, How do ignorance and pedantry affect man in his relation of companion?

The next paper to which we will give attention, is entitled, "The Plague of a Learned Wife." It purports to be a communication from a tradesman, "who is plagued with a reading wife," "a very great evil in a house." She reads constantly, is of no help to him in his business; he does not so much object to her reading, but she makes him listen when he would much rather be at his account-books. She insists upon reading books full of hard words which he can make no sense of; if he looks them up in the dictionary he gets no help, evidently finding the definitions as obscure as is the troublesome word.

Not only this but she nurses the same bookish taste in her daughter, a clever girl of nineteen years, who is bound to lose her opportunity to become a "companion," according to the usual custom, by her incessant criticism of a young store-keeper, who commenced his "courting," but would not accept the school-boy treatment which she imposed upon him. He concludes by declaring that he is sick of all books but those belonging to his shop. The paper is evidently a bit of humor, but shows the presence of a condition of things similar to that which may be noticed to-day, in many, if not most communities. I refer to the fact well known to the initiated, that larger numbers of girls than boys pass beyond the ordinary graded school, and receive the benefit of higher instruction, also that the same principle works, after leaving all school more women than men are doing something, some special reading, to keep themselves intellectually alive. Think of the clubs which are in your own town: they study Shakespeare, Browning, not history, or art. And they are kept in life by women and girls; if it depended on boys and men, they would fail at once. This is not deplorable. It is well that the mothers should be full of ideas, of mental vim, perhaps, in time, the race will average higher. Farewell, "Obadiah Olive;" by marrying a reading wife, you have made possible a more intelligent line of descendants than have heretofore graced your family tree. Keep up your courage. Polly may not marry your favorite young store-keeper, but some worthy soul will find her; some one who can, may be trained her—who is not afraid of a woman with brains.

Now comes forward "Theophilus," with a short treatise on "Female Education." Theophilus is generous; he inclines to question the correctness of the opinion that woman has not the moral strength of man, and says, "I am fully persuaded that were all circumstances of education equal the fair sex might claim an equality perhaps a superiority, in mental abilities." He would have them educated precisely as he would the male sex. He does not agree with the many who think that a knowledge of how to write their own names, and how to discharge any domestic affairs, is sufficient. He would make them "agreeable companions for well-informed men." He would furnish them with such training as should make life worth living to the refinement of its tedium, console age and save it from dishonor or insignificance. He rightly ascribes feminine devotion to dress and society to the absence of higher interests and confines to it natural, and admits lower activities. He advocates, for various reasons, the frequent social intercourse of the sexes, and is altogether reasonable. No allusion is yet made to the fact that women are a non-voting class.

A fourth paper is the translation of a German edict, promulgated by Emperor Joseph II. regarding "Female Dress." All public places of education for young girls are enjoined not to permit the use of "stays;" and such institutions are forbidden to receive or countenance young women who are guilty in this particular. It is also commanded that the college of physicians prepare an address setting forth the evil of such apparel—this dissertation to be freely distributed among the people. Evidently Emperor Joseph is looking forward to the proper supply of his army.

All these questions, which drew the attention of a few thinkers, a hundred years ago, are now receiving the fullest and freest discussion. Women are gradually gaining all the privileges which they can profitably and worthily use. No person, no woman—grasps and holds more than he or she can command. More attracts still more; a sun will draw more than an atom, women, by finer and subtler growth, will throw off hindrances, and climb to higher levels of desert and reward. MARY A. RIPLEY, *in Women's Tribune.*

The Dog a Temperance Orator.

Good heavens, what does that dog mean" was the ejaculatory expression of the writer on witnessing one of the most remarkable demonstrations of intelligence and affection ever displayed by a dumb animal. On Thursday night last, only a few minutes before midnight, when the avenues of the city were almost deserted, there might have been seen passing along Cambridge street, just below the Revere House a well dressed, and evidently well-to-do gentleman, somewhat past the meridian of life, but who at the moment was decidedly "not himself." He had been drinking immoderately, and required all the latitude that the sidewalk afforded to direct his staggering steps. But he moved along slowly and carefully from one block to another, closely followed by his faithful and most affectionate coach dog. Directly he came opposite the doorway and brilliantly lighted windows of a drinking saloon. Here he halted for a moment, when with unsteady footsteps he seeks to enter the saloon. Just as he reaches the doorway, his faithful dog seizes hold of the skirts of his overcoat, pulls him back, and with a determined air of opposition, endeavors to prevent his master from entering. With pleading whine, and demonstrations of great anxiety and affection he tried to stop his master. Still holding on to the skirts of his coat, the dumb but faithful creature said with all the eloquence he could command, "Don't go in, master, let us go home," and then he rubbed his head softly against his master's legs, raised his sorrowful eyes to his face, then patting hand, and while thus pleading his cause he whined and trembled in such a manner that his mute eloquence did not and could not escape the attention of his master. A sight such as the one presented while the faithful dog presented, was perhaps never seen before. The anxiety he manifested the unabating perseverance of that devoted dog to accomplish his purpose, and the eloquence he then and there addressed to his intoxicated and unheeding master, can never be expressed in the speech of England. But it was all to no purpose. After speaking roughly to the more than faithful dog, he entered the saloon and called for drink, and even there his four-footed friend stood by him, and as he raised the glass to his lips, tried to push him away from the counter. After drinking, the poor dog used every art of affectionate persuasion in his power to call his master to the door, and when they were again upon the street, he bounded up and kissed his master's hand with all the endearing affection of the little child. Men with minds, what call you this? Is it instinct or reason? *Boston Herald.*

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"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN."

The seeking after proof of the continued existence of conscious life after the change called death, has, in too many cases, blinded the eyes of men to their own powers and possibilities. Each has been so anxious for the demonstration of the power of the spirit of some intelligence unclothed in matter, that he has lost sight of the fact, that conscious existence of other intelligences, argues conscious intelligence within himself. Powers and capabilities, other than physical and intellectual, within his own being, that can and should be developed. The existence of a spiritual nature proclaims that such a nature has a place in the great plan, has rights that the physical and intellectual man should and must respect. A smile of contempt and pity greets the assertion on a purely physical basis, of living in the present and for the present, and letting the future take care of itself. It is called reckless, unwise, and indicative of a shallow nature. Yet well may your prodigal argue, "I am sure of to-day and may not have a to-morrow." And though this carelessness is treated as all but criminal in physical life, the flippant remark, "One world at a time," is applauded as not unwise philosophy by those whose knowledge should condemn its error. A parent whose child has a gift, desires to perfect that gift. The man who discovers himself possessed of some latent talent, gives thought and attention to its cultivation. But the average Spiritualist, having gained conclusive evidence of the continuity of conscious existence, calmly folds his hands and sits idly down to contemplate the glories of the spirit world, or commune with some favored loved one; ignoring the fact that his spiritual state in the life beyond is dependent on his capacity to unfold his spiritual nature here as well as there. If Spiritualism has removed the hope of heaven and fear of hell from the minds of men and not planted in its stead the stronger desire of progression; the purpose of right living not for reward but because it is the right; the aspiration to grow the amplest stature of manhood and womanhood; then is its work incomplete, chaotic, and justifies the charge that it had better never been. Coming in to the knowledge of the spirit world without convinces every thoughtful mind of a spirit world within. Conscious of that is it not man's privilege, yea, his duty to explore, to develop the realm within. Use of the physical strengthens the body. Activity of the mentality develops the mind. Can one doubt that spiritual culture will strengthen the soul. Of old it was said, "The Kingdom is Within." Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all else shall be added unto you." How many have sought within for the kingdom that they might verify the second promise?

ANNIE JENNESS MILLER ON DRESS REFORM.

Metropolitan Temple held a large and fashionable audience to hear what Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller had to say upon "Dress Reform." Mrs. Miller was introduced to the audience in a few pleasant words by Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Miller began by saying that she claimed that the story of Eve was the most beautiful in the Bible; it was through her neglect of natural law that disease has come. In speaking of reformers she spoke of an author who said, "God will bless the cranks," but he did not say crankiness; she would object to being called that. Dress reform and physical culture is the only hope of future happiness in this life and the time is ripe for change. Her lecture which was full of wit and pithy sayings, she said, "If God was ashamed of legs he would have made some other form of locomotion;" so, she preferred to say legs instead of limbs. Her reform does not usurp men's garments, for they are ungainly enough to make the best of them look ugly. She had worn this reform dress for four years; not a corset or whalebone, and think for yourself what it would be to be absolutely comfortable for four years.

The first garment, worn next to the body, is called a union garment and is its exact shape; no tightening of the waist by corsets that make the flesh bulge out above and below; but some women would rather suffer than not be fashionable. She said she did not own a petticoat and she was just as sorry as she could be for those women who are tied up in petticoats; she wears a divided gown or leglets (she did not like the name, but said, "You have no idea how hard it is to name a two-legged garment"); her dress was a dark velvet with an embossed velvet *directoire* coat, very stylish in appearance; she had one reed put in the skirts of street dresses to keep them from her feet, as she said American women walk so fast that they kick the bottom of their dresses; when they learn to walk more moderately they will not need reeds. She then retired to change her dress and reappeared in a simple dress for a young miss, giving room for every movement and for comfort and showing correct positions for standing and sitting, which cannot be done with tight dresses. It takes less than three minutes for Mrs. Miller to make the changes in her costumes, having been timed by gentlemen, saying they were more curious than women. She said she reversed the order of things; formerly, the husband said to the wife, "You get up first and get partially dressed, as I don't want to have to wait for you;" now, she tells Mr. Miller to get up first and shave and dress, for she don't want to have to wait for him.

Her next dress was a beautiful, plush teagown, old-gold in color and with a train which she thinks more graceful and artistic for the home than without it. The next exhibition was a dress made simple and pretty of summer silk. Another, a reception dress of green silk and lavender also very pretty. At this point a request was made for the gentlemen to retire, saying that by and by she was going to see what she could do in the way of reform in the dress of gentlemen, but she has so much on her hands now, trying to educate the women, that she hasn't had time to educate the men, yet. Four gentlemen retired.

Mrs. Miller came out enveloped in a large, plush wrap; after enquiring if they were sure the men were all gone she threw it off and appeared in divided garments. The ladies asked a great many questions pertaining to dress; one wanted to know how to get rid of the ugly neck-bone; another, how to get rid of fat, where to put pockets, what system to advise for physical culture? She advised anyway except the *Delsarte*, as there are so few that understand the system.

Mrs. Miller will lecture at Union-Square Hall on Wednesday evening at which her sister, a teacher of physical culture, will be present, and if meeting with encouragement will give a course of lessons.

Mrs. Miller wanted her audience to understand that it was not so much the dress she wished to impress upon the minds, but the importance of physical culture in every way, and dress was one of the means to attain it. She recommended the Turkish bath and gymnasium exercise also. She is a delightful and entertaining lecturer, and if the mode of dressing that she recommends is as becoming to others as it most certainly is to her, there is no question about its becoming popular.

An ass that kicketh against the wall receiveth the blow himself.

THE SPIRITUAL DAWN.

MRS. LAVERNA MATHEWS

The following beautiful poem was read by Mrs. Mathews at the celebration of the forty first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at Washington Hall, San Francisco, March 31, 1888.

I will relate a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep, for as it seemed
I saw upon a grassy gentle slope,
In spring, when leafy bushes ope
A cottage where lovely tongues and dancing feet
Kept time to music, grand and sweet,
The echo from the mountains
The joyous bubbling fountains
Flowing musically along
With their sweet and rythmic song,
The feathery songsters thrilling notes
The lambkins on the sunny slopes
All earth's creatures seem to me
To join the heavenly jubilee
Within this gentle lovely cradled
The dawn of light, to us revealed
Like the light which shone in Bethlehem
So dawned this glorious light for men
To shine in palace, cottage hall
Bringing life and joy to all,
Like a milestone on life's journey
Stands that cottage of I and I hoary
Sending forth its wild, weird sounding
Through the time worn boards resounding
Coming to our startled ears,
Waking wonders, hopes and fears
Hear the rapping, clear and willing,
What a strange electric thrilling
Causing cheeks to pale and glow
One and forty years ago
How the rappings all victorious
Have proclaimed a gospel glorious
Proving that the soul for ages
Opens out its wondrous pages
That our dim and earthly vision
Can behold the fields elysian
With their realms of angels shining
Who our feeble thoughts understanding
Soothe our sorrows stirring chains
When found in lowly or in palace.
That this life's wild mocking fever
Is but a prelude to a river
Which shall follow as the dawning
Of a bright and glorious morning.
Oh how sweetly I remember
Came those messages so tender.
Like a baby's cheerful laughter
Telling me of the hereafter
And my heart in thankfulness
Grew strong and glad with happiness
So natural it seemed to me
This proof of I mortality
I said I do so much desire
To know about this wondrous wire
This telegraphic wire to heaven,
Which here to mortals has been given
I listened long and patiently,
To catch the heavenly harmony,
I listened till my spirit our
Caught the strain from Eden's sphere,
I'd always hoped but now I knew
This telegram from heaven was true,
Like the wanderer's breath reclean
From the crested vault overdean
Came so sweet the angel whispering,
With outstretched ear attuned to listening,
That all the world seems bright and glorious
Over earth's trials all victorious
Death itself, that "king of Terrors"
With its dark and blanting errors
All have vanished like the night time
Before the illuming rays of sunshine
And when the heart in sorrow sighs
Lo! to the cards from the skies,
When darker seems the coming night
Behold the gleams of coming light,
Love lifts her angel finger high
And as she points the brightening sky
With its heavenly panoply,
Kindles with Immortality
The angels' bow of promise wet sink
Of the precious golden link,
Which binds the far off starry shore
With our world for evermore
No more with mountain doubts oppressed
Our faith the holiest and the best
The hunger of the soul has stilled
Death which for ages long has chilled
The heart and soul with silent threat
No more has terrors, for itself is dead
And while I gaze I can arise
A spiral stairway to the skies
And I as wading stair of light
Passed up into the Infinite,
The gates of heaven so open wide
While angels down to us advance glide
I saw what seemed personified were
Borne to me from Eden's bowers
So fragrance of music came to me
Thrilling my soul with melody,
And underneath all the immortal tones
Behold sweet lovely companies
Of bright eyed children, man and woman
Who looked divine angelic human,
See I the age the closing portal
Saying "You have consummated
And when life's useful work we've done
Thus is your laughter better come,
Come to come in glad angels wear
To lead you through the pearly gate

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

THE FAMOUS LICK OBSERVATORY INDIRECTLY DUE TO SPIRITUALISM.

Prof. Holden, in the *Universal Review*, says: "I have endeavored to find some trace of the very first impulse in Mr. Lick's mind towards founding an astronomical observatory. My own conclusion is that he was attracted to astronomy by reading the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, a Spiritualist. The writings of Davis were in Mr. Lick's library at the time of his death."

SOCIAL OF THE LADIES' ELSMERE CLUB.

The regular monthly social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club was held on Saturday evening, April 6, at the residence of the President, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, 331 Geary street. As usual at these gatherings the attendance was very large, the parlors and hall way, which were tastily decorated, being densely crowded. Good-fellowship, mirth, and jollity reigned supreme during the entire evening, and all seemed to feel that it was good to be there. An excellent programme, literary and musical, was successfully carried out under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Mills, the master of ceremonies of the evening, whose humorous and quaint remarks in introducing the various participants elicited considerable merriment from time to time.

Miss Ina Crews led off with a fine piano solo, and later in the evening she sang the ballad "Last Night," with sweetness and expression. The humorous recitation, "Too Late for the Train" was rendered in good style by Miss Libbie Hill. Mrs. Amos Adams gave with fine effect a dialect recitation, "Barbara Frietchie," (not by Whittier). Professor T. K. Blue followed with a choice piano solo. Mrs. Laura Humphry Smith occasioned much laughter by her artistic rendition of the "Deacon's Confession" and "The Baby's Soliloquy," Little Laura Crews, eight years old, made the hit of the evening with her two recitations of "The Naughty Girl's Views of Life" and "The Boy at the Dime Museum," which were exquisitely rendered, evidencing her to be the fortunate possessor of mimetic talent of no mean order.

After refreshments *ad libitum* had been partaken of, a collection for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten was taken up, realizing a tidy little sum, which was augmented by the sale twice over of a fine cake donated for the purpose by Mrs. Wallace. At a late hour the guests dispersed to their respective homes, the universal expression being that a most enjoyable evening had been spent by all.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 816 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth, or full morocco, gilt edges $5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

No woman can give her hand with dignity, or her heart with loyalty, until she has learned to stand alone. *Margaret Fuller.*

EAST MONTEREY.

Three Hours From San Francisco, and Half a Mile From the Grounds of the "Hotel Del Monte," One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, $35 for inside and $50 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to: first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold, "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in never being dull or quiet. Here everything is always life, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public), drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles, and is reached by express trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of they year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

Cod liver fried with ham and eggs, is a very nourishing diet for persons predisposed to pulmonary disorders. It is not at all unpalatable, and should be tried by invalids who cannot take cod liver oil without nausea. This is a popular remedy at seaside resorts at Massachusetts. W.

It is not so much what comes to you, as what you come to, that determines whether you are a winner in the great race of life.—*Frances Willard.*

DOVE NOTES.

J. J. Morse speaks in New York City during the present month.

Dr. Schlesinger left on the Steamer Humboldt, last Saturday, for a brief visit to Eureka.

Modern Thought, published at Kansas City, Mo., is a new paper devoted to "the spiritualization of humanity from an independent standpoint."

Outcast is the title of a new spiritualistic journal published at Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Barney, the former editor of *The Better Way* is at the helm.

The forty-first anniversary was observed everywhere throughout the East by spiritual societies with appropriate services. The Eastern journals contain full reports of such meetings.

A subscriber writing to a friend says: "I feel proud to have my name enrolled among the subscribers of the CARRIER DOVE, for it is my favorite journal, and if I am judged by my selection I shall certainly get credit for being sensible." A. J. C.

Mrs. L. B. Cossette draws large and attentive audiences every Wednesday night at St. Andrew's Hall to listen to her able and inspired lectures. Her replies to questions are apt, pointed, and withal so sensible and practical as to commend them at once to the intelligent consideration of her auditors. The meetings are closed with platform tests by Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Judd-Finnican.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

Light on the Way is now published at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and comes to us from its new home redolent with the spicy aromas of its mountain pines, and sweet perfumes of early spring violets and mayflowers. We almost imagine we can hear the trill of the merry bluebirds, and sniff the cool fragrance of its mountain breezes as we con its interesting pages.

From a letter just received from Mrs. J. L. York, we learn that her husband, the talented speaker, is doing a great work in Seattle. He speaks in the Opera House every Sunday evening and it is packed to its utmost capacity, with intelligent, interested listeners. Dr. York is a brave, outspoken advocate of free thought, and like Ingersoll, his arguments are invincible. "Seattle," writes Mrs. York, "is a very lively city and 'corner lots' are the most valuable things in the market." Next week we will give our readers a very interesting article from this lady's pen on "Emancipation."

Miss Beresford Joy, whose sweet songs have charmed the attendants at the Metropolitan Temple services so many times, has at last attained the one dear wish of her heart, and is going to Paris to study music. She leaves early in May, and will be absent several years. We congratulate the young lady on the fulfillment of her hopes, and feel confident that with the proper cultivation of her natural rare gift of song, she will be enabled to carve out for herself a name and fame unequalled by many, and excelled by few.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn delivered a very interesting and instructive address upon the "Science of Spirit Return," at Scottish Hall, last Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Elsmere Club. A steady downpour of rain prevented as large an attendance as would otherwise have been seen. However, the audience was good, and deeply appreciative of the speaker's remarks, and the unanimous sentiment was that Mr. Dawbarn should be prevailed upon to address them again at as early a date as possible.

The Ladies' Elsmere Club is rapidly becoming one of the most popular and flourishing institutions of the city, and is doing a grand work for the children through its free kindergarten. All who are at all interested in the practical exemplification of their professions of love for humanity and a desire to bless others, will here find a vast field of usefulness open before them — a field that is now barren and uncultivated, waiting the coming of willing laborers to till the soil, and sow the seeds of usefulness in the hearts and lives of the little ones, that in years to come will blossom into noble deeds and virtuous living. No grander, holier enterprise could be engaged in than rescuing from the streets the poor little "accidents," who have been cast upon life's tempestuous sea, whose rights the inalienable right of every child of being wanted here, and having provision made for its coming by wise, loving parents, having been violated and ignored before their birth. These are the ones who, later on, recruit the ranks of crime and swell the great army of criminals that overcrowd jails, penitentiaries, asylums and workhouses. Is it not wise to check this terrible evil by diminishing the supply through the only means the education and careful training of the young while they are innocent and pliable? It is certainly a commendable humanitarian work and those engaged in it should receive the earnest, hearty support of every individual who delights in doing good.

In opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing; mind the coming track;
Leave what you've done for what you have to do:
Don't be "consistent"; but be simply true.
—*Holmes.*

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker. —*Daniel Deronda—George Eliot.*

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE INDEPENDENT SPIRITUALISTS

The independent spiritual meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was fairly attended, notwithstanding the pouring rain.

Judge Swift's remarks on the subject of the illegality of the "License System" were quite elaborate; he sustained his opinions by quotations from the organic law of the State, Article XIII, Sec. 1, that for the purposes of revenue and taxation which declares "all property," only as the basis of taxation which consists of things real and personal. Article XI, Sec. 12 of the Constitution provides that the Legislatures may, by general laws authorize all delegate corporate authorities, cities and towns power to assess and collect taxes. The subject matter of taxation is defined "property." Profession, trade or business is not property, defined by the constitution, but a qualification in the person has acquired or possesses by which means he may accumulate property, is taxable, it partakes of the nature of double taxation which is prohibited by law.

To demand a tax by way of license, of a citizen to perform an act or exercise the privilege of a lawful profession as void. It is outlawry, because it is not uniform and equal, while license is demanded of a few trades and professions, many others of a similar class are omitted.

A license is a privilege. To constitute a privilege the grant must confer authority to do something which, without the grant would be illegal. Astrology seers, clairvoyance, are not declared to be unlawful, therefore, no license lawfully be demanded for the privilege of exercising those professions. Many strong points were made, but space will not permit a report.

Mrs. Crossette, in trance, answered questions in a manner very pleasing and satisfactory to the audience.

The platform tests by Clara Mayo Steers, were more than usually interesting and convincing. Mrs. Steers, by her guide "Rosa," is undantly able to stand the ordeal of all skeptics and investigators of the mystery of spiritism.

Dr. Mansfield being called gave a brief and witty relation of his powers in the spiritual service.

REPORTER.

MRS. LOGAN'S MEETINGS.

Sunday morning at 11 o'clock the meeting was opened by Mrs. F. A. Logan, in giving a description of the Psychic's Liberty Monument, as seen in a vision by her sister, Mrs. L. L. Brown, several years ago, and wrought out in the ceiling, which presents a magnificent idea of a structure 300 feet at the base and 1000 feet high with fifty floors, balconies, balustrades, elevators and long stairs, etc., to be honeycombed with rooms in which to preserve the statues of representative men and women both ancient and modern, also the archives of the nation and inventions. In fact a reservoir for the grandest achievements of the present age. The wisest sayings of the wisest men and women to be chronicled within, and statues of noble representatives to be placed in groups around the column in the order their various talents would assign them.

The whole structure to be surmounted with the globe, and on that the Goddess of Liberty, to represent the position the women will yet attain. We cannot ask for space in our paper to give any more than a synopsis of Mrs. Logan's description of the monument which should be built by government in the next quarter of a century.

Mrs. Logan then invited Miss Hare to play a march on the piano when Mrs. Pruden with her band of sweet children marched and countermarched to the delight of the audience. Mrs. Pruden made an inspirational speech, followed by Mrs. Stevens enthusiastically. Mrs. Higgins under influence spoke grandly in commendatory terms of the management of the meetings, and proposed a benefit circle for the president of the same. Many responded by taking different tickets in advance, which called forth the deepest gratitude, and the expression that when more old men and women would come forward and pay fifty cents or $1 per month to meet the expenses of the hall and advertising, the collection should be thrown open to free for all.

The exercises were interspersed with sweet music; the floral decorations brought in by appreciative friends were fine. Dr. Hombert gave an address in the evening, and announced that he was prepared to heal, and to teach the Egyptian and Hindoo science of healing in room 50 Murphy Building. Miss Colby gave several recitations followed by Mr. Humphreys; Mr. Mack made his first speech in public in a clear, concise manner, receiving much applause. Thus are mediumistic persons in our audiences unfolding into usefulness. All mediums invited.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

942 Market street, San Francisco.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Notwithstanding the rain Sunday evening, April 7th, there was the usual number at Fraternity Hall, to listen to the exercises as conducted by C. H. Perkins. The spirited manner of singing the grand spiritual hymns is a very effectual prelude to the songs and readings as rendered by Mr. Perkins, Mr. Fountain, Mr. Ely and others. Then followed Dr. J. Dooley of Philadelphia who delivered from manuscript an exceedingly interesting and masterly discourse upon Creation. The Dr. writes under inspiration and delivers by manuscript.

It is to be regretted that a verbatim report could not be given of this lecture, for it should be read by everyone. We were sorry to learn that the Doctor would not be with us again as he was to leave for St. Louis on Monday evening. And so we have to part with many of our grand teachers. They come "over to Macedonia to help us" just long enough to make us feel our dependence upon them, and, *presto*, change, they are gone.

Mrs. Tomson followed the address with a beautiful little instructive speech by a German control which filled us all with happy thoughts and higher aspirations. Then followed a poem of a poem, using a bouquet of flowers for a subject. We might read many poems of less spirituality and purer aspirations than this one which was delivered by the control so promptly and with no hesitation whatever. This noble lady and her husband, like the Doctor are soon to leave us and we feel as though we had lost a good adviser and a true Spiritualist from our midst when each of them shall depart for their Eastern home.

Mrs. Perkins followed Mrs. Tomson with a large number of strikingly convincing tests, and the appreciation of the audience was shown by their strict attention, and the large number who crowded around her to thank her and acknowledge what had been given as the meeting closed.

There will be a very interesting program next Sunday evening. Come out friends and encourage the managers.

ONE OF 'EM.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Sunday afternoon we had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Dr. Nickless who gave the opening address which was full of the sweet religion of love and good will to all.

Mr. Peterson followed in the same thought. A stranger in our city, Mrs. Stevens, under control, gave a very able address, thoughts that Spiritualists would do well to profit by. W. H. Mills and Dr. Mead spoke acceptably. Mrs. Rutter sang a beautiful solo. Mrs. Nickless' little control, "Sunflower," after talking to the audience for awhile, gave several tests which were recognized.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

MEDIUMS' MEETING.

Fraternity Hall, 9003 Market street, is getting to be a lively centre for the spirit forces to congregate. A lyceum is held at 10:30 A.M., and last Sunday, April 7th, a mediums' meeting was held at 2:30 P. M., by the managers of the Young People's meeting, which is held in the evening. Contrary to the general expectations there were over ninety people by actual count who attended this new enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins conducted the exercises, which were opened by some rousing singing, and Mr. P. C. Tomson gave a most interesting and instructive address upon mediumship, relating some remarkable experiences that he had passed through.

Mr. Tompson is one of a few wealthy Spiritualists who is not afraid to let his light shine, and who is always ready to lend a hand to assist his fellow man in his endeavors to rise out of dark and troubled conditions. It is to be

hoped that the spirit world may bring out more of such noble workers to instruct us all in this beautiful philosophy. Mr. H. W. Abbot, late of Denver and Eastern cities, and who has been known as the "Boy Medium," also made some very interesting remarks and accepted an invitation to be present next Sunday to give platform tests; a treat is anticipated. Mrs. Davis, a new medium, also made some practical remarks, acknowledging some fine tests received from Mrs. Perkins, who also made a few remarks, following with many convincing tests. It is not the purpose of these reports to cover ourselves with gush and glory, or to form a mutual admiration society, but to give a modest and plain statement of the main features of our meetings; and when we say no better meetings where the truths of Spiritualism come unadulterated, are in this city, we feel it to be a fact.

"The truth and nothing but the truth," presented in a harmonious manner is the aim of the managers.

A similar meeting at the same place will be held every Sunday, unless the powers that be shall interfere. Come out and see for yourselves.

ONE OF 'EM.

ON THE WING.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I left San Francisco last Monday, and that evening I lectured to an appreciative audience at Navato. The next day I stopped at Petaluma at the house of Col. Hatch and his lady, as they had invited me while we were on the boat together on their return home from celebrating the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism. The Col. has been quite ill for some time but is nearly well through the magnetic treatment of Mrs. Hatch, who is a good healer. I also had the pleasure of meeting with Mrs. Maxwell of San Francisco who is, I understand, busy healing while here. I had the pleasure of seeing a fine lot of spirit pictures taken by Mumler.

As I did not lecture in Petaluma I went on to Santa Rosa, where I was heartily entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lamont. After spending the early part of the evening pleasantly in conversation, Mrs. Lamont was controlled and gave me some very fine tests. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont are very fine people and greatly interested in Spiritualism. Wednesday evening I dispensed the gospel of labor at Guerneville, where I had a had a good hearing. The business part of the town having been destroyed by fire recently, it looks rather desolate. A seventeen-thousand-dollar block is being started; so, in time it will be the better for the cremation. I had a grand view of the town from a hill; it was pleasing to the eye to note the winding of the Russian river. I got acquainted with some very fine people, Mr. Ditz and others. I lectured at Fulton, Thursday. Friday I addressed an interested gathering in this place. I am the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jewell, both good Spiritualists; I have also made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, and spent a pleasant afternoon and night with them.

Mr. T. was a classmate of Charles Dickens' and he regaled me with pleasing reminiscences of Dickens and other noted characters in England. Mr. T. has a fine garden, flowers in profusion; and so has Mr. Jewett. Their place is on a hill and I had a grand view of the town from it. Healdsburg is about captured by the Second Adventists; their great seeress, Mrs. White, lives here; she directs people by visions from God (which are nothing more than spiritualistic communications). She has lately received instructions to have her people emigrate from Battle Creek, Mich; 400 are expected to come and settle here. There has lately been quite a discussion between them and the Baptists. It is claimed that instead of strengthening the cause of either Church, it has augmented the ranks of the liberalists. They have shown one another up so badly that thinking people have become disgusted. Tonight I speak at Geyserville and to-morrow at Cloverdale. Please send me a few sample copies of the DOVE to Ukiah and I will do all I can for it. I should like to see the DOVE carried to every point I go, so I will work for it all I can.

Yours for the cause of truth,

J. H. WHITE.

THE LIFE OF MINERALS.

BY M. L. THOUET.

(Translated for *The Cadaquian* from the *Revue Scientifique*.)

The definition given to-day to mineralogy places it among the exact sciences. Long continued study has shown that it possesses all the inflexibility of chemistry, of physics, of mathematics. The work of one making a specialty of this subject is similar to that of a millwright who collects the different pieces, forged and cast and prepared in various ways by other workmen, and arranges them all in their proper relations to one another, joins them, and forms the mill with all its complication of machinery in good order, ready to run without fruition, without air. The mineralogist gathers up the facts and theories wrought out by workers in other fields of science, studies their variations, their agreements and connections, demonstrates their presence and their union in inorganic bodies, and sums up and announces all the results of his labor in the form of laws which shall be exact rules for events past, present, and future; for a science incapable of foreseeing and foretelling is not a true science. Mineralogy is not chemistry, nor physics, nor mathematics, any more than the millwright is the smith or the smelter. It is a distinct science pursuing a particular aim; and which, although borrowing from other sciences certain of their results, nevertheless possesses its own individuality. It might be said to be a direct application of these three sciences, together with geology, to the study of the life of minerals.

I have just used a very significant expression: The life of minerals. Others have used it before me. "Not only do stones live, but they suffer from sickness, from old age, and death," wrote Cardan in the sixteenth century. And he was right. Eternal matter performs an eternal cycle; the incessant variations which it experiences; the movement which is never arrested which from modification to modification, from transformation to transformation draws it always without a single moment of rest; the continual births and deaths and resurrections which [illegible]. Every man, every animal, every plant, [illegible] every stone obey without any power to resist, and they are all borne along without relaxation or repose toward a vortex whose beginning and ending are concealed within the shadows of eternity. There is no difference between the mineral and vegetable, or animal. Inorganic life is identical with organic life, varying only in degree.

From the moment which we call birth, that is to say, at the commencement of one of those periods of transformation, our eyes see, hour by hour, moment by moment, the living being develop. The atoms entering into its construction seek like atoms to which they ally themselves, and molecules combine with other molecules. What matters it about the form of being? Simple or complicated, the law is the same, and it is obeyed. The individual appears with its own chemical constitution, its own form and look, its own variations, all decided under its predetermined conditions. Among these conditions the single one is variable, but the equilibrium is constantly preserved: the individual changes from time to time in its own appointed way, but never ceases to exist.

In the same manner as organic life bears the impress of its surroundings, so do minerals stamp themselves to external influences. The [illegible] perhaps is more frail, more delicate, less able to resist, more susceptible to impressions, but natural forces of the other, more powerful because they are simpler, yield less readily to circumstances. Both alike are forced to take their part in the great concert of forces in which they fare only infinitely feeble notes; both alike are influenced by the majestic assembly of powers which act upon them, and upon which they in turn, also act, conformably to one of the laws of matter, that of equality between action and reaction.

Let us take any mineral whatever and submit it to a constantly increasing temperature. We notice first that it undergoes a change of form. Cease the application of heat, and it will gradually resume its former shape. Let us begin again and more intensely. All the properties of the matter which constitutes it become changed, some quickly, some slowly, and it is incapable now of taking back its first appearance. Its crystalline form is different, and its mechanical elasticity, its hardness, and its electric properties; even its color is changed. It will still increase the heat. The molecules disperse, following certain directions, and, following others, gather themselves together. To suddenly a limit, varying according to the chemical composition, the crystalline type, or

essure, is broken; the solid, beginning to
lt, becomes a liquid. Heat it still higher,
d we shall see new phenomena appearing,
talization and dissolution. Another limit is
ssed and the atom, becoming isolated, is free
nceforward from the laws of chemistry, and
ust now obey laws yet unknown, the task of
overing and formulating which is awaiting
ne worker in the realms of physics or me-
anics.

The dissolution of a mineral, is it not death
ery abrupt limit of all the powers of a body
death, and all death precedes a resurrec-
n.

As a child, which at the same moment when
opens its eyes upon the light and utters its
t cry, begins already to die, so with the min-
l scarcely formed, death commences. Feld-
r, which constitutes in great part the soil
ssed by our feet, under the influence of an
l of water, of drought by day and dews by
ht, of the heat of summer and the cold of
nter, of all agents mechanical, chemical and
ysical acting upon it, is reduced to its ele-
nts by a series of almost insensible trans-
rmations. Its fragments are broken to still
r bits, and when they have become dust dis-
gration still goes on, and gradually the sili-
, the aluminum, the iron, the lime, the mag-
sium, and the potassium which composed
lin form clay. The iron oxydizes, the silicon
parates itself, is dissolved by rain and carried
by the streams. Each element then enters
o a new combination; sometimes it becomes
t of a stone; sometimes it helps to form the
ucture of a plant; sometimes that of a man.
ere can birth, signifying the beginning of all
stence, be placed, or where shall we find any
e death. I perceive only periods of life.

Told, naturalists made more frequent and
h stronger affirmations than they do to-day.
fidence in self is the property of youth, ma-
y learns to doubt, which is the beginning of
dom, provided that it does not remains con-
nt, but rather compels man to seek with
passed ardor the truth which seems to fly
m him. The ancients placed between the
tal and the vegetable limits, which in reality
do not exist. Up to the present time limits of
e same nature have been set between organic
d inorganic life. But in proportion as we ex-
ne minerals we shall see the differences dis-
ar and the resemblances increase. Man is
r of parents; the whole animal and vegetable
ds are perpetuated in obedience to the laws
f production, each after his own kind. It
s this absolute identity between parent and offspring that separated distinctly the three kingdoms from the mineral, but recently a chemist has discovered that the same fixed law is established in this department of life also. Wernez prepared a solution consisting of octahedral borax in five equivalents of water, and a rhomboidal borax in ten equivalents of water. These two bodies, excepting their proportion of water, had the same chemical composition. The liquid, treated with suitable precaution, remained perfectly limpid, and he could place in it fragments of all imaginable substances, without causing it to give rise to any remarkable phenomena. But when even an infinitely small crystal of octahedral borax was dropped into it, the temperature rose, and in a few minutes all the octahedral borax contained in the solution took the crystalline form. Meanwhile the rhomboidal borax was held in solution, and in order to crystallize it in its turn, there was needed only the contact of a rhomboidal crystal.

The mineral was evidently born of a parent, it was identical with this parent, its symmetry was the same under the same circumstances. Similar results from numerous experiments with other substances were obtained.

Under the influence of agents whose masters we are, molecules group themselves, following fixed laws, and arrange themselves in their relative positions. Just as soldiers off drill and scattered throughout the camp when the order of the commander is given, obey and fall into line, so do molecules obey the forces in command over them.

Stranger still, this crystal perfectly formed, seems sometimes to have a conception of an ideal of beauty, a perfect symmetry. The ellipsoid of the cubic system which is a sphere, it seeks it, tries to reach it, and if it cannot be attained, it falls to acting a part. It disguises itself, mistakes sometimes clown among men, and strives to appear the being it is not. The crystal, no more than the man, will ever assume a place in a lower rank than it seeks to appear better than he is. To attain its object the crystal will unite itself with the other crystals of the same kind, then these will gather into groups. As they cannot modify their own angles they will crowd one against another. Let it cost what it may, if it is a possible thing they will have their imperfections removed, and will improve their individual appearance, and if any measure of success is attained, the little crystals will enjoy in silence their usurped glory.

If science, with the apparent rigidity of her measures, weights and figures holds for the scholar oftentimes disagreeable surprises, she sometimes cheers him by rewards full of a strange grandeur. Azote, or nitrogen in its free state, constitutes more than three-fourths of the volume of the atmosphere, and is in its appearance the type of inertia. Its presence seems to have no other role than to reduce the over-exciting action of the oxygen upon our organs of respiration. In order to cause it to enter into combination with other substances, it is necessary to have recourse to the most energetic forces. Among these in nature only one, electricity lightning, is able to accomplish this result. But the union once effected, the gas is capable of undergoing a thousand variations. As passive as it was while free, so active does it become after entering into any combination. As it is found in the constitution of all animal and vegetable life, we find that without the storm cloud no organic life could exist. The origin of all creatures is to be found in a deposit from the air.

Such examples as these show that imagination as well as science derives great profit from the intimate study of the phenomena presented by minerals. One commences their study by measuring, by weighing, by carefully analyzing; one gathers more and then slowly a little knowledge; then suddenly this apparently barren field disappears, to give place to large horizons, to vast generalizations of majestic simplicity, resting upon the solid foundation of experimentation. Let us not underestimate the role of the imagination in scientific researches. It gives to the scholar persistence in his daily toil; it is his hope at the moment he begins an undertaking, his guide during the work, and his recompense when he has finished. What a charm in the frequent discoveries of analogies between the highest orders of beings and those which occupy the lowest rounds in the ladder of perfection.

Similarity is to be observed also in the growth of individuals in the different kingdoms. One sees at first crystals developing into perfection. Neither the chemist with all his delicate tests, nor the physician armed with his accurate instruments can decipher the feeblest trace of heterogeneity, the child grown has become a man; the mineral fully developed has reached also its age of virility.

Minerals may be hindered in their development, may become irregular, imperfect, deformed, upon certain of their angles new facets may appear, in other parts facets may slowly become obliterated. As soon as the obstacle causing the trouble is removed, the wounds will heal over, perhaps leaving their scars, and the crystals will pursue their normal course. Sometimes an accidental circumstance, as that of too ardent a sun, or a season too wet, will cause a fissure, and a malady commences. Oxydation or hydration is produced, and the mineral begins to disintegrate, finally, as a result of the accident, the last particles are lost to sight. We think it has been destroyed. But it is dead; it has died just as a man dies. Its elements are just as imperishable as are those of man's body, which, when it is laid away in the grave are not annihilated, but, as they are resolved, enter again into new forms in the great torrent of life. Their atoms are immutable, what they have been, they are, and will be to all eternity, eternally young, eternally the same, moving without rest; unmindful of time or of combinations. The ancient symbol of the serpent with his tail in his mouth well represents the cycle of life. Periods succeed periods.

The day ends in twilight, and the night is followed by a new dawn. All limits are effaced. The stone, the flower, the animal, intermingle their natures. With this thought in mind, all life seems like a great net-work, whose meshes interlace in countless ways, before which the seeker after truth stands with ardent soul. But at the moment he thinks to grasp the solution of the absorbing problem, he is only made more deeply aware of his own weakness. And looking forward over the great expanse stretching out before him to infinity, he experiences only one sentiment, that of admiration, and his desire ever increases to learn still, and to learn always.

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE TO MAN.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THOMAS F. PAGE.

O, Earthly Eden! place where man doth dwell
Be thine the thorns, the thistles, and the briers
Which sting and lacerate the flesh of man.
O, man of Eden! could'st thou know the way
Of spirits pure, in sunshine roaming round
The earthly ball, and viewing there the place
Of pain and sorrow, thould'st feel a pang
Which now to thee is naught, for by the lot.
Thy time is there awhile to live in flesh,
Thy trouble and thy sorrow do prepare
The way for paradise for which thou shalt
Inherit here with us in peaceful bliss.
Thy master here is known—here is no doubt;
Doubts are of Eden growth; they sting the soul
And bear it down in grief to soul and mourn
Up here 'tis bright and fair; the nether air
Bears not on us, we know it from afar.
We haste to leave the place of earth. We stay
Not long because our nature does demand
That we return above into our place.
But doubt it not, we do return and see
Our friends below in anguish there where all
Conform to earthly laws of flesh and blood.
Would man believe it earth's a horrid place,
And man himself is but a grain of filth,
His soul's a seed which has to germinate
In upper sunshine and develop us
A lovely flower as near as man can have
A sort of comprehension down on earth.
His speech on earth is but a feint. He casts
It all aside for something which he gets
In place of it. No words of man can give
That song of spirits who have passed above.
Now man believe that down on earth no word
Which thou can'st speak will give thee any light
Of that which is to come in after life.

The arguments which thou dost use as pro
Or con about a future life, all blust
And go to naught, because the words of man
Are for his use on earth while in the flesh,
Deplorable condition—man; so hate,
And fight and kill each other by the words
Ye use because of trying here to make
Thy words do fitting to the life to come.
The influence of the spirit causes man
To give his mind in words of his own make
Thus mediumship is sometimes harshly judged.
Of earthly taint is envy, strife and hate;
We know it not in heaven, there's no place here
For such as they and what they generate.
So man on earth should try to cast them off.
And thus prepare the way to enter here.

LACONIA, New Hampshire.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

MY "GIRLIE."

LUPA.

Hour after hour my "Girlie" lies
With panting breath and staring eyes,
While horrid shapes, in fearful scene,
Flit through the fevered time between
The evening and the longed-for rest.
"O, sing me something soft and sweet,
Some poem of your own repeat,
To drive these mocking things away.
It seems so long to wait for day!"
The dry lips moan. At her request,

As o'er again I drone the song,
That half-forgotten cradle song
Which soothed the babes of long ago,
With hopes of all a child can know.
Of silence, peace and restful sleep.
Of holy angels round the bed,
And blessings falling on the head.
A youthful Mother and the One
Whose earthly life had just begun.
Whose name all future time should keep.

I search, in thought, adown the line,
For something cheering that is mine
And pause amazed at what I learn.
For ever as the leaves I turn.
Some sorrow drives the gladness out;
Some woe creeps in to shade the word.
Well have they named me "Mourning Bird.
For when the troubles came unsought,
I sang the minor songs they taught
Till faith and hope gave place to doubt.

Yet tones of grief and power to plead
Gained strong fill not all human need;
The many dread unwelcome truth,
And sober wisdom frightens youth;
They leave the rest to chase a dream.
They call for songs though singers die;
Thus we are craven a lullaby;
They crave immortelles o'er a tomb
And shout to scatter coming gloom.
What they would be, they try to seem.

So "Girlie" my "Girlie," we'll welcome the dark
A time for calm fancies, for dreams and for rest
When reason gives way, active day-light's rude glare
Draws nearer and softens, in night's silver dressed.

We'll call to the phantoms and ask them to join
A "polly-ol-frolic" of "hide-and-go-seek."
We'll catch at their garments and force them to pause
Unmask and disarm them and dare them to speak.

Who knows but we'll see just a shell of ourselves
That laughs when we laugh and drops tears when we
sigh,
An image thrown off from the ever-wrought brain,
Like mists from the sea or like clouds in the sky.

A strong, cheery breeze drives the cloud and the mist.
A breeze from the soul will dispel these alarms;
A laugh shake the air till they fade and dissolve
And leave us to rest in the night's loving arms.

See "Girlie" my "Girlie," our "Angels" have come
With music and flowers and soft mellow light,
They circle your pillow with coolness and peace
And whisper a loving, "Good-night, dear, good-night."

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

CELESTIAL GUARDIANS.

BY LENA INGRAHAM GILFORD.

Air "Ortonville."

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. F. A. Logan.

Celestial guardians hov'ring round
God's throne to fulfil,
Shall wake the earth with joyful sound.
As they make known his will
As they make known his will.

From fields of light with radiance crowned,
Endowed with wisdom's power,
They search the broad earth round and round
To find an open door.
To find an open door.

They enter in, the truth forteil
And speak with many a tongue.
That all the nations here who dwell
Shall know the right from wrong.
Shall know the right from wrong.

Press on, oh Messenger of Love!
Till tongues of striving cease;
Bring to each heart the storm-worn dove
With olive branch of peace.
With olive branch of peace

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

HOLY DAYS.

EMMA TRAIN.

All days are holy days
On which God's service life should be wrought,
And sacred songs of praise
Go outward on each pulsing thought.
The earnest, kindly deed
That lifts some other's load of care
Is more than earthly creed
Or loud and oft-repeated prayer.

All days are Sabbath days.
Each hour is consecrated time,
And grand uplifting lays
Should echo with a power sublime.
Each minute as of gold—
A breath of vast immortal
That somewhere will unfold
A sweet, majestic interlude.

All days are sacred days
And should be reverently set apart,
To smooth life's roughened ways,
And comfort every stricken heart.
Each duty nobly done,
Is prayer and praise the most divine;
Each kindly thread that's spun
Will round the heavenly arches twine.

All days are God's own days
Created for humanity
To grow in truth's highways
And chant the anthems of the free;
None are for idle rest
Which to the soul is ever a blight.
He does God's service best
Who fills them *all* with deeds of right.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

IMMORTALITY.

FREDERICK GERHARD.

"From Death arises still more precious Life!"
So says the poet and his lofty word
Is true and strong as is the Word of God;
It finds an easy door to every heart,
And breathe of immortality to man.
With this conception, man cannot believe
That though his mortal frame to ruin fall.
His spirit, too, will vanish into naught;
In dark annihilation lost and gone.

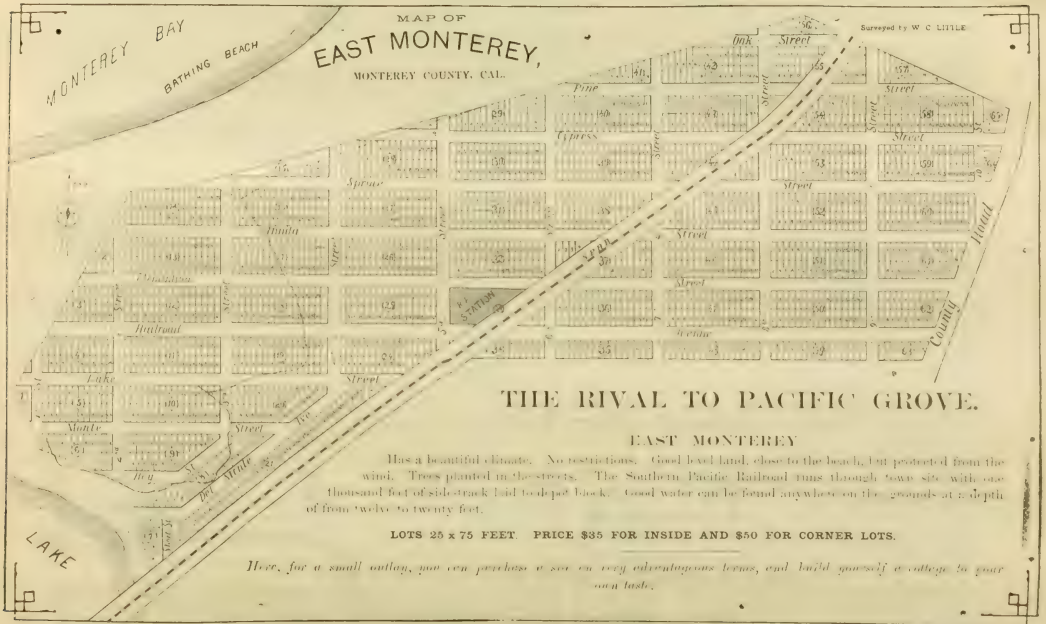
So man, nature and science, join to teach,
That nothing vanishes which once had birth;
The form may change; the inner being lives;
The germ, the living force, must still survive,
And as man's mortal frame does change and pass
But never vanishes, so does his spirit
But pass, and not expire.

For, since nothing cannot perish in its germ,
Man's spirit cannot die. It still must live.
Eternal life or his. The sun may fade
And hoary Time may totter with his years;
Still fresh and fair, man's life of life remains.
The stars will pass away, but on man's spirit.
The star of immortality will shine
From life to life a luminous intelligence,
Forever and forever.

"Each for himself is still the rule;
We learn it when we go to school
The devil take the hindmost, O!
And when the schoolboys grow to men.
In life they learn it o'er again—
The devil take the hindmost, O!

For in the Church, and at the bar,
On Change at Court, where'er they are,
The devil take the hindmost, O!
From youth to age, what'er the game
The unvarying practice is the same—
The devil take the hindmost, O!

—*Arthur Hugh Clou*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Webster
Irving
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Hawthorne
Longfellow
Emerson
Franklin
Bancroft
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I. The Trance as the Doorway to the Occult. Its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forms of Introduction.

II. Mediumship: Its Physical, Mental and Spiritual Conditions.

III. Mediumship continued: Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.

IV. Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second Sphere.

VI. The Seed World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.

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The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco in 1887, during October last, and are now published for the first time. The teachings upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 150. Price $1. Postage, 10 cents extra.

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A BIG AFFAIR.

The Coming Centennial in New York.

It is estimated by the committee on the centennial of Washington's inauguration, that the celebration in New York City during the week of April 27, will cost upward of $1,000,000, and this not counting the appropriations and subscriptions made by other states to defray the expenses of transporting their militia, etc., to that city. Already $75,000 have been appropriated by the city and a like sum by Congress. The State legislature will add $75,000 to the general fund and $125,000 to the militia fund, and about $75,000 has been raised by private subscriptions, which are still pouring in. The ball and banquet will probably pay for themselves. For the former 5,000 tickets will be sold at $10 each, and already fifty boxes have been disposed of at $80 each, making a total of $4,800 for the ball alone. New York is to provide for the lodging and board of every member of the national guard who desire a part in the parade, and there will be several hundred specially invited guests for whom entertainment must be provided. Though the celebration does not take place for six weeks, the arrangements are so far progressed that there is no question of a stupendous success. The military parade bids fair to be greater than any ever before seen on the continent. The entire militia of New York will turn out and thousands of national guards will come from other States. Some of the States have appropriated as much as $20,000 to defray the expenses of the troops. The question of what shall be done with the thousands for whom the city must care is becoming a serious one, but the committee feel confident that a place will be found for every organization that desires to parade.

Grosch—Take that brat out of here; it's bawled, and bawled, and bawled. Indignant Nurse—I know it's bad, but it will have hair on it's head before you will. Don't cry, baby. He's a horrid bad man, that's wot he is.

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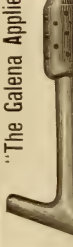

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The Business He Was In

A countryman and his wife were in town the other day for the first time, and they were wandering around looking in the show windows and having a good time. Finally they came to a bank, and wondering what kind of a business it was that had no signs of display of any kind, the man stepped in to inquire. There was no one in at the time but a very nobby young clerk, who was also very smart and as the rustic gazed around at everything, the clerk tackled him for some sport.

"Very fine place we have here," he said. "Can we do anything for you today?"

"Well, durn me," said the visitor, ignoring the question; "this beats 'em all. What kind uv a dog-gone business do you do here, anyhow? What do you sell?"

"Oh, we do a great business. We sell mules."

"No; you don't say? Well, durn me," He stepped to the door and called his wife. "Sal, come here and look." She came in and he led her around. "Just thunk uv it, Sal. Ain't it purty? An' Sal, they sell mules here. That's ther business. Trade's good, too, Sal. Just look at him," he continued, jerking his thumb toward the clerk; "he's the only one they've got left, an' I reckon they wouldn't have him if the collar hain't been workin' in hadn't skinned his neck an' shoulders."

As they passed out, the man remarked softly to his wife: "We may be from the head warters, Sal, but that's no sign we don't know mules."

A Petition to the World's Rulers.

The following petition, addressed to the governments of the world, has been circulated by the W. C. T. U.:

We, your petitioners, although belonging to the physically weaker sex, are strong of heart to love our homes, our native land, and the world's family of nations.

We know that clear brains and pure hearts make honest lives and happy homes, and that by these the nations prosper, and the time is brought nearer when the world shall wear peace.

We know that indulgence in alcohol and opium, and in other vices which disgrace our social life, make misery for all the world, and most of all for us and for our children.

We know that stimulants and opiates are sold under legal guarantees which make the governments partners in the traffic, by accepting as revenue a portion of the profits, and we know with shame that they are coerced by treaty upon populations, either ignorant or unwilling.

We know that the law might do much now left undone to raise the moral tone of society, and render vice difficult.

We have no power to prevent these great iniquities beneath which the whole world groans, but you have power to redeem the honor of the nations from an indefensible complicity.

We therefore come to you with the united voices of representative women of every land, beseeching you to raise the standard of the law to that of Christian morals, to strip away the safeguards and sanctions of the State from the drink traffic and the opium trade, and to protect our homes by the total prohibition of these curses of civilization throughout all the territory over which your government extends.

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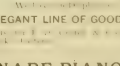

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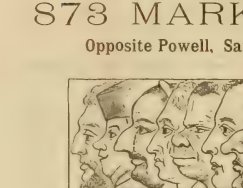

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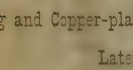

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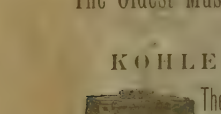

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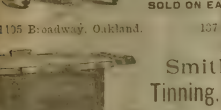

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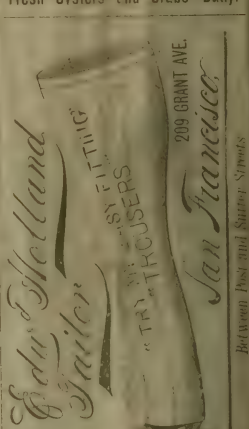

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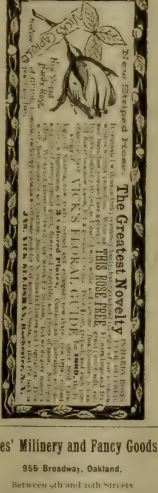

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VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 20, 1880. NUMBER 16.

Original Contributions.

Early Life In California.

BY LEON M. HOWDOIN.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

It was the pride and pleasure of the pioneers of those early days to cherish a feeling of gallantry and appreciation of the gentler sex, and when we were favored with the rare presence of one of them among us it was an episode in our lives like an oasis in a most barren desert.

I remember though one night not many weeks after arriving, my exuberance of feeling in this respect received a most sudden shock.

It was just at dusk. I was on my way home after my day's work was done. It on the west side of Montgomery street between Jackson and Washington. There I met a lady, a real woman in skirts with a bonnet on and parasol in hand.

The sidewalk was not as wide then as it is now. It was made of barrel staves the length, of one stave in width, and I thought the least I could do was to step off and give the lady all there was of it. And, as in the twilight it seemed like solid ground at the side of the walk I planted my feet on it with an emphasis which seemed to say, "I don't get a chance to do this every day," but I had no sooner left the sidewalk than down I went knee deep in the slush as filthy as a hog pen!

I put out my hands to save myself, but they met with no resistance till they went into the mud past my elbows.

I got on to the walk again with an emphasis more forcible than I had shown in getting off, and was reminded ever after to seek some other way of showing my gallantry even if I had to crowd gently the fair ones.

A great drawback to the settlement of the city and purchase of lots was the uncertainty of titles.

Every little while there was some "decision" that unsettled titles and made it appear that "possession was not only nine points of law," but the other point, also, and caused many to try the effects of "squatting" to gain a foothold.

I never "squatted" but once; that was the next season after we built our cabin, and it didn't pay. A rumor had gone over the city of failure of titles and that squatters were "trumps" and we fenced the lot where our cabin stood which was no sooner done than a professional gentleman appeared on the scene, Francis Hoen by name, a German, and informed us that we had no right there.

The owner went to the mines and left the lot in his care. That as long as we had remained there peaceably he didn't disturb us, but after that time we must pay $6 per month land rent.

We demanded to see his title and authority which he produced, and that was the end of our "squatting." We had no trouble dividing the profits.

A most remarkable feature of San Francisco in those days, '50 and '51, was the periodical fires that devastated the city, and those periods came quite often, almost sweeping out of existence the business of the city.

There was no insurance and the fire usually took all there was to burn.

One occurred just before my arrival in February of 1850. My first work was on the burnt district.

That was not quite built over when another one swept over some of the same ground and extended more into the mexican tile quarters, on the fourth of May. The first one was principally where the gambling saloons were. Loss in this fire was three million dollars.

A "fire ordinance" was passed, but it excluded only covering buildings with canvas.

A third fire, burning a number of whole blocks, visited the city again one month or so later, and the greatest of all the fires came in May, 1851. It literally took the whole business part of the city; the burned district being nearly three-quarters of a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. Loss, seven or eight million. That was the fourth fire and the fifth came only one month later, and burned up nearly two million dollars worth of property. That was the last of the big fires that I witnessed and none of such magnitude have ever occurred since.

After a year's stay in the country, rustling around among the new, and ever changing, exciting scenes incident to the advent of "Los Americanos" settling up the country and pushing things generally, it was a pleasing diversion from the strain of that fast life to lay off awhile and take a look for the first time at that part of the country occupied by the missions.

The contrast between the two ways of life was most striking. From the over activity and push of the new comers, to the slow, calm, easy ways of the people that we found about the missions was an immense difference.

My first trip of this kind, after inspecting what remained of the old mission buildings in San Francisco, was down to San Jose in 1851.

I went in a small steamer down San Francisco bay to Alviso, and from there took a stage to San Jose, returning by the land route all the way by stage. There were missions then at San Jose, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Louis Obispo, Santa Barbara and between there and San Diego many other "saintly" named places besides Los Angeles, "the city of the angels."

They were, most of them, established over a hundred years ago, and celebrated their centennial about the time we did ours in 1876.

The endless repitition of "Saints," "Santas" and "Sans" in the nomenclature of the country became tiresome and we couldn't help wishing that somebody besides the priestly friars had taken a hand in naming the places, but when we came to compare the more modern names in the mining country we found the old friars had the best of it.

Every point of destination named in the travel to the country of the missions had a "San" or "Santa" for a handle till the whole list of saints seemed exhausted.

As a contrast, a good example was the daily morning cry of the stage-driver to the mining regions from Sacramento. These were his exact words:

"Here we go for Ophir, Auburn, Yankee Jim's, Mud and Diamond Springs, Forty Mile house, Shingle Machine, Red Dog, and You Bet; all aboard."

Was there ever a greater contrast in the drift of the minds and thoughts of the two classes of people, the "Grey Friars" and the "Gold Hunters," as shown in the nomenclature of their respective localities?

Not only the leading, but the whole thought of the priests, was the devotion to their religion and saints.

The completeness of their absorption in this idea is strikingly illustrated in the Holy Father Junipera Serra who established the mission at San Diego in July 1769, and who

was the ruling spirit in the missions all along the coast.

His devotion to his religion seemed more than a match for the rigid austerity of the old Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

Let us look at him a few moments through the eyes of the historian, Palou, as recorded by Hittell in his history of San Francisco.

Palou was a close companion of the priest for forty years and knew him thoroughly. He says:

"Junipera Serra was a typical Frenchman, a man to whom his religion was everything.

All his actions were governed by the ever present and predominant idea that life is a brief probation trembling between eternal perdition on one side and salvation on the other.

Earth, for its own sake had no joys for him. As a friar he had in boyhood renounced all the joys of love and the attractions of society.

He was habitually serious. Laughter, to him was inconsistent with the terrible responsibility of this probationary existence.

The rights of man, and birth of chemistry did not withdraw his fixed gaze from the other world which formed the constant subject of his contemplation.

It was not enough to abstain from positive pleasure. He considered it as his duty to inflict upon himself bitter pain.

He never sought to gratify his taste for the good things of this world.

He often lashed himself with ropes, sometimes with wire. Was in the habit of beating himself in the breast with stones, and at times he put a burning torch to his breast. These things he did while preaching or at the close of his sermon, his purpose being as his biographer says to not only punish himself to but move his auditory to penitence for their own sins. "Palou relates the following incident which occurred during a sermon which he preached in Mexico.

"Imitating his devout San Francisco Solano he drew out a chain and letting his habit fall below his shoulders, after having exhorted his auditory to penance, he began to beat himself so cruelly that all the spectators were moved to tears; and one man rising from among them went with all haste to the pulpit and taking the chain from the penitent father came down with it to the platform of the presbytery and following the example of the venerable preacher, he bared himself to the waist and began to do public penance, saying with tears and sobs:

"I am the sinner ungrateful to God, who ought to do penance for my sins and not the holy father who is a saint."

So cruel and merciless were his blows, that in sight of all the people he fell down. They supposing him dead, the last unction and sacrament were administered to him then and soon after he died. We may believe with pious faith that his soul is enjoying the presence of God."

Here in this sunny land was a Catholic counterpart of his Protestant brothers away in the frozen regions of New England, at that same period of time, about six years before the beginning of our revolution of 1776.

With this view of the founder of the missions we no longer wonder that every one of them had a "Santa" or "Saint" for a handle, and however much we may pity and regret their blind, mistaken zeal, we can but admire their devotion to an idea and their self-sacrificing spirit in trying to live up to their ideal.

If we of this present day of enlightened and superior spiritual knowledge possessed those traits in the same degree we should show fruits vastly different from what the harvest now is.

Let us turn now to look at the country of the "gold hunters" and we find them as fully imbued with an idea as were the "holy friars" and they were fully as devoted to that idea. But it was of an entirely different kind, the possession of gold.

To some this would seem base and mercenary in the extreme in comparison with the life of those who founded the missions, but I have no doubt there was "a divinity that shaped their ends," fully as much as was the case with the "Holy Fathers."

Though there were many scenes enacted among the pioneers of those early times, that were rough and brutal, there were characteristics developed of the most noble and admirable kind, and the blue shirts and rough speech of the "Argonauts" of the early days were only the shells and husks which covered tender, generous, noble impulses, and hearts that were gems of the first water. Hearts that were ever ready to respond to the call of charity, to relieve the distressed, and send their hands deep down into their pockets to come out loaded with the "shining dust" in a way that said "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

And to this day that fashion has never died out in the mining camps. Go where you will in the mountain towns, and you find a people that surpass all others in the alacrity with which they shell out their "sheckels" to relieve distress or promote any worthy object.

And this "heaven" of the old pioneers has extended in a great measure throughout all communities on this western coast.

The characters portrayed by Brete Harte and Joaquin Miller are no mythical personages, but real men and women of blood, bone and muscle.

One of the most remarkable examples in modern, or any other history, showing these noble traits was seen in the sinking of the "Central America," off the coast of Florida, in September, 1857. If I mistake not her former name was the "George Law," and she was rebuilt and christened the "Central America." and this was one of her first voyages. She was on the route from Aspinwall to New York with returned Californians, 500 men and over 50 women and children.

She encountered a terrific hurricane, sprung a leak and in spite of all efforts at the pumps the water rose gradually for a day and a half. A brig hove in sight and though disabled, lay too to rescue her, but the sea was terribly rough and it was with great difficulty that any passengers could be transferred from the steamer. They had but three small boats and it became apparant to all that before any more than the women and children could be rescued, the steamer would go down. Those 500 men, rough returning Californians, were in full force, mostly armed and were masters of the situation. If they had chosen the rule that "might makes right," and looked only to their own safety, many if not all of them could have saved themselves in the time taken to perform the more difficult task of saving the women and children.

But they looked upon those helpless ones as an embodiment of their own mothers and sisters, wives and children, from whom they had been separated for months and years, and for whom they had endured all the privations and hardships of a pioneer's life, in hopes to return sometime and carry with them the means of making those loved ones happy. And now the long coveted blessing was almost within their grasp.

After the tens of thousands of miles sailing, the perils of camp life, self denial, hard work, losses by fire and flood, robbers and thieves, a few days more sailing would bring them in sight of the promised land. What a tempting prize, and what nobility of soul, fortitude and courage to relinquish it all, and take in its place certain death and a grave beneath the angry billows! But not one of them made a move or took a step to save himself, insisting that what little time there was between them and eternity should be devoted to saving those women and children; and that duty was but just done when the steamer made a last plunge and went to the bottom with all those five hundred noble self-sacrificing heroes.

The historian Hittell, says "never did so many men face death so near at hand, so quietly and decorously.

When about eight o'clock the steamer gave her last plunge she carried down with her many of her passengers. Out of 582 persons on boards 419 were drowned."

Here was an example of matchless heroism, which though not as yet immortalized in song, will when some future Tennyson attempts the task of paying a just tribute to the memory of those noble souls, take its place by the side of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and the "Six Hundred," who rode under orders "into the jaws of death," "into the mouth of Hell."

We are generally familiar with the story of "Ben Adhem" and the recording angel who

was in search of those who "loved the Lord" to give their names due credit.

Ben Adhem was doubtful as to his degree of love for the Lord (perhaps he had only become acquainted with the old-fashioned Lord); but he ventured to say "write me as one who loves his fellow men," and in the summing up, lo! Ben Ahem's name led all the rest!" Yet I am not sure but these "five hundred Argonauts" can rank one grade higher than he did for so immortalizing themselves in the cause of woman's superior claims to love and devotion, making the record to read, "And, lo, the Argonaut led all the rest."

But when that ill-starred steamer went down carrying those 500 martys to an ocean grave, she took but a small proportion of that type of men in California.

Fifty thousand more could have been found scattered all through its mountains and valleys, along the banks of its rivers and ravines, and in its towns and cities, ready to have made the same sacrifice. And their children are to be found in every hamlet of the state bearing the name of "Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West."

These pioneers, many of them if, "weighed in the balance" by finite hands would have been pronounced "wanting" in many of the requirements that go to make up the conventional "Christian" but a theology that would consign them to perdition, is not fit, "well, it may be good enough for those people East of the Rockies," but for these slopes that are turned towards the setting sun, it will not do.

STOCKTON, April 10, 1889.

Saved.

S. T. SUDDICK.

Two years before the time of which I write father had lost his fortune on Wall street, and being the only son of wealthy parents, and very sensitive, the thought of poverty in his old age (he was 55) so worked upon his mind, that in a fit of mental aberration he blew his brains out with a revolver. We all rushed to his room, mother, sister Emma, and myself, to find him lying on the floor with a hole in his temple and a smoking pistol in his hand—dead.

Mother was so shocked that she was a nervous wreck ever after.

Of course we had to give up our mansion on —— street, and move into a tenement in a less pretentious part of the city. This house was a large one that belonged to mother before her marriage, and was the only property not swallowed up in the vortex of my father's rash speculation.

We refitted a few rooms in this house and rented the balance to good, quiet tenants, for a sufficient sum to barely support us by using the most rigid economy.

Of course our acquaintances "cut" us, and our former friends "passed by on the other side," or treated us coldly when we chanced to meet accidentally.

This naturally soured us, and not wishing to take a more humble position in society, we were living a sort of hermit life, our only amusement being to attend lectures, theatres, etc.

Our wardrobe, by this time, had got to look to us quite shabby, with the exception of a fine fur cloak apiece, that father had bought for a Christmas present, just before his unfortunate venture that reduced us to poverty.

We had managed by strict economy in living to save enough money out of the rents to purchase hats for Emma and myself of the latest style, and with these and our fur cloaks we could appear at a lecture or theatre quite genteelly.

Mlle. De M—— was to play at the —— theatre the next night, and Emma and I were going.

Ma had given us the money, and we had secured a box at an exhorbitant price, and a cab to take us, knowing well that this bit of extravagance would cause us to have to live almost on bread and water for months, but we were determined to see the great actress at all hazards.

Our entire wardrobe had been taken out of a large closet in the wall (the only place we had to keep it) and completely overhauled, and replaced, our cloaks and other garments we intended to wear on that occasion being hung nearest the door. This closet was in the room where Emma and I slept. Mother slept in an adjoining room.

We retired early, so as to fortify against the fatigue and loss of sleep in attending the theater on the next night.

We had just got into a doze when mother entered the room with a lamp, and roused us up to say she smelled something like cloth burning. We both sprang out of bed in great alarm, and hurried into our dresses, to assist her to find the cause of her terror.

We both smelled the burning cloth distinctly, and could see the thin curls of blue smoke as they floated about in the room

We soon noticed that the smoke proceeded from the closet in which our wardrobe hung, and was issuing in blue streams from above and around the closet door.

I sprang to the door and threw it wide open, only to be completely enveloped, and almost strangled by a dense volume of smoke that completely blinded me.

My first thought was to save our fur cloaks. I held my breath, dashed into the closet, and snatching them from the hooks, passed them out to mother, telling her to examine them to see that they were not on fire, and place them where they could be got handily if the house burned, and again I entered the smoking closet to see what else I could save

Mother, who had got alarmed for the safety of the house, ran to the front door and screamed "Fire! fire! Our house is on fire!" and in a moment Mr. ——, the policeman on that beat, Mr. J. and Mr. F., neighbors that were returning home, and heard the alarm, hastened in, and in a jiffy had every stitch of clothing out of the closet and scattered over the floor.

Now comes the strangest part of this unaccountable affair:

The closet was well plastered inside, and there was not a *spark of fire* in it, and no sign of fire in or about it, or any of the garments that lay scattered about the room. Nor was there any appearance or smell of smoke in the house, although all three men testified to the fact having seen and smelled the smoke on entering.

We searched the whole building from garret to cellar, but could find no sign of fire, and returned to the parlor considerably mixed, and began discussing the strangness of the occurrence.

Just then I once more, thought of the fur cloaks, and remembered that in all our search I had not seen them. I asked mamma where she had placed them. At first she could not tell, but soon remembered that she had ran with them in her hands when she went to the front door to give the alarm of fire, and had thrown them across the banister in the hall. We all repaired to the hall, but the *cloaks were gone*. "Stolen!" exclaimed the policeman "If you gentlemen will assist me," he continued, "we will try to recover them and secure the thief."

This they readily consented to do, and after a few hastily formed plans of pursuit, the three men left the house promising to report in the morning.

We closed the front door and returned to the parlor with feelings better imagined than described.

Emma flung herself on the lounge and indulged in a hearty fit of crying. I must admit I would have been almost tempted to do the same but for two good reasons—one was, I was too much vexed, and the other was that mother was by this time completely prostrated, and I was compelled to wait on her. I got her to bed, bathed her face, brought the smelling salts, etc., and by the time she got calmed down and dropped into a quiet sleep, so I could leave her, the hands of the old clock in the corner were pointing to the "wee sma' hours o' the nicht."

Emma had actually cried herself to sleep like a spoiled child that she was, and so I covered her with a quilt, and after again examining the rooms to see if any traces of smoke could be discovered and finding none, I lay down across the bed, and fell into a fitful slumber, from which I did not awake until our only servant rang the first bell for breakfast.

I did not remember what I dreamed, but it must have been something very pleasant, for on awakening my soul was filled with a sweet peace that Emma's bad temper at the

loss of the cloaks, and mamma's fretfulness on account of shattered nerves, could not ruffle in the least, and all day I found myself meeting Emma's discouraging remarks with hopeful replies that was a surprise to myself.

Mr. F. had called in the morning and informed us that not a trace of the cloaks or the thief could be found, and mamma and Emma both seemed to give up all hope of ever recovering them, but my faith, for some reason, never for a moment wavered, and I fully believed from the first that all would end well.

Of course we couldn't go to the theater, but strange to say, I did not feel in the least dejected, and at night as we sat at the window watching the throng of theater-goers pass toward the great building I did not feel a bit disappointed at not being able to go; in fact, felt glad that I was not going, and when the cab came for us I paid the driver half fere telling him cheerfully that circumstances had made it impossible for us to go.

The evening wore away, and we were about to retire, when the bells rang an alarm of fire. Shrill and clear came the clang of the bells borne on the frosty air; they sent a sudden chill to my heart, and with the rest I ran to the door. A lurid glare was beginning to light up the sky in the west, and not far away. It increased in brightness momentarily. Then a tongue of flame shot up that paled the gaslights, and lit the city as bright as day.

The fire engines rattled by, with horses on the dead run. The pavements, and then the whole street from side to side, was full of people crowding and pushing each other as they all surged on toward the scene of the conflagration, in the wake of the flying engines, and soon the cry came back and passed from lip to lip in quivering, appalling tones, "*The theatre is on fire!* The great theater is burning."

"*Saved!*" cried mamma, as she convulsively clasped Emma and myself in her arms. "I see it all plainly now," and we resentered the parlor, and on our bended knees thanked God for his special providence that had prevented us from going on that fatal night, where nearly three hundred human beings lost their lives.

Falsely Related.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Right-righteousness is generally understood to have reference only to the moral and spiritual natures of men and women, but when it comes to be understood that material conditions must be right-righteous, each part rightly related to all other parts before either the moral or spiritual can be harmoniously expressed, we shall then seek most earnestly for material righteousness.

It has been well said that half a truth is a lie. In other words, a truth falsely related out of joint with that which makes it a truth is false, conveys a false impression, and if accepted from the false standpoint leads to acts that curse instead of bless.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven." Interpreted from the matter of fact standpoint of to-day nothing can be more false than the above words; but with the eastern religious idea of poverty and riches as connected with the mental and spiritual ego or selfhood, they are wonderfully true; as now quoted, however, they are falsely related, consequently false, injurious in their effect upon the mind that accepts them as authoratative.

The Eastern or Buddhistic idea of being rich in spirit is to want nothing, to rest, not to hope, desire, or struggle to obtain, in a word, a perfect negation of all the elements of growth, of progress. Take things as you find them and be content. It is strange that the nations of Asia, with all the knowledge of learned men, with the wonderful occult power of their priests or fakirs, as they are called, with their, to the masses, supernatural power of mind over matter, is it strange that with such spiritual riches, that there is no progress, no growth toward better conditions for the whole people?

The poor in spirit, in their estimation, were those who were not content with present conditions, who desired change, growth, knowledge, and with such an interpretation, standing in the right relation to the ideas, or standpoint from which they were spoken, the words that in their present false relations are a lie, would be now, were when they were uttered, eminently true.

Rightly related to the ideas which gave them birth, they are simply another form of saying blessed are they who desire, hunger, work for larger growth, not only for themselves, but for all, for they shall in time obtain, shall "see the travail of their souls and be satisfied."

In that idea of poverty of spirit are the elements of all progress. With the modern idea of poverty of spirit the words are a lie and a curse. Speaking from the standpoint of modern thought Gerald Massey well says that though uttered from the heavens with the Infinite for a mouthpiece, they are and must of necessity be false.

Our modern scholars whose researches have not been crippled by creed and dogma, declare that esoteric Buddhism and esoteric Christianity are one and the same; hence we may see from whence come the ideas of humility, submission, resignation, "resting content in the station of life in which God has placed you," so prevalent in Christian teaching."

We may also see, admitting Jesus to have been a real personage, which many question, that he was in some sense an independent thinker, that he dared to question standards of authority.

According to the record, he spent some eighteen years of his life in some manner of of which we have no account, and some have supposed that during those years he was studying Eastern occultism, and many of his sayings would lead one to believe that he was not only familiar with those teachings, but that he dared to differ from them by pronouncing blessed the very class of mind that the Eastern religion condemned, to wit, those who were not content in the conditions in which they were born, but who desired the better things which come from growth; desired that which growth, culture, expansion, could alone fit them to enjoy, and in such daring to think for himself, in thus daring to controvert established ideas, lies the secret of his power over the generations which have followed. But, with this spirit of progress as manifested in the declaration so diametrically opposed to a fundamental principle of Eastern asceticism, the ignoring of material comforts, or the desire for pleasurable experiences, for the happiness that comes from being righteous, rightly related, not only to spiritual, but to material things, notwithstanding this grand declaration of the prime principle of progress, from the fact that said declaration was made in language consonant with Buddhistic forms of thought, and from the further fact that many of said forms of thought were mixed with his general teaching, the idea that Jesus was God incarnate, has held the tide of progressive thought in check, yea, so far as theology is concerned has tried to check it altogether.

The Church, claiming Jesus as God manifest in the flesh, and impressing that idea upon it members, yea, demanding full belief therein as a condition of membership, the words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," have been looked upon, not as relatively, not simply in relation to a certain interpretation of what poverty of spirit consists, but as absolutely true; but as the mind must necessarily formulate an interpretation of some kind, humility, submission, resignation, an accepting of things as they are, an exactly opposite definition of what the meaning the words really convey when taken in connection with the ideas they were intended to counteract this, and not the true meaning has been received and acted upon, and thus the spirit of Buddhism has been acted out under under church rule.

Is it then to to be wondered at that the Church has fought every forward movement? It has been Buddhism itself trying to hold the people still. We have need of great care that the hungering and thristing after righteousness, or right relations in material things which dominates this age be not thus perverted and absorbed by another reincarnation of Buddhism in the midst or heart of our growing life, lest "Christian" shall take the lead-

ing place in the term "Christian Spiritualism." Why allow the prefix at all? Why take the "teachings of Jesus" as a guide, or rule of life, as many Spiritualists are doing by uniting with progressive Unitarians and others who are growing out of the past but who yet cling to the name, Christian, to Jesus as the leader and to a personal God, when much that Jesus said though true in the sense in which it was uttered is radically false as related to our time, our methods of thought; or in other words, why permit the old to dominate the new.

The fact that those words of Jesus taken in connection with the thought of that time are true, but taken in connection with present forms of thought are entirely false, this fact or the principle involved has a wide range of application.

Are you a Spiritualist? asks some intelligent man or woman who has some conception of what Spiritualism really is, and I can truthfully answer yes; another who has no conception of what the word means except what has been received through public rumor and public falsehood, asks the same question, and if I may say yes to him, I have given him an utterly false idea of what I am; and so of the great question of social life, the proper relation of the sexes, the right use of the creative element, is it creative both intellectually and spiritually, or is the physically propagative its only use, the genuine thinker upon this question finds it impossible to express his or her views upon this deeply important subject, without being misunderstood by those who have no, or at best but a very imperfect idea of a new and higher condition of society, from the fact that they try to measure and judge of any part of the new by the standards of the old, thus placing the fractured part of a new system into false relations, making it while held to the old idea a mischievous lie.

Suppose one should take the wheels, or one wheel of a railroad car and try to explain its use to one who had no idea of the relations under which it would be a success, and said individual should compare it with a wagon wheel, and because it would break the wagon if one attempted to use it in connection with three other wheels of the usual pattern, should unqualifiedly condemn it? Such an one would be no more unreasonable than is the man or woman who is ready to condemn, not only a new idea, but it advocates because said idea will not harmonize with society as it is.

Still so it is and so it must be. The advocates of new and higher views of freedom, of purity, of justice, of a system of societary relations in which freedom, purity and justice can be made practical, such must always drink the wormwood and the gall of popular condemnation until by the force and persistence of their own spirits, their determined adherence to the truth that is in them, the mental atmosphere becomes so impregnated with the new thought that the masses begin to grow, so grow as to begin to perceive the new in all its grand proportions. Till then ostracism, imprisonment, death, one or all become the portion of the genuine reformer. There is no other way.

Perception of Character and Physiognomy.

BY J. SIMMS, M. D.

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."

The power of reading the mental and moral disposition in those "mystic characters" which are written on our features, and which express the "motto of our souls," is possessed by the inferior animals as well as by man. The horse (*E caballus*) easily recognizes certain traits of the human character and will be vicious or docile, according to the estimate which he puts upon his would-be master. Some of these animals which are dangerous to any man who approaches them, are uniformly gentle to women—a discrimination which is due in part to the different treatment which, through their perception of character, they expect from the sexes, although it is doubtless assisted by a generalization respecting the dispositions of all men, which they too hastily base upon the cruelty which they have experienced from their male grooms. Those men who, like Rarey, are the natural masters of the horse, have but to appear before the most vicious of these intelligent creatures to receive their love and submission. The dog (*canis familiaris*) will treat one stranger as a friend, while to another he will be fierce, gruff, or distant. When his master is in a rage, he will steal away to avoid the storm, but as soon as his lord is in a summer mood, he will return to his feet and, by a series of tricks and caresses, court his attention.

It is a wise provision of nature that the knowledge of character is developed very early in life, for in some respects it is even more necessary to children than to adults. This appears when we consider that, as the former, through their physical weakness and inexperience, are almost completely at the mercy of their older associates, it is peculiarly important that they should have some reliable guide in the choice of kind friends and protectors. This guide is furnished them in their instinctive perception of character—a perception which is often more accurate in childhood and youth than in maturer years. The laborious acquisition of knowledge and close attention to business often divert the mind of adults from the cultivation and the just appreciation of the God-given instincts. The misunderstood suggestions of accumulating experience are made to substitute the original promptings of nature; mistakes in the interpretation of character naturally ensue, and, as the result of these mistakes, the person loses that happy confidence in his discernment which justly characterized his childish judgments. When a little boy returns from his first day at school, he gives his impressions of the teachers and pupils he has met there, without the slightest hesitation or misgiving, and, in general, with a wonderful fidelity to fact. Children are, indeed, considered such excellent judges of character, that their preference is almost always gratifying to the vanity of adults.

The eye, which is the organ of physical sight, also expresses the mental insight. It is a law of nature that when increased strength is imparted to any part of an organism, its immediate surroundings are correspondingly strengthened. Thus when the strength and size of the arm are increased, the muscles of the shoulder, hand, and all the adjacent parts, are likewise strengthened and enlarged. Now the power of physical sight may not be enhanced by the simple act of seeing, but the ability to understand who is seen, may increase with the visual exercise. If the latter effect actually takes place, the surroundings of the eye, i. e., the brow and nasal bones become enlarged. A fullness in the forehead immediately above the eyes is the best physiognomical sign of ability in character reading. This ability is greatest when the forehead is not only full above the eyes, but receding, for then the whole force of mentality is thrown around, as it were, or concentrated upon those practical observations, of which the knowledge of character is but one of many expressions. When any two parts of the body have an identical function, as the eyes, ears, and corresponding limbs, the functional loss of one of these parts increases the functional power of the other, a result which is due to the more frequent use of the remaining member, and to the concentration upon it, of those vital forces which were previously shared by its mate. This law has its parallel in the department of mind, for if we assume that a certain amount of vital force is produced, to be consumed in the exercise of the various faculties, the withdrawal of that force from one or more of these faculties, increases the support of the others. Hence, we may conclude that when the physiognomical sign of the reasoning powers, for instance, is depressed, while that of observation is highly developed, the observing faculty is in receipt of an exaggerated share of the vital energies.

Lavater, whose name stands first among the physiognomical writers of the past century, and whose perception of character is a psychological mystery, had a very receding forehead, with a remarkable prominence extending across it, just above the eyes, and a long, high, and pointed nose. The point of the nose indicates the activity and acuteness of all the faculties, and has, therefore, a general bearing upon the perception of character. Washington, John Howard, and Abraham Lincoln, are further corroborations of the

physiognomical sign I have given. Without the knowledge of character it is impossible for people to adapt themselves to their social surroundings, or to secure any large measure of love or influence. It was because the great men I have just mentioned understood their countrymen, that they enjoyed the popular confidence, without which they could never have exerted their remarkable moral sway.

When the exercises of the mind have strongly characterized the countenance, the practical physiognomist has a comparatively easy task. Some faces are so conspicuously and legibly marked that the casual glance of an unpracticed eye, can discover from them the leading capacities and dispositions. For instance, the English, French, German, Grecians, Chinese, African and Indian faces, which are all distinctively national in their physical type, are as plainly expressive of the distinctive mental characteristics of the several nations. Again, if an individual's nose is thin, long and elevated, it is easy to see that he possesses decision and moral courage. Every other definite physiognomical sign may be read with equal facility. It often happens, however, that persons present themselves to the professional examiner, or are encountered in common life, who are accustomed, for the most part, to yield to the prevailing fashion of manner and thought. These persons are usually possessed of some small degree of individuality, but it is an individuality so imperfectly developed that it is very difficult to discriminate. The difficulties in cases like these are exaggerated into impossibilities when the person examined has been the mere unresisting reflection of his external influences. Giving the character of people whose small, flat and inexpressive features clearly indicate that they have no character, is the most embarassing part of an examiner's duties, but when these apologies for men present themselves, he can usually slip them off without affront, by an uncommented catalogue of their deficiencies. The pampered children of idleness and wealth most frequently display that physiognomical "softness and effeminacy" which according to Washington Irving, "characterize the men of rank in most countries."

The discernment of character is largely a native intuition, yet it may be effectively cultivated by the study and application of physiognomical science and by extended experience of the world. "Home keeping youths have ever homely wits," but those who have traveled far, and observed life thoughtfully, are improved in many things, and in nothing more than in the knowledge of men.

Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous; it is temperance and exercise united that can alone ensure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion.

Selected Articles.

EMANCIPATION.

Lights and Shades of Social Life.

BY MRS. J. L. YORK.

"Thrice blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Thus spake the minister, as he bowed reverently above the open grave, wherein had just been laid all that remained of one whose life had not been all that is required by virtue or morality. But upon his death-bed he had called loudly for help, and as the minister poured out the promises to him, and cited the conversation of the thief upon the cross, and the assurance that he that cometh in at the eleventh hour, should receive his full compensation, he had professed conversion, and had died with the praise of the Lord upon his tongue?

By the side of the grave stood one who had reason to question the statement of the minister.

One, who in her early life, had given not only her love, but all that a woman holds dear, her good name, under promise of marriage; he had beguiled her from the path of virtue, but seeing a prettier face, backed by fortune, he had thrown off that trusting heart, and left her to buffet with the scorn of a cold world alone. His child he had failed to provide for, although ample means were at his command. But the loving, trusting one, whose life had been blasted, arose in the strength of her womanhood and declared that she and her son would stand alone. Wronged, betrayed, but not crushed she recognized the great wrong which man is capable of doing to woman. And with a sense of the injustice done to woman, not only by society but by the laws of her country, she determined to take up the task imposed upon her and bear it bravely. By her own labor she educated her son. As soon as he was old enough to appreciate the situation, she told him the story of her life, and of the great wrong done him.

And as she stood at the grave leaning upon the arm of her son, his son, she felt how false a sham had been perpetrated in the name of religion, and her soul went out in denunciation of that system which denounces the weak, and upholds the strong, and envelopes him in the cloak of religion and says all is well.

The family were gathered, and the lawyer in solemn tones read the last will and testament of that husband and father, who, according to the minister, and the rites of the church, had been transported from the cares and trials of earth to his heavenly home. He read of bequests to friends and relatives, the church had received a large bequest, the minister who had given him his passport to mansions beyond the skies, was kindly remembered, but not one bequest to that wronged woman or her son. But the church, however, had ample means at her command for the purchase of a new organ, and beautifying it with costly upholstery, and the sacred desk was adorned with gorgeous plush and gilt edged Bible. But had that so-called minister of God done his duty, he knowing the wrong perpetrated years before? Why did he not lead that dying man to repentance of the great sin of his early life? Why did he not demand for that mother and son, a recognition of the wrong done them, and assistance to help bear the struggle of life.

Was it of more importance that the church should be strengthened in influence and power, than that the soul going out into the mysteries of eternity, should be misled? for according to their own teachings a sin unrepented of is not forgiven.

And men wagged their heads and said "great is the mystery of godliness."

But that brave woman had withstood the sneers and scorn of the cold world, and had honestly supported herself and son, and now, with him at her side, strong in his young manhood, she felt that though the sin of her betrayer was unrepented, that she could forgive him, for the great blessing of her life now, is her boy; and he, knowing his mother's honesty and integrity of character, could well lay the blame of their life's trouble where it rightfully belonged—to a man of no principle. And now they would have scorned his wealth, but his name he bore, as it was rightfully his; for his mother had given him his father's full name, much to the chagrin of his father's wealthy family, and he resolved that the name should be spotless while he bore it. His mother had given him a good education for one in her circumstances, and he devoted himself to the study of the law. He made rapid strides, for what will not an honest determination accomplish? He was soon admitted to the bar, to practice in the courts of his native state, and was recognized as a young man of marked ability in the community. He was respected by all who know him, and his love and admiration for his mother knew no bounds. She was his inspiration, his Polar Star. Having inherited from her his sensitiveness and his utter hatred of wrong, their lives had been closely intermingled. Cause and effect had become the study of his life. He endeavored to solve the problems which govern society, and found that greed and selfishness were the underlying causes of the wrongs which humanity suffers. He found laws were made for the protection of man, that he considered himself woman's superior, that she was either his servant, prey, or his plaything, and that it was his influence over her that made her what she was. He took for his standard his mother, a loving true hearted girl—her great

love for the man she worshipped had been the pivot on which the destinies of life had turned; instead of being the loved and honored wife she had fondly hoped to be, she had only been the plaything of the man who had neither honor or principle, and she was discarded for a fairer face and money.

Then within her pure soul arose that determined to rely upon herself, saying, that, although she had been betrayed, yet she would live; and no tongues ever again have cause to say evil of her. Those strong determinations were implanted in the character of her unborn child—cause and effect—and in the profession which he had chosen he had found full scope for investigation that man's greed and selfishness were the underlying cause of all the litigation which filled the courts. In no case which came under his observation could he find an honest regard for the rights of others governing both parties. He found that woman was the wronged one in cases where the sexes were represented, that custom, arising from the idea of woman's inferiority, governed in all branches or occupations where the sexes were employed. Men securing a much higher percentage for the same amount of labor than women. In factories where the labor was the same, woman's pay was invariably less than that of a brother man; and in school, where women gave far greater satisfaction than men as teachers, proving themselves more competent to fill the position, their pay was always much less than that of men. Why should this be? The cause did not lay with women being satisfied with their positions, and accepting thankfully less compensation than the labor was worth, for it was worth all the men received; nor did they confess their inferiority, which was only an assumption on the part of man.

He went back in history to find the root of the matter. He found that it was, comparatively, but a few years since woman was allowed admittance into schools. That to be a cook, to spin, to weave and perform the drudgery of housework, was considered all the education a woman needed. What was that but making a servant of her? He went to the bible. Ah, here he will find the holy men of God, who are held up as patterns for all men to follow! They will surely do justice to woman, and give her her true position. But what did he find? St. Paul, that pattern of Godliness, says: "Let the women keep silent in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, and if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for a woman to speak in church. Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands. Let the women keep silence, all." He found in the old book that a man loved a maiden, and served her father seven years for her, and at the end of that time her sister was given to him instead, because the sister was not as good looking, and would not sell as well. Woman had nothing to say upon the subject. He went to Genesis, where God himself came down and talked with man, and he found that woman was an afterthought with God—that she had never entered into the plan of creation; but he discovered that he had made a mistake; that man's life was not complete without woman, and so, in his great love for man, he made him a helpmeet, and she, in the discharge of her discharge of her domestic duties, gathered of the apples which she found in the garden. We can nowhere find that she was commanded not to eat of the tree God never gave her any command—only to her lord and master. But when she had probably baked them, or prepared them in some appetising form for food, Adam partook of them enjoying them heartily. Then when God discovered that fruit had been taken from his favorite tree, and inquiried into the circumstance, the magnanimous Adam threw all the blame upon the woman whom God had given him. Then she is cursed of God, and told that in sorrow shall she bear children, etc. No wonder, when the first woman of whom history makes mention is cursed by her maker, that man, made in the image of God, should still continue to curse her. Then he decided in his own mind, that woman's true course was to do as his mother had done—arise in the dignity of his womanhood, and throw off the shackles with which custom had bound her, and assert her own rights; that she should insist upon being recognized as an equal by man; that the laws should be changed to make her a citizen, with equal rights for the accumulation of property, rights to her children, etc. He realized that education was the power through which woman can attain her true position in the world; that not till woman stands as man's equal before the law and the world, until she is her own mistress, until through education she is self-supporting, and not looking to marriage for home and support—when she is independent; then she can afford to say, no, sir, to the man she does not want.

When society has reached that condition, he reasoned, crime will not be born. Mothers will not be compelled, as now, to live with brutal companions, and go on increasing the number of unwelcome children; for it is from that class the criminal ranks are filled. Each state should make appropriation for such cases, for they will find it much cheaper to provide for and educate, than to punish them. The criminal classes are the most expensive element in society to-day.

Is marriage a failure? is often asked and each one answers it from their own individual standpoint; but with state appropriations for support of children in case of necessity, and our marriage service changed from—"till death do ye part"—to, "while ye continue to love, respect and honor each the other"—let the tie be binding just as long as each can treat the other kindly and lovingly, and let not separation leave a dark stain upon the lives of those who separate. One great cause of inharmony in marriage is woman's incapacity to be self-supporting; and the control which the religious ceremony and idea of marriage gives to the man for they do not say husband, but I pronounce you man and wife of his wife's person, will and liberty, too often making of himself a tyrant and a brute, and transforming the wife into a very slave. Is this the true object of marriage? Until woman, through education, is enabled to protect and provide for herself, our prisons will have to be increased; our Magdalen asylums multiplied. With education, when woman can be self-supporting, marriage will not be the great aim of life, but happy marriages will be more common, and the unhappily married free to separate. Unwelcome children will be then unknown, and crime, and the criminal classes will decrease in like ratio. Woman should not only be qualified to be a house keeper, but she should have some trade or profession by which she can maintain herself. Our schools should be so arranged that different branches of labor could be taught in connection with the fundamental principles of education. Every boy and girl should be taught the rudiments of some profession or trade, and be taught scientifically, so, that upon leaving school they may be able to provide for themselves, with a practical knowledge of business.—*Seattle Sunday Standard.*

Plea For Prisoners.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

Readers, did you ever commit an offense against the person or property of a fellow being? Reflect long and well before you reply. Rummage your memory, recall the daily deeds of your life, ransack the archives of your conscience.

Dare you declare you never did? If so, you are either a colossal liar, or a saint out of your sphere. If you never committed an act that could be construed into a violation of the criminal code, you are a paragon of human perfection, and there was a mighty mistake in placing you upon this planet.

Very likely you never inflicted an injury for which you were legally liable, never maliciously committed a crime. Well, that is something to settle with your conscience, but were you accused in court, it would devolve upon twelve other gentlemen to decide. The injury proved, the malicious motive would be presumed. The law explicitly implies a malicious intent for every injurious act. The accused must clearly and conclusively show the absence of such intent to escape the prescribed penalty. He can only do this by circumstantial evidence, as a

person's purposes do not admit of positive proof.

Now, it may be said that sufficient evidence could be adduced to show that every individual, in some sort of way, had injured the person or property of another. Then, the criminal intent being inferred, all could be considered criminals. Those fortunate enough not to be found out and those able to exculpate themselves from premeditated malice, of course, escape conviction.

Admit that there may be such a wonder in this wicked world as an immaculate man. Even he would be liable to be caught in the cobwebs of the criminal code. The same sort of circumstantial evidence which sometimes saves a guilty wretch from the gallows may doom an innocent man. It is just as the gentlemen in the jury box consider the circumstances in the case. A man may become branded as a criminal by merely making a blunder—by picking up the wrong parcel in a public place, or by entering the wrong house on a block and being unable to show that he did not do so burglariously. He may be convicted of murder for committing a careless act, as accidently causing the death of another; for a justsfiable act, as taking life in defense of his own; or even for a commendable act, as trying to save a suicide and being charged with killing the person he would save; the exculpating circumstances in each case not appearing in proof. So that no man, however circumspect his conduct, has an absolute assurance that he will not be condemned as a criminal, while every real rogue, through favoring circumstances, may skip scot free, right through the loopholes of the law.

While many inocent are unjustly convicted, it is probable that more of the wary wicked escape than are entrapped. The crime being the outcome of the intent instead of the act, and as the intent can only be inferred from facts in proof, it follows that there can be no certitude in criminal conviction except upon the confession of the accused. And a man candid enough to confess to what will consign him to a cell cannot be considered a confirmed criminal, one depraved beyond redemption; while one who most vehemently disclaims ever having committed a misdeed and always alert to denounce these who have, is presumably a hypocrite and liar, and a criminal in his conscience.

A father driven to desperation by the destitution of his family helps himself from the hoard of some hard-hearted old miser. Prison doors are slammed upon him *sans* ceremony. He is promptly and pitilessly branded as a robber—one whose liberty would imperil the public. Another, a real wretch, robs a worthy woman of what is worth the world to her, her reputation, and snaps his fingers at the penal code. He may even be elected judge, and sentence to Sing Sing fathers who steal bread for their starving babies.

So that the records of our courts constitute no criterion of actual criminality, and until there be established on earth a tribunal of eternal justice, that may unmask the motives of men and apply to their acts the plummet of unerring judgment, let the golden rule be read between the lines of the law, and charity become the guest of the court-room. Until then, set not the seal of ineffaceable infamy upon the forehead of offenders who may be such from misfortune or malevolence, and consign them as a class of incurable moral lepers to everlasting scorn, suspicion and ostracism. Do not drive them from the doorway of society in inexpiable disgrace, and deprive them of the right to ever return. For who of humanity holds himself so holy that he can condemn a fellow creature as irrevocably lost and hope for heaven himself without further forgiveness than he is willing to vouchsafe to others? Who would surrender his soul to the Supreme Judge upon such conditions of justice as he imposes on his erring brothers?

And who among the wisest of the world will fix the bounds between mistake and misdemeanor, indiscretion and crime, folly and felony? Who will stretch a line of human rectitude and say, those upon this side are saints and those on that are sinners, those upon this side are virtuous and those on that are vicious, those upon this side are Christians and those on that are criminals? If none, then cease this Pharisaical censoriousness that would stamp the indelible die of criminality upon every act of misconduct, and provide prison infernos for the fallen and unfortunate.

Mark well! No man is immaculate, and none, not even the meanest, can fall below the limit of human nature. And consider that there is no Holy Ghost in human nature against which an unpardonable sin can be committed, that there is more weakness than wickedness in the world, and that we never can reclaim a criminal by killing him, while perchance we can by kindness.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

First Experience of Count Mitkiewicz with Spirit Phenomenon.

The name of the Russian Count, Eugene Mitkiewicz, has frequently appeared in the papers during the past two years in connection with important concessions obtained by him from the Chinese Government. A few days ago the Washington correspondent of a New York paper in writing up Spiritualism at Washington referred to, among others, Senator Coke and Count Mitkiewicz as Spiritualists, and asserted that the Count claimed his success in China was largely due to spirit guidance and aid. In this connection it may be of interest to republish the first experience in Spiritualism which came to the venturesome Russian. In August, 1885, we met him at Lake Pleasant Camp, in Massachusetts, where he came to investigate spirit phenomena, with little faith in anything coming of it. We heard the graphic story of his experience with Mrs. Lord now Mrs. Drake—from his own lips the morning after the occurrence, and it was taken down at the same time by our stenographer. The account was published in the *Journal* of September 19th, 1885, and is here reproduced:

STATEMENT OF COUNT MITKIEWICZ.

I was feeling very unhappy when I arrived yesterday (Aug. 12), but I feel so no longer. On my arrival at the hotel I inquired of the clerk who was the best medium here. He said, "What is your name?" I said, "Never mind my name. I want to see the best medium here." He looked at me a little hard, and said, "Go to Mrs. Maud Lord's, on the Bluff." On reaching Mrs. Lord's, I requested of her a private sitting, which she refused; but as she looked at me I felt as if a current of electricity was passing through me. She said, "There are three of your dear ones here who have passed over; two were boys and a very dear wife." She went on further, describing the appearance of what she saw, all of which I recognized as correct, but gave no intimation of what I thought. The statement, description and names given astounded me, as I had never heard anything of the kind before, and did not believe there was anything in it. In the evening I went to her circle. After we had been seated a short time she said: "There is a spirit here who wants to see her husband badly." A voice—not the medium's—said "Eugene." I said, "I am here." The voice said, "Oh! my darling. Here, Eugene, I brought your two children to you." I took one of the children in my lap and held it, and said, "Who is this?" The voice said, "Don't you know?" It is Alexander, little Alex, that we used to call Hubbubba." That was what we used to call one of our little boys, "I said, "Caroline, are you happy?" "Perfectly," the voice said. I then looked and saw the face of my wife as plainly as I ever saw any one. She said, "I told you I would come and see you. Don't you remember I told you my love was stronger than death?

That was exactly what she had told me before her death. She touched me with her hand, and I said, "Carrie, would you like me to sing one of the songs you loved to hear?" She said, "Yes." I sang an old ballad in Russian which was a favorite with her, and in which she joined me, her voice being very distinct and audible. Now I am confident no one present in the circle but myself spoke Russian. I then sang another song in Russian in which she joined me as before. As I began to sing she came right up to me and placed her hand upon my head and stroked my whiskers, after which I held her hands for about ten minutes. I

said to her, "Caroline, is there a future?" She said, "Why, of course, there is, Eugene. Don't you see your own Carrie?" I felt as if a new revelation was given to me. Then the voice of some one else came up and said, "Don't worry; your Carrie is perfectly happy. She has led a good life. Take courage and lead the same sort of life and you will come to her."

One thing I noticed about the appearance of the spirit of my wife—for such I now feel bound to call it—was the absence of a tooth. She said to me, "Eugene, you know I lost a tooth through the medicine I took," which was the fact, and which helped to confirm my identification of her. Suddenly she vanished from my sight. During my conversation with my wife the medium was frequently talking at the same time, and I heard other spirit voices. I was a total stranger to the medium and everyone else in the circle.

STENOGRAPHER'S SUPPLEMENTARY STATEMENT.

Count Mitkiewicz related many little incidents connected with the above seance, but I have omitted all except what I thought bears directly on the materialization. It is needless to say he came away a firm believer in the reality of what he saw. Your reporter interviewed several others who were at the same seance. They all confirmed the Count's statements, and said they saw the materialization as above narrated. The Count afterwards visited Dr. Henry Slade and witnessed writing in broad daylight above the table between closed slates (one message being in French).

Peculiar Postal Regulations

It is rather an odd thing that if you paste a printed slip on a postal card, the government will charge the receiver letter postage, while if the same matter is printed directly on the card, nothing extra is demanded. The same slip which, if pasted on a postal card, would be charged extra for, may be put into an unsealed envelope, and it will then go at printed matter rates, or the whole paper from which the clipping is taken may be sent containing the article marked at a much less rate than the government would charge for the same article attached to the card. That is, the government would rather carry four a cent than the four-fifths of an ounce for the same money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is even for its own sake incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable; and though it seldom receives much honor, is worthy of the highest.

Children's Department.

The Coming of Spring or the Work of the Fairies.

EMMA A. FISK.

The spring has come for the crocus and snowdrop have long since shown their heads above the last fall of snow, that melted weeks ago. Now a thousand blossoms are scattered among the young grass; their is sweet with their perfume, and filled with the music of birds.

Yes; spring has come, but how did she come? I will tell you; for the other morning when I looked out in wonder on the beautiful earth, one of the zephers, with his soft breath, told me the story.

Part that he told me I had seen myself, but at the time my mortal senses did not understand what it was. I know every one of the little boys and girls who reads this, saw a part of it, too, really saw the work of the fairies.

A few days before the coming of spring, Gloriana, the queen of the fairies, received a message from the Goddess Spring.

CLOUD LAND, 1889.

To her Majesty Gloriana, Queen of Fairyland.

BELOVED QUEEN: again I am about to make my advent on earth. I desire to be adorned in the most beautiful manner. Please send your artist workers to do my bidding. SPRING.

The queen received this message in the state chamber of the royal palace beneath the Pacific Ocean.

There, dressed in her robes of royal purple and gold, she sat on her throne made from a purple sea-urchin, while above her the tinted shell of an abalone supported on pillars of coral served as a canopy. The whole was draped and festooned with delicate and graceful sea-weed, held in place by strings of the richest pearls. The floor of the chamber was covered with the softest moss, spangled with pearly shells, while the dome and walls were supported and ornamented with columns of every hue, and hung with curtains of kelp, and above all floated the fairies' ocean banner, the crimson dulse.

Her chief messenger on a winding trumpet shell, blew a few silvery notes, "which set the wild echoes flying" to every nook and corner of Fairyland.

Soon thousands upon thousands of tiny sprites came hastening through the waters, and bowing at the throne of Gloriana, sang:

> Glorious Queen of Fairyland,
> Hither we come a faithful band;
> Bowing we wait thy sweet command
> Unto the Queen of Fairyland

The queen read the message of Spring and thus addressed them:

"Beloved subjects, again you are about to go forth on a mission of love for your favorite Goddess Spring. I desire the world to look more beautiful than ever on this occasion. Let every one perform his duty faithfully. Let not a spear of grass go unpainted or a petal of the tiniest flower; and above all do not fail to place in the nectary of each flower a drop of the sweetest honey, and perfume each flower with the most exquisite of odors. My good will go with you."

Then at a wave of her hand the fairies all bowed, joined hands and departed, singing as they went:

> Hither we speed on a mission of love
> To the beautiful world so far above.
> To fill their air with our sweet perfume
> And paint the leaf of each delicate bloom.

By the time they had finished their song they had reached the earth, where each one set to work with a will to perform his particular duty. There were fairies to paint the grass, the flowers and the trees. For every blade of grass, for every flower and every leaf, there was a separate fairy, and each one had his own peculiar paint and brush. There was a brigade of crimson fairies that put in all the bright touches of red, and another of yellow fairies that tinged the buttercups and daffodils, and still another of blue ones that colored the harebells, and there were fairies that painted the deep purple of the pansy, the delicate shade of the violet, and the soft blush of the rose. Then came fairies bearing honey and perfume, and lastly those with gold and silver dust, which they scattered in the centre of the flowers.

Patiently and steadily they worked till each separate flower and leaf and blade of grass was a perfect picture. All their work was well done and as the sun sank to rest, they unfolded their banners, some of blue and silver, others of pink, green, yellow, lilac, purple, scarlet, crimson and gold, and passed with him over the western mountains.

Many who saw the glorious sight thought they were sunset clouds, and that they had never seen anything so beautiful before. For a time they sailed on the sundown sea, their banners growing fainter and fainter in the twilight till at last they dipped beneath the waves. The next morning as the sun arose the fairies of the upper air, those that dwell in the mist and clouds, tripped down a ladder of sunbeams to the earth. Everything was so beautiful and they were so delighted that they shed tears of joy on the grass and flowers which were immediately transformed into thousands of diamond dewdrops. Then they passed back on their rainbow stairs to the clouds.

So with the earth covered with fair and fragrant flowers, sparkling with dewdrops, the air filled with the music of birds, and the hum of bees, the bow of promise arching the sky, and heralded by the soft voice of the zephers, Spring and her train came in. Who did not see her come?

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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"MUZZLE THE BRUTES."

The male bipeds comprising the Kansas Senate, lately passed a bill reducing the "age of consent" from eighteen to twelve years. By this bill the ruination of any girl, the moment she becomes twelve years of age, can be effected, and the Kansas Senator who commits such a foul deed, would go free of crime. A more lecherous, beastly, contemptible, inhuman bill or act was never proposed. To say that a girl twelve years of age is old enough to give her consent to coition with a Kansas Senator or other brute of a human being, is a disgrace to the actual, loving sentiment of that State, or to any other. Till a girl is full eighteen years of age, she should have the fullest protection of law. The Kansas Senators would have a girl of twelve free to give herself away to any brute, and her ruin at that age to be her own free act, and therefore unpunishable. From twelve to seventeen is the most dangerous period of a girl's life. During those years she needs all the protection the law can give her, and whoever is guilty of leading a ripening girl astray at any time before she is of lawful age and of strength to resist are enemies of virgin chastity. Give us the names of the Kansas Senators who are thus brutal. They are probably agents for the keepers of the dives in the pineries of Wisconsin, and should be known by all other purveyors for dens of infamy. To the credit of the members of the lower house of the Kansas Legislature, the bill passed by the brutes in the Senate was killed. Now let the brutes themselves be served socially and politically in the same way. Give us their names. *Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

The above scathing criticism so fully accords with the sentiments of every mother in the land, that we gladly give it a place in our columns; and also feel that the brave editor of that outspoken journal deserves the thanks of every woman for his noble championship of the cause of the innocent and helpless, against the strong and powerful who would destroy them.

It requires a great stretch of imagination to conceive of an honorable (?) body of men—some of them the fathers of young daughters, perhaps—passing such a disgraceful bill as the one referred to. Where her money or property interests are involved, a girl is not considered competent to assume the control or management until she "is of age;" or, eighteen years old. She may not even consent to, or become the legal wife of a man if her parents or lawful guardians oppose the match, until she is eighteen years of age; yet, these wise, good, noble champions of virtue and right—the honorable lawmakers—decide that at the immature, unripe age of twelve years an innocent, unsophisticated child is old enough to meet the sophistries and persuasions of any libertine, no matter how old he may be—and such are never young,—for no one ever heard of a boy *twelve* years of age; such a child is considered competent to decide on an all important matter wherein a lifetime of misery awaits her unfortunate decision. It is enough to call forth a protest from every mother who holds in her keeping the future of her baby girl, and a call for indignation meetings everywhere should raise such a tempest that every similar statue in every state should be repealed. Think of the infamy of placing a higher value upon the money and other property a girl may chance to inherit, than is placed upon her whole life's happiness, her honor and usefulness as a wife and mother. Think of the infamy which would open wide the gate leading to destruction, setting no guard, no bar or hindrance except the "consent," of an ignorant child against the sale of her body and soul; against her entering upon a life of shame and misery untold; while on the other hand her "consent" to the sale of property, or her "consent" to an honorable marriage cannot be legally given until she is a full grown woman.

Such things show how much girls and women are indebted to their male "protectors" for the privileges they enjoy.

The Frankfort Sentinel comments upon this bill in the following language:

As the senate bill, reducing the age of consent, is being freely discussed, and sentiment is somewhat divided, we wish to inform our readers that, in our opinion, after a careful research, we believe that the bill that passed the Senate was for the benefit of the brothels of the State and its patrons, because it is dangerous to use girls in them, under the age of consent, as it is a criminal offense and their business is injured because very many of their patrons are constrained from taking such desperate chances of frequenting them. But if the age of consent was reduced to twelve years, then children can be safely trained to the vicious habits of such a life, and the plea of former good character can never be used.

A few men may be wrongfully imprisoned, but what does that signify in comparison to the many young girls that are inveigled into crime, to be forever lost, before they reach the age of discretion.

In the South American State of Ecuador, girls mature at the age of eight or ten years and writers say that almost all are morally ruined and become old and decrepit before they have reached an age whereby they can comprehend with any degree of intelligence their surroundings.

Kind reader, can you conceive of a superior race born of such mothers? The inhabitants of Ecuador are but little superior to the brute creation. Shall we of this enlightened portion of the continent, grant such a license to our passions, that we shall degenerate morally, mentally and physically to their standard?

MRS. WASHBURN'S GARDEN PARTY.

Last Friday, the 5th inst., is a day long to be remembered by the many friends of Mrs. O. M. Washburn, whose hospitality they then enjoyed. She is a lady so well known for her charitable disposition and appreciable interest in all things pertaining to intellectual and spiritual culture, that the announcement that she would receive her friends at an informal garden party on the anniversary of her 60th birthday, was an assurance in itself that all who attended would be entertained with "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." The day was beautiful, and at 11 o'clock A. M. the guests began to arrive. At 1 o'clock an excellent lunch was served on the lawn among the beautiful flowers, with heaven's benediction smiling over all. After the lunch and garden gossip, the guests adjourned to the parlors where they listened to the sweet strains of music by Miss Lina Crews, an inspirational performer on the piano. Then W. J. Colville gave a brilliant address, closing with an impromptu poem, in which he made mention of Mrs. Washburn's connection with the State silk culture, and likened her work to the silk worms, so strong and beautiful that it will live after her. Then Mrs. Morse, by the inspiration of her Indian control, "Cheeto," who in his happiest strain delivered an address appropriate to the occasion and presented Mrs. Washburn with a package containing $150—a present from her husband, Mr. Henry Washburn. Mrs. Morse was then controlled by Spirit Mary, who in an exquisite poem described "Our Spirit Home." A table was then prepared, and Master Harry Locke, with his occult telegraph made his debut; Harry is but fourteen years of age, and is a magnificent instrument for the invisible world, and has many phases of mediumship. The telegraph worked rapidly and clearly, giving complete satisfaction to all, and was pronounced wonderful by many who saw and heard it. Mrs. Flagg then recited a poem entitled "What I Believe," in a manner which elicited great applause. She was followed in words of congratulation to the host and hostess by Mrs. Josephine Wilson and others.

A feeling of perfect harmony and general good will pervaded the atmosphere, and many were the expressions of love and good wishes—the only presents desired. And the general verdict was that our popular hostess was guilty of being possessed of phenomenal powers of entertaining. Among those present were the following:

Mme. Bishop, Mrs. M. J. Corliss, Mrs. M. H. Ober, Mrs. Ewer, J. Tyson, Mrs. F. Meyer,

Mrs. V. A. Astell, Mrs. Thorpe, Mrs. Dotty Warthan, Mr. and Mrs. J. J Whitney, Mrs. Felina Wilhelat, Miss L. Hammond, Mrs. F. M. Stone, Mrs. M. E. Chase, Chas. F. Blandin, Mrs. Crossette, Edith Beam, Mrs. Laura Cooke, H. E. Holmes, Mrs. I. F. Parker, Mrs. A. W. Manning and daughter, Mrs. S. E. Barry, Mrs. M. A. Morris, Jas. Benson, Mrs. Jas Benson, Mrs. H. Blue, Mrs. M. J. Irvin, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, Vernie Morse, Mrs. Renson, Mrs. Judge Adams, Mrs. I. H. Fox, W. B. Ewer, Mrs. Ewer, Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden, Dr. Geo. Hardcastle, Mrs. J. D. Irving, Mark Manning, Miss L. Child, Mrs. D. J. Murphy, Mrs. A. D. Wiggin, Mrs. W. Thomson, Miss A. Washburn, Malcolm Ulch, Lina Crews, Fannie Marston, Columbia Britten, Mrs. J. Fairweather, Mrs. C. A. Rogers, T. J. Stayner, Judge Adams, Mrs. Josephine R Wilson, Mrs. C. F. Briggs, Mrs. E. A. Cotton, Dr. Marian S. Dussenberg, Mrs. F. O. Chadbourne, Miss N. Washburn, Mrs. G. Hub Mrs. Geo. D. Clarke, Wm. S. Jackson, W. F. Sage, M. E. R Davis, friend of Mrs. Kingsley, Mrs. C. Fowler, W. J. Colville, Mrs. S. M. Kingsley, Mrs. Jos. Stevens, Mrs. Jos. Norris, Mrs. J. F. Jaeger, Mrs. T. E. Flagg, Mrs. A. C. Miller, Mrs. Saxon, Ida Wadham, A. I. Stagge, Mrs. Reva Spencer, Mrs. C. M. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Scott Briggs, Wm. Laird Law, Mrs. Ellen W. Law, Mrs. M. E. Morris, Mrs. I. B. Rider, Mrs. C. P. Wiley, S. H. Andrew, J. C Andrew, Mrs. E. A. Tyson, Mrs. Hendry, A. M. Hendry, Mrs. L. Wadham, A. K. McSorley, Mrs. Jane E. Cotter, Mrs. Helen N. Reckard, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mathews, Mrs. C. D. Hill, Libbie Hill, Josie Hill, Mrs. Judge Swift, Mrs. S. F. Breed, Mrs. S. A. Washburn, Mrs. W. Weir, Mrs. Fannie M. Cottle, Mrs. J. E. W. Coleman, Mrs. M. C. Child, S. F. Breed, Mrs. Chas. B. Deane, Mrs. A. C. Moore, Mrs. M. H. Jackson, Mrs. J. H. Cormak, Miss E. T. Stone, Miss H. Washburn, Mrs. Ida Dergan, Mrs. Louise W. Knott, Maud Weir, Mrs. M. A. Hasskell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Locke, Harry Locke, Chas. W. Deane, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. I. H. Hammond, Mrs. W. H. Mitchell, Miss E. Fairgrieve.

EAST MONTEREY.

On and after the first day of May, an advance of ten dollars a lot will be added to the present prices. Many of the purchasers of the property contemplate building the present season, and at present there are four cottages in processes of erection. Now is the time to make your purchases before the raise. Call at once and secure a bargain from Mrs. Scott Briggs.

There will be no taxes to be paid until a year from next fall, and then not over twenty-five cents a lot. Lots that can be bought now for thirty-five, forty and fifty dollars, will no doubt be worth one hundred and fifty a year from now, without any attention from purchasers. My residence is 308 Leavenworth street, between Eddy and Ellis streets. Office 841 Market street in Carrier Dove office.

Mrs. Scott Briggs, Agent.

AN EPISODE.

An Extract From Calvin McDonald's Recent Temperance Lecture in Oakland.

"Several years ago, I saw in the Sierra county hospital, the dead body of a young German who had been killed in a drinking brawl. I thought the still, white face, set in a disgrace of blonde magnificence, the handsomest I had ever looked upon; and, with my heart swelling in tender pity and my eyes clouded with sympathetic tears, I went away and wrote about the unspeakable grief his hapless fate in a strange land would bring to his poor old mother over the Rhine."

"Nearly a year thereafter, I had a letter from a remote province of Germany, containing a draft for fifty dollars. It was from the young man's mother and such a letter! I do not know what tenderness of sentiment it may have lost in our rude translation, but, as rendered in our tongue, it expressed all the gratiful emotion that could be felt by the tenderer ones belonging to that warlike race whose ancestors clad in skin and armed with the horrible weapons of savagery, broke forth from the "Black Forest" and drove Cæsar and his Roman legions back across the Rhine.

"*But then I says, that I had one friend, perhaps with her yellow tresses streaked with grey, who would pray for me in the far off country of the mmmsinger and the Bradbadour.*"

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 856 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt edges, $5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

We have received an installment of Prof. C P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

Mrs. M. Miller, 1165 Mission street, has taken the agency of I. M. Bowdoin & Son, of Stockton, to sell their cabinets. A sample will be shown at her house and orders taken. Prices reduced to $7.50, $8.00, and $11.50. Freight paid to San Francisco. Call and see this most useful piece of furniture.

DOVE NOTES.

There will be an Easter Party for the children at the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, on Jessie street near Fifth, on next Monday afternoon, from two to six o'clock.

Dr. Simms' article on "Perception of Character and Physiognomy," on page 249 of this issue will be found exceedingly interesting, especially so to the student of human nature.

Dr. Schlesinger writes encouragingly of the prospects of Spiritualism in Humboldt county. A great many prominent, substantial citizens are adherents to the philosophy. His mediumships is very much appreciated and enjoyed by them.

Mr. Alfred Cromwell, the humorist, whose amusing comedy impersonations were enjoyed at one of the Free Library entertainments, will present three comedy creations at the Young People's entertainment, to be held in St. George's Hall on the 27th.

Mr. Bowdoin's sketch of "Early Days in California," in this issue is of unusual interest as it shows to what extent a rigid adherence to the superstions of the past was carried on during the early days, when the darkness of papal ignorance and dogmatism brooded over the shores of our sunny land.

Mrs. M. Miller finding her old quarters too small to accomodate her increasing patrons has taken the house, No. 1165 Mission street, near eighth where she will be glad to welcome all who may be pleased to call on her. Circles Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8 o'clock, and Friday at 2 P. M.

The Chesaning Weekly Argus, published at Chesaning, Mich., as an independent progressive journal, and among the general news it serves so creditably each week, are many good points on Spiritualism. It has been reproducing the article published in the *New York Press* upon "Believers in Spiritualism."

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, of San Francisco, now stopping at the Vance House in this city, certainly some remarkable things. By whatever does name his performances may be called they are sufficiently strange to engage the attention of intelligent people. The doctor desires especially to meet clergymen, physicians and other professional men.—*Daily Humboldt Times.*

The DOVE is not run for policy. We do not throw "sops" to any one, or seek to curry favor with "those who sit in high places," for the sake of personal aggrandizement and popularity at the sacrifice of principle, or our honest convictions of right and wrong. If truth, justice, honor, and integrity of purpose are of any value they are worthy of embodiment in our daily lives. Actions speak louder than words.

The friends of Miss Beresford Joy, whose departure for Europe at an early date we announced last week, have decided to give their sweet songstress a testimonial benefit concert

on May 2d, at Metropolitan Temple. The very best musical talent of this city will assist.

The programme will be one of unusual merit. Further particulars will be announced next week. It is enough to know that Mr. M. B. Dodge has the enterprise in hand to feel assured of its success.

We are pleased to be able to inform our readers that Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Clark is rapidly convalescing, and confidently expects to be up and doing in the world again at an early day. Having a severe attack of typhoid fever, combined with pleurisy, her life at one time was despaired of, but thanks to skillful treatment and careful nursing, aided by her own innate cheerfulness and hopeful, sunny temperament, the crisis was successfully passed, and soon, it is hoped, her bright smiles and jocund merriment will once again gladden the hearts of her numerous friends.

Harry Locke, the boy medium, has gone in the country for a couple of weeks, to rest and enjoy the novelty of ranch life at the pleasant country home of Mrs. Olive Washburn. It was our privilege to have an hour with the young medium the day previous to his departure, and were much interested in the manifestations through the occult telegraph. During the sitting the boy played several tunes upon a harmonica, and the clicking of the instrument kept perfect time with the music. When Master Harry returns we hope to see more of his medi umship.

Miss Valerie Hickethier, of Oakland, left for New York City the latter part of last week. After a sojourn of several months in that city, we learn that she purposes paying a brief visit to the place of her birth, Parkersburg, West Virginia. Provided she can spare the time from the preparations incident to her dramatic *debut* in the fall, she will return to her home in California for a few weeks during the summer, and then return east to enter upon her dramatic career. It may be, however, that the pressing nature of her studies and other matters connected with her preparations for the stage may prevent her visiting this Coast again this year. If so, her friends must content themselves with the prospect of waiting until the circumstances of her new walk in life shall have once more brought her to San Francisco. When that will be no man—or woman either—can tell. In company with her many friends and admirers we wish her every success in her chosen field of endeavor.

The Boston Sunday Globe, an amusing and interesting paper recently found its way to our table. Its first page is entitled *The Woman's Sunday Globe*, of date Feb. 17, 1901. The publishers, having probably taken the hint from Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," have anticipated events and made a jump ahead of twelve years; but even in that brief period they have mentally outwrought many great and mighty changes and reforms. The first page of this illustrious journal is adorned with the portraits of "coming women" statesmen, some of whom have come already and only wait for the door at which they have long stood knocking, to be opened to walk in and take their seats among the law-makers of the land. The central figure of the group is a pleasant-faced lady, labeled "Our President—1901." Her "message" is replete with good points and humanitarian suggestions. She strongly opposes the movement to limit male suffrage. She also recommends the purchase by the government of all the railroads, telegraph and telephone lines as well as all the mines owned by private capitalists. Her views of marriage and divorce laws are worthy of consideration. Equal pay for equal work is an important change strongly advocated. Woman's property rights, their rights in their children, educational advantages, and other changes needed are set forth in this important "message." We wish all the lady readers of the Dove could secure a copy of this paper as it contains many valuable "hits," and several lengthy articles of deep interest, but which we have not space to reproduce here.

FORTY YEARS ON THE BORDER.

Calvin B. MacDonald, the veteran journalist, gave a very able and interesting lecture, entitled "Forty Years on the Border," to a large and refined audience a few evenings since, at the Methodist church in Oakland, under the auspices of "The Woman's Temperance Home." We copy the following notice from the Oakland daily *Times*: "The lecturer gave his observations of liquor-drinking and liquor-selling during forty years residence in California and Oregon.

The assembling of that large and cultivated audience was a compliment that Mr. MacDonald fully appreciated, and he was equal to the occasion. "His address was sparkling with anecdotes, filled with pathetic episodes, rich in rare reminiscences, and brilliant from first to last. The audience was moved to laughter and prolonged applause, or hushed in silence and tremulous with feeling, just as the speaker willed.

This master of the emotions of men, whose pen has been in the thick of the fight, through a long and eventful career, gave a graphic account of the exciting scenes connected with the profession of journalism in those days. He spoke of the temptations surrounding the more gifted of his profession, and reviewed the lives of many editorial brothers whose brilliant careers were untimely ended by excessive drink; and his vivid pictures were as exciting as a romance, and impressed his hearers as startling and terrible truths.

Mr. MacDonald is a natural orator, and when his heart is in the work, as it is in this movement, he displays his splendid mental powers to great advantage."

It is curious that men expect from women a higher standard of morals and manners than they think necessary for themselves, and yet (they) almost deny them the faculty of taking cognizance of moral questions.—*J. S. Mill.*

EAST MONTEREY.

Three Hours From San Francisco, and Half a Mile From the Grounds of the "Hotel Del Monte," One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, $35 for inside and $50 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to: first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold, "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in never being dull or quiet. Here everything is always life, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public), drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles and is reached by express trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of they year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

It is almost always when things are all blocked up and impossible that a happening comes. If you are sure you are looking and ready, that is all you need. God is turning the world round all the time.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this: for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—*John Foster—Journal.*

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

Sunday morning Mrs. E. B. Crossette lectured, and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless gave tests. The audience was small, but as large as could be expected upon the limited notice of this first Sunday morning meeting. Mrs. Crossette will lecture every Sunday morning during the present month at this hall, and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless will give tests. Services commencing at 11 o'clock. We hope to see a full hall next Sunday morning to greet Mrs. Crossette, our California medium. Spiritualists, get up; shake off your lethargy, and turn out, and listen to the words of wisdom that fall from the inspired lips of this gifted speaker. In the evening the hall was full, and the services conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Nickless were of unusual interest. The controls of Mrs. Nickless asked for a subject for their consideration from the audience. "Occupation in Spirit Life," and "Faith," were given them. These questions were ably handled to the interest and enlightenment of the listeners. Many interesting and convincing tests of spirit presence, and their ability to make them known were given by "Sunflower," through her medium. These meetings will be continued every Sunday evening until further notice.

It is the wish and desire of Dr. and Mrs. Nickless to continue these meetings free to all but if the disturbing element which was present Sunday evening increases, and they insist on doing all they can to disturb the meeting, a small admission fee will be charged at the door. We hope this will not have to be resorted to, as there is need of one free spiritual meeting in our city. H. E. N.

MRS. LOGAN'S MEETINGS.

St. George's Hall, at 909 Market street, at 12 A. M., was opened by appreciative remarks by Mrs. Logan followed by Mrs. Pruden, who gave several messages from spirit friends. Mr. Dean a newly developed medium gave messages from Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Babbitt and Dr. Benson, closing with thanks to the President of the meeting for opening up the way for the communion of the newly arisen spirits with those who frequent these meetings. Dr. Houbert also made remarks advising the afflicted ones to avail themselves of the power of healing through those in the audience who had the gift to restore the sick to health.

The evening meeting was made very interesting by Mrs. Pruden, whose last public effort was given before leaving for Minnesota. Her words were earnest and full of appreciation of meetings where young mediums like herself were permitted to unfold their talents. She referred to Mrs. Logan's, patience and dignity in conducting the meetings and hoped that they would be sustained financially for the good that was being done spiritually. She should carry with her pleasant memories of many friends and workers, but more especially of the one presiding, as she always felt the dear ones so near in her presence. May the powers of love and peace accompanying this dear medium to her home, and sometime restore her to us again.

Professor Seymour having returned from a successful lecturing tour will give an address Sunday 21st at 11 A. M., followed by other speakers and tests. Mrs. Higgins, the grand test medium of New York, will be present to participate at 7 30 in the same place.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Progressive Spiritualists held an experience and conference meeting Sunday, at 2 P. M. which proved very interesting. The President, J. A. Collins, opened the meeting by relating some of his most wonderful experiences in materialization, plainly showing that there are subtle laws connected with mediumship that we do not understand, therefore, we cannot afford to sit in judgment upon any phase of mediumship, but rather, try to study the laws governing as far as possible. A duet was sung by Mesdames Rutter and Chapman. Mrs. Stevens gave some of her own experiences, but saying her guides would rather speak of principles than persons, which, after entrancing the medium, they did, giving a spiritual address that was intently listened to by the audience. We hope this lady will allow her guides to speak often to us. We cannot have too much of such teachings. Mrs M. J. Hendee made an earnest speech, giving instruction upon the subject of seeing the spirits of those living which was needed by some in the audience who thought it an absurdity. Mrs Eggert Aitken followed the same line of thought, after which she gave several tests; all were recognized. Owing to some technicality, the election which was to have taken place Sunday will be held on Sunday, May 5, at 2 P. M.

Mrs. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

The exercises of the evening were exceedingly interesting, including recitations from Jennie Pamperin, Willie Cranston, Jessie Cranston; a harmonica solo and song by Oscar Stormfeld; piano solo by Dora Hill—all of which were highly appreciated, and applauded vigorously. G. F. Perkins sang several songs. Mrs. Tomson, under spirit control, gave one of the most practical and interesting discourses upon the importance of training up the children in spiritual knowledge, that has ever been delivered in this city. It was bristling all over with points, and each particular point contained spiritual truth. It is a matter of deep regret that we cannot have more of the beautiful teachings that bubble forth from the great spiritual fountain which this noble lady represents so faithfully.

All who listen to her voice cannot fail to be charmed by the happy influence which emanates from her.

May these good and wise spirit guides go with the lady and her good husband to their eastern home and bring them back to us next winter, is our heartfelt wish.

Mrs. Perkins followed with many pointed and convincing tests. Mr. Tomson made some very feeling and sympathetic remarks relative to his departure and to our success in this work which was destined to be marked with great success.

Mrs. Hendee, Mrs. Aitken, and other workers were noticed to be in the audience, and signified their intention of being with us next Sunday.

The young people are preparing for another social and hop on the 27th of April.

ONE OF 'EM.

THE INDEPENDENT SPIRITUALISTS.

The Independent Spiritual meeting, at Washington Hall, last Sunday evening, was greeted by a large and intelligent audience, which manifested a high appreciation, and it was really a spiritual, intellectual, and musical treat. Mr. Swift made a few opening remarks by saying that this age was one of great psychical research; the people were eagerly hunting for knowledge of the hereafter, our souls were delighted and made happy and joyful in the singing of that beautiful hymn, "Oh, Think of the Home Over There." It was pleasant, he said, not only to think of the homes "over there, but it was glorious to know that the great architect and builder Nature had so skillfully constructed our mansions "over there," that we need give ourselves no trouble as to the beauty, convenience and comfort of the structures. And in order to make this beautiful hymn more practical and suitable to our necessities for the bettering of our conditions, he would recommend this change, "Oh, think of the Homes Over Here." These were the homes that needed our thoughts these were the homes the making of which depended upon us. The peace, the comfort, the joy, the happiness of these homes was in our hands, and we are all responsible for the kind of homes we create here. These are the homes "over here" we should think about, and many of our homes here are causes of sorrow and sighing, instead of joy and singing. The Wolmsley sisters gave instrumental duets and solos, and they showed themselves really artists in their musical renderings. Mrs. Muhlner's solos are sweet and charming, with accompaniments by Mrs. Katz, who is a skillful pianist. Mrs. E. B. Crossette, as a speaker in answering questions propounded by the audience is making great proficiency, and is destined to become a speaker who will stand in the first ranks.

Mrs. Clara Mayo-Steers gave platform tests which were thoroughly convincing. She is truly excellent, and her guide "Little Rosa," is perfectly at ease, and gives the messages through the medium in a distinct and easily

recognized manner. The audiences manifestly are pleased and delighted with her control, and her tests are invariably recognized.

Mr. Muhlner was present with the occult telegraph. This was Mr. Muhlner's first appearance before the public, and it was hardly expected that any demonstration would be given. However, in a few moments qnite a number of raps came, and one or two words were spelled out. At a private seance your reporter received one of the best tests by Mr. Muhlner, through this instrument of all that he had ever received. The controls have promised some grand communications next Sunday evening.

REPORTER.

MEDIUM'S MEETING.

April 15, 1889.—Yesterday was another glorious day at 909½ Market. The second session of the mediums' meeting was largely attended, and was indicative of a successful future for this movement.

One of the objects of these gatherings is suggested by the name of the Hall, Fraternity, which is much needed as a motto for all spiritual workers. This is a place where mediums have the liberty to speak for themselves and as themselves, if they choose, without feeling that they are expected to give "tests" the first thing.

We are too apt to treat mediums as if they were musicians hired to play while we dance. The quality of mediumship will improve if we allow the mediums to cultivate their own individuality. With this particular end in view the managers of Fraternity Hall meetings will conduct these gatherings every Sunday at 2:30.

Mr. P. C. Tomson was with us and addressed the audience in his own practical as well as spiritual manner. "Love one another and dwell in love," should be the watchword. The gentleman spoke feelingly of his harmonious connection with Spiritualists of San Francisco, and his prayer would go up to the angels, that they bless and aid in this work in this city so that when he should return next season he would see a marked change for the better. It is with feelings of regret that we are forced to say "good-bye" to these good people, but their work is East.

Mr. H. W. Abbott addressed the listeners upon practical psychometry and gave many grand readings and tests. Mr. Abbott will be with us next Sunday. This grand worker has been a medium since nine years of age, and has passed through wonderful experiences. Mrs. Hendee, the veteran worker, gave a few words of encouragement, in a happy vein of thought and predicted success to the new enterprise. Mrs. Perkins also entertained the hearers in her usual manner. REPORTER.

A man to whom his books are the best company finds in them a distraction from society, a comfort in petty troubles, a protection against weariness, an escape from the vulgar interests and mean details of private life into the healthier air of thoughts and ideas.—*Lord Derby.*

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM DR. DEAN CLARKE.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Having been favored with the perusal of a few of your last issues containing many interesting articles, I deem it a duty as well as a pleasure to add my mite to the volume of thought if not to the general interest of your columns. I feel to congratulate you in your successful efforts to create a first class journal, presenting the phenomena, philosophy, and religion of this new dispensation in a manner creditable to the cause, and to the editorial judgment in securing the ablest contributors. I sincerely hope the progressive public will appreciate your earnest labors, and the great value of the truths you are so ably enunciating, sufficiently to give you that financial support indispensable to a long continuation of such valuable public service. I am sorry to say I know of no class of people so remiss in their duty to sustain the instrumentalities of promulgation, both oral and literary, as are the average Spiritualists. I have been in hundreds of families where no spiritual paper or magazine was taken, and scarcely any of our valuable books were to be found. This neglect to provide the family with regular spiritual food necessarily results in a spiritual famine, or most often in a cold, selfish indifference to spiritual things. The spiritual nature like the physical dwarfs by starvation, and unless there is something of a spiritual nature often presented to the mind, the selfish and animal propensities which are constantly appealed to in the struggle of life, are sure to gain and to hold supremacy in the character of the people. Another idea in this connection seems pertinent, and should be well weighed by every caterer to the spiritual needs of the public, and that is the great need of more real spiritual food. The phenomena and science of Spiritism, as a general fact, only reach and develop the intellect, leaving the affectional and emotional, and moral nature but slightly, if at all, quickened.

There is a surplus of nominal and phenomenal Spiritists, who are just as worldly as ever, and selfish and mercenary even to penuriousness. These look upon the phenomena, which is but the foundation and the stepping stones to the great Spiritual Temple, as they look upon the facts of geology, simply as a matter for curious intellectual inquiry, and while they may reluctantly pay the price of a phenomenal medium, who can gratify their curiosity, they care nothing for lectures, papers, or books, which explain and point the higher moral of what they may see.

Every extensive observer must be aware that there is a lamentable dearth of real spirituality among the mass of nominal Spiritualists (more properly called Spiritists). It is manifest by selfish indifference to the growth and progress of our cause, in refusal to take any public part in its promulgation, or in sustaining those who have been "called" by the higher powers for its dissemination, both by tongue and pen. It is further manifest most conspicuously in the fact that the only mediums patronized by these self-seekers are those who present materia phenomena, or can give them "points" or counsel (however unreliable) about their selfish and material affairs. This class of phenomenalists often will patronize some popular church for the sake of popularity or patronage, but when asked to help to sustain any of the means necessary to advance the cause they know to be true, they abound in excuses as hypocritical as their own perverted spirits.

One reason why phenomenalists as a rule make little or no spiritual growth, is that they do not come in contact with an exalted class of spirits whose influence would uplift them. The immediate agents in the production of much of the phenomena, especially that of a physical character, are themselves much "of the earth earthy," in other words, they are "earth-bound spirits" because of their want of spiritual unfoldment. This is the rule to which there may be some exceptions. While these undeveloped spirits serve a very useful purpose in demonstrating spirit existence and power, their personal influence is not exalting, and it is no benefit to the moral character of mortals to often come in contact or rapport with them.

Knowing this fact as a spiritual philosopher and reformer, St. Paul enjoined to "covet earnestly the best gifts," that is those which most uplift thought and ennoble character.

In a scientific and intellectual point of view value every phase of spirit-manifestation, and would not have any of it abated, but I would have it a means and not an end, and would not have it cultivated to the exclusion of the service of exalted spirits who come to inspire, teach and raise the aspiration of humanity above mere sensuous and selfish ends.

But, though "line upon line, and precept upon precept" is needed to stimulate spiritual growth in those Spiritists at whom these random thoughts are aimed, I may be using the space of your spiritual messenger in vain for I am quite sure few if any such sustain the wings of the Dove more than they do other instrumentalities that would bear their souls aloft to things eternal. Possibly, however, one or more may borrow or beg the reading of your charitable and generous journal, and may there receive my kindly and brotherly critique upon their remissness of solemn duty.

I noticed in a paragraph you recently inform your readers that I am permanently settled in Denver. That was a mistake. I engaged for two or three months and am now on my fourth which may end my service for the present. The dry and occasionally dusty air has given me a bronchial irritation whose persistence perhaps requires a change of climate. I have been invited by some of the trustees of the society to stay several months more, but even if I could from personal considerations remain, I am not sure of sufficient financial support, as the c

penses have been recently increased by securing a new hall, and some of the subscribers are delinquent. I have stayed now quite as long as I anticipated and have had much better success than I expected in keeping up the numbers and interest of my audiences. I have many assurances that my ministrations by tongue and pen have put our cause in a better standing with the outside public than ever before, and I hold the friendship and general appreciation of the Spiritualists to a greater extent as ever before in my long experience. I have been invited by several old friends to return to the Pacific Coast, and I will now say that when am I assured of engagements sufficient to remunerate me for expenses and to sustain me, I shall be happy to return and meet the many noble souls whom I have not forgotten in my five years absence. Our anniversary celebration was not by any means a failure, but in numbers in attendance it was to me a little disappointing.

The local excitement of political gatherings just on the eve of a municipal election kept the outside public away, and various causes, especially a prevailing influenza, or epizootic, kept many of our usual auditors at home. But with several friends from other parts of the State we had good audiences, and the enjoyment of all was fully evidenced.

After reading my anniversary poem I sold about 150 of the pamphlets containing it and the first one I ever wrote, which I published in San Francisco six years ago. I thank the DOVE for publishing my notice of it which brought me several calls for it, and desire to say to all who had not send, these two poems are just as well adapted for reading on all other occasions as at an anniversary. Judge D. D. Belden, of this city, the oldest and ablest advocate of Spiritualism in this State, said to me after reading the two poems, "They cover the whole ground of he Spiritual Philosopy and ought to be in the hands of every investigator." He showed his appreciation of my effort, and of his duty to help to scatter the truths of Spiritualism, by purchasing twenty-five of them for distribution he other gentleman did the same, and others took a dozen. I hope to have calls for all I have soon. Please send a dime and a one cent stamp, and address, Dr. Dean Clarke 26 West Tenth Avenue, Denver, Colorado, dear reader, and I will forward you a copy, or eleven for a ft and four cents postage, or twenty-five for $2 and six cents postage.

If any of the readers of the DOVE desire my services as a lecturer locally or for your coming camp-meeting, please notify me as soon as possible. Should I came again to the Coast, I would like to speak in Utah or elsewhere on he way. Wishing the DOVE and all its readers success and their cordial support,

I am fraternally,

DEAN CLARKE.

DENVER, April 9, 1880.

LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER. "O, Lord, please do make me a good boy, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

A NEW WONDER.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Last evening, April 10, the members of this Home and outsiders had a rich treat in the exhibition of electric power and mind reading, (as her manager, one of the medium's brothers called it,) by Miss Lena Leed of Denver, Colorado. Miss Leed is seventeen years of age and weighs ninety-five pounds; a slender little lady. The tests which she gave of her electric powers, consisted in from one to six strong men holding a pole horizontally of which she took hold and pushed them across the stage against their united resistance; also, for a heavy man, weighing about 175 pounds, sitting in a chair which she carried across the stage at arm's length, then twelve men, weighing, on an average, at least, 150 pounds each, in all 1800 pounds, tried to hold down a chair. One heavy one stood on the chair which she lifted, easily about one foot from the floor by taking hold of the hind round of the chair. These feats of strength she did with ease, without any exhaustion or quicker beating of pulse.

The tests she gave in mind reading, consisted in being blindfolded, leading persons to things which they had hidden in any part of the hall and laying their hands on those things; also, taking cards from the table which they had in their minds; carrying a glass of drinking water to the Governor, combing his hair with a comb; taking a cap and hat and touching individuals and things with them, etc., all when she was blindfolded, led by the mind or will-power of the ones she led around. In all of about twenty tests she gave, she did not fail the least in one instance. Truly, the deepest study for the human mind is mind.

Fraternally,

FREDERICK HYATT.

National Military Home, April 11, 1880.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas.

PORTLAND LETTER.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Spiritual labor and growth in our midst is on the increase. Many of our best citizens are quietly investigating, and through diligence securing facts, not Faith, on which they can rely. The First Spiritual Society of Portland, of which I am a member, will give an entertainment on Sunday 31st, to celebrate the growth of Spiritualism in America. The entire day will be given up to this event. Several new mediums are here, all doing good work. A slate test was given to me through Mrs. Brown in public, at our hall on Sunday evening last, in which many were interested. James B. Stephens was a pioneer and founder of East Portland, during his illness, lasting several months, and with whom I frequently spoke on the subject of his approaching death. He believed firmly that death ended all. I gave him an account of my visit to the East and of the wonderful manifestations I had seen, when he made me this promise. "If possible, he would return the first opportunity and tell me the truth." In the presence of eighty or more persons Mrs. Brown placed sealed slates under the table in the presence of a committee, who all declared the medium did not write the message soon found in the slates. Stephens died less than forty eight hours before this message was written: "Friend McMillen, you were right; I still live, James B. Stephens, assisted by the guides." This is another of many similar tests given me which welds me fast in the truth and hope of eternal life beyond the grave.

Thanking you and hoping soon to meet again, I remain, yours truly.

I. H. MCMILLEN.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A NEW BOOK

Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 841 Market St., S. F.

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

CREEDAL DILEMMAS.

The Gist of "Robert Elsmere."

T. P. NORTON.

The sovereign leaders o' each faction
Join hand in hand in close compaction
To set God's kingdom up for auction
A lumping bargain:
Drive silly mortals to dis-traction
Wi' their d——d jargon.
—*Robert Burns.*

From Greenland's mountains, bound in icy chains,
Where darkness and cold desolation reigns.
To India, where beneath the solar beams
The earth is panting for the living streams:
From east to west, where'er the form of man
Doth crown the apex of creation's plan
Is heard on every plane of human life,
A muffled sound, with discontent rife.
From every temple, every Christian tower
And castle gate of sacrilegious power:
In regions where the martyred saviours tangled;
Who flashed like meteors o'er the world of thought.
To leave it from a brief and sad sojourn
In doubt and wonder never to re-turn.
From jangling Sabbath bells, to-day, which rise
Discordantly with Nature's harmonies:
And jarring elements of churchal creed
Where souls are tampered with, and hearts still bleed;
Who hath not heard that question of the hour
From earnest souls with overwhelming power:
O, what is Truth? And whence this unbelief?
Are there no barricades to pain and grief?
Is faith no evidence of things unseen?
Is there a doubt that Christ hath ever been?
Hath not two thousand years of Grace sufficed
To bring the fruitage of the promised Christ?
Doth man beneath that dreadful curse remain?
Is Christ not risen, and all this preaching vain?
Are miracles but tricks of Satan's plan
To ruin souls, and Jesus but a man?
Angels but ghosts, redemption but a farce,
Creation a failure, and God's love so scarce?
These questions move the Christian world, to-day,
Threatning to sweep the vital hopes away.
And from poor mortals in those wretched homes
Of poverty, and want, the echo comes.
Asking for bread; b ut to receive a stone
Looking for charity, but finding none:
Those "little ones" whom Jesus ne'er denied.
The first to need, the last to be supplied
Doomed to a life of suffering and distress.
The curse of bigotry and selfishness.
From those from love and virtue led astray
By heartless men who taught the better way
The guiltless, sorrowing o'er the thought of sin
Blind to the teachings of the Christ within.
From o'er the river where the restless dead
Grope 'neath the influence of that hope which led
Their souls astray; that new discovered land
Where neither fools nor knaves "in glory stand;"
But where blind mortals feel their dubious way
To mourn the mistakes of an earthly day.
Though tabernacles teem with severed lore.
And saving apparatus by the score;
All souls are burdened by the weight of sin
And Right and Reason lie enchained within;
Though on their mother Nature's lap they lay.
To learn the lessons of their future way.
Where her bright finger points to Truth above
And objects beaming with His boundless love.
While through her glorious temple Wisdom shines.
Replete with saving Truth in loving lines.
Though in her ethics solid safety lies
The key to heaven and all its mysteries;
Throughout the world while ignorance remains.
And priestly power from superstition reigns
Poor souls are by a treacherous hope enticed;
Still awaiting, longing, looking, for the Christ.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Anniversary poem composed by Mrs. F. A. Logan and read in Santa Cruz in the Unity Church three years ago and was recited in St. George's Hall, Sunday, Mar. 31, 1889.

Thirty-eight years ago to-day
The tiny rap was given.
To point us in the perfect way
That leads to God and heaven.

To spirits on the other shore.
This way of communication
Was, like the telegraph, no more
Than Franklin's own invention

He chained the lightning for our use
And Morse put it in motion
To serve a purpose, not abuse.
This strange, new-fangled notion.

"To carry news from place to place."
An old woman said demurely.
Would tear the letters all to bits;
The thing was so unruly."

But thoughtful minds were sure to win
Who labored long and fairly.
Not stopping for the skeptic's grin.
Or slanders of Miss Grundy.

The point was gained victory won
Up rose the common people.
And shouted, "Yes we know it's done
By science; 'twas no trouble."

Then Franklin in his spirit home.
Devised the way and measures.
To make the spirit's presence known
With all its new-found treasures.

With spirit vision he could see.
As near the earth descending.
Just who would listen, who would be
Prepared for this beginning.

He found a peddler who'd been killed
For his goods and money;
See here," said Franklin, "I have willed
What some may think is funny."

You go to earth, produce a noise
Like raps upon a table;
I'll need you with me while I poise
My battery, if we're able."

In that small house within Hydesville.
There lives some quiet people.
Come on now, listen, all is still;
We've passed the church with steeple."

How beautiful! how guileless free.
Those little girls are sleeping.
We'll rouse them gently, you shall see.
The angels what are keeping."

At once the tiny rap was made
Upon the wall so closely;
They started not, nor seemed afraid
But asked questions only.

"Make one for *no*, and three for *yes*.
And two for *may be doubtful*."
Said Franklin; "This is perfect bliss
To prove ourselves immortal."

"Now tell your story, where they'll find
Your bones beneath the cellar;
The truth we'll have to now unwind.
I brought you for a teller."

"That henceforth all the world shall know
That nothing can be hidden;
However secret be the blow.
There follows retribution."

No earthly language can exclaim
The joy in spheres of glory.
As echoed forth in glad refrain.
When Franklin told his story.

For, O, we hope some time to come.
To those we left there grieving:
We'll let them know they're not alone.
They shall be more believing.

Since that blest day the world hath felt
A silent, quickening power;
No more in sadness have we knelt
Beneath high-steepled tower.

For all throughout this universe
The way is clearly given
For each and all to hold converse
With spirits now in heaven.

Receptive souls, where'er they be.
In palace or in cot.
Embrace the truth, as you may see.
Which angel hosts have brought.

That all mankind are brothers all.
On this terrestrial globe.
And charity's mantle we've let fall
Liked softest fleecy robe.

For in the grand eternal now.
Unrolls the written page.
That each with love upon their brows
Shall bless the present age.

And anniversaries shall come.
Fraught with living love.
From those who've passed to spirit homes
Within the spheres above.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER-LONGLEY.

When sorrow comes to crowd the aching breast,
And trials press upon the burdened heart.
When Nature frowns in wild, disturbed arrest
And bitter tears from angry rain clouds start;
When friends grow cold and human praises weak.
When worldly smiles and plaudits are withdrawn.
When happiness and joy ye vainly seek
Oh! think not that this life is all forlorn.

Some rain will fall in every earthly lot;
The seed of love could never thrive and grow.
Without those bitter, tearful drops falling, but—
From eyes grown weary with the heat and glow.
The frost of winter, but precedes the dawn.
Of rosy tinted and blushing summer too.
The darkest hour but hails the rising morn.
And from the cold, comes forth the fresh and new.

Rise up, sad heart, shake off thy gloomy fears;
The world is not so dark as it now seems.
The earth with fresh, bright promises appears.
And heaven, with golden stars, resplendent gleams.
The sun returns if darkened for a time.
The storm and tempest have a place to fill;
Their mission into life may prove sublime.
For every law of God is *good*, not ill.

Lift up thy head, the coldness disappears,
Friends still remain, for love and truth abide.
And dear affection through the passing years.
Will make thy soul with blessing satisfied.
The dark distrust, the burden and the pain
Were in thyself, the light is all abroad;
Look up, and know that sunshine, also rain
Are sent in Wisdom by our Father, God.

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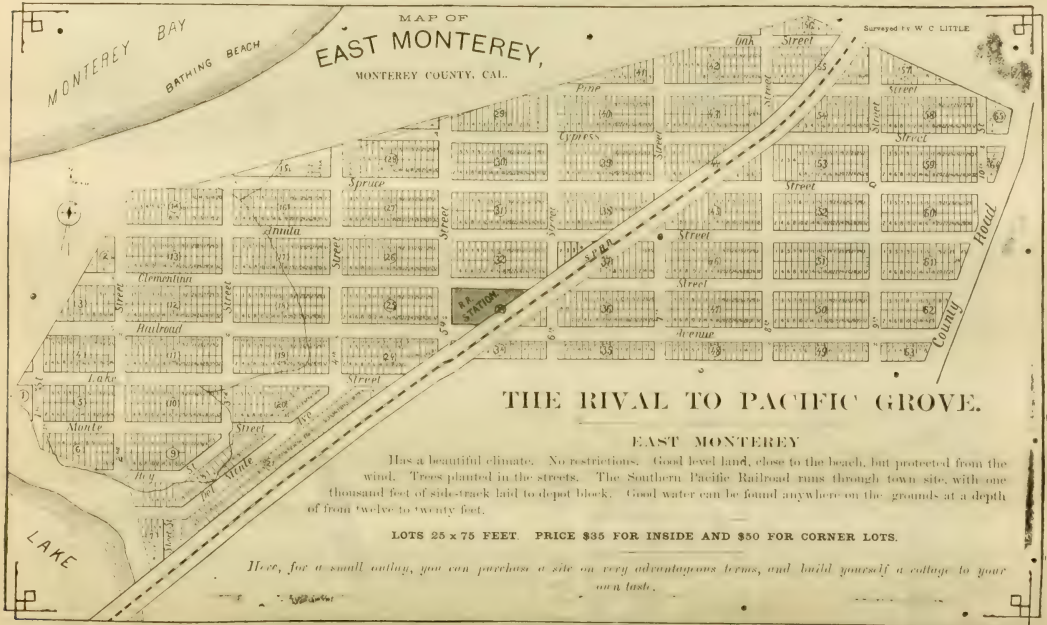
BY M. S. TRACY.

Longing for rest, with a soul tired and worn,
Pray'ing to down a heart real and torn,
Asking and wishing this strife now could cease,
Weary and sighing for peace—only peace.
What use for me is there in this wide world
Where the harshest of judgments are straight at me hurled?
Where fortune so fickle a smile will ne'er lend.
Where—a girl lone and weak, I can claim not a friend;
Struggling so bravely,—fighting through life—
Hopeless—yet hoping to soon end the strife.
Tired! so tired! my heart wrung with a sigh.
Merciful God, let me die; let me die!



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"In 1870 it was $354,148,387.

"By 1900, without a check, it is safe to say, this property will reach a sum exceeding $3,000,000,000.

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"In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with the time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religious or otherwise, if allowed to retain real estate without taxation.

"The contemplation of so vast a property as here alluded to, without taxation, may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority, and through blood.

"I would suggest that taxation of all property equally."

President Garfield put on record a similar voice of warning. In congress, June 22, 1874, he said:

"The divorce between church and state ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere, in any state, or in the nation, should be exempt from equal taxation; for if you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community."

The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee. —*Emerson.*

In all the negotiations of difficulty a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.—*Bacon.*

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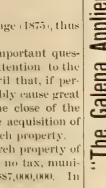

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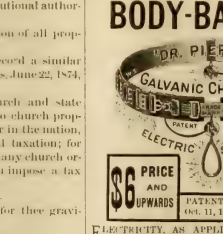

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What know you of that wily tempter whose honeyed word and smile-wreathed coils no human could resist unless surrounded be the all-defending shield of Divine grace? What know you, cold-hearted, passionless moraliser, of the height and depth and strength of that all-sacrificing "first-love" of a pure, gushing, young heart. What know you who are shielded by loving arms and noble hearts, of the keenness of those long years of suffering heaped upon that devoted wife by the inhuman monster she is obliged to call "husband," or the agonies that at last become too great for human endurance, and reason totters upon its throne, while the poor victim hangs suspended over a fearful gulf, with none near to give her aid? How long would you have paused to reflect upon the sin of throwing yourself into the arms of the first angel-robed tempter that offered you his protection?

O, believe me, 'tis very easy relying upon your own strength when it has never been tried by a like temptation—very easy to boast of your innocence when guilt has never attempted to lure you to his side! What to you are those remorseful days and sleepless nights that are wearing away the life of the poor, unpitied, forsaken victim of man's debasing passions? You have no work to do, no broken hearts on which to pour the balm of Christian consolation, no bruised reeds to bind up with a sister's love and sympathy. No, none! Enough for you that "Magdalen" is written upon her brow with an indelible stain that her bitterest tears can never wash away! Enough that you have a cloak of purity for your own conscience that no alluring temptation has ever essayed to thrust aside! You can calmly, unrelentingly shut the gate of mercy forever upon her to whom Jesus said: "Neither do I condemn thee." And you are his professed follower! God help you in that hour when it shall be thundered in your ear, "Inasmuch as ye forgive not one another your trespasses?" God help you when too late to find that "the last shall be first and the first last!" God help you when yours is the hypocrite's final doom!

The mystery of light is the privilege and the prerogative of the profoundest things. The shallow things are capable only of the mysteries of darkness. Nothing is so thin, so light, so small, that if you cover it with clouds and hide it in half lights, it will not seem mysterious. But the most genuine and profoundest things you may bring forth into the fullest light, and let the sunshine bathe them through and through, and in them will open ever new wonders of mysteriousness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Inconstancy is always liable to be mistaken for inconsistency.—*H. H. Seward.*

I am often reminded that although I had the wealth of Croesus, my desires would still remain the same.—*Thoreau.*

Take the place and attitude which belong to you, and all men acquiesce. The world must be just. It leaves every man, with profound unconcern, to set his own rate. Hero or driveller, it meddles not in the matter.—*Emerson.*

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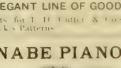

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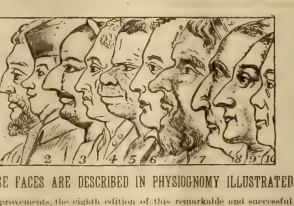

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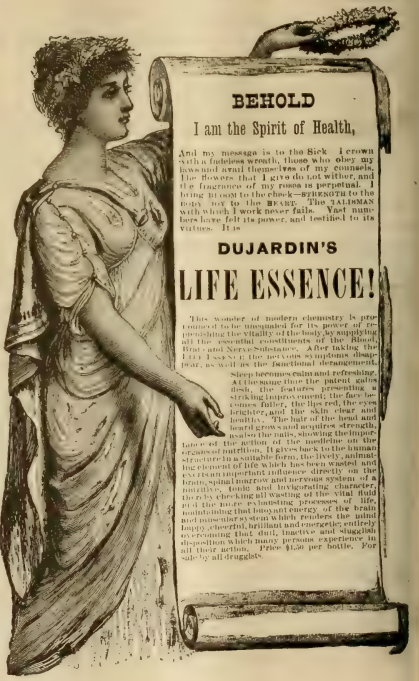
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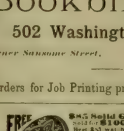

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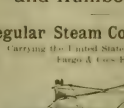

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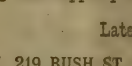

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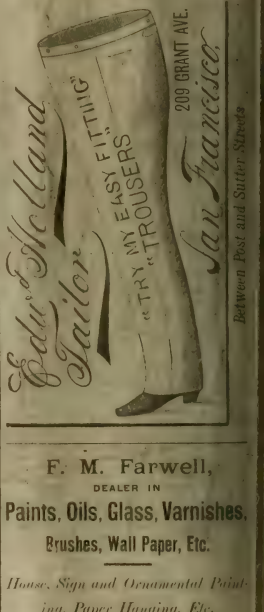

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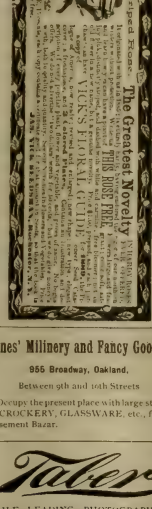

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The Platform.

From the New York *Herald*, March 31st.]

"Bird's-Eye View of Spiritualism."

BY R. HEBER NEWTON.

I have been asked for a bird's-eye view of Spiritualism from the position of an unprejudiced but unconverted observer; a photograph of the temple from one who has gone round about it, counting its towers, marking well its bulwarks, and peeping under loose corners of the hangings as he has wandered in the open courts of the Gentiles.

With the request to furnish "an outside view of Spiritualism," I can honestly comply, since, while never having been at a seance, nor ever having had any personal experiences of an occult character, I have been somewhat careful reader in the voluminous literature of Spiritualism; being thus left in the attitude neither of the avowed believer in its mighty claims, nor yet of the scornful skeptic toward those claims, but in that of one who sees in this baffling "ism" very much that seems most curiously to substantiate its pretensions; while yet those pretensions, so stupendous as to stagger the sober mind, do not appear to have been subjected to such a prolonged and scientifically searching investigation as to rule out all other interpretations of this movement than that which gives to it its name; being withal so mirched with fraud and charlatanry in the persons of many of their advocates that the only conclusion to be reached from the outside point of view is that here is a mystery which may well "give us pause." My aim here is to present some of the considerations which call for that "pause" of prejudice in which alone can there be a satisfactory study of this subject. The whole field of evidences, ordinarily so-called, I pass entirely by, having nothing now to say, either *pro* or *con*, concerning the wearisomely discussed thaumaturgic phenomena of the seance: the materialistic marvels which evoke a too credulous belief in spiritual agencies in some; and a too contemptuous belief in others—in order to group together certain large aspects of the movement as reviewed in its historical lights, which to my mind are even more impressive than the wonders of which we hear *ad nauseam*.

Even with this limitation of my pen-picture, there is so little room for satisfactory illustration, and so much necessity for condensation, that, if the Boston *Monday lectureship* will condescendingly wink at such an infringement upon its patented manner "majestical" I will throw the points to be made into duly numbered propositions, and thus clear the successive steps in our survey of the subject.

1. Spiritualism is here, whatever we make of it, in the broad daylight of this nineteenth century of the Christian era, and this hard fact, when we ponder it well, is certainly significant. In the year 1824 Dr. Hibbert, writing a theory of apparitions, felt called upon in his opening paragraph to apologize for seriously considering such a subject. Writer-like Lecky have accustomed us to think of such notions as the childish things which the Western world has forever put away. Has not the age of reason once for all turned the daylight in upon the ghost-world, and shown its fantastic forms to be the chimeras of the night? So some have hoped, and others have feared, all agreeing in the fact that science has made an end of such superstitions, and that ghosts have gone the way of witches, finding our atmosphere one in which they could no longer live

Yet here to-day is Spiritualism walking unabashed into the light of the modern world, reviving superstition in the very face of science, renewing the follies of the age of faith, displaying a vitality which is anything but spectral, enrolling a vast host of professed followers, capturing a yet larger force who make no confession of faith, organizing a vast movement which is spreading through all lands, building itself a body after most approved modern methods, forming societies, editing newspapers, creating a voluminous literature, challenging investigation, taking on scientific airs, seriously claiming for itself that it is to be the religion of the future! A sufficiently astounding fact—significant surely of something! Of what? That "them bast lid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes," or that "the fools are not all dead yet"? A revival of faith, or a reproduction of superstition which have we in this hard fact?

2. Spiritualism is here, not as having come yesterday and therefore being likely to go away to-morrow. It is no latest Boston craze. It is already, in its modern form, nearly half a century old. There has been ample time for its novelty to wear off, yet still it holds on. In its first decade it had all the marks of a new Yankee notion. Everybody talked of it. The newspapers were full of it. It was in the air. Then came a change. Popular interest subsided. Reporters ceased to make items about it. Society forgot it. "It has had its day," said its foes. "It is undergoing the inevitable reaction," said its friends. As a fact, it went below the surface of society, not, however, to run out into the sands, but to gather new volume and move on with added impetus. It has never returned so conspicuously to the surface of society, but any one who goes below the thin upper crust will find it to-day wherever he penetrates, like the vast bed-stream which beneath the upper stratum of Long Island sets steadily toward the sea.

One cannot inquire among his friends and acquaintances without finding on every hand those who have been not only looking into it, but have become silent converts to it. Where it is still unaccepted, a decided change of tone has taken place concerning it. It is now treated seriously, where it was a while since joked about. Such a view of it as that given in "The Bread-Winners," is at once recognized as thoroughly superficial. It is actually forcing itself upon the inductive investigation of this scientific age. Societies for psychical research are verily a sign of the times which would make Hume, were he back among us, rub his eyes in sheer bewilderment. Is this a case of the instance of fact or of the persistence of fable?

3. Spiritualism is, further, vastly more than fifty years of age. It was, indeed, ostensibly born in Hydesville, N. Y., in the year 1848; but this birth was simply a renaissance, the latest avatar of an immemorially old life. No one needs to be reminded that the ghost is the oldest figure of history. But it is not so familiar a fact to most people that his characteristic actions, as they appear in our Modern Spiritualism, appertain to him from a remote antiquity. Yet we can trace nearly every peculiar phenomenon of this "ism," up through the centuries to well-nigh prehistoric times.

In England, and on the Continent, sporadic cases of the manifestations which we have associated with American Spiritualism, break forth from time to time in reputable

families like that of the Wesleys, and in societies as respectable as the Roman Catholic Church.

Two thousand years ago, the Roman civilization was familiar with our modern phenomena. Pliny's famous ghost acted like our modern ghosts. The Oracles were ancient mediums, the mysteries were sacred seances: knocks, voices, lights flying around the room, reading of sealed letters, the use of music to induce manifestations, materialization of spirits, these and other kindred phenomena the ancients know quite as well as we know them.

Our familiar tricks of mediums were venerable in the days of Cæsar. The use of the alphabet to spell out the messages of the table was a Roman discovery before it became an American invention. The intervening ages slip insensibly by when we come across a notice of a party of Roman Senators being watched by the police on suspicion of practicing evocation of the dead, and when we find no less a man than Paul charged by sectarian jealousy with table-moving.

Despite of the bad repute into which Mme. Blavatsky has brought occultism, the sacred books of India show that Hindu adepts had systematized the art of mediumship ages ago. The burnt brick books of Chaldean libraries reveal to us the secret of our supposed new "ism," in the magic of Akkad. Spiritualism was really born into the world with the primeval savage. With added emphasis, in capitals instead of italics, we must put again the question—Is it a case of persistence or of insistence?

4. Spiritualism has been as widespread geographically as it has been old historically. It peeps up in widely separated ancient lands, in the far East of China as well as in Rome. It is to be traced among peoples on as widely different planes of development as our American Indians and the Hindus. Is it, then, a growth of a beautiful faith, whose seeds are fortunately found wherever hearts love and long, or is it a fungoid growth of superstition, whose *nidus* is, unfortunately, found rankly in human nature?

5. Spiritualism, thus continuing in history along a belt as broad as civilization, has not always been equally active. From a latent power it has at times burst forth into an active force. It has appeared generally in epochs, as though obeying some law of periodicity. These epochs of activity have often even if not generally, been coincident with the important eras of history, and notably with the creative ages of religion. The Old Testament records of the Mosaic age and the New Testament records of original Christianity alike show us its familiar phenomena veiled in sacred garb. The most characteristic experiences of our American "isms" shed a light of weird reality on the well-known stories of the early Church. The Reformation, the rise of Quakerism, the early days of Methodism, the Irvingite movement, the religious socialism of the Shakers, as well as later and wholly Orthodox revivals, have reproduced the Pentecostal experiences. Other religions tell the same tale, plain to all ears in the story of Mohammed. Is this periodicity a law of mental disease, or of healthful intellectual development? Do these recurrent manifestations mark the outbreak of an epidemic, or the inrush of an inspiration—the *schwarmerei* of hallucination, or the real experiences of men led within the veil to hear new truths.

6. Modern Spiritualism is plainly but the latest of these periodic irruptions into prosaic history from the shadowy background of the ghost-world—be that what it may. It is no local outbreak merely, but a widespread movement; no patented invention of America, but an indigenous development of the Old World, co-incident with the stir in our own land. From about 1840 onward, there has been in all parts of the world a movement closely paralleling that with which we are familiar on our own shores. Similar phenomena have attended this movement among all these widely differing people.

Beneath all dissimilarities of language, creeds and customs, one and the same experiences have made themselves felt. This new growth of different soils, springing up at the same time, has not been merely the result of transplantation. American mediums have indeed carried our newest "ism" to England and other lands, and have kept triumphant democracy well at the front, even on these immaterial lines; but this growth has begun and gone on wholly apart from them, reproducing the same type. This striking fact shows that the seeds of this "ism" lie in the human soil everywhere, waiting only for favorite conditions in order to ripen, and that in our generation those conditions have somehow combined over the entire globe to produce this general development.

Does this fact show further that such a world-wide contemporaneous growth predicates some extra-mundane influence, some common origin outside of man, in the mysterious unseen world, whence from time to time issue the impulses and inspirations which recreate history?

Spiritualism everywhere evolves its varied phenomena in a certain uniform order. They do not occur in a haphazard manner, but rather do they seem to come forward as the multiform parts of a connected whole, as the successive stages in a natural evolution. Through all the myriad seances, in all parts of the world, with their varieties of phenomena, a certain order of development seems plainly discernible. Physical phenomena came first, and these, in the beginning, of the simplest and most automatic forms, which gradually take on more and more the characteristics of an intelligent action, seeking and finding ever higher expressions of thought, until it appears to pass out into pure spiritual activity.

The original phenomena at Hydesville, were knockings, movements of furniture, noises of various sorts, through which glimmered no recognizable meaning. By degrees the appearance of intelligence in these unaccountable phenomena grew—so runs the record—until, with the suggestion of the alphabetic code of signals, a meaning seemed to come out of these meaningless disturbances, and the noises interpreted themselves to the hearers as the constrained action of an intelligence or of intelligences of some sort. From this point on, the development of mediumship has seemed to free the action of this intelligence or of these intelligences, enabling it, or them, to assume ever higher forms of manifestation. The earliest phases of the movement in every land have been characterized by apparently unmeaning disturbances, noises which could always be resolved into "rats," if only the rats would have appeared on the scene. Then have followed rude physical actions, typed in table-moving. By degrees these have passed on into the higher physical phenomena of luminous appearances, partial materializings, as of a hand or a face, until complete materialization has been reached in fact or in fancy.

These various physical phenomena have assumed more and more of an intellectual character, the communication of messages through the alphabetical code, the production of written messages, spirit drawings, the reading of the contents of closed books and sealed boxes, etc., until both physical and mental phenomena have coalesced in sensible and audible communication, real or supposed, between relatives and friends in the two spheres. The messages received genuine or illusory, have followed a similar order of development. The twaddle of the earlier spirit communications has become a by-word, which is brought afresh to mind in tracing the story of the movement in every land. In all lands there is noticeable a gradual improvement in the intrinsic character of these communications, in their subject-matter and their style, until we reach truths of undoubted importance, couched in dignified and noble forms. There appears to be a higher Spiritualism of which few know much, in whose inner circles the communications seem worthy of our ideals of the spirit world and commensurate in importance with the stir made on our earth-plane. The story of the movement at large is the story of every private series of seances.

The fact of this general orderly development is clear. What is its significance? Have we here jugglery imposing upon itself? Or have we the education of an unconscious self, hiding within the "abysmal depths of personality"? Or, yet again, have we the mastery of the means of communication between the spheres by some quite conscious selves outside of us, to the end that a new revelation may be imparted to man?

8.—Spiritualism claims, insistently or per

sistently, to be such a purposeful effort on the part of spirits to discharge a mission in the inspiration of a new religious revival upon earth. From the first rappings down to the latest manifestation in every land this has been the uniform declaration of the power, be it what it may, which is working in this movement. The Hydesville disturbances found always one and the same interpretation of their eerie noises and uncanny performances through the alphabetic code of signals. To the Fox sisters the messages came: "You have a mission to perform." "Make ready for the work." You have been chosen to go before the world to convince the skeptical of the great truth of immortality." The burdens of these new oracles is always this same claim of a religious mission. However inconsistent with itself in other matters, Spiritualism is uniformly consistent in this profession of its faith.

In this the *latest light* utterance of our modern seership under a new inspiration, or is it the craft of a new priesthood, or the systematic cunning of mediumship?

9.—Spiritualism does, as a matter of fact, seem to substantiate the claims of its priests. It goes without saying that, if it be accepted as what it claims to be, a system of communication between spirits and men, it is a demonstration of the reality of immortality, out of which must issue the mightiest revival of this basic faith of religion known to history. Such an acceptance of its claim being conceded by a steadily growing host of men and women, this revival of religion is following as an incontestable fact, and myriads of men are finding a dubious dogma once more becoming a living conviction, full of power and peace. Is this the result of a genuine sight of the reality behind the veil, or is it the old story of the wish becoming father to the thought?

10. Spiritualism seems to bear out this claim of a mission in religion by the contents of its communications. The sneer that naturally rises to the lips of the reader, familiar only with the senile maunderings of the conventional message, does not conclude the case.

As already hinted, there appears to be a higher Spiritualism in whose circles, if found, a candid student ought fairly to look for the real secrets of this mysterious movement. This higher Spiritualism seems to manifest the very characteristics that ought to be found in a systematic movement such as this claims to be. There should, in such a case, be a substantial harmony in the ideas communicated, and, in this consensus of thought, a progress of religious truth. The spirits ought to have some what to say which should hang together, and which should draw men forward in the evolution of faith. It is certainly very curious to note how completely the facts conform to this theory of Spiritualism if the records are to be trusted. Among widely different people, through circles representing all phases of religious opinion, there have come forth so-called messages, which, while discrepant in all matters of detail, are substantially accordant in the general outlines of their thought concerning the problems of religion, the mysteries of life here and hereafter. This consensus of thought bears everywhere directly against the received opinions of the religious world, and makes for a freer theology. Mediums of every variety unite in giving utterance to ideas of a positively anti-ecclesiastical and anti-dogmatic nature.

Wherever Spiritualism spreads the traditional, conventional Orthodoxy disintegrates; often, alas! into undevoutness and unspirituality, not unmingled with immortality, as has been the case with every religious reformation of history—but, in the higher circles, re-crystallizing into a free, simple, natural religion.

The great spiritual verities of religion are reasserted by the higher Spiritualism in undogmatic and elastic forms. This higher Spiritualism is thoroughly theistic, while speculatively agnostic, insisting always upon the truth. Who can, by searching, find out God? It is theistic agnosticism. The spiritual nature of man is not only emphasized afresh, but is stated intelligibly in a philosophy of man which is self-consistent, harmonious with the teachings of clairvoyants, seers, mystics and poets in different races and ages, and accordant with whatever hints the deeper knowledge of physical science throws out upon this subject. Immortality is not only realistically brought to light, but it is shaped to a noble realism. In contrast with the vision which ecclesiastical theology has given, the panorama of the hereafter which Spiritualism unrolls is at once reasonable and ethical. Mr. Huxley may have hastily concluded, in his famous dictum, that if the seance discloses an actual hereafter it reveals one from which a sensible man shrinks in disgust. But even the spirit twaddle, thus naturally nauseating him, has a significance which makes the life beyond unutterably solemn. It is an ethical revolution in faith to recognize that death works no miracles; that there are fools "over there" as well as here; that literally "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," even if it be intellectual imbecility; that the Buddhist doctrine of Karma is the veritable inner secret of immortality. Hell, as the theologians have fashioned it, is in those visions no more, but a real hell comes forth, believable, commanding the life here on earth with a freshly solemn power. Heaven, as theologians have pictured it, is easy to stay out of, but this heaven one can but sigh for, singing from his heart, "Oh! mother, dear Jerusalem."

In short, the higher Spiritualism appears to be liberalism in religion. It seems to be, in most points, one with progressive theology. It is in certain respects doing the very work which our age is being drawn to do on behalf of Christianity. When one considers the intellectual calibre of hosts of our modern mediums, this fact is certainly still more significant.

Yet it must be noted that contrary to what we should expect, this liberalism of the skies is not in advance of our earthly liberalism. The spirits tell us nothing that progressive minds have not reached of themselves as we say. It even seems from certain communication of the very highest circles, that some of the advanced spirits are not yet up to us of earth in matters of the "New Criticism," as a reference to M. A. Oxon's "Spirit Teachings," page 185, will show. None the less this very book is to me one of the most impressive phenomena of Spiritualism. Here is a clergyman of the Church of England, established in High Church views, who finds his hand automatically writing out long dissertations on theology, strongly thought, logically argued and clearly expressed; in which all his firmest opinions are challenged, his most cherished convictions controverted; he himself replying vigorously to these strange ideas, reasoning against these abhorrent notions with all his might, only to find each argument met and overcome, the debate continuing through many months in a systematic manner, the outcome of which is that he is converted to the most pronounced Broad Churchmanship, as a revelation to him from the spirits which are guiding him into truth.

What is the candid outsider to make of such a phenomenon? Is this trend of Spiritualism only "the unconscious self" at work in theology? How, then, is the untrained brain in advance of the trained brain?

Or is Broad Churchmanship after all, in a more real sense than many of its stalwart champions have believed of it, an inspiration from the spirit-sphere, a revelation from God?

11. *Spiritualism, in its modern form, has come at the very time when, if it be what it claims to be, it is most imperatively needed.* History be its stories legends or be they annals records no such outbreak of spiritualistic phenomena as our age has witnessed since the birth of Christianity. There has been since that creative epoch no period approaching its importance in the evolution of religion until we reach our own time. Never since then has there been a period as critical for religion. The decay of faith in that era has its parallel in the decay of faith in our own generation. The causes are identical. The intellectual system of paganism had been then outgrown, as the intellectual system of Western Christianity is now outgrown. Materialism had eaten the heart out of religion then, as it has done now.

The change in our day is an even more radical revolution than was that of old, owing to the absolutely new knowledges which are rushing in upon the mind of man too fast for him to order into the old crystallization of

faith, and owing to the unprecedented wealth which is heaping up in his hands as a result of the new industrial development, too fast for him to master in the interest of the spiritual life.

That to hosts of men the dogmatic system of ages seems to be tumbling to pieces is not the worst feature of our age, though in such a break-up all belief is sure to be temporarily blurred. But, in our time, as never before in the history of man, it has been hard to hold fast to the universal, essential verities of faith—God, the spiritual nature of man, and immortality. A very tidal wave of materialism has been setting in upon civilization through our generation, threatening to submerge all the old faiths by which man has lived. If there be any spirit spheres environing our earthly life, out from whose mysterious depths mighty influences can come in upon the mind of man, if ever those spirit spheres have brooded low above our world—surely the time has come for such blessed inspirations. At this hour of history Spiritualism appears. As the chill air of an oncoming glacial age of agnosticism creeps upon man, lo! a soft, warm breath from the South sweeps in over the soul, and the heart of man thaws again in the sunny faith of old. Is this only the coincidence of chance, or, as it appears to be, the correspondence of design?

As each successive phase of the view of Spiritualism here taken has raised a question, so the general effect, when we reach the end of our circuit, and draw off until the separate impressions focus in one picture, is to emphasize that interrogation. These singular suggestions of order, these fusing impressions of purpose and plan, these curious correspondences with what reason would demand of a genuine Spiritualism are they all meaningless, the play of chance, the simulation of craft, the disorder of disease, the spectral shadows of intelligent agents turning out to be only the illusive projections of our own unconscious selves, or are they in reality the tokens of a movement intelligently directed by unseen beings toward the grandest of services for human progress?

If so it be, what are we to make of this strange subject—the side of which everybody knows, and to which, therefore, there was no necessity of my turning; the indisputable facts which seem irreconcilable with any such spiritual agency in the movement, any such providential purpose back of it, the not uncommon intellectual idiocy of the seance, its notorious trickeries, its grotesque pranks, its, at least, occasional dark experiences of evil influences, its suggestions at times of diablerie rather than of the gracious action of spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation? Doubtless it is not impossible even now, to frame theories which shall blend these repulsive aspects of the subject with a nobler view of it in which the faithful rejoice, but, none the less, the average Gentile finds in this other side that which holds him back from the conviction to which the views here taken would seem logically to lead. Such a decision, indeed, could only be taken from a further and closer study of the subject at first hand. The conclusion of this outside view of Spiritualism must then needs be not a period but a question mark.

Can it really be true that we have entered the period which Kant foresaw when he predicted the coming of a day wherein there should be experienced "a communion actual and indissoluble" *between spirits clothed in flesh and spirits clothed in finer forms?* Is ours, indeed the age looming before Milton's soul when he wrote

> "The day may come when man
> With angels may participate?"

Or are we still in the Old World, where man has ever stumbled vainly after will-o'-the-wisps, phosphorescent mockeries of the true light, falsely promising to lead the soul to some *terra firma* of faith, and is he but being tempted now by the latest illusion of the poor "fool of ideas?" Or is the weird dream of the occultist in all ages coming true at last, and is man entering into the heritage of his mystic powers as the microcosm, the epitome of all mysteries in the heavens above, in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth? Or, yet once more, are we now arousing from the long unconsciousness of human consciousness only to stand aghast at the revelation of the awful secrets of personality, and is man waking, for the first time, to know in himself not one self, but many selves, at cross-purposes with each other, playing a horrible game of hide-and-go-seek in the soul, wringing from the wretched puppet who had dreamed of being "lord of himself" the shaming confession "My name is Legion?" Which?

Verily, as Aristotle said of the ancient oracles, our natural conclusion concerning the modern counterpart of the oracle, Spiritualism, may well be, "It is neither easy to despise nor yet to believe."

> For this is not a matter of to-day
> Or yesterday, but hath been from all time
> And none hath told us whence it comes or how.

Every man's destiny is in his own hands —*Sydney Smith.*

There is no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.—*E. H. Vinet.*

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in explanation of our gusts and storms. —*George Eliot: Daniel Deronda.*

> They eat, and drink, and scheme and plot
> And go to church on Sunday,
> And many are afraid of God
> And more of Mr. Grundy.
>
> —*Frederick Locker.*

Original Contributions.

Beauty.

BY JOSEPH SIMMS, M. D.

Beauty of person without corresponding mental and spiritual beauty, is like a flowering tree which bears no fruit, it pleases the eye, only to disappoint the hope. And when the hope is disappointed, when the "charms which strike the sight" are unaccompanied by the "merit which wins the soul," then the pleasurable emotions with which a beautiful person is at first regarded are followed by contempt or disgust. On the other hand, the most homely face grows beautiful, when it is the look-out of a beautiful soul. For soul beauty, like a lighthouse on a desolate shore, illuminates all within, while it sheds blessings on all without. There are many circumstances which tend to unfold and make beautiful the human soul, among which none are more richly productive than severe trials, nobly endured. As various tools and different kinds of processes are required to prepare stone, wood, glass, iron, and other raw materials for the construction of a fine house, so various circumstances, such as troubles which cut into the soul, and pleasures which, as it were, plane or smooth it down—all are required to fit us, like perfected souls, to give forth spiritual harmonies. But though sorrows and temptations are the spiritual tools by which the highest virtues are, as it were, laboriously worked out, yet these tools, like the tools of a mechanician, must be properly controlled, if they are to effectuate any desirable result. Any one may, if he will perseveringly do [that which is right (whether he feel like it or not), develop a soul as transparently pure as a dewdrop, and as staunch as the rocks.

Time is cried out upon as a great thief; it is people's own fault. *Miss Wetherell.*

There is no such thing as an ignorant faith for all true belief will rest on knowledge. What is commonly called an ignorant faith is simply superstition, and not faith at all.

It never yet happened to any man since the beginning of the world, nor ever will to have all things according to his desire, or to whom fortune was never opposite or adverse.

To be forever seeing when your boy yield to a temptation, and never discovering when he resists one, is the surest way to promote the faults and discourage the virtues.—*Lyman Abbot.*

Selected Articles.

A MAN OF MESMERIC POWER.

Archibald Gordon's Recollections of a Wonderful Medium.

I knew Charles Foster, the medium, very well indeed. When I first met him he was an authority to whom Joe Jefferson and Edward Southern, the actors, used to refer all the strange questions about futurity which bothered them. Between Foster and Jefferson, in particular, there existed a cordial personal friendship.

Foster, in those days, was a dark, handsome, portly man with a heavy, sleepy, good-natured face. His eyes were usually half closed, after a queer, drowsy fashion. A good eater and drinker was he, and addicted to winding up a night in George Brown's chop house. There he used to devour Welsh rarebits and devilled kidneys and other indigestible provender at hours when graveyards had done yawning, and the ghosts with whom he had dealt had gone back to their beds again. Nobody seeing that stout, indolent, good-humored man about town and listening to his thick and lazy speech as he stroked his imperial or pulled at his moustache would have picked him out as one of the most remarkable mystics of his time.

I spent one winter—that of 1873–4, I think—down South. I was travelling from town to town, and every once in a while I found that I was putting up at the same hotel with Foster. We used to meet, under such conditions, every evening in the barroom. He was an exceptionally sociable fellow, who never "talked shop," and, without drinking very much, loved to be convival with cheerful company. He was on a professional tour, giving seances at $5 a head, and even in the impoverished South thought nothing of $200 or $300 as a day's income.

On this tour he was accompanied by a slight, shapely, fair-haired young man from Boston, whose name, if I remember right, was Bartlett, and who had a soft, unearthly, spookish manner. A young man, in short, who might at any moment have dematerialized himself and become a spirit without attracting attention to the process. He was Foster's secretary, and, curiously enough, did all the sordid pecuniary work of the trip, for Foster was a spendthrift who had good appetites, which he never hesitated to indulge.

I was an agnostic touching spiritual things, and felt a gentlemanly reluctance to talk on the subject with Foster, who, as I have observed before, hated to allude to it outside his seances. We were boon companions, New Yorkers astray in the Southern wilderness, who were so glad to be in each other's company that it never occurred to us to meddle with each other's business. And yet, skeptic as I was, in the barroom of the old Peabody Hotel in Memphis, Tenn., I once saw Foster do something which I have never been able to explain.

We were chatting together, and in our party were several young Southerners, good fellows, a trifle boisterous, brimming over with hospitality, but inclined to make fun of Foster and his pretensions. One of them in particular took no notice of the evident anxiety with which Foster tried to evade the matter, but kept on jibing him. As he persisted Foster's expression slowly changed, and I noticed, by the way, that his secretary, Bartlett, watched him as keenly as I did. A sort of stupor seemed to be creeping over him like the shadow of the coma that comes with apoplexy. His eyes fought against the growing drowsiness, and he made a struggle apparently to keep awake. I thought for an instant that he was going to escape his persecutor in a nap.

All at once he woke—if waking it might be called—and, turning a face blazing with an anger so proud and lofty that I should never have thought him capable of it, he said, in a voice that rang like a bugle:

"So you doubt that the spirits of the dead ever really come back to us?"

As he spoke he put his hand on the young Southerner's shoulder. The Southerner rose to his feet as if to resent an impending insult. Some of us, afraid of trouble, rose too. All this time Foster kept his hand on the skeptic's shoulder, but the stupor was fast returning, and he quickly began to look like a dead man with a flushed face.

But the Southerner's visage was this time incomparably the stranger of the two. His eyes started out of his head; his mouth opened; shiver after shiver convulsed him; his expression was one of terror commingled with amazement. His stare was fixed upon some object, invisible to the rest of us, which, to his vision at least, must have stood directly behind Foster.

It was an extraordinary scene—made all the more impressive by the fact that it took place in a hotel barroom amid absolute silence. What the spell was I never asked and never knew. It slowly dissolved—slowly, as it seemed to us, at all events. Both men came back to themselves. No one asked a single question. Instinct told each of us that it was a sacred moment. Foster dropped lazily into his chair and the Southerner called for more drinks, stared furtively over and over again over the medium's shoulder, spoke in monosyllables, and, with a face that did not again retain its color, soon afterward left the room.

Perhaps that young Southerner is still alive in Memphis and will tell what he saw. For whether the phantom was a purely subjective image or not, those eyes of his were as intently and as honestly fixed upon something visible to himself as mine are upon the paper on which I am writing.

I met Foster again in the ancient and historic St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. He occupied two rooms on the ground floor, on a passage which opened on the left hand of the central rotunda. I think that in a spirit of ironical compliment the landlord called those rooms "private parlors." It was carnival week, and the city was full of up-river planters bent on spending money. A great deal of it flowed into Foster's hands, for he had a tremendous celebrity. Bartlett was kept busy all day pocketing five-dollar bills.

I had to see Foster on some business or other, and, calling at the hotel at an hour in the morning when I supposed he might perchance be disengaged, I found him finishing a bottle of wine with Bartlett, and condemning the fat and flabby zoophytes which in New Orleans are mistaken for oysters. It is strange how well I recall the tone of disappointment and personal wrong in which he complained of those muddy shellfish. We went to his rooms. They were extremely small and dingy. The second of the two was a bed chamber, the first a sort of anteroom, holding at its best about ten people.

I remember distinctly, and can see before me, as in a photograph, every detail of the furniture. The chairs were old-fashioned and covered with haircloth. In the centre of the room was a small marble-topped table of the kind to be seen once in a while in the more antique hostelries of the South. There were also an easy chair and a crumpled lounge. It was on this foundation, evidently, that the rooms based their title of parlors. The windows, looking into a courtyard, were open, and so was the door between the rooms. I heard, afterward, by the way, from one of the clerks of the house and his phiint struck me as singularly, a most absurdly sordid and commonplace—that the moment Foster entered the first room on the day of his arrival every pane of glass in those windows was smashed as if by an explosion. But this was a common experience with Foster, to which, like the upsetting of furniture and midnight buffetings of himself by unseen hands, he had become, in a measure, accustomed.

However, he was as afraid of the dark as a child, and never slept alone. Indeed, the mere prospect of ten minutes' solitude would depress him in the most extraordinary way. It used to cause him absolute agony. Foster dropped into the easy chair, lazily smoking a cigar, and Bartlett threw himself upon the lounge and began to read the *Banner of Light*.

While we were talking, Foster and I, there came a knock at the door. Bartlett rose and opened it, disclosing, as he did so, two young men plainly dressed, of marked provincial aspect. They were ordinary, middle-class Southerners. I saw at once that they were

clients, and rose to go. Foster restrained me.

"Sit down," he said. "I'll try and get rid of them, for I'm not in the humor to be disturbed. In any case they are only commonplace chaps, and I'll soon be through with them."

I stayed, and it was the first and only seance of Foster's that I, in my character of unbeliever, ever took part in.

By this time the young men had ascertained from the courteous Bartlett that the great medium was disengaged, and they entered. Foster hinted that he had no particular inclination to gratify them then and there, but they protested that they had come some distance, and, with a characteristically good-natured smile, he gave in.

What followed I shall describe as minutely as I can, for the whole scene is to this day as vividly impressed upon my memory as if it had taken place only yesterday.

In the room I have pictured Foster sat as far from the table with the marble top, as two feet at least. Bartlett had returned to his sofa and his *Banner of Light*. I sat by the door, and the two young men with awe-stricken faces sat by the table, one of them resting his arm on it.

Foster lolled back in his chair, voluptuously watching the smoke of his cigar. His left hand was in his trousers pocket, his right was free and toying constantly with his moustache. One long leg was thrown over the other.

On the table were several long, narrow strips of paper, about the width of the margin of a newspaper, and a couple of short pencils. The young men looked furtively round the room and at Foster. It was easy to see that one of them was inclined to unbelief.

"Now," said Foster, in his usual indolent manner, "it will be necessary for you (to the skeptic) to think of some person, now in the spirit world, in whom you have confidence. Ah! as I speak to you some one has arrived. It is a woman—perhaps your mother. She is going to communicate with you."

And at that instant there came a rap upon the table, apparently in the lower edge of the marble, so loud and so distinct that three of us started, the young strangers and myself.

"Take this card," proceeded Foster, his eyes shut and his expression one of delicious drowsiness. "It contains all the letters of the alphabet. Spell out letter by letter, in silence, the name of any spirit you may expect.

Then followed what to me seemed a most extraordinary incident of telegraphy. As fast as the young man struck the right letter an invisible something smote the marble with a ringing tap.

"Do you recognize the spirit?" inquired Foster, still drowsy and uninterested.

"It's my aunt, sir," replied the countryman, very white, but with a resolute face, as became a brave young fellow who was bound to stand any revelation, no matter how tremendous.

"You are sure of it?"

"That's her name."

"She is standing between us, looking at you. She is tall and thin, dark hair mixed with gray, very wrinkled, and her smile is very gentle."

"It's my aunt!" cried the lad, with eyes dilated.

"Take one of those slips of paper," continued Foster, twisting his cigar in his mouth. "Write on it whatever question you wish to ask of her. Then roll it up in your fingers as small as possible, and give it to me."

It took the young man a few minutes to think out, and then compose his question—a task in which he was aided by his friend. Then he rolled it up into a ball about the size of a pea, and handed it to the medium.

Foster took it indifferently, held it against his forehead just as he received it, and, without a moment's delay, but in rather hesitating voice, said:

"You have asked your aunt, whether in her judgment, it would be a safe speculation for you to go as a partner in the butcher business with So-and-So (mentioning a name) in Algiers." Algiers, by the way, is the Brooklyn of New Orleans.

"Yes, sir," gasped the young man.

"Your aunt says to you in reply," drawled Foster, "that she does not like to interfere with your plans, but you must be very careful in your dealings with So-and-So. His reputation is a very bad one, and he has cheated everybody he ever was in business with."

A flock of other questions and answers followed, all expressed in the same way. The more he replied the drowsier and more indolent grew Foster. I thought he was tired of the interview and was feigning sleep to end it.

All of a sudden he sprang to his feet with such an expression of horror and consternation as an actor playing *Macbeth* would have given a good deal to imitate. His eyes glared, his breast heaved, his hands clenched. It seemed as if some horrible spectacle fascinated him. I could have sworn he saw a raw and bloody specter standing beside the young man from Algiers.

The lad, on his part, rose stupidly a minute after, his eyes fixed with an anxious stare on the medium.

"Why did you come here? cried Foster in a wail that seemed to come from the bottom of his soul. "Why did you come here to torment me with such a sight? "Oh, God! It's horrible! It's horrible!" And he clasped his two hands before his face, shuddering as if to shut out the vision which dismayed him, but which none other of us beheld.

Incredulous as I was, the sincerity of his distress troubled me. Even on Bartlett it had such an effect that he dropped his paper and sat bolt upright. As for the two young men, they fairly trembled.

"It is your father I see!" cried Foster, in the same wailing tone of anguish and repulsion. "He died fearfully! He died fearfully! He was in Texas—on a horse—with cattle. He was alone. It is the prairies! Alone! The horse fell! He was under it! His thigh was broken—horribly broken! The horse ran away and left him! He lay there stunned! Then he came to his senses! Oh! his thigh was dreadful, dreadful! Such agony! My God! Such agony!"

Foster fairly screamed at this. The younger of the men from Algiers broke into violent sobs. His companion, wept, too, and the pair of them clasped hands. Bartlett looked on concerned. As for me, I was astounded.

"He was four days dying—four days dying—of starvation and thirst." Foster went on, as if deciphering some terrible hieroglyphics written on the air. "His thigh swelled to the size of his body. Clouds of flies settled on him—flies and vermin—and he chewed his own arm and drank his own blood. He die mad! And, my God! he crawled three miles in those four days! Man! man! that's how your father died!"

So saying, with a great sob, Foster dropped into his chair, his cheeks purple and tears running down them in rivers.

The younger man from Algiers burst into a wild cry of grief and sank upon the neck of his friend. He, too, was sobbing as if his own heart would break. Bartlett stood over Foster wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. I sat stock still in my chair, the vivid scene of human anguish and desperation which had been conjured up slowly vanishing like the illusion of a magic lantern.

"It's true," said the younger man's friend; "his father was a stock raiser in Texas, and after he had been missing from his drove for over a week they found him dead and swollen, with his leg broken. They tracked him a good distance from where he must have fallen. But nobody ever heard till now how he died."

Perhaps those two young men are still alive in New Orleans. I believe that Bartlett survives. If they read this they will affirm that plainly and with absolute accuracy I have described the only seance I ever saw conducted by Charles Foster.—ARCHIBALD GORDON in *The New York Sun*.

My friend, the golden age hath passed away; only the good have power to bring it back.—*Goethe*.

How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others?—*Mme. de Fontaines*.

Physical Culture.

BY ANNIE JENNESS MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CASTE TO EFFECT.

The multiplication of gymnasia and active sports calculated to develop sturdier physical conditions among the upper classes, during the last score of years, gives hope that the necessity for the general physical training of youth, regardless of sex, will presently force itself upon the public educators, and insure the establishment of free gymnasia and other mediums for higher physical development than have so far obtained among the people.

There can be no doubt but the perpetuation of American free institutions and the dignity of our relations with other nations, will depend largely upon the physical character of our people in the coming years; and all of the truths of modern physical science go to prove that mental and moral superiority are impossible without sound bodily conditions.

It is not too much to say that men have scorned the laws of sound development as applied to themselves and their offspring, while insisting upon the most rigid observance of physical conditions which experience has proven necessary to the breeding of superior animals.

The most ignorant stock-breeder will admit the importance of untarnished reputation, both as to physical and controlling instincts, when he is about to breed a racer or a prize-brute of any species; and yet ignore these conditions in his own personality, and the selection of a mother for his children.

When one gives serious thought to this complex problem of life, he can little question that every child born should be given the fair start of having been well-born; *it is his right*, less than that gives him the undoubted moral privilege to plead not guilty when assailed by temptations which he has not the force of character to resist. And this must apply equally to all offenders in the ratio that they have been defrauded of their birthright of physical and moral strength.

Not a month passes that some vagrant soul is not condemned to suffer dissolution from a morally diseased body under the stern edict of law. Alas! for the law that recognizes the crime *per se*, but not the controlling forces which have made the criminal.

Mrs. Partington sweeping back the Atlantic ocean with a broom is not to my mind a more impossible spectacle than the efforts of public moralists to suppress crime by killing off a criminal here and there.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature of modern civilized life is the disproportion between our methods of dealing with cause and effect. In the pride of constitutional freedom we often err grossly in the liberty of personal license, but rarely in the charity which has to do with the effect of too great license.

I believe that not more than one out of every ten persons in public authority—if, indeed, that is not putting the number too generously—would be found to admit the right of the State to interfere with the personal liberty of the drunkard, the idiot, man or woman, the mentally tainted, or physically deformed, to prevent marriage, and the consequent reproduction of creatures more weak or vicious than themselves. To marry and procreate is recognized as a universal personal right which has no statutory regulations or restrictions; yet the exercise of this personal right may endanger the safety of whole communities, and lead to the expenditure of large sums of public money, in the support of prisons, reformatories and jails.

But this is our refuge: the people will cheerfully support these penal institutions, and uphold the hands of the law in strangling bolder criminals, while steadily refusing to have anything to do with preventing the birth of those who are *physiologically certain* to become the criminal class, overlooking cause in the eagerness to prove that our institutions are equal to dealing with effects.

The increased interest in higher physical training at the present time, would seem, however, to indicate a moral awakening, on the part of the more intelligent, to the demand for some rational method of exterminating vice, instead of attempting to suppress it by the fear of corporal punishment, which all experience has shown to be degrading to the general moral tone of a race, besides proving ineffectual as an example.

Familiarity with crime brutalizes, and this is one reason why the ghastly reportorial enterprise which enlarges upon every detail of a frightful murder, and the consequent trial and disposal of the murderer, is so deplorable a feature of modern newspaper work.

The hope of the future lies in the better development of men and women; in sounder physical conditions. Children must be *born without the instinct of vice* before we can strictly claim that ours is a free government of the people, by the people, and for the people. A perfectly free government can only exist under conditions which make every man a law unto himself; and the transmitted qualities of body and mind which once produced a great scholar, a philosopher, a thinker, or a statesman, must operate under similar conditions to produce the moral or intellectual counterpart of either.

"Of thistles men do not gather figs," neither are fine specimens of moral manhood and womanhood to be expected from degraded bodily conditions. We must first work with material form, and provide a medium for the expression of moral and spiritual truth, or what we get from the religion of the churches, and the culture of the schools, will prove at best to be little more than over-strained and warped dogmas, and confused and meaningless intellectual platitudes.

It is not enough that we drag the child of vicious parents to the Sunday-school for an hour every seventh day, and there give him the benefit of a perfectly unintelligible lesson on spiritual purity. What has his polluted little body, whose veins are running riot with the hot blood of transmitted lust, or the foul poison of loathsome disease and desire, to do with that kind of spiritual upbuildment? He is not in physical condition to see the beauty of self-sacrifice, nor to feel the ecstasy from being *en rapport* with higher spiritual laws.

It is equally impossible and unreasonable to expect that vicious men and women will shake off the essential essence of their own beings at a word from priests and moralists, and become what their fellow creatures, whose pre-natal conditions were of a higher order of virtue and physical cleanliness, have been without effort from the beginning.

I am in favor of treating vice as disease, changing physical conditions by a process of material improvement; overcoming inherited appetites by a series of material evolutions. To this end, physical exercise which will develop sound tissues and muscles, and vitalize the blood, is of the first importance; and plenty of good nourishing food, pure air, and absolute freedom from contact with the grosser elements of life must be insisted upon. Then, and not until then, will the patient be in condition to receive either moral or spiritual benefits.

For this reason I believe it is more important to the national welfare that public money should be devoted to a sanitary tenement house system; to public baths and gymnasia for purifying and developing; to hospitals for eradicating evil tendencies from the naturally vicious and degraded, than to public schools for mere intellectual training, or to institutions for the support and punishment of irresponsible vice.

Under such a public system, symmetrical physical, mental and moral development becomes possible, and the per cent. of vicious indulgence would be found to rapidly decline. To insure sound national conditions we must work logically from cause to effect, and not with effects alone.

Among the great medium class of society, which may be said to be negatively rather than actively moral; theoretically rather than distinctly spiritual; intelligent rather than intellectual; there is still much to be wished for in the way of symmetrical development. We do not find the extremes of indulgence among this class nevertheless, the abuse of physical power, and the neglect to realize the highest possibilities of body and mind, are subjects for serious consideration; especially is this true when we remember that this class, more than any other, influences the permanence and importance of our

national life and thought. Among this class much stress is laid upon the common school system, upon the study of reading and arithmetic, and a knowledge of books that treat upon abstruse subjects; but very little time is given to the study of practical anatomy; and an understanding of the laws governing the harmonious development of bodies and brains.

Suggest to the school board of a representative town anywhere in our country, that a thorough knowledge of the muscular and nervous systems, and the practical study of physical development for an hour each day, should be substituted for algebra or geometry, and the suggestion would be treated as rank heresy; and yet, valuable as all these studies may be, they are of no importance to the average student in comparison with the study of himself. "Know thyself; rule thyself," after that the acquisition of incidental learning becomes a matter of comparative ease; and so I might enlarge upon the abstract phases of this question indefinitely, but enough has been said to answer my purpose of an introduction to what will follow, in the series of articles on Physical Culture by Miss Jenness and myself.

We shall andeavor, in a succinct and comprehensive manner, to set forth a few general rules governing the development of sound physical bodies; to give a number of plain, practical, easily understood exercises for general practice at home—practice possible to everybody, because depending upon nothing but the will to do, and a few moments' time each day.

The laws laid down in these articles will be for practice without apparatus; first, because exercise which necessitates apparatus puts physical development practically out of the reach of the masses; and next, because the general rounding out of the entire body is more quickly accomplished by work from within than from without.

In the next number of *Dress* we shall begin with the Laws of Control—the laws governing the vitalizing and devitalizing of the muscular system at the bidding of the will; illustrating a few of the most important movements with drawings showing positions the reasons for such positions, and what they help to overcome in the way of physical defects by faithful daily practice.—*Dress.*

Turn from the irreparable past to available future.

There is no virtue in a promise until it is redeemed.

Great wealth and content seldom live together.—*Spanish Proverb.*

In all contentions between wit and violence, prudence and rudeness, learning and the sword, the strong hand took it first, and the strong head possessed it last.—*Taylor.*

Children's Department.

Only a Mask.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

Tommy ran in all out of breath,
And I played I was scared almost to death,
For he wore a mask so strange and queer,
With a mouth that grinned from ear to ear.
He rolled up his eyes, and his tongue ran out;
He doubled his fists and stamped about
Like a queer little goblin bent on a fight;
But at last he seemed to pity my fright;
So he snatched it off, saying: "Auntie, see!
I'm the same little boy I used to be."

Then by and by, when the play went wrong,
He came with a face so sad and long,
And he shrugged his shoulders and flung about
With an angry frown and a sulky pout;
For of course I knew it was just a mask!
So I kissed the cheeks and lips and chin,
And I kissed the place where the scowls begin;
They vanished away, and I said: "Why, see!
He's the same little boy he used to be."

The Babes in the Wood.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

He was a little pauper boy being returned to the State that must maintain him. He sat very quiet in his seat, thinking of his grandmother, who had died in that little village that was sending him away. He thought of her grave on the hillside burying ground, where wild roses and raspberry bushes clung about the stones; where the bees hummed in the sunshine, the birds sang in the maples, and the long grass in the soft summer breeze blew across the graves like palls. He remembered a horny-handed farmer, who had passed him on his sad journey to the depot with one of the selectmen of the town, and the farmer had patted his head, saying kindly: "Take this five cents, bub; keep it and you'll never want money for you'll always have it." He pondered over this arithmetical problem until his brain was tired. When he drank from the rusty tin cup he thought of the rollicking brown brook that ran the village, and wondered if the children playing on its banks would remember him.

No one tried to talk to him, for he was such a small, quiet child he was not noticed. No one saw the pathetic little face grow pale or the shadows come in his dark, bright eyes. He dreamed the second night of his journey, that with his grandfather, he was walking on a long bridge and a great steamship breathing dense, black smoke came crashing down upon them. He awoke with a little cry and found himself lying on the ground under the stars. There had been an accident to the train and some kind men had lifted the unconscious child out of a window. A light flashed close to his face.

"It's the little chap shipped to Wisconsin," said a brakeman holding his light lower, "he is dead I think and better off no doubt, poor little fellow."

After a long blank the child came back to life with those words ringing in his ears, "Dead and better off." There were thick woods near, and close to him wounded people lying on blankets. Afar off was a lurid light where one of the wrecked cars was burning. He wondered what had happened; in terror he staggered to his feet, and with the blind instinct of a sleep-walker, stumbled into the forest. When the wounded were carried away he was forgotten. He was all alone in the world; there was no one to miss him.

In a cool grassy hollow hidden by tall, green ferns he slept until late the next day. He wondered then if he were dead, he seemed deserted by everyone, and he had no idea how he came into the woods. He saw his little basket near him, noted his clothes were burned and dusty. He listened and the ripple of a brook came near to him. He went to it and bathed his head and the wound in his forehead that began to smart. There was a little rustle in the alder bushes, and there across the brook, looking at him with beaming face, was a little, golden-haired child. Her blue eyes were red with tears, her pretty white gown dirty and torn, her blue sash trailing on the ground.

"Harry, my Harry," she cried, stretching out her little arms, "come get baby, baby never wun off no more."

He went across the brook carrying his basket. She was very hungry and his generous heart rejoiced that he had eaten little all the journey and had clung tight to his basket through all his trials. From her confused talk he learned she had been lost in the woods the day before and slept all night at the foot of a tree. She saw he was not Harry, but stroked his face with her loving hand, saying: "Ou hurted, poor other Harry? Mamma make ou well." His senses coming to him with this new charge, he took her by the hand and set out to find some body.

He was not afraid in the woods, for he and his grandmother had slept many a night under the stars. Toward dark he saw on a side path a pair of shining eyes, round globes of fire. He was carrying the child, and he kept bravely on saying the prayer his grandmother had taught him. The luminous eyes disappeared quickly and he knew that it was only a harmless little fox. When he could go no further he laid the child down, covering her with his jacket, and watched until he fell asleep by her side.

So quaint and pretty a pair might have been those two sweet babes left in the depths of a forest by a cruel uncle, and after weary wandering, find a serene sheep, and a leafy shrine brought by "the minor poets of the air," the little woodland birds.

In the afternoon his basket was empty, but he gathered the dead ripe raspberries and the shining blackberries under their sheltering vines. They passed some cows that day, mild solemn creatures, who looked at them curiously but did not stir, though one little calf ran in terror, making the baby laugh merrily. They came to a deserted log hut that night where the

men in a deserted sugar camp had lived, and here he made the child a bed of fir boughs. They were hungry and thirsty. The brooks were dry in the depths of the forest, the only water the spring away back by the ferns. The grass was dead and sear, the flowers wilted and withered. The air was close and hot and the boy, whose arms were weary carrying his little charge, stood in the open door of the hut looking at the velvet blackness of the sky, where, like diamonds, a few stars peeped out over the tree tops. Suddenly along the grass-grown road by the hut he heard the sound of galloping hoofs. Then dashing by like a whirlwind, ran a heard of terrified cattle. He could hear their hoare panting, see their black forms. He clasped his hands, was it wolves that frightened them? He listened. Into the quiet of the night there sounded a curious snapping crackling, then a roar like the breaking of a monstrous wave on a rocky shore. Up, far above tree tops, leaped a great tongue of flame, aspiring to the stars.

The forest monarchs writhed and bowed and flung themselves under the hot breath, green leaves withered and drooped under the fire frost, skeleton branches waved up and down like the shrivelled arms of beseeching beldames, the pines shot needles of fire and the trees blossomed into marvelous flowers of flame.

The child looked but an instant, then he ran in, lifted the crying baby on his back and hurried down the old road. A pungent smoke, the breath of the evergreens, the life of mighty oaks filled the air, blinding and stifling him. He tried to run faster, but the child's weight held him back. Fiery cinders flew past him—heralds of the suffering and death so near—blown by the hot wind that fanned his pallid cheek. All around the flames crept in a narrowing circle. In his awful need he never thought of deserting the baby in his care. When the fiery blast came closer he took her in his arms and staggered on. It was quite light now, with an awful vividness.

Hark! Above the roar of the fire king, the crash of falling trees, the crackling of branches and leaves, there was another sound. The steady thud of galloping hoofs. Another stampeded herd of cattle were as frightful as the fire. The boy listened in paroxysms of fear. Out of the forest path that met the old road near a big pine, now writhing its majestic height under the hot blast, came a big white horse and a rider with bowed head buried in his cloak. Mercifully he heard the cry for help and drew up his head steed beneath the rain of fire falling all about them.

"Take her," shouted the boy. "I kin run done all right."

The man did not speak. With a mighty movement he stooped and swung the children on the saddle behind him. "Hold for your life," he shouted hoarsely, and as the mare leaped the old pine burst into a great tower of flame, like a giant octopus reaching fiery arms after him.

The fire king might fly with mighty wings, leap in fantastic, swift bounds, overcoming time and space, but it could not gain on Joel Waite's white mare, known all the country round. On she galloped, straight as a die, strong of sinew, deep of chest, tireless, enduring, guided by a firm, wise hand.

At last in the crescent of fire there lay before them a high bank, where, four feet below, a river rippled in noisy shallows. A silver stream in the sunlight, but now in the conflagration a river of blood. The rider flung out his left arm and held the children close, and with his right hand steadied the rearing mare. There was one breathless moment, a quick leap, a splash in the cool water, a slip on the muddy bottom, a quick recovery to the shining sand, and a steady push ahead. The stream rippled over their scorched clothing and blistered flesh. Behind them the trees, giants' torches, flamed resinous smoke and lurid light, while the naked branches of the oaks and maples, flung out great red bars, the work of a frightful caster, the molten metal of misery and death to the forest. Coals and charred timber dropped and hissed in the stream like poisonous serpents disappearing to their foul dens, and the fire king, baffled by its only conqueror, died there on the river bank.

In the channel for one moment the brave mare swam with her heavy load, then her hoofs rested on the sandy beach, the sedgy shore, the sort turf of her master's meadow.

The child, still clinging to the baby girl, sank again into a dreamy trance.

"Sue," cried the hostler, "the grip he's got on the little un. Oh, Mr. Waite, you thought you was savin' strange children, but here's little Nellie found alter all by this poor child."

"You saved my life, old mare," said the master, patting the drooping head, he knelt by the children. The waif heard a woman scream and saw through the mists a flying figure lift the child from his arms. He was glad there was some one to love her, some one who will thank him for saving her life. He smiled a pitiful, happy smile and drifted away.

By slow degrees here came back to life again to find a beautiful room, a sweet woman who called him "my boy now," and one day he sees a fair-haired boy looking at him with admiring eyes.

"I am Harry," said the boy stretching out a chubby hand to take the waif's trembling fingers, "shake. You are getting well and are to be my brother now. You saved my little sister. We lost her in the woods, nurse and me, and everybody has been looking for her. My father says you are a brave boy, and if you like you can live here always with my mother for your mother and all the rest of us relations."

The sick boy smiled happily, and, with his hands in that friendly one, fell into a healthful slumber that meant recovery.

That but-of drift in the river of life had found a happy and secure harbor. Yet he deserved it, that little pauper boy with the soul of a hero. —*Detroit Free Press.*

SHE WAS FROM BOSTON.

How a Blooming Rosebud of a Girl Nearly Paralyzed a Professor.

The dry as to marrow, the leathery as to heart, but verdant as to brain, the professor found himself in the ball room, and like the fly in amber, wondering how the deuce he got there.

In a bower corner sat the rosebudiest of rosebuds in a garden of exquisitely engowned girls.

"I make it a rule of three, professor," says the rosebud. "I dance three dances only of a night, one in every hour. The first a square dance to bring my voluntary muscles with their fasciculi into general play; the second, a polka to work the voluntary muscles into perfect action, and the third, a waltz for absolute enjoyment."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"I employ the interim by following some train of thought. To-night I am seeking types. I want to find my Cleopatra, my Aspasia, and my Phryne."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Did Cleopatra spend the winter 40 B. C. with Antony in Alexandria, or was it 41? Did she bare her bosom or only her arm to the asp?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Was Aspasia fast or only a flirt? Was Socrates her lover? Was the divorce of Pericles as perfect as a Chicago divorce? Why does Aristophanes ascribe the Samian and Peloponnesian wars to her simply because she lost her lady's maid? Do you think Plutarch's defence exculpates her? Was her second husband, Lysicles, a pork-packer or merely a cattle dealer?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Was Phryne's mother a laundress, and is it true that she got her living at one time by gathering capers? Were those capers for sauce or boiled legs of mutton? Was her offer to rebuild the walls of Thebes if her name were inscribed on them *bona fide*? Did she profane the Elusinian mysteries, or was it a put-up job to bring her to Hellasts, in order to let the council see her beautiful anatomy? I incline to this, for Apollo painted her as the Venus Anadyomone, and Praxiteles sculped her as the Cnodian Venus. Was Apollo her love, as well as Praxiteles?"

"Bless my soul?" exclaims the professor.

"You see, professor, I am from Boston."

"Aha!" and the venerable professor bounded like one of his crack pupils in the direction of the refreshment room.—*Once a Week.*

Conscientious Scruples.

"My man, what's your charge for rowing me across the Frith?" Boatman—"Weel, sir, I was jist thinkin' I canna break the Sawbath day for no less than fifteen shull'n's."

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 27, 1889.

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LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

When we have laid aside our material form, and stand upon the shores of the immortal world, glancing back over our past lives, methinks the one pang of remorse more intolerable than all else will be the recollection of our lost opportunities. We will then be enabled with the clearer vision of the spirit to discern many things that are not apparent to us now. And with this clearer vision, and quickened memory, recollections of much that we might have done and yet neglected to do, will dawn upon our consciousness, and constitute for the time being the only hell we need experience. We shall see then, as we see now when looking interiorly, the abilities we possess and the poor use often made of them.

Placed here in a world of diversity, of change, where pain, want, woe, misery and death are found on every hand—where pleasure, ease, health and happiness are the exception and not the rule—where our energies, our sympathies, our helpfulness are ever in demand—what abundant opportunity is there for the fullest expression of all that is good, generous, noble and loving in our natures.

Are these qualities always in the ascendant? Does love sit upon the throne with reason and rule their subordinates—hate, pride and selfishness—with the firm, unyielding hand of the master? If not, then there is a work to be done that needs our most careful attention. Until we can say unto evil, depart from me; and unto good, abide thou with me; and enforce our command, living in the spirit of love and good will towards all, we have not done our best—have not improved our opportunities as we should, and have a great, unfinished work on our hands. If humanity could only realize, individually, that all others are struggling with adverse conditions and striving to reach higher ground, and willingly stretch forth a helping hand, how soon all would gain the summit. Unfortunately the reverse is the rule. Men place clogs to the feet of their brothers, that they may not rise. They fetter the hands, that they may not be helpful. They prate of charity, virtue and truth, and yet build walls of selfishness and greed around one another that even an archangel could not scale. It is the work of philanthropists to tear down these walls, to open every channel for the unobstructed flow of "the milk of human kindness," and the larger cultivation of a true fraternity. Every little unhappy child in the street should command not only our sympathy, but a practical exemplification of our loving interest in its welfare. Every poor unfortunate —no matter how low or degraded—has claims upon every other human being for aid and helpfulness that cannot be ignored by those who recognize the brotherhood of man as superior to race or caste. Such need not that the signal of distress, as recognized by any of the great secret orders, be given to command their friendly aid. For to them all are brothers in one great, grand, fraternal order whose Grand Master is that intelligent force governing and controlling all things—the inspiration of all life and energy.

By such the cry of distress is ever heeded. It may be but the plaint of a wounded bird, or the moan of the crippled cur, yet their sympathy and aid are freely given. No opportunity for doing good is lost by them; and the memories of the past will ever prove blessed and fragrant with loving deeds, *for they did their best.*

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt-edges $5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

CHILDREN'S EASTER FESTIVAL.

The Easter festival given by the teachers to the children of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, on Monday afternoon last, was highly successful. The school-room was handsomely decorated with beautiful floral and other adornments; some sixty little ones, all decked in neat holiday attire, took part in the exercises and entertainment. All the available space in the room was occupied to overflowing by the visitants, who included the parents and friends of the scholars, the patrons and friends of the school, and several teachers from the Lincoln School.

After marching in, the children were formed into two rings, the "babies" forming the inner ring. Various games and songs were indulged in by the bright-eyed, happy youngsters, seemingly with great delight. Recitations and solo singing by some of the children also proved an attractive feature of the exercise. A specially enjoyable part of the programme was the hunting for the Easter eggs. These eggs had been hidden, in baskets resembling nests, in various parts of the room, and the little ones had a merry time in searching for and finding them. The smallest children were sent to search first, and afterward the larger ones.

After being found, the eggs were distributed to the children. Each child having been provided with a napkin (a new feature in these festivals), refreshments were served to them, and they feasted to their heart's content on the cakes, candy, raisins, etc., that had been so lavishly supplied for their regalement. After uniting in singing the "Good-bye Song" they were dismissed for their homes, and the guests dispersed,—and approval being heard on all sides at the delightful time that had been spent in witnessing the exercises and the enjoyment of the little tots.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MRS. PRUDEN.

A reception was tendered Mrs. Pruden, the medium, last Tuesday evening, before her departure for Minnesota. Mrs. Logan's apartments were crowded with true and tried friends who have watched the development of this gifted lady, and also the influence she has had in assisting others in becoming mediums.

Mrs. Logan read an original poem dedicated to her co-worker. Mr. Humphreys had also written a farewell poem, which we give below. Speech making, music on the piano, and violin with dancing, was included in the exercises.

Delicious ice cream and cake which was bountifully served seemed crude compared with the spiritual feast which was enjoyed throughout the evening. Mrs. Logan said that although there was sadness in parting with her co-worker yet she believed others would be raised up to fill her place and that the good work would go on because of the angels. Mrs. Higgins from New York, under control gave a beautiful eulogy, to which the spirit responded through Mrs. Pruden. The good byes were said with the knowledge that there will be a reunion or continuation of soul-blending ever more.

TO MRS. PRUDEN.

BY C. E. HUMPHREYS.

On this eve of departure each bosom doth swell
With regret though we bid you a smiling farewell;
Each soul here will shed an invisible tear
To mourn thy departure though we smile with mock cheer.

Thy face shall shine bright in the minds of us all
And thy spirit shall come at our beck and our call;
In thy absence we'll feel thy sweet influence here
From the lessons you've taught us in the past year.

To our sweet summer land you'll be welcome again
When winter has cast his shroud over the plains,
When the lily and rose by the sod are caressed
And you're weary of life fly away to the West

When the swallow has come to his nest 'neath your eaves,
And you've just learned to love him the little wretch leaves;
But 'tis sure to return to escape winter's chill
To his nest 'neath the eaves with his twitter and trill.

Like a treasure cast up on the glittering strand,
And you reach for the gem with a trembling hand
But the ebb of the tide sweeps it back to the sea
And for aye it is lost to the world and to thee.

Thus we lose our best friends when they scarcely are won;
Though the ocean divides us our friendship goes on.
Though you grasp not the gem, its luster will keep
Though it lie for a million of years in the deep.

Thus we'll prize our last friend and wish her glad speed,
As the train bears her on over mountain and mead,
We will bid her adieu and hope not in vain
Till fortune shall herald her coming again.

SPIRITUALISM.

We have been requested to give some of the details in our experience with Dr. Schlesinger as an item of interest to our readers. We will do so, prefacing our remarks by saying that we have never been a believer in Spiritualism, as we have not seen the good fruits from its influence that its advocates claim for it. Dr. Schlesinger came to our office and invited us to go to his room, to investigate its workings through him. This we did cheerfully, as we are always willing to investigate any subject to the extent of our ability, and give our readers the result. Dr. Schlesinger seems to be an honest and honorable man, who firmly believes in the doctrines of Spiritualism, and that he, as a medium, is controlled by a guardian spirit, which he calls his guide. Yesterday we thought to test the Doctor's ability, through spiritual or any other agency, to tell us certain things which he says, by the aid of spirit communication, he is able to do. Before going to the Dr.'s office the writer cut some dozen slips of paper, as nearly of equal sizes as possible, and wrote on each the name of a person, only one of the persons being dead, and having folded them carefully, put them in his coat pocket. After talking awhile with the Dr., he suddenly said, "You have some names written on slips of paper in your pocket, bring them out and ask what you would know." The papers were so folded that the names could not be seen. The Dr. took the papers singly between his thumb and finger, and, asking his guide to give him the name, told accurately the name of every person, as written within, and selected the name of the person deceased. This could not be "mind-reading," for we did not know in a single instance the name written within. Many other things equally mysterious were done, and we confess that we are unable to account for these things upon any scientific basis, though there are people who claim to do such things without spiritual interference of any kind. Some people say that this is all bosh; that it is trickery and nuggletry. If so, we should be glad to have some one explain how it is done. We have stated facts and not half of them either, and will leave people to be their own judges in regard to the cause. Never having seen any great good result from following after Spiritualism, we shall be content to get on in the body as best we can in the future, not caring to investigate spiritual existence until we are summoned by a messenger we cannot resist. *Humboldt Daily Standard*, April 18, 1889.

"THE CARRIER DOVE."

We are in receipt of a handsomely bound copy of the fifth volume of the above named weekly publication, the fifty-two numbers of the year 1888, forming a substantial book of 846 pages, that in contents and typography is a credit to the cause it represents and its enterprising proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. L. Shlesinger. It constitutes a good history of Modern Spiritualism during the past year, and somewhat of its history during the years previous, and for that reason will be a valuable accession to the libraries of Spiritualists and many others. San Francisco, Cal., 841 Market street.—*Banner of Light.*

SPIRITUALISM.

We picked up from the sidewalk the other day a little slip of paper with rubber print on it, containing the following words: "Free Lecture opposite Russ Market; subject to night, Spiritualism condemned by the Bible; from hell, not from heaven, not dead friends but spirits of devils." Well, we thought, will contradiction never end; while we have not heard the lecture, we could most safely wager that it was given by some advocate of the almost innumerable creeds that are taken from the Christian Bible. A few days afterward we were talking with a friend on the street, when he informed us that a spirit medium, Dr. Schlesinger, was at the Vance House, and that a large number of our best citizens had been to see him, many of them being so pleased and interested that they had repeated their interviews a number of times. Then as an incident he mentioned the fact that Elder Lamb had been to have an interview, and that he also was the author of the advertisement for a free lecture we had picked up. Desiring to know more about this thing we made further investigation and found it to be a fact that Elder Lamb had been to have a sitting with Dr. Schlesinger, spent a full hour with him, conversed and received messages from his father and paid the Doctor two dollars therefor. During the sitting Dr. Schlesinger explained the theory and belief of spirit communion; that it had taught him to quit chewing, smoking and drinking and devote himself to humanity, that it taught love, charity and purity, and asked if there could be anything wrong in that. Elder Lamb said he could see nothing wrong about it, and was much affected at what had been told him of his father, and there was more than a suspicion of moisture in his eyes when he was through. Within two hours after this interview and these expressions the Elder had strewn the streets with the above-mentioned printed announcement. Now the Elder must have a most intimate knowledge of the spirit world if in so short a time he had analyzed the spirit realm and was able to pronounce upon the character of the spirits that inhabit it. And he found them all devil's! And they, too, in such active communication with his own father as to be able to tell his full name, place and circumstances of his death, etc., so accurately that the Elder thought he was talking to the old man himself! Truly this is mixed. The Doctor brings a convincing, material test of his theory. The Elder is staggered, non-plussed, but pleased and affected to once more talk with his father, then goes off and slanders the old man by calling him a devil! But he brings no test to prove his theory as the Doctor did his; he has nothing but windy assertions which seems very like untruthfulness and ingratitude.

Again, the Doctor has a method of curing people of the tobacco habit. A young man paid him two dollars and got relieved of his evil habit. This may be so, for anything of human accomplishment may come from the aspiration of prayer, but why did not Elder Lamb

employ this method to communication from his father and save his two dollars? Somehow it appeared to us that the Doctor has more truth than the Elder has, and if he has not, then the Elder must bring something more tangible than that of slandering his father. As to Spiritualism, it has as many phases as has Deism or Christianity, and it has its share of humbuggery. But we never have heard a discourse by a Christian minister from the pulpit but what he preached Spiritualism pure and simple. The position of the pulpit on this subject reminds us of John C. Calhoun, who gave utterance to some of the grandest thoughts illustrating and asserting the right of every individual to the full results of his own labor, and yet was an advocate of African slavery in the Southern States. But as time rolls on and enlightenment advances these inconsistencies will fade away.

The Doctor will remain at the Vance House until Monday when he will visit the various towns in the county. He is especially desirous of meeting both ministers of the gospel and physicians.—*Western Watchman*, Eureka, April 20, 1889.

A NEW BOOK.

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 841 Market St., S. F.

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my"—Whisky? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—" Ribbons, jewelry, ornaments and trinkets? No, no; not these, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—" Tobacco, cigars and snuff? Not these, at all, but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—" Tea, coffee and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, no, not those. I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs $1.50 a year. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brain."—*Ex.*

DOVE NOTES.

The editor of the CARRIER DOVE has our thanks for sending us Vol. V., 1888, of her paper. It is handsomely bound in Morocco and gilt-edged. The volume is one that will both beautify and enrich Spiritualist libraries.—*Religio Philosophical Journal.*

The friends of Miss Beresford Joy, who are preparing to give her a grand testimonial benefit, find that they will be unable to give the concert on the 2d of May, as announced last week, but that it will positively take place on the 4th inst. Extensive preparations are being made for a grand musical treat.

The Union Spiritual Society will elect officers to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of some, and departure from the city of others, of their former number, at their next regular monthly meeting the first Tuesday night in May. It is desirable to have a full attendance of all the members.

Dr. Schlesinger is still at the Vance House, where he entertains many visitors. It does not seem as if any human agency can perform the thing done by Dr. Schlesinger, or rather some invisible power through him. Call it what you please, it is not jugglery or mind-reading.—*Humboldt Daily Standard*, Tuesday, April, 16, 1889.

The next dime social of the Ladie's Elsmere Club for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, will be held on next Saturday evening, May 4, at the residence of Mrs. Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, near Turk street. A cordial invitation is extended to all, and it is hoped that the friends of the school will turn out *en masse* and have a rousing good time, and at the same time assist a most worthy work.

From a private letter received from Mrs. M. A. W. Mayo of Pine City, we learn that Mrs. Mary Thayer passed to spirit life on the evening of April 17th. Mrs. Thayer had many warm friends in this city who will be pained to hear of the early departure of this true-hearted, noble woman. Mrs. Mayo says: "She passed away peacefully and quietly never wavering in her faith in Spiritualism. I will write you full particulars for the DOVE."

Mrs. E. B. Crossette and Mrs. Edith Nickless hold spiritual services at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, every Sunday at 11 A. M. Each of these ladies are pleasing, entertaining speakers and should have large audiences. At the same hall in the evening at 8 o'clock Mrs. Nickless and Dr. Nickless hold interesting services consisting of speaking, tests and healing. These meeting are free to all; those conducting them depending on voluntary contributions for their support.

From extracts taken from Eureka papers, which we reproduce, it will be seen that Dr. Schlesinger has been stirring up the people of Humboldt county and given them something to think about for some time to come. The ministers are alarmed and after having had a sitting with the doctor which they could not explain in any other way, without admitting it was spirits of dead friends that communicated with them, they go away and call it the devil. Excitement runs high and "the devil" is the most-talked of individual in Eureka.

From a private letter just received from Dr. Joseph Simms, the eminent physiognomist, and author of our best standard works on that subject, we make the following extract which contains a bit of interesting history, and poetic description of "Edinboro' Town:"

"We are now in Edinburgh, the handsomest city in all Great Britain. A view at the first page of this letter shows Sir Walter Scott's monument in the centre. It is about 200 feet high. To the extreme left upper part, is the castle on top and covers the whole top of a high rock. It is a strong fort and was taken by Oliver Cromwell. It is now used as a garrison for soldiers, and stands in the centre of the city. There are about 512,000 inhabitants in this city and so died last week which is a death rate of 18 per 1000.

The weather is lovely and warm here now and the grass is green and the flowers are rearing their petals towards the azure sky, and spring is here in all its inviting loveliness.

We are delighted with the Dove, and your success in bringing forth soul stirring articles worthy the noblest cause which Spiritualism is certainly.

MIND CURE.

BY LILA WHEELER WILCOX.

Think health and health will find you.
As certain as the day.
And pain will lag behind you,
And lose you on the way.

Think love, and love will meet you
And go wherever you go.
And fate can no more treat you
Like some malicious foe.

Think joy, and joy will hear you
For thoughts are always heard;
And it shall nestle near you.
Like some contented bird.

Whate'er your sad condition -
Whate'er your woes or pain -
Bright thoughts shall bring fruition
As surely as God reigns!

EAST MONTEREY.

On and after the first day of May, an advance of ten dollars a lot will be added to the present prices. Many of the purchasers of the property contemplate building the present season, and at present there are four cottages in process of erection. Now is the time to make your purchases before the raise. Call at once and secure a bargain from Mrs. Scott Briggs.

There will be no taxes to be paid until a year from next fall, and then not over twenty-five cents a lot. Lots that can be bought now for thirty-five, forty and fifty dollars, will no doubt be worth one hundred and fifty a year from now, without any attention from purchasers. My residence is 308 Leavenworth street, between Eddy and Ellis streets. Office 841 Market street in CARRIER DOVE office.

MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS, Agent.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The April 21st meeting was opened by Judge Swift who kindly consented to act as chairman in the absence of President John A. Collins who was too ill to be present. It was an experience and conference meeting and was very interesting. Dr. Mead made some general remarks after which V. B. Thomas related some of his own experiences in materialization, notably of his mother writing a letter, which he read to the audience while standing by his side and then dematerializing, sinking slowly out of sight. A duet was given by Mesdames Rutter and Chapman, entitled, "When the Days are Going By," a very sweet song well rendered. Mr. L. Ward's experience of his spirit leaving his body and returning to it was listened to with deep interest. Prof. Bouton delivered an intellectual address; the professor is always listened to with attention. Mrs. Ada Scales, one of San Francisco's old-time mediums whose home is in Lakeport, was present and was warmly welcomed as she came forward to address her old friends. She is doing a good work in her town in healing, and is the only avowed Spiritualist in the place. Mr. W. H. Mills being called for gave a few short and character-stic words. After a piano solo by Miss Violet Wheeler, Mrs. Higgins gave the closing address, speaking very earnestly and affirming that materialization was a fact, it having been proved to her through her own mediumship, she having been very skeptical.

Altogether this was the most interesting meeting that has been held in the hall for some time.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mrs. Logan's meeting in St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street, last Sunday morning was addressed by Prof. Seymour on "Immortality." The speaker asserted that many of the wise thinkers of to-day advocate the theory that some people are of so little consequence—such as the imbecile and those who are groveling in aspirations, that they will not possess immortality, but will resolve back into the elements to be resurrected into other forms; that immortality depends upon ourselves if we make an effort to progress here, our existence will be continued hereafter.

Mrs. Logan said as we have had no hand in bringing ourselves into existence, she believed that the future existence would be ours notwithstanding our will or wishes, in the premises.

That great central sun warmed into life, all animate nature, and that the central spiritual luminary would not cease to shine until the lowest were evolved into beautiful angelhood.

Mrs. Stevens, a lovely trance medium, gave a fine discourse, and Mr. Acker, from Oakdale, spoke with great enthusiasm.

Miss Hare, the pianist, when called upon to speak, said that she was on the side of Spiritualism and hoped to become developed as a medium that she might proclaim this beautiful truth world-wide. This was her first speech in public, but to the point. Mr. Abbott, formerly called the boy medium, gave a scientific address.

All the exercises were interspersed with sweet music by Miss Hare. The evening meeting was largely attended and of profound interest. Mrs. Kutter and Mrs. Higgins, vocalists, accompanied by Mr. Wilbur, pianist, rendered several pieces. Remarks by Mrs. Logan, opened the way for all to feel perfect freedom to express their own thoughts.

The newly developed medium referred to in foregoing reports, sang "The Last Rose of Summer," with violin and banjo accompaniment by two young men who seemed very much interested in what this comrade had to say under influence when he had finished the song. Indeed few orators could have had more appreciations.

Mrs. Higgins, of No. 10 Turk street, gave a fine trance address and went throughout the audience giving tests, to which at least twenty persons responded when called to testify. Another young medium was controlled and made a grand speech and closed by saying that the medium was an atheist, and believed that man was only mortal, which made the test doubly sure; as Spiritualism and the fact of immortality had been so grandly and forcibly portrayed through a skeptic.

These meetings are to be continued in the same place next Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Fraternity Hall was again full to overflowing last Sunday evening of eager listeners to the varied programme which is presented each evening at these meetings.

Many were unable to obtain seats and were obliged to go away disappointed. A larger hall is needed. Aside from the usual good singing by the audience Miss Lizzie Fifer, Jessie Cranston, Robert Aitkin, gave excellent recitations, and piano solo. Dr. Dewey, the inspirational medium, gave an original song to enliven the atmosphere at the opening exercises. G. F. Perkins sang several songs and entertained the audience with several phrenological readings, giving tests at the same time which were recognized.

Dr. Dewey asked to be excused from further duties that evening, but signified his intention to be present next Sunday and give tests. The gentleman is a new medium to us, but gives evidence of being an excellent subject for spirit manifestations. The young people are showing their increasing interest in these things by remaining the entire evening. They are full of enthusiasm in preparing for the social upon the 27th of this month at St. George's Hall. Mr. A. Cromwell, the Josh Billings of California, has been especially engaged for this occasion. Prof. Perkins will give selections from Shakespeare in costume, and a grand time is expected.

P. F. G.

MEDIUMS' MEETING.

Another successful session of the mediums' meeting was held last Sunday afternoon at St. George's Hall. Perfect harmony prevailed and every one present seemed to enjoy the exercises which were opened by singing as usual and a few explanatory remarks and a song from G. F. Perkins, who introduced Prof. Abbot, the well-known medium from the Eastern States. Mr. Abbot gave a short, pointed and complimentary address upon the object of these gatherings, speaking in the highest of terms, relative to the managers' efforts to establish a mediums' meeting. He predicted a grand successful future awaiting the movement.

In rapid succession the gentleman gave tests and psychometric readings which were highly appreciated and acknowledged. The gentleman has a manner which leaves the thought of self out of his work. Mrs. Perkins also gave many tests and inspirational thought. Mrs. Miller, who needs no introduction was on hand with her usual willingness to lend a harmonious influence and give many messages from loved ones. Mrs. Jennie, Dr. Hatch, Mr. Young, Mrs. West, Mrs. Smith and loaned their mediumistic abilities; Mrs. Stout aided with a piano solo, and Dr. Dewey with a charming song.

P. F. G.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

On Sunday the platform was profusely decked with flowers, most of them being the contributions of Mrs. Samuel Dolliver, of this city. The controls of Mrs. E. B. Crossette spoke on Easter and the significance of the day to all believers of the truth of our philosophy. Christ risen was only the exemplification of the spirit's departure from earth to its spiritual home. This was what Spiritualism had come to prove, and was proving, and had proved to millions of earth children, not only the reality of spirit life, but that it could return after its departure from the body, and do much good to those who are still struggling with the vicissitudes of the flesh. Mrs. E. R. R. Nickless followed, and the controls continued in the same thoughts, saying there were many "Christs risen," all martyrs for the conviction of the higher truths were Christs risen, and the influence of all past and present ages, like the lowly Nazarine had been persecuted, and were as much the Christ of those times as the one who was being so universally worshipped this day. The meeting closed with tests by "Sunflower."

A letter was received from "One the spirits have kindly favored," containing a five-dollar note as a contribution in aid of the Sunday morning meetings. Other contributions of small amounts were received. This is encouraging,

and we hope others of our liberal Spiritualists will be imbued with the same spirits.

The evening services were a continuation of the morning. The controls of Mrs. E. E. R. Nickless, speaking on the immortality of the soul, and why the Christian Church had celebrated Easter. The lecture was very interesting, and gave a new light to an old subject, as seen and understood from the spirit risen of Horace A. Ballou. The tests by "Sunflower," were grand, and as we heard one lady remark "she fairly outdid herself," as she so vividly described one after the other departed ones to their friends. The exercises closed by healing by Dr. Nickless. Services on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 7:45. H. E. N.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The meetings at the Temple each Sunday are as they have always been, attended by crowds of people, and the tests of spirit identity are invariably recognized. In fact, we have never, as yet, since Mr. Slater's first appearance in San Francisco heard him present a test, singling out the person in the audience as he always has been doing, make one mistake invariably. The recipient acknowledging the fact as correct. Last Sunday, was no change from the rule, but in the evening he seemed to outdo all previous efforts, and he held his audience spell-bound until almost 10 o'clock with his marvelous tests; one good feature of the evening was a collection that was taken up to defray the expenses of a funeral of a late Spiritualist. Mr. Slater had dismissed the audience in fact, and the people arose to go out, when of a sudden, as though inspired, Mr Slater clapped his hands, and the people stopped, and Mr. Slater made an appeal to their generosity in the aid of the aforesaid cause, and the audience, to a man, sat down, and while Prof. Beckman played a voluntary on the organ, ladies and gentlemen passed the hat around, and after counting up the proceeds Mr. Slater announced that $43 was the sum total. The flowers were as usual abundant and beautiful.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was composed of a fair audience and the exercises were of the usual interest.

Mr. Swift presided and the meeting opened by a piano solo by the noted player, Mrs. Katz. Singing by the audience and sweetly rendered solos by Mrs. Muhlner constituted the musical part of the occasion, except a wonderful rendition of an operatic piece in Italian by the controls of Dr. Cole, who knows nothing of any language except the English, and that imperfectly, and has not the least knowledge of the first principles of music. These effusions of operatic singing under spirit control are pronounced by Italian musical experts astonishing and of the highest order in the art of vocal music. Mr. Cole resists these controls and yields only when the superior power of his guides force him to submit. Mrs. E. B. Crossette spoke in response to questions by the audience very acceptably.

Mr. Muhlner was present with the occult telegraph, but conditions were decidedly unfavorable and only a few ticks were received; the anxiety felt for a sick child at home was the cause. All who understood this phase of telegraphy will perceive the necessary delicate conditions for the transmission of the message. The intelligence given from time to time through this instrument is demonstrable proof of spirit return. Mr. Muhlner will be present next Sunday evening with his instrument and give the spirits an opportunity to communicate.

It is proposed by the managers to devote an evening to the consideration of the subject of "Materialization," as the minds of Spiritualists are somewhat wrought up at the present time over this question, and give a full, fair and impartial consideration of the subject, the pros and cons, without personalities, candidly and logically, weighing all the evidence deduced.

REPORTER.

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF L. C. ASHWORTH.

NUMBER FIVE.

THE GENERAL BEARINGS OF SCIENCE ON SPIRITUALISM.

It is difficult to write on scientific subjects from the spiritual plane, although it would seem that the opportunities of spirits to become acquainted with the laws and forces of nature were so much superior to those of beings on the earth sphere. The difficulty arises from the fact that what appears patent and even self-evident to the former appear incredible and even ridiculous to the latter. For illustration take a cray fish; this animal in its adaption of means to ends furnishes one of the most remarkable illustrations in nature of the power inherent in animals, for in the vital fluid which controls them to form organisms and to effect changes in their bodies which render them so much better able to battle with their surroundings; but the scientist regards the humble animal we have referred to somewhat differently. Although quite willing to admit that in the cray-fish like so many other animals in nature we observe the power of nature to adapt means to ends, he does not consider that those ends are always attained by the best methods. The cray fish with its many joints and generally unwieldy bulk is but a clumsy piece of work, after all. It is considered to have many defects, but the fact really is from the spiritual view of things, there is no animal that has better powers and capacities for the enjoyment of its environment than the common cray fish.

The spiritual eye sees it surrounded by certain elements which it has to incorporate within itself; certain forces which have to be brought into play during the process and can regard the undignified movements which it makes with the greatest satisfaction and admiration. But this, not being perceptible to ordinary eyes, is not credited. Everything can be taken into account only so far as it has the weight of common human testimony. Science has, also, other difficulties to contend with. Human testimony is conflicting and especially, in matters which are not so much within the sphere of ordinary observation. The habits of the cray fish may be observed and noted down to a certain degree accurately, but the peculiar habits and dispositions of man are infinitely more complex and difficult to understand. A mass of observers are brought together, but unfortunately the result, the practical facts regarding the tone meaning and weight of those observations is of a very different nature. The task is a hard one; man cannot comprehend himself; there is the problem which he spends eternity in solving. Scientists, not recognizing the immense outcome of the whole matter, attempts to regulate or control the operations of the human mind in accordance with a set of theories which they give to the world with their insignia and authority on it. What is wanted is to realize more the infinite possibities of the human mind. Instead of pouring over books and pondering abstruse or fruitless problems, in the domain of actual Science there should be more natural expansion of the ordinary faculties. Nature's plan is that the operations of the Universe are better comprehended by the exercise of these than by a continual straining of the brain after so-called difficult problems which are really only difficult because of the mental conditions of the people struggling with them. Nature has not set her problems for solution after this manner. There are difficulties enough in the way, so many that all the faculties, the most elaborate, or the most simple, can find abundant exercise, but not in the manner that prevails at present in the scientific world. Still their method has its advantages in the development of the brain, certain portions receiving an impetus in this way that they might otherwise be deprived of. The sooner, however, such methods are abandoned for the simpler and more efficacious ones which reason teaches us and which nature points out in so many ways, the better it will be for the welfare of humanity generally.

Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than man. — *E. B. Lytton.*

If you want knowledge (says Ruskin) you must toil for it; if food you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.

Persevere in whatever calling you adopt. Your progress may be slow, and results seemingly meagre; but that is no reason for growing faint-hearted. Remember how the little brook persistently winds its way to the river, and the river to the ocean—both reach their destination.

Correspondence.

CARRIE E. DOWNER IN GILROY.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: On Sunday, April 7, Miss Downer lectured in the afternoon and evening in Wright's Hall upon the following subjects given by the audience. "What is the nature of the power that governs and controls the whole universe?" "What has Spiritualism done for the world?" "To what extent does the cultivation of the intellect increase man's psychological nature, if any?" How does the Hindo religion compare with the Christian?" Her lecture on the first three subjects was the best of the season. Broad, deep and progressive, and was listened to with the greatest interest and opened a new field of thought. At the evening meeting "our little preacher" spoke in her usual easy manner, as though the fountain of inspiration was increasing and would never go dry. Six subjects for poems were given by the audience, which were beautiful in the extreme. An urn full of beautiful flowers which had been placed on the pulpit was taken for a subject, which was a masterpiece and filled our souls with delight. She also delivered an emphatic and vigorous protest against the prevailing skepticism and recent assaults upon Spiritualism and mediums, (which had been selected and pruned to fit the ideas of Editor Blake of our town,) but held that every class of phenomena is needed and comes in answer to a demand.

Brother B. is so material in all his ideas and investigation that he is more interested in trying to get a pointer about the treasures of the Spanish Armada, or the buried ones of the Shepherd ranche than in taking the good advice of his spirit friends. The time is coming, brother, when you will deeply regret that you did not give more earnest inquiry into this beautiful religion and listen more faithfully to the words given you by your departed mother, a few days ago, through that grand test medium, Dr. Schlesinger. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

The editor of the *Gazett* says the tests given by Dr. Schlesinger to the representatives of the *Advocate* and *Gazette* may have been honest or dishonest, but Brother Blake acknowledged, at the time, that they were exceedingly good and remarkably mysterious. In religion, as in politics, there are in this free country, certain inalienable rights, which are entitled to respectful consideration. It is considered blasphemous to make fun of, or, stigmatize the Christian belief as fraudulent and even a little modicum of respect is paid to those of the Jewish persuasion. Why are not Spiritualists entitled to equal consideration? I can't see anything criminal or weak in a belief in Spiritualism, I never had clearer views of truth, a greater desire to lead a pure and blameless life, and I never realized that there is no such thing as death, until I became a believer. If one don't wish to become convinced of spirit return, *better not investivate*. But I beg of you Brother Blake, to quit your denunciation. Spiritualists are just as honest as you are, just as worthy and just as much entitled to respect. If every friend I have on earth cut loose from me forever, it would not, or *could not* alter *one belief* that my loved ones can talk to me and are with me.

Fraternally,

MRS. MANUEL STEVENS

GILROY, April 15, 1889.

ON THE WING.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Since my last I have lectured at quite a number of points, first at Geyserville, then I stopped at Cloverdale, where I was kindly welcomed by Uncle "Jerry" and Aunt Addie Miller, and their amiable daughter Edith, who is aided greatly by spirits in playing the piano. I must not forget her bright, sweet baby of four months. I am always partial to babies, birds and flowers, and am happy when with them. Spirit life will not be a heaven to me unless I am surrounded by them.

Friend Miller seems to be the only Spiritualist here. Perhaps they may be the salt and pepper, as they are not afraid to defend the philosophy they believe of the town and will save it from destruction. Mrs. Miller's control gave some true tests. From here I took the stage thirty miles to Kelseyville in Lake county, but got there too late to have a meeting. I had a fine view from the top of the stage. It was a grand sight to see the beautiful hills covered with fragrant flowers of many hues and colors. When we reached the top we were 2800 feet above the ocean and 1300 feet above the valley below, with its beautiful clear lake. It was a picture that I will never forget. The fine lake, town of Kelseyville, a well cultivated valley at my feet; surrounded on all sides by green, carpeted hills and mountains, with mount "Uncle Sam" towering above the rest was all pleasing to the eye. The ride down was very exhilarating, as we went flying down, while the driver held hard on the brake. What if it had broken then it would have been "good bye, John." In going up the mountain we passed where the stage had been robbed about a year ago. If we were robbed they would not have got much from me. Labor agitators are never burdened with much money. Next day I went to Upper Lakes. I did not stop in Lake part as he had was engaged for a school entertainment which most all would attend. Seven miles west of Lakeport, Mrs. Ada Scales, formerly of San Francisco, I understand keeps a summer resort to give healthful magnetic treatment. I stopped two nights at Upper Lake, and had a fair audience, considering the rainy night and other attractions. While there I called upon our dusky friends of the forest, the Digger Indians. There are about 200 of them. They left the reservation and bought eighty acres of land. They are badly in need of a school, and are anxious to have one, but because they left their reservation the government will not supply them with one. One great reason they left it was because they wanted to get near a lake so they could fish. The Christians had better keep up a school for them instead of sending money off to the heathens. They have some bright children that should be educated. I went into their houses, a conglomerated mass would meet my view on every side. Fish, beads, babies and smoking utensils were all together. I saw fifteen dogs for every fourteen Indians. They had a striped pole with a small streamer on it, and a stand also striped near it, which their "captians" (mediums) would talk from. They told me that the spirits of the Indians came and talked to their captians, so that proves that they are spiritualists. They have been having a great time out of fish, which they put in the ashes and let them cook some, and then take the bones out and let them dry. The stream that runs into the lake has been literally filled with fish. Thousands have been killed at the ford by the heavy freight wagons. I had a pleasant view of them as they ran up. I saw a field of ten acres from which the owner last year cut two crops of alfalfa, for which he received $60, the third he let go to seed and got $250 for that, and sold the straw for $50, so received $360 in all. From there I walked Sunday and Monday to Ukiah, thirty miles. As the road was considerable hilly, it made it unpleasant walking; more so as I had a satchel of twenty pounds and an umbrella. On my way I met a second-class tramp. A first-class has no baggage, a second has, and a third that has one has baggage, plug hat and umbrella. He did not introduce himself, but asked me the first thing if I had any tobacco; I had to disappoint him as I never use it. I presume that he would not have assumed so much if he had not seen that I was below his caste. The competitive system is responsible for the tramp and millionaires. Where wealth centralizes in the hands of the few, thousands must live in poverty.

On my way I passed Blue Lake, a summer resort. It is five long lake about half a mile wide with high mountains on each side. The stage road is cut in the hill in some places a hundred feet above the lake. It is a fine lake for boating parties. On Sunday I passed through the pretty little valley of Ratchler. I held a meeting in Reed's Hall at Ukiah. One of the papers said that I gave a very interesting and instructive lecture. While Capital, on the other, a tool of the capitalist, called me an "anarchist at large," and berated me all they could. But that is expected of ignorant editors who do not care how much labor may suffer under the competitive system so long as they can make money out of their ignorance. They know that governmental cooperation would take the power away from their masters to control labor. From Ukiah I went to Potter Valley, a beautiful one ten miles long and three or four miles wide. It was settled in 1857. I was greeted with a fair audience at Grange Hall. My lecture, "Cure for Labor Strikes," in which I advocate governmental co-operation, was well received; my personalities of "Widow Green," "Grandfather Sam," and others, caused a great deal of merriment. As there was no stage to Willits, Mendocino Co., I walked twenty-two miles, in getting there I crossed two mountains, followed up a babbling brook until it quit babbling, went on a trail or abandoned road. From the top I had a grand view of the valley and snow covered mountains in the distance. I was somewhat tired to lecture, but went through it without much trouble. A labor agitator that can't walk twenty-two miles and lecture the same day lacks energy. While speaking I could feel strength imparted to me by my spirit guides. I was somewhat interrupted by a slave of alcohol. Willits has been a great place for such characters. There has been but little control over the saloons but, as the whole valley has been incorporated there will not be any more after May 1st.

MRS. J. B. WHITE.

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

INVOCATION FOR THE SPIRITUAL CIRCLE.

T. P. NORTON.

O, thou source of light and love.
We would lift our souls to thee
Seeking wisdom from above,
Now, and for eternity.
Kindle in each kindred soul
Sentiments of pure desire,
And may all our altars glow
With a new celestial fire.

Father Spirit! Truth divine!
We would yield to thy control;
May its heavenly influence be
As the dew unto the soul;
While from error, doubt and care
May the saving light within
Purify our hearts and homes
That the angels may come in

Come, ye angels! bright and fair
From the realms of perfect day
Where, from sin and sorrow free
All our tears are wiped away;
Where the choicest love fruits grow
And the waves of pleasure roll
In one sweet continuous flow
From the Eden of the soul

Spirit friends from over there
Messengers of peace and joy
Burdened with the blessed proof
Of our immortality,
Come, and lead us to the source
Where our hopes are given birth.
And with sweet controlling force
Wean us from the things of earth.

Come, ye spirit darlings come!
Precious buds of purest love
Gathered from below, to bloom
In the paradise above.
Let your presence to our soul
Bring that same magnetic thrill;
And O, tell us children dear,
Are ye not our darlings still?

And O, father! Let thy love
Bind our hearts in one accord
While with inward joy we wait
For the gladsome spirit word
To express our gratitude.
In a song of thanks to thee
For the knowledge of the truth.
Now and for eternity.

THE UNIVERSAL PLAN.

BY ELIZA LAMB MARVIN.

Oh, may we gain that lofty eminence
That overlooks the broad highway wherein
All creatures move in harmony toward God!
Observe the perfect workings of that plan—
God's perfect plan, as rhythmical as grand—
That out of evil embryonic good
Evolves, through changeless law, complete, divine.
Man's dual nature, high and low combined,
The higher struggling for supremacy,
Absorbing, conquering baser attributes.
That silently recede and are dissolved.
As night's dark shade that, changing, melts away.
When touched by subtle morning's magic wand.
Burst forth in blushing skies and golden beams.
The pathway lies through death, not of the form.
Not the material garb of dust and clay,
But of the cradle and undeveloped traits
That clog the soul's unfolding and its growth;
While from these attributes, absorbed and changed
Through economic grand, and wondrous laws,
The spirit's mystic garment's warp and woof
Unfolds, and, blending every tint and shade
Harmoniously, the beauteous fabric forms.

To reach that height is peace,
To feel our kinship with all forms of life,
To count all men as brothers, parts of the
Great whole. The unit God; the universe
The God, and God the universe.

There to abide is life.
Full-fledged and strong, above contentious thought,
That sharpens envy's slim envenomed tongue.
Bespeaking littleness, horizons small.
Distorted views of life, of man, of God.

There to remain is gain;
For love, true charity, with well-filled arms,
Doth dwell upon that heavenly plane.

How vain all strivings are.
With sordid, selfish ends and lesser aims!
How grand experience, though its winged with woe,
That bears us upward to that brighter realm,—
That elevation with its rarer air,
Where sunlight gleams above the fogs of sense
And thick miasma of the vale below!

There and we heaven.
Where God doth dominate and harmonize.
The good develops, and the ill transforms.
The lower natures change by steady growth
When touched by power divine through contact close
With the First Cause—unfolds a human soul.
O man, developed, noble, godlike grand!
Mount up the stairway of infinity.
Fair offspring of the Deity. Thou art
Coeval with eternity and God.

—The Christian Register.

TWO SURPRISES.

A workman plied his clumsy spade
As the sun was going down,
The German king, with a cavalcade,
On his way to Berlin town.

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.
"My toiling friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said,
"And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
Till I can scarcely see."

"How much," said the king "is thy gain in a day?"
"Eight groschen" the man replied
"And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"
"Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend,
For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the king. Said the toiler. "Yea,
To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me many a day,
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost thou lend of thy daily store?"
"To my boys—for their schooling, you see
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.
"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,
All in the Father's name.

Tears welled up to the good king's eyes.
"Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise.
Here is another for thee.

"I am thy king; give me thy hand"—
And he heaped it high with gold—
"When more than needest, I command
That I at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say
That eight souls doth he keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."

—K. W. McAfee, in St. Nicholas.

THE SHIPMAN'S TALE.

Listen, my masters! I speak naught but truth.
From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on,
Not knowing whither nor to what dark end.
Now the North froze them, now the hot South scorched.
Some called to God, and found great comfort so;
Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed
An empty laughter, seeing they yet lived.
So sweet was breath between their foolish lips.
Day after day the same relentless sun.
Night after night the same unpitying stars.
At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds.
Showing the hollow spaces, and the sleet
Hissed, and the torrents of the sky were loosed.
From time to time a hand relaxed its grip,
And some sank wretch-like down into the dark
With stifled moan, and transient horror seized
The rest who waited, knowing what must be.
At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched
The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then
Slipt back into that blackness whence they came.
Ah! hapless folk, to be so lost and torn,
So racked by hunger, fever, fire and wave,
And swept at last into the nameless void—
Frail girls, strong men, and mothers with their babes!
And were none saved?

My masters not a soul!

O shipman, woful, woful is thy tale!
Our hearts are heavy, and our eyes are dimmed.
What sights terrible must ye have suffered such ill fate?
What ship, my masters? Know ye not? The would!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine for March.

SPIRIT MINISTRIES.

While treading the rough, thorny, pathway of life,
Oppressed with its burdens, and faint with its strife,
Sometimes in the twilight, when no one is near,
Come sweet voices, whispering, "Be of good cheer."

When weary with longing, and striving to gain
The joys that I dream of, yet never attain,
A sweet, subtle influence thrills the air songs to fill,
And wraps in soft languor, my spirit is still.

When most bitter the bondage that holds me in thrall,
And the clouds in the distance my sad heart appall,
Then wonderful music my spirit surrounds,
And sorrow is hushed by the exquisite sounds.

When those I love dearest have passed from my sight,
And the world seems a wilderness shrouded in night,
Sometimes, the thin veil rent apart I can see
Their spirits, still faithfully watching o'er me.

When false friends forsake me, and love groweth cold
And "passing away," seems on all things encrolled,
I see in a vision the joys that shall be,
When, earthly bonds broken, my spirit is free.

Poor children of suffering, lift up your eyes,
Cease your weary complaining, your pitiful sighs.
Only look! close beside you bright messengers stand,
Bringing comfort and aid from the bright morning land.

Miscellaneous.

AN OLD STORY.

"Sitting Up" with a Girl, and How It Is Done.

She was expecting him Sunday night. The parlor curtains were down, the old folks noticed that it was healthy to go to bed at 8 o'clock, and Johnny, bribed with a cent permitted himself to be tucked away at sundown. He sneaked up the path, one eye on the dog and the other watching for the "old man," who didn't like him any too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened, and he was escorted into the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go home for hours. She wanted to know how his mother was, if his father had returned from York State; if his brother Bill's rheumatism was any better; and he went over and sat down on the sofa so as not to strain his voice. The conversation flagged, and he played with his hat and she nibbled at the sofa tidy. He finally said it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that her grandfather predicted a snowstorm. He said he guessed it wouldn't snow, as the moon wasn't crooked enough to hang a powder horn on the end, and she said she didn't believe it would either. This mutual understanding seemed to give each other courage, and he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She hadn't, she said, and she didn't want to. Then they went to talking about the donation visit which was to be given to Elder Berry, and he carelessly dropped his hand on hers—his right hand—while his left arm sneaked along the sofa to get behind her shoulders. She pretended not to notice it, and he looked down at his boots, and wanted to know if she thought mutton-tallow rotted out boots faster than lard and lampblack. She couldn't say, but she had an idea that it did. He had just commenced to lock fingers with her when she discovered something ailed the lamp. She rose up and turned the light down a half, making the room look dim. It took him five minutes to get hold of her fingers again, and she pretended to wanted to draw her hand away all the time. After a long pause, he lowered his voice to a whisper and said he didn't see what made folks love each other. She bit her handkerchief and admitted her ignorance. He said he could name a dozen young man who were going to get married right away, and his left arm fell down and he gave her a hug.

Then he went over and looked out of the window to make sure that it was or was not going to snow, and coming back he turned the light down a little more, and then sat down, and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest herself by leaning her head upon his shoulder.

Ah, me! we have all been there, and who of us cared a cent when the old clock struck twelve, and we five miles from home? The old man was fast asleep, the watch dog gone a-visiting, and the handsomest girl in the county didn't see why we need be in a hurry.

Perhaps I shouldn't have written of this, but, as I was going by Saunders' the other day, thinking of the night I heard him whisper in her ear at spelling-school, that he'd love her very shadow as long as he lived, he raised the window and called to her, as she was picking up chips in the road:

Sue Saunders, come in here and find the bear's grease for my sore heel, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

What Does He Mean by It?

Now and then I, like all other mortals, feel desirous of putting my fingers into somebody else's pie and sometimes certain questions in the "answers to correspondent's" make me desirous of replying, though it is not my place to do so.

They are those tender-hearted women, conscientious, young and inexperienced, desire to see their way clear in their perplexing love affairs—who would like to know if "Mr Jones means anything" by his stolen stolen kisses, who desire to be made quite certain "keeping company with a young man for two years" constitutes an engagement; who ask instructions on the delicate subject of Mr Jenkins, who, having won the correspondent's "best affections," and being allowed ample time, don't propose; and who are not clear whether it is a girl's duty to die at once if she is jilted or to linger for a year or two.

To these my answer is, *don't budge one step*. Woman never need do anything, if a man is in earnest. If he is not, it is still more her place to stand still. All decent men allow women, and especially the women they really love, to retain their dignity in affairs of the heart. Any decent fellow is more than content to do all the courting; and though an involuntary revelation of your sentiments might please him, he knows that he has no business to know whether you will say Yes" or "No" to him, until he has asked the question that requires those answers.

My blessed girls, if a man "means anything" he will let you know it, never fear. When he takes any other course be sure that he is either lazily and dispassionately taking stock of you as a suitable wife, holding you in hand as a second string to his bow, in case some one else should reject him, and feeling placidly certain of you in any case, or he is that most contemptible of all creatures, a male flirt, playing with your heart as a cat does with a mouse, for his own amusement.

As for that miserable doubting land, an "understood engagement," no man who loves a woman ever leaves her there; he honors her too much. Do not believe that the man who asks you for a kiss intends to say "I love you; do you love me?" nor imagine yourself "engaged." Take nothing but the candid, open offer of his hand and heart to be binding on him. Only an idiot would hold a man to an engagement thus lightly made, and fancy the horror of casting yourself upon a man's honor, and wearing a wedding ring slipped upon your finger by an unwilling bridegroom! What do you want of a husband who does not love you? And if he loves you, he will do all.

So much for those who are in doubt. And just come closer and let me whisper another thing. I believe that a great many men, when over they have had too much to drink—not enough to make them reel or stagger, but too much for common-sense- go forwith and make love to the nearest lady, and forget all about it before next morning, when the lady may be still dreaming over the sweet words, thinking how bright his eyes were when he uttered them. I'm so sorry to tell you, but I believe it to be a truth.

As for the actually betrothed girl who has been jilted, let her thank heaven that her adorer ceased to worship before the wedding day; since now she must suffer for a while, but then all life would have been weariness and misery. The greatest cause of joy and thankfulness a woman can have is the thought that she has avoided a loveless marriage. "But," she may say—sitting alone in her own room with his miniature and one or two small gifts, and a sweet, sweet note or two in her lap—"I loved him so! I thought he loved me; I shall die!"

No; you will not die. You have cast pearls before swine, but there are others just as perfect in your bosom. Whose has loved an unworthy object well, may love a worthy one better. It is the brute's fault, not the giver's, that the pure jewels are bemired; and his the shame, not yours, that he won a love he did not cherish—that he has played a part, while you are true. One's own purity and truth are something more to thank heaven for.

I won't say if your sweetheart has jilted you, there is your grandfather who never will; nor tell you, that if you do not marry, you may go on a mission to the Hindoos. I know that youth is youth, and love, love, too well for that; but I tell you this, and you will find it true—young hope springs from the dead joys of life, just as the new shoot will from the old geranium you have pruned down to the ground, and a constancy that clings, ivy-like, to a worthless thing of stone, is too morbid to be a virtue; and in a good young woman's life, are always sweet possibilities for the future, whatever he may have "meant by by it," who is her first love.

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

How a Scrub-Woman Took Her First Degree in Odd Fellowship.

A certain lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows determined to have thier lodge-room done up clean and nice. It was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be employed to do the job. After the meeting ajourned the guardian, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billy-goat and placed him in the closet that was kept as a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the lodge, and requested her to come early next morning, as he would then show her what was and what was not to be done. Morning came, and with it Madame K. with her brushes, broom, pails, tubs, etc., and found the guardian waiting for her.

"Now, madame," said he, "I tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get anybody to do the job, and not be meddling with the secret in the closet; we have lost the key, and cannot find it to lock the door. I assured them that you could be depended on."

"Depended on! I guess I can. My poor dead and gone husband, he belonged to the Free Masons or anti-Masons, I don't know which. He used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me all the marks of the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day; if nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they will lie there till they rot,so they will."

"I thought so," said the guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner, and give the whole room a decent cleaning, and I pledge my word and honor for the fidelity to your promise; now, don't go into that closet," and then left the lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet on the last step of the step of the stairs when she exclaimed. "Don't get into that closet! I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some nonsense, just like the anti-Masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I will take one peep, and nobody will be any the wiser, as I can keep it to myself." Suiting the action to the word she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet, turned the button, which was no sooner done than "bah!" went the billy-goat, with a spring to regain his liberty, which came near upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was filled with implements for house cleaning, and all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion occasioned by such unceremonious coming down the stairs drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s efforts to get from under the pile of pails, tubs, brooms and brushes in the street.

Who should be first to the spot but the rascally doorkeeper. After releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the rubbish that bound the good woman to the earth, he anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees.

"Taken the degree!" exclaimed the lady; "if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs with the devil after ye taking things by degrees, I have them, and if ye frightened folks as ye frightened me, and hurt to boot, I'll warrant they will make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam, said the doorkeeper.

"Open the closet? Eve eat the apples she was forbidden. If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it, and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation. The secret was there. I wanted to know it. I opened the door, and out popped the tarnal critter right into my face, I thought the old boy had me, and I broke for the stairs, with the critter butting me at every jump. I fell over the tub and got down stairs as you found us, all in a heap."

But, madam," said the doorkeeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of our order, and you must go up to be initiated and sworn, and then go in the regular way."

"Regular way!" exclaimed the lady, "and do you suppose I am going near the tarnal place, and ride that ar tarnal critter without a bridle or a lady's saddle? No, never! I don't want nothing to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched upon a billy-goat, wouldn't I? No, never! I'll never go nigh it again, nor you shall nuther—if I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join the Odd Fellows. Why, I'd sooner be a Free Mason, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as the fire could be kept under it, and pulled from garret to cellar with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers just as my poor dead husband. And he lived over it; but I never could live over such another ride as I took to-day."

HEART-SONGS.

They met at evening. All the landscape rested
In the luxurious arms of Summer dusk.
The cooing zephyrs, all about them, feasted
On garden-treasured sweets of rose and musk.

They parted later; but a chord had quickened
Within the breast of each, that sang with half a tone.
Two sweet, suspended rhythms, that longed, and longing reckoned
On some ideal confidence to make them one!

Meeting and parting in the summer weather,
They learned that theirs were (and are) waiting long:
Rhymed lives, that God had made to go together,
Encupleted, through time, in Love's eternal song

A detroit man took his seat in the barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used two days before. Being answered in the affirmative, the patient man said, "Then give me chloroform."

Spiritual Powers of Animals.

The lower animals have many of the most mysterious powers of life. They have clairvoyance, prevision, perception of character, powers of fascination, or magnetic influence, and intuition, or, as we call it in them, instinctive perception, or consciousness, of the most remarkable character.

Bees, birds, fishes, beavers, and probably a great many animals we are less acquainted with, have interior, or what we call spiritual powers, which many find it hard to allow to man, as if he were less gifted than the lower orders of creation. That his gifts are marred and disordered is evident enough. What should be universal are exceptional and rare; but they still exist in form, and sometimes in development.

The bee, wherever you may carry it, goes in a straight line to its hive. There are men similarly guided. Migratory birds must be clairvoyant. Human beings have sometimes the power of seeing clearly what is going on hundreds or thousands of miles away. Animals adapt their dwellings to the temperature of a coming winter, and foresee calamities which endanger them. Some persons have the gift of prophecy, or the faculty of second sight, though all the scientific men in the world cannot tell what weather it will next Wednesday. A sealed letter, a lock of hair, or other relic, conveys to some very sensitive persons the revelation of the appearance, character, and even the events of the lives of those they have never seen, or even heard of. The somnambulist reveals the most secret thoughts and concealed propensities of persons. Knowledge of the distant, the future, and of that which cannot be known by ordinary methods, can come only in two ways. It must be the result of some power of the soul or in two ways. It must be the result of some power of the soul or life quite beyond our ordinary senses and means of knowledge, or it must come to us as a revelation from intelligent beings gifted with higher powers, or more extensive means of observation. Both means may co-exist, but it is not, I think, unreasonable to believe that some persons may have faculties, which however mysterious and inexplicable, are still possessed by the lower orders of the animal creation.—*From "Human Physiology," by Dr. T. L. Nichols.*

A Home Question.

A Detroit boy suprised his father the other day by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she like you?"

"Of course, she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy looked the old man over, and after a long pause, asked:

"Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Extracts from a Lecture Recently Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, by Rev. W. H. Murray.

We stand here now at the beginning of the twentieth century with the oil, coal, iron, steam, electric interests, the products of forest and soil held in the sure grasp of a few individuals or corporations to be used with the cunning of the gambler. They speculate in the great natural riches of the earth and air which used to be considered as the great boons of God.

There are four things you must do, young man, and do and believe with all your soul. These four things, if followed out, will lead you to become millionaires, and as many times millionaires as you wish if health and life permit.

First, young man, you must believe that every young man is a liar. [Applause.] You must believe this and act upon it in order to protect yourself and property against the plots and schemes of foolish planners and wicked plotters.

Second, if you want to become a million aire, you must also believe that every man is a thief. The man of great wealth has what other men want and what they are trying to get from him.

Third, young man, you must believe that money is the greatest good and chief end of life. You must believe it heartily.

Reformers love right, soldiers glory, philanthropists their fellow men, but you must think of none of these. You must love money, and be oblivious of the great thought and motive which have actuated men.

Think only of money, love it as John Brown loved the slave; toil, cheat, and spend yourselves to your dying day, for only so can you become millionaires.

Fourth, you must believe that you will never die. If you could only banish the thought of death how different your plans would be! He who would do great deeds must deem himself immortal. Time dwarfs and eternity expands.

The cradle and the grave tell it all, and he who would become a millionaire must plan, act and dream as one who thinks his deeds can never be interrupted.

Setting aside the element of luck, then, the young man who would become a millionaire must believe in these four propositions; but it is my belief that every one of them is a lie.

All men are not liars. Some die from envy, hate or jealousy, and some because they slant that way. [Laughter.]

Gold is not worth as much as health or love or life.

Man is not here to live in gainful pursuit forever.

I am an old man. I stand on the summit of my life and can see the glow, both of my sunrise and sunset. I know there is something in me which cannot die. Yet hope is not knowledge, and faith, however strong, is not able to demonstrate facts.

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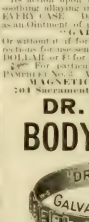

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The Planet Mars.

Astronomers claim that they know Mars has aqueous vapor in its atmosphere, but they do not know which part of its surface forms this by evaporation. Their theories follow their observations rapidly, and very few theories come to be substantiated. From the days when Dr. Dick wrote, and suggested plans of opening communication with the supposed inhabitants of the moon, to the present, the wildest ideas have constantly attended the steady, practical investigation of astronomers. Yet the astronomer plods on with the instrument maker, and each century adds its results to those of what has been attained before, and though many wild theories attend each discovery, the discovery itself remains, while most of the theories die.

However, there is some reason for inferring that Mars is composed of land and water. The water seems to be always connected. Even the so-called canals connect with the seas, being of the same color, and no canal ends in the center of a continent.

Little Johnny (looking curiously at the visitor)—"Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus? I don't see any of the marks." Visitor—"Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten by any chicken." Johnny—"Mamma, didn't you tell papa Mr. Billus was dreadfully hen-pecked? Why, mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all red." *Chicago Tribune.*

A man, who was very sad, once heard two boys laughing. He asked them: "What makes you so happy?" Said the elder: "Why, I makes Jim glad and gets glad myself!" This is the true secret of a happy life—to live so that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else. It makes life happier here, and Heaven will be happier for the company of those we have, by God's help, brought there.

What a discourse of filial duty is condensed in the advice given by Mr. George, in "Bleak House," to young Woolwich! "The time will come when this hair of your mother's will be gray, and this forehead all crossed and recrossed with wrinkles. Take care, while you are young, that you can think in those days: 'I never whitened a hair of her dear head. I never marked a sorrowful line in her face!'"

If there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should not be more but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought.—*Ruskin.*

"I always," says the mother of the great Goethe, "seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure upon others? You will find half the battle gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—*Lydia Maria Child.*

Proud father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison." "Yes. Why?" "'Cause he ain't dead."—*New York Weekly.*

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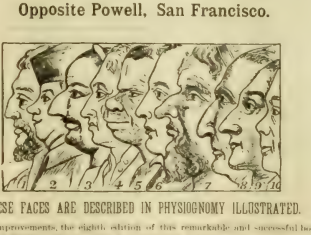

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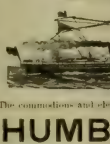

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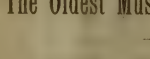

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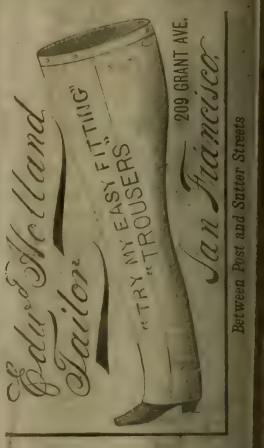

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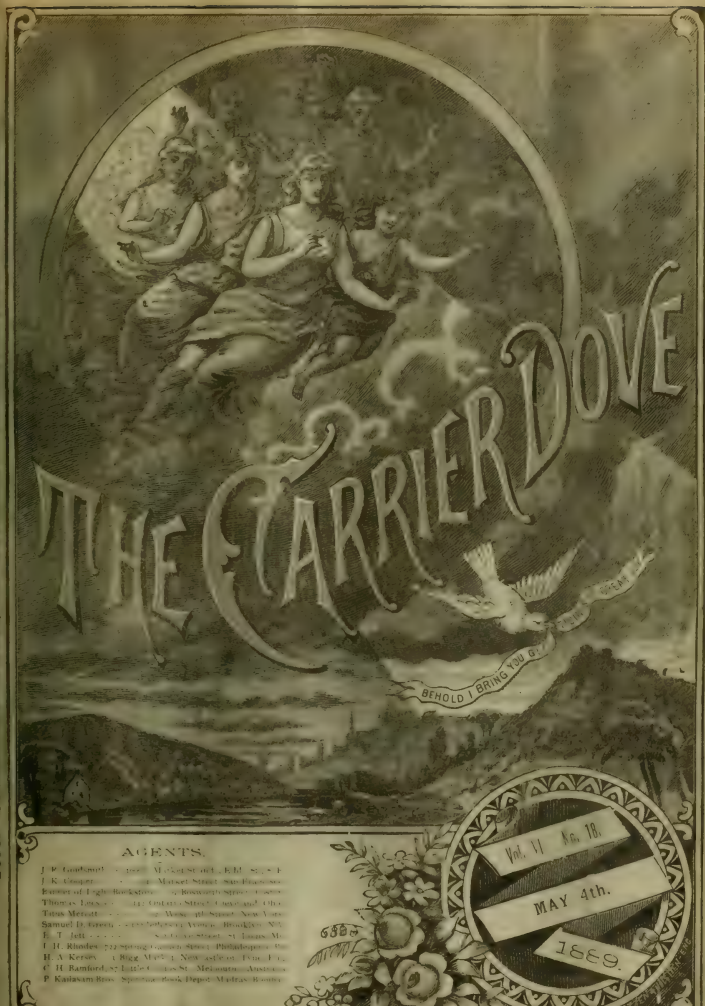

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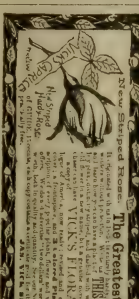

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VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MAY 4, 1889. NUMBER 18.

The Platform.

Spiritualism as a Preventive of Crime.

Delivered in Chicago, Sunday, May 2, 1886, by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Social science, as it is termed, or rather sociology, claims to deal with the causes of crime, i. e., with those underlying bases whereby moral delinquencies can be traced to their sources and thereby avoided.

Two theories are extant in the world concerning crime. One is the theological theory, the other is the scientific or philosophical. The theological theory is that all sin is the result of temptation from one individual source of sin, viz., Satan, and and that this sin is the common inheritance of all through the fall of Adam, and that therefore nothing can release them from the burden of this common tendency to sin, and this common downfall of mankind excepting the theological hypothesis of the substitution of another, a mediator; this substitution, as theology teaches, has taken place in the form of the Saviour. Thus mankind is offered an escape from the consequences of wrong doing through the suffering of an innocent victim. Now remember we consider that in Adam all men die; but Adam means the physical man, and all are therefore participants in this fall who live in physical form. We consider that all share the common temptations of life, of the environment of the senses, but it is within the individual that these temptations exist, not in the form of an especially appointed tempter. The philosophical ideal is, that men have been evolved from the earth, that the lowermost structures of being, give place gradually to the higher; that somewhere in the process of evolution the moral nature has entered to declare to them what is right and what is wrong; that the tendency to crime is the result of the lack of sufficient evolution in the direction of the moral forces.

Science declares that man emanates from the dust, but may, nevertheless, rise above it to the degree of overcoming all moral temptations by physical progress. Every tendency to crime is traced in some degree, to hereditary trammels; that the laws of heredity predisposes certain people, under certain conditions of ante-natal life to temptations, and that these temptations lead to crime. These two theories are equally attended with difficulty. You will pardon us when we speak of the theological theory, we shall define our religious view later on. The theological theory, it seems to us, is attended with double difficulty. In the first place the human race is made to suffer by the action of a single pair, and this without any participation of their own. The sinning in Adam and Eve constitutes the fall of man, then the difficulty is that all are predisposed to sin through no fault of their own, and Satan is given charge over all temptation, they may not be aware in what way they are sinning, in what way they are violating the moral law, since the responsibility is removed from them for the act, and the quality of irresponsibility becomes the method of salvation, and the innocent sacrificed for the guilty, this forms the most monstrous moral proposition in which the whole Christian world is participating, hoping to share the the delights of Heaven through no merit of their own, but entirely upon the merits of another, and thereby accepting the sacrifice of the innocent for the sake of winning Heaven selfishly. But of the various degrees of this theological proposition, you perhaps are well aware, you have been trained in the different schools and systems which that theology has propounded, and in its various modifications until at last, under the denominations of the Universalists and Unitarians, very much of the most revolting portion of these tenets has been rejected, and humanity is taught to look upon Christ as the guide instead of the mediator.

For the propositions of science and philosophical speculations concerning the hereditary tendency to crime there must have been some primal source, and that can hardly be traceable to matter, which in itself contains no moral nature and which under the laws of natural life may perform the functions of existence correctly and unerringly, but as soon as the moral nature is introduced, then the responsibility for sinfulness begins. But science fails to declare from whence the moral nature comes, how it is introduced or projected into the material organism, when all things in matter decry any consciousness of this law, and therefore places man in a position of having within something that nature did not create, for accomplishing something that nature did not intend, endeavoring to devise means to overcome that which nature has not provided for. The whole realm of moral economy must be traced to a deeper and more permanent and more lasting and satisfactory source.

The ancient record of the fall of the man Adam, which was the earth, or the red earth, is in itself the symbol of all human life, and the Adamic race is not a single generation, nor a single progenitor of human beings, but the entire human race physically considered. The Adam which tempts and the Adam who falls, and the Eve who listens to the voice of the tempter are all to be found in the mystical symbolism of matter. As Adam means the earth, so Eve in the ancient cabalistic language meant the serpent; and the environment of earth, of the physical life constitutes the temptation. This it is which makes the entire human family share the primal temptation, for every human life repeats again the history of the Garden of Eden.

Listen, the soul is the inbreathing of the divine, and that spirit which gives breath to the physical form, nevertheless takes upon itself the conditions and environment of the physical form, and the moment you enter physical life you are not only removed measurably from the condition of soul life, which is divine, but many avenues are closed, by the organism of man, through which the spiritual perceptions might be awakened.

This is the "fall." The moment you begin to listen to the voice of the physical surroundings, the moment you commence to listen to policy, to selfishness, to pride, to aught that betrays the life of innocence within you, you participate in the "fall." And each individual life passes through this experience, and never is it possible for you to return by that Eden gate way unto the primal state of innocence again.

As "Adam" typifies the original and primal descent of man into the physical form, so the "Christ" of all nations typifies the only pathway by which man can again perceive the beauty and glory of the Eden state. But this "Christ," surrounded by the theological interpretations, becomes an impossibility, but interpreted in the light of that true law and order of spiritual kingdom, which makes the moral forces of the universe as unerring in their application (and more so,) as the physical, the meaning is made clear. You have interpreted Christ as the only method whereby you can again return unto the pathway of light and knowledge. And what does the

Christ reveal? Overcoming. The overcoming of all material temptations; the conquest of the physical man, the striving and victory over that which causes man morally to sin; and the idea of this victory is in the conquest of self, the mere external propensities and appetites, of all that tend in any way to degrade in the man and woman the nature which is divine. The perception of what is divine man brings with him, it is not the result of the "Adamic" birth, the awakening of the perfect consciousness of it is the result of the "Christ" birth, and through much self-sacrifice, through long struggles and victories man arrives at last in material life to know the true meaning of the moral conquest.

Now see what Spiritualism says; that every individual spirit is an expression of the individual life, and that life is eternal, and brings with it into the material organism the moral responsibility. And what is the moral responsibility? The perception of truth, the recognition of goodness, the knowledge, that in the realm of the soul whatever mars, or degrades, or causes mankind to sink beneath the level of that soul, is therefore sinful; in other words, as the result of the shadow of the mortal birth man brings with him the moral responsibility, for as a soul he is not created, he shares in a finite degree the infinite realm and guidance in the universe of souls. If man were a created thing, if in the soul he were but a machine to perform the will of another, then he could have no moral responsibility whatever, but in the degree that the quality of this soul is like the quality of the Infinite, he shares in that degree the moral power of the universe, and this is why he is given one realm to vanquish, one kingdom to overcome, one moral province to govern, one moral power in the great universe of souls, and that is himself. This moral power however, does not all at once become awakened here. There are conditions of human life that are wholly irresponsible morally; conditions in which men have no perceptions or idea of right and wrong, and live in such close relation to the senses that the idea of sinning is almost as foreign to their natures as it is to the wild beasts, or birds, or any other beings, who live in conformity to instinct, instead of the prompting intelligence of the spirit, but the moment man becomes aware of encroaching upon his fellow man, of possessing responsibility with reference to his fellow beings, that moment his moral nature is awakened from within, and then begins the struggle.

The sources of crime, and of wrong-doing, and of delinquencies which the world condemns must be traceable to such subtle cause and relations as occur in the contact of man's spirit with his body, and there must first be an entire change of public opinion on the subject of crime, of man's moral nature, and of the whole relationship of man's spirit toward his fellow man. We do not say that you have not been taught correctly, but you have not perceived and interpreted correctly. The true moral propositions for the guidance of the world, have been offered again and again, they culminated upon Olivet, they are found in the Golden Rule, all nations have attested to the recognition of them in the highest state of religion, but the practices of all nations have been to steadily ignore these high perceptions.

The Golden Rule, the propositions of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster and the highest teachers of the world stand out as the perfection of man's moral possibilities, and the criminals of all nations are the lowest tide level of men's moral nature, between these two there is the continual ebbing and flowing of the tide, and the gradual growth of man toward the highest and divinest nature must be that which the student of moral philosophy should consider, and which can only be considered in the light of man's spiritual nature. It is useless to make crime physiological, nor do we now regard as of the slightest value the so-called statistics wherein it is said that there are certain tendencies in certain families, and that by the law of heredity crime is traceable, nor do we regard of the slightest value that seeming law that the social scientist thinks he has discovered, that in certain morbid and depressed physiological conditions much of the sources of crime may be found; we consider that these are but external indications while the true source, the true basis must be far beneath this. Spirit alone can perceive and deal with moral questions, and it is in the realm of spirit that you must search for causes that lead to crime, as well as the causes that will overcome crime. Do not misunderstand us. We do not mean in the realm of the spirit world, but we mean in the realm of your own spirit, in the realm of the spiritual department of human life, where the failure of the spirit to overcome the lines of temptation in life constitutes the source and cause of the deviations from moral law.

We find that, spirit being life, wherever the spirit does not possess and take control of the form there is disease. If the body is diseased it is because of the lack of adjustment between the spirit and body, permitting organic difficulties to ensue, permitting the aggressive forces of the material life around you to encroach upon the physical organism. The great tides of life are continually wearing away the organisms of existence. The elements of creation are not more active than the elements of destruction; where there is individual life, except it does its utmost to, perfect and perpetuate itself, it will be borne away by the great tides of wind, air, storms, sunshine and devastation all around; that which gives life gives death also. The spirit of man is the aggressive force that meets this aggression of nature, and if you do not occupy and possess the physical form by the consciousness that is yours, by pervading it in every portion, by endeavoring to possess all its powers and attributes spiritually then the encroaching tides of physical life will gradually steal its health and strength away.

Now the same is true of what is called man's moral nature; the perception of moral truth is the birthright of the soul, the spirit of man forces this into the material consciousness against the aggressiveness of nature everywhere. So far as moral propositions are concerned, the whole physical universe is blind, deaf and dumb. Man as an immortal entity imparts to that universe the propositions of moral life that are in it. Nature does not heed the cry of despair, the elements all around you do not care if the orphan is out in the cold, there is no voice in nature that speaks to you unless your spirit gives nature that voice, and apart from the conscious individual intelligence of man, and the spirit, and the Deity, nature is as rude, and cruel, and ruthless as it is possible for you to conceive. There is a constant encroachment upon you, you resist the tempests, you struggle against the storms, you climb up the mountain heights and delve into the earth to find your treasures, and were it not for the voice of the soul, which also answers unto the voice of God, there would be no tenderness in the heart of earth, and even these sweet blooming flowers might exhale poison in their decay, that would be destructive. The moral force of man rises against the physical force that is in him. What is that physical force? To take possession of whatever he desires, to conquer it by force if he cannot obtain it in any other way. The physical nature prefers to conquer it by force, and not to consider the rights of others, but only his own wishes. In other words, to do what he sees the nature all around him doing to destroy any kind of existence in order to perpetuate his own physical man. The moral man says there is a higher life, there is something better than selfishness; you have no right to encroach or infringe upon the life of another, and the soul of the other cries out against it, therefore man pauses at the threshold of greed, avarice and wrong doing. The murderer follows his brutal instinct in slaying the life that is in his way; whether in the way of avarice; whether in the way of revenge; whether in the way of any selfish purpose; it is simply the culmination of the selfishness within that causes man to slay his fellow man. The thief takes possession of that which belongs to another, (which another has earned) by the same law and he considers he has a right to it if he can obtain it. How many there are in the world who under another name than that of theft take possession of the rightful belongings of others we leave you to decide. But when kings and rulers take the lead as murderers, and the most prosperous business men in the world take the lead as thieves and plunderers

what can you say to the poor unfortunate who steals a loaf of bread or a few shillings instead of millions. We say the consciousness of man must change concerning moral responsibility, and it must be that the time will come when there are no two laws for kings and subjects, there are no two codes of morals for the prosperous and the unfortunate and when moral responsibility is considered as the basis of all moral law, and the individual, whom-so-ever he may be, is to be held responsible for the individual act.

Spiritualism ferrets out the sources of all crime and places the blame in the perception of the individual, and if man is morally blind, how can he be held morally accountable? But if morally full of vision, and his selfishness prevails then his moral nature must be held accountable for each delinquency. That which relieves man in the light of Spiritualism from the odious and irresponsible condition of the past is this, that every spirit is as near to God as every other spirit, that every soul-perception, primarily, is equal, and that ultimately all moral perceptions upon the earth must also be equal, and that therefore the condition and stages between the degradation of the lowest and the moral elevation of the highest are stages to be attained, grown to, and striven for, by overcoming that which prevents it. That in all the realm of spirits there is no such thing as fastening upon another the penalty for the moral delinquencies of yourself, and that that which is intended by the aids and assistants, and uplifting and strengthening, and the "bearing of your burdens" is that there are in the universe as many helps to man's moral uplifting as there are in the physical realm, things that tend to degrade him and infinitely more, and that between these two realms he as an individual is standing with the right to that divine inheritance of goodness, and that the power within him, when it is aroused, of overcoming will bring that goodness. Spiritualism teaches that there are not only all the moral forces of the noblest human lives; all the achievements and victories of the greatest men and women, of teachers, philosophers, poets and seers to aid mankind, but the whole realm of spiritual existence and all the forces of the unseen universe are in existence to assist and elevate, yet any one of these forces and all combined cannot take from man the individual responsibility and the active growth of his moral nature from within. If there is no germ of the plant, it is merely an atom of matter or a stone the sun may shine, and the rains descend, but there will be no blossoming there, and if all the powers of the spiritual universe, and all the Divinity of Christ were poured out upon the earth if man had not the spark within himself of overcoming there could be no moral victory. Nay! more than this, Spiritualism is the great leveler, it bids you bear in mind that there is no condition or human crime or misery that you might not have been tempted to share, and no state of exaltation that it is not possible for you to attain. When we are asked what is the condition of the murderer in the spirit world, we ask in turn, whom do you mean? Do you mean kings who slay by the millions, or the poor passionate man who gives a single blow and slays a single life? When we are asked, how does the thief enter the kingdom of spirits? we answer, do you mean the millionaire, who has robbed hundreds of widows and orphans and the poor of their own earnings, or the poor detected thief who has stolen a few dollars or a few articles from the household? And when we are asked, what is the state of the criminal? We answer, to whom do you refer? He who has violated, technically, the ten commandments in the decalogue, or the one who, in the searching language of Jesus has had the thought? For in proportion to man's moral knowledge is his responsibility, and it is a greater sin for some men to think a falsehood than for others to tell a thousand lies. You who have moral culture, who have had two thousand years of Christian education, stand before the face of the light of day, and the consciousness of God and immortality, and live and think falsely every day, yet if a poor wretch is brought before the judge, and swears falsely to save himself or another from punishment, or the gallows, you call that the crime of perjury. The whole realm of man's moral judgment must be renovated and reformed, crime must be dealt with, if at all, in all its ramifications and sources, and the great must not be spared, nor the exalted in worldly possessions, and if there is a law that makes it a death penalty for man to slay his brother, what will you do with Christian kings, and rulers, and armies?

Fie! there is no moral perception, yet that rises to the level of that word, morality, that is active in the world, excepting in lowly lives that are despised and considered weak and foolish. The man who would carry out and practice in daily life the Golden Rule would be considered a lunatic, yet you are clamoring for justice to be done to the criminal. We have known a whole Christian Sabbath to be converted into a grand criminal hunt for a poor unfortunate colored man who in a moment of madness slew another, and yet these are they who stand in the light of the Christian Sabbath and repeat the Lord's words "overcome evil with good" and return, not good, but evil, yet with these words before them, with the profession of them not in their hearts but upon their lips, they still clamor for the life-blood of their fellow man, and consider that the Mosaic law is still in existence.

One moral proposition there is in the universe, that every individual is amenable to the law that binds him to his fellow man, and he, by the great moral force of the world, and by such legislation as that moral force requires, must be prevented from encroaching upon his fellow man, beyond that you cannot deal with him; you may prevent him from acts of violence or aggression, but you cannot judge nor punish him. If man is prevented from acts of violence you would do well to set a watch over each individual life, you would do well to set a guard over the individual conscience, and would do well to appoint in your mental structure a faithful detective for discovering your own moral imperfections and shortcomings, and see in the balance of that actual and perfect judgment how you will fare.

Then if you were to ask what Spiritualism offers as a preventive to crime, we would say it offers individual goodness instead of collective law; it offers individual morality instead of social forms; it offers individual growth and attainment toward perfection instead of legalized murder and legalized delinquincies of all kinds; it offers the individual guidance and communion of loving friends instead of the wrath of an angry God, and the arch fiend who is endeavoring to tempt you every day; it offers no fiend upon whom you can escape by making him responsible for your own delinquencies, but says the arch fiend is within, the weakness, passions and temptations of humanity constitutes the Satan, and every individual life has that within; it offers the remedy of overcoming this, and if you find yourself a victim to certain tendencies, conquer them. Why, if you have a disease you do not sit supinely down and say, "Oh, dear; I cannot do anything;" but the whole realm of materia medica, when this is exhausted the realm of healing is tried to renovate your physical body. If you are blind you do not consider it hopeless, but the blind are provided with methods of reading and teaching, and music, and all that can brighten the lives that are dark physically. If persons are deaf there are methods of signs, a language by which ideas may be conveyed to their minds; so if one has a tendency to crime, strengthen his moral nature by letters of truth and love that shall be plain enough for him to read; if he has a tendency to theft, do not set the example by wholesale of all the thieving that is possible within the pale of the law, and then tell him to be honest; if he has a tendency to murder, anger and ungovernable passion, set the example of greater calmness before him, that in the light of that presence his anger will not be aroused, and if he is morbidly selfish and avaricious, let him find himself alone in the world in this respect, and there will be little to feed his avarice and selfishness, and if for the sake of these he would do anything even to murder, set him the example of not doing these wrongs at all, instead of just stopping short of legally committing the crime yourself, and if there is need in the world at the present time for any courts of so-called justice, let them be courts of justice,

and whatever the laws are, if they are infamous let them be abrogated, if they are in conformity to human justice, then let them be fulfilled, but do not let the wealthy, the proud, and those that are influential escape, while the unfortunates are held guilty.

Crime has its sources in the deeper well springs of human life, the little falsehood that you tell from day to day, the little overreaching of your neighbor in business, the striking of a good bargain, that which is considered a good commercial transaction, everything that is legalized in trade that in anyway enables you to take advantage of your brother, that in a moral sense is just as criminal as the open theft, and a little more so, for it is hypocritical as well, it is done under the garb of law, it is justified by human custom, it is permissable, and it sears the moral nature and conscience until that nature does not respond; and if in the various business transactions you are thus allowed to take advantage of your fellow man, to strike him in the dark, or your fellow man, to strike him in the dark, to prove your greater skill, then it is only one step from that to the midnight robber, it is a little darker, a little more uncertain that is all.

The moral education of the child should begin with this, the first untruth is the first step of crime, the first falsehood is the first bartering of your conscience for sale, and the first attempt to do wrong toward your fellowman, or in any way to over-reach him in business, or dealing, or possessions, is theft, in the light of the moral law. Spiritualism proposes to prevent crime, by preventing these small hypocrisies, and the larger robberies, the more henious murders done under the name of law and by rulers and governments. Spiritualism proposes to prevent crime, by preventing these small streams that at last augment themselves and grow in great power until they sweep away the moral forces of the nations. The greatest criminals are not born among the so-called criminal class, those who surprise the world with the most startling crimes, have no heredity to blame for it that is discernable. It starts up in the midst of your cities; it is born of the vultures that prey and fasten themselves upon you in the form of selfishness, and all that constitutes the pride of social life.

The young man reared in the greatest delicacy, trained by the most careful mother, finds himself face to face with the great temptation of his life, the funds of others are entrusted to him, he is anxious to succeed, and his success will bring happiness to those he loves, and he yields to the degree of appropriating their earnings; then comes the struggle for reimbursement, and all defalcations are traceable to this mania, the legalized robbery that is in the world under the name of speculation. All people are gamblers by nature; they seek to evade the consequence of open gambling by legalizing it, calling it "speculation," and "business," and business means the most successful of these speculations. When labor cannot win day by day its daily bread, and chance or skill in speculation enables man in a day to make thousands, what shall you expect but that violence will ensue? Between these two states there will be the whole group of criminals. The source of all remedy lies in the only basis possible, and that is the true individual life. The honesty which you require for others, you must possess yourself; the integrity which you insist upon legally you must have yourself; and above all that keen and correct moral perception that enables you not only to do what is right, that enables you to resist temptation, selfishness and pride, but also to perceive your own shortcomings, to judge leniently of your fellows. But, you say, crime being in the world, and the criminals already here, what shall we do with them? We have no hope that either legislators, or courts of justice will listen to our voice, we do not expect that the present system of penalty will be abolished, so long as the present system of producing criminals is in vogue; they are in harmony one with the other, but we do not expect that these preventive measures, which come in the form of individual growth, which come in the form of the correct rearing of children, which come in the form of correct sentiment, which come in the form of the actual and true basis of man's spiritual relation to his fellowman, will slowly and gradually cause renovation. But surely if there is such a thing as preventing any human being from performing that which is wrong and which he is tempted in his nature to do the overcoming voice of the spirit will do this, the knowledge of dearly loved friends in both worlds who are praying and striving for his uplifting, must certainly do this, and if there is anything that will cause any young man to pause who is on the verge of a deed that will bring desolation upon him and his family, it is the thought that his angel mother, from her home in the spirit world, is watching over him with the same love and care, and tenderness, and withholding him if possible from the thought of that which will bring the misery of a life time upon him.

But deeper than all this pathos, deeper than all this appeal to the personal feelings, is the idea that in the true life the young man will not have the thought of doing it, if the moral basis of his life is correct. It must be just as impossible for your children to think of telling a falsehood, as it is for you to kill one another at this moment. It must be just as impossible for a man to steal, by there being no element of theft in the atmosphere. The whole moral basis of society must be built upon integrity, honesty and honor, and a desire for the welfare of others.

As the moral growth of the world has been great, as in past time it was lawful for men to do what they would be horrified at doing to-day, so, in the coming time, Spiritualism declares that when the old errors are wiped out of your lives, when the old lines of escape are taken from you, and there is one path, and only that leads unto the highest height, and that is for you to walk in, overcoming, step by step, the obstacles that are in your way, with all the helps in the earth, air, and heaven to aid you, surely the world may look forward to the time when it will be impossible for man to deceive his fellow man, when it will be impossible to undermine him in any way of business, when it will be impossible to justify himself in wrong doing, or wrong dealings, when the moral consciousness will be so clear that the slightest deviation from it will jar upon his sensitive nature, as now discord jars upon the ear of the musician. Take the master musician, and in an orchestra of a thousand or ten thousand instruments he can detect the one that is out of tune. Take the artist; in any combination of colors he can declare to you that which is inharmonious. So will man's moral nature be so carefully attuned and adjusted by spiritual growth, that the slightest deviation will jar upon the spirit like the discord in some sweetest symphony, and then will you know what it is to live in the enjoyment of that which is highest and best in your natures; then will you grow sensitive to the airs of heaven, to the minis-tering spirits that are about you, perceive and feel your loved ones every day and every hour.

We are often asked, why are we not more aware of the presence of our spirit friends, if they are so intent upon doing good? Are you in a condition to be aware, would you like to have your mother appear before you just after you had thought you had finished a good bargain in cheating your neighbor, would you like to have your sainted child appear before you upon change or in the terrible haunts of your crowded cities, just when your mind and often your lips are full of curses for your fellowmen, would you like in the midst of your daily faults, for your spirit wife or children to know that which is constantly occurring in your minds, and you to be suddenly aware that they know? Yet they do know, and with all charity and patience wait for the time when your eyes shall be adjusted to the heavenly light, and your ears attuned to the heavenly music, and your understanding to the heavenly presences; wait, all the time remembering the temptations that are yours, asking that you may struggle to overcome them; wait and work and love you still the same, pouring out upon you the light of their immortal presence, until at last you will be made aware, you will be set free.

Talk about the earth becoming a paradise, why! there is nothing on this glad spring morning to prevent the Kingdom of Heaven being here, excepting your own and all

uman lives. When that heavenly kingom comes, and "that will is done on earth, s in heaven" it will be by your own indiidual effort, by winning it day by day. As on seal up the fountains of your spiritual ife by worldliness and pride and ambition, ou put off this advent for another cycle, but he time will come when like the mountain orrent, spiritual truth will burst through he barriers and overflow the world. You re in the midst of a great crisis now, that iad it not come, there would have been reater crime than the world has ever known. Kings have never ceased to despoil, rulers have not stopped from their persecutions, but he great heart of humanity rises up to-day n its moral strength to protest against the vrongs of the past, and this is the safety valve of the present hour. You meet business men upon the streets, they say, "this is a terrible time, the laborers will starve." The laborers are in better hands, they will not starve, capital has starved them heretofore, but they will be fed now, because the time is coming when all men shall have bread for their daily toil, and all idlers shall be compelled to toil for their daily bread. There is no crime now in the voice that rises up peaceably, and with potent power to invoke the moral forces of the world, and when you consider the violence of past time, and the legal measures of violence that have been used against these people, the wonder is that there is not great violence; but lowly lives are sometimes angel taught, and the voice has gone abroad in the world, like that which you have heard in this room, that the angels have whispered to them that violence cannot win the right ultimately. And now you are on the eve of great revolutions, and we believe that the angels of peace and of justice and love will see to it that those who ask for the right, will not be the aggressors. We shall not be responsible for them, if they are subjected to aggression or violence, but until they are they mean to plead with the voice of humanity, with the moral forces that are in the world, and though it may be found legal to call them criminals, in the sight of God they are innocent, using the moral forces of the world for that which is but just.

If you would stop the sources of crime, stay the hand of greed and avarice, and selfishness, and pride; strike down the life of Mammon and you strike down at the heart of all crime, the individual selfishness must be overcome by growth, but the augmented selfishness of the world may be overcome by each individual protest, and the voice of the better humanity that is prompted to rise, like the new wave of spring-tide, and clothe the earth anew in loveliness, which is the soul of beauty.—*The Weekly Discourse.*

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Liberty cannot long endure in any country where the tendency of legislation is to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few.—*Daniel Webster.*

Original Contributions.

Astrolatry and Geolatry.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

The old mythological religions had their rise in man's misconception of nature and her powers. They were the outcome of impressions produced upon him by physical phenomena in the earliest eras of the race. From the lookouts of his little intellectual horizon the material world appeared a boundless and bewildering demesne. The sparkling stars, the sullen sea, the rushing streams, the silvery fountains, the wild, waving forests, every thing that stirred or changed, were supposed to be possessed of sense and will such as he had himself.

The sun seemed a malignant monster, crawling across the sky and scorching him in its wrath. Having discharged its fiery stock during the day, it descended at night to be refed from the exhaustless realms of flame below.

The earth was a huge breast upon which men moved like bugs. Sometimes it stirred and shook itself a little, and belched forth smoke and ashes from its belly. The physical world everywhere displayed an unfathomable plentitude of powers, incommensurable and incalculable, and mysterious energies not to be mastered by man.

The intellect of the savage is that of an infant. It is led and limited by physical impulses and the impressions of sense. The sun smote him with dazzling darts, the hot breath of the desert blistered him, fire bit him like the fangs of a serpent, torrents tumbled upon him, and the thunder shook the haughty-headed hills like the awful roar of some animal of the clouds.

Those first child-men looked upon the elements as enemies. And so they would strike at the viewless winds with their rude weapons, smite the swollen streams, thrust their spears into the sharp-toothed flame, and beat the barren fruit tree.

It might have been more than a fitful freak that moved Xerxes to address a written mandate to Mount Athos or that caused him to cast chains into the contumacious Hellespont. And it may be more than merely a gunpowdery gust of passion that prompts a person to curse at a sudden swirl of dust in the eyes or a stumble over some senseless obstruction. It may be that man is still susceptible to the fossil fancies of prehistoric progenitors, to transmitted tinges of thought from the brains of far-back forefathers.

So the infant race peopled the kingdoms of nature with a vast variety of deific powers, and treated them as if they had been beasts of prey or monstrous men. Those powers were as real to them as bone and blood. They were regarded as great and powerful personages rather than as gods. Their anger was to be averted by such gifts and homage as would propitiate their tribal tyrants. Their religion had no further revenge than this. They felt no reverence, were moved by no remorse. They were simply swayed by a sense of terror, prompted to placate malignant powers or implore their pity. Gratitude for blessings bestowed was an outgrowth of after ages.

Deified nature thus took on ten thousand fanciful and fortuitous forms. The gods being produced by that which most powerfully impressed the imagination, it would follow that their attributes and character would closely correspond with the surrounding scenery and passing phenomena. And in fact we find the gods differing according to geographical conditions. At first every flower and tree and trembling blade of grass, every hill and babbling brook and burning orb above was believed to be a conscious creature.

But even in this primitive period man's intellect was improving. Reason began to ripen. He began to take cognizance of his own nature. He made an amazing discovery. There was a something within himself which willed and thought and dreamed and directed his body. Finding himself the possessor of such a soul, viewless as the air and independent of the body, he conceived that all natural objects contained a similar spiritual tenant.

Man's mental faculties kept on expanding. He became capable of grasping general ideas, of classing facts and phenomena, and gathering them into groups. Then instead of assigning a god to every star and stream and single object, he gave the government of nature to a confederation of concrete divinities. As the notion of unity in nature, that every existence was a part of one harmonious whole, began to glimmer on the human brain, the gods grew less in number. They were eventually reduced to four great elemental gods, who governed the groups of inferior spirits in their respective realms. The one that ruled the celestial regions, the ether and the stars, stood superior to those of the earthly empire. Fire, as a vital and beneficent power as well as a cruel and destructive one, and, water, or the element of moisture, extraneous to the earth, were also accorded the dignity of distinct divinities.

Thus, in the course of time, two great divisions of nature-worship were developed, one pertaining to the heavens, which may be termed astrolatry, and the other entirely to the earth, or geolatry. The former prevailed where nature appeared in the nude; where the scenery was an area of arid sand, stripped and bare, the sky uncovered by a cloud, where the sun seemed the supreme source of energy and change, and the solemn stars looked down as the divine directors of the destiny of earth and its dwellers.

This system had birth in the sunburnt land of the Bedouins, where, besides some brambly brushwood, scanty acacias, and uncouth stones, that break the sandy scenery, the sun and stars constitute the sole materials for exciting superstition. The adoration of the ancient Arabians assumed the phase of stone worship and star idolatry. Their sovereign was called the "Servant of the Sun." The morning star is still regarded by them with religious homage.

On the northeast border of Arabia was the country of Chaldea, the seat of the sacred science of astrology. The Chaldean priests constituted a caste consecrated to the study of the stars and the religious rites accorded them. Callisthenes, who accompanied Alexander in his expedition to Persia, sent Aristotle a collection of astronomical observations made by the Chaldeans during a period of 1,903 years. It was due to this planatory adoration that the priests of this people as well as the magian Medes became the founders of the starry science, which, radiating from their sacred colleges, spread to India, Egypt and the West.

The determination of the lunar periods, of equinoctial and solstitial points, of the solar year, the division of the ecliptic into twelve equal parts, of the day into hours, the signs, names and figures of the zodiac, and the invention of the dial, attest the advancement of those star worshippers in astronomical knowledge. Their nation declined and finally disappeared in scattered tribes; but their priests, despised and persecuted as they were by both Greeks and Romans, as soothsayers and magicians, preserved the name of their nation in the knowledge they introduced, and rendered it the most glorious in the annals of ancient greatness.

The name of Zoroaster is associated with a similar system of celestial worship. Phiny, following the positive assertion of Aristotle, puts him back 6,000 years before Plato, and Hermippus places him 5,000 years before the Trojan war. Volney. Gibbon, and other historians relegate him to a vague and remote antiquity.

His followers say that as soon as he was born wicked spirits seized him and cast him into a flaming fire. His mother found him sleeping there as if it were a bed of roses. His life was devoted to the attainment of perfect holiness by silent contemplation upon a solitary mountain. One day heavenly fire fell upon this mountain, and when the king and his court went up to worship the sacred flame, Zoroaster brought down the book of laws, the Zend Avesta, through the fire unharmed.

His was a flamboyant form of religion, and was the foundation of the fire-worship to be found in Persia to-day. It divided the dominion of the universe between the contending divinities—the good god, Ormuzd, King of Light, and his evil enemy, Arimanes, Demon of Darkness. The former was the preserver, the latter the destroyer. The former, robed in rays, ruled the realms of light, the latter the regions of eternal shade. The former was attended by resplendent hosts of Amshaspands, immortal models of purity and perfection, who presided over the planets and protected the earth from evil influences. The other was served by serpent-shaped spirits of evil who glided about the world to lure the unwary souls of men.

The sun circled around the earth in a celestial chariot. His rising was always announced by a trumpet from the royal pavilion. All the shining spheres were superior souls, and all the affairs of the universe, from atoms to astral worlds, were in charge of a chain of spiritual agencies. The spirits of the stars controlled their nations, with which the destinies of men were involved. Those who could discern their signs could foretell the future. Astrologers thronged the palaces of princes, and advised in all public affairs.

The geolatric system sprang from bounteous soils where nature was clad in verdurous variety, where there was a striking contrast of climate and contour, and where the earth with luxuriant lap, like a kind mother, continuing in her multiplicity of beneficent influences, appeared as the impersonation of vital force and fertility.

Such a land was Greece, with her diverse, delightful scenery, her embossed isles, and sun-kissed seas, her snow-crowned peaks and sweet secluded valleys, her silvery streams and sylph-haunted fountains, her gorgeous gardens, graceful palms and olive groves

"Where the attic bird
Thrilled her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

In that old mythologic time, when every form and phenomena of nature was deified, Greece must needs have been opulent in gods. It is obvious that the more numerous and varied the objects of nature were, the more the knot of her unity would be unknit, and the greater would be her groups of gods. It would have been as hard for the countrymen of Hesiod and Homer to have conceived of one god, as for the sun-adoring Arabians to have comprehended the complicated polytheism of Greece.

These two systems of sky and earth worship, gross and grotesquely puerile in their details, yet coherent in their puerility and curiously exhibiting their eccentricities of man's undirected religious longings, were the originals from which arose all the religious rites of antiquity—the crude and ceremonial religion of Egypt, a medley of the silly and sublime, the picturesque symbolism of Etruria, the mingled materialism and spirituality of Persia, the median dualism, the impure worship of the devotees of Mylitta and Astarte, the cruel customs of Carthage, the Druidism of Gaul and Britain, and the whole group of religions finally gathered into the elaborate and graceful mythologies of Greece and Rome.

The underlying idea of all the phases of astrolatric and geolatric worship was that of divinity in every manifestation of material nature. Thus getting a glimpse of God through the glass of Nature, the primitive races beheld him as plural and complex as were her changeful forms; while reversing the view, a pantheistic poet of the present avers that

"All matter is God's tongue.
Out from its motion God's thoughts are sung;
And the realms of space are the octave bars,
And the music notes are the suns and stars."

What Is It?

BY S. H. PRESTON.

I am an utter unbeliever. I do not even believe in belief. It is but a bye-word implying lack of proof. When the proof is positive we do not believe—we *know*. So people only profess to believe what they do not know. And it is not enough that a man knows a thing—he should *know* that he knows it.

I say this to show that I am not superstitious. I never took stock in any sort of so-called spiritual phenomena. I know there is nothing supernatural.

Yet, I have seen some strange things—things that cannot be accounted for by any substantial system of philosophy, things I would not take on the testimony of saints. I never told them before because I was the only witness, the only one who could *know* that they happened, and I could not hope that any one else would accept them save by courtesy of belief in my credulity.

But I find abundant accounts of such occurrences abroad in the world; and though many or the most of them may be the offspring of deception or delusion, there still are some which seem quite well substantiated, and the statements of worthy witnesses are of any weight in such cases. Those who have read Catherine Crowe's "Night-Side of Nature" or Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" are already familiar with the class of phenomena referred to.

I have no remarks to make regarding the following facts. It will be readily seen that they cannot be classed with the common run of "ghost stories." They are made public at the risk of ridicule simply so that others will a similar experience, if such there be, may be encouraged to tell what they know of such affairs, and to elicit, peradventure, some scientific or reasonable explanation.

I was about eight years old, and had never heard of apparitions. Therefore my imagination could not have been excited on the subject. I lived in a rural region. In the rear of my father's residence was a garden enclosed by a high fence with space between the boards so it could be easily scaled. My principal playmate and almost constant companion was a boy about my own age

named Willie, whose folks occupied the adjacent premises. Willie was having a Sunday suit of clothes made at the town tailor's. They were to be sent home Saturday night.

Well, Willie got hurt by a fall. It was feared that his skull was fractured. He was delirious and constantly cared for by watchful and tender attendants. The clothes were sent home and sadly put aside, for it was deemed doubtful if Willie would live to wear them. Now mark! I had not seen them—did not know their cut nor color.

One evening, just at twilight, I was standing out in the garden when I was surprised to see Willie climbing over the division fence at a little distance from me. I saw that he had on his new suit, critically glanced it over, and noted how finely it fitted him. It was yet so light that I had a fair view of him, and could discern the fabric and fashion of each garment. That was nearly forty years ago, but the impression made by Willie's new clothes upon my boyish curiosity has never faded from my memory.

I rushed toward him, exclaiming in alternating astonishment and delight, "Why, Will! How nice your clothes look! Have you got well?" He did not reply nor notice me, but walked sedately across the garden.

I seemed held back by something akin to awe. I kept my eyes steadfastly on him as he commenced to climb the opposite fence. Then it flashed upon me that he was "out of his head" and had eluded his attendants. I ran to overtake him, but as I reached the fence Willie had disappeared. I stopped a moment in stupefied amazement, and then certain that he had vanished, ran breathlessly indoors to inform my folks of the he mysterious affair. My manifest excitement amply attested the truth of my starting story.

My mother was one of the old sort of women who believe in "warnings." This was a most unmistakable one to her, and she hastened over to confer with Willie's folks about it. He was found fast asleep, with the doctor and vigilant watchers by his bedside. Of course he could not have gotten up and gone out. And of course all hope of recovery was abandoned when what had been seen in the garden was whispered around. But Willie got well, went through the war, and is now the healthy and happy head of a flourishing family in the West. I would have scouted Robert Dale Owen's stories of "doubles," published a score of years later, had I not been sure I saw what I have just related. Are there ghosts of the living?

Another. At the close of the war I lived in a distant country town, and forwarded all the money I had to a New York firm for stock of an engraving called "Columbia's Noblest Sons," representing Washington and scenes of the Revolution on one hand, Lincoln and scenes of the Rebellion on the other, with the Goddess of Liberty as the central figure crowning both, designing to canvas for the work. After waiting quite a while and getting no goods I began to surmise that I had been swindled out of my money, and one night went to bed considerably worried. A very vivid dream followed. The driver of a stage coach that only ran across country three times a week, for the convenience of county travellers, halted at my residence and delivered an express package of peculiar appearance. I anxiously broke it open, when to my indescribable disappointment and disgust, I found that it contained, instead of the expected engravings, simply lithographs of Lincoln, with which the country was already flooded. I distinctly remember the exact exclamation of impatience evoked by the discovery.

I could not dismiss this provoking dream during the next day. A railroad ran through the village, and there was an express office at the depot. So the stage had no occasion to carry express matter. It was due that evening, and I watched for its arrival, and sure enough the driver delivered to me just such a peculiar parcel as I dreamed that he did. I hurried home and opened it, and there were the identical lithographs of Lincoln. The exclamation came spontaneously, without any reference to dreams. But I found there were only half a dozen of these, which were put in, as explained in an enclosed note, to dispose of as I had opportunity. Underneath these were those ordered all right. The package had gone to the wrong railroad station, which accounted for the delay and delivery by stage.

An Isle of Skye Scotchman would say that was an instance of "second sight." All I know is that the dream was literally fulfilled, call it what we will. Now, this appearance of living persons in one place while they are in another, and this seeing things in dreams before we see them with our material eyes, what is it?

You must put up with a great deal if you would put down a great deal.—*T. T. Lynch.*

Do nothing, only keep agitating, debating, and things will destroy themselves."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

One day a man went out to walk with a pitchfork on his shoulder, and a dog came bounding over a fence and made at him, whereupon he came down on the dog with the pitchfork and pinned him to the ground. The owner then comes running out and says, "What did you kill my dog for?" And the man says, "What did he come at me for?" And the owner says, "Why did't you hit him with the other end of the fork?" And the reply is, "Why didn't he come at me the other end first?" This is just the way all the moral evils come at us—the dangerous end first.

Selected Articles.

The Witch of Lowenthal.

BY EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

Deep in the heart of the thick, umbrageous masses which constitute the Black Forest of Bohemia stands a deserted and crumbling pile of buildings, once famous as the residence of the powerful Barons Von Lowenthal. Birds of night and evil flitting things alone find shelter beneath the once stately roof. The broken door and moss-grown steps still give entrance to the noble hall, where fair dames and princes were wont to feast in all the boisterous revelry of a German baronial wassail; but the painted arches no longer re-echo the merry laugh and jovial song, and the springing step of the dancer will never again tread a measure on the fading mosaic of the silent banqueting room.

The most perfect portion of the forsaken old pile is a beautiful little chapel, situated in the rear of the building, surrounded by a shady and peaceful cloister, where the golden sunbeams stream through the painted windows, lighting up the pure white marble of the monuments within, like the uncertain tints of many-hued gems. Here the breeze faintly stirs, through rifts in the broken walls, the tattered banners, once prideful emblems of the prowess of the Barons of Lowenthal. Here pompous elegies set forth the mighty achievements of their warriors and the calm, cold faces marble saints look down, in the deep mystery of their eternal silence, on the vacant stalls where once the lowly worshipper sought to read in their immobile features his own destiny for weal or woe.

The charm of the place, and the only signs which redeem this scene of ghostly legends and evil memories from the chilling influence of utter desolation, are two exquisitely sculptured female figures, as large as life, and occupying so prominent a position in the little sanctuary as to show that they were chief features in the history of the surrounding scene. They represented two young and beautiful women, with faces no less dissimilar than their attitudes were striking. The one was evidently bound to a stake and though the

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"This story communicated to the *Spiritual Age* in 1858, is no creation of the brain. It is one of the innumerable evidences extant occurring within the last century in Germany, there recorded, and its main facts attested by history, proving how long and earnestly Spirits have been seeking to attract our attention, and awaken the conviction to our minds that the dead were raised and could under favorable conditions, commune with earth. The sacrifice of this and other victims, too, upon the altar of superstition and ignorance only proves that those who have charge of the minds, souls, and intellects of the masses, fly from evil rather than resist it, and where they are too ignorant to understand, and too idle or fearful to investigate a problem, they undertake to solve it by a mental or physical crucifixion

sculptor had simulated with wondrous skill the leaping flame already curling around her form, he had preserved in the upturned features of the victim an expression of passionate enthusiasm, so wondrously sublime, that she seemed an embodiment of the spiritual, triumphing over the keen agony of death in its most terrible shape.

The second figure knelt beside the stake, her hair dishevelled, her garments rent, her straining eyes upturned in frantic despair, and her hands wreathed above her head till the swelling veins seemed ready to burst their marble prison, and testify to the Promethean fire of life which the sculptor's art had drawn down from heaven to animate his superb monument.

In these statues the final destiny of the house had been typified. Its history was here ended, and the secret of its desolation revealed; the sculpture itself stood at the head of a large slab of pure white marble, which was simply inscribed, "To the memory of Clara, last Baroness of Lowenthal." From the various legends in currency respecting the fate of the subjects of these sculptures, we gather the following sketch.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, a young Englishman of noble family, but broken fortunes, who had been sent abroad in the hope of improving a fascinating exterior and accomplished manners into fortune by marriage with some wealthy heiress, happened to meet at a fashionable watering place with the Baron Franz Von Lowenthal. The baron was a widower, had the reputation of being immensely rich, and blessed with an only daughter. The heiress, although living in strict seclusion, was said to be very beautiful; and as the baron appeared to form a sudden and violent attachment to the young Englishman, it was in visions of a union with a paragon of beauty and wealth in perspective, that the handsome adventurer yielded to the baron's pressing solicitations that he would visit his Castle of Lowenthal. Arrived there, all his wildest imaginings seemed realized. The castle was superb, the hunting superlative, the wine incomparable; but above all, the heiress more beautiful than the rising sun, and more mild, coy, yet loving, than the tender beams of a summer moon.

"By heaven, she is mine already!" ejaculated the bold fortune-hunter, as, on the third day of his residence at the castle, the compliant father began to joke him upon the sympathy apparently existing between the tastes and habits of the young couple, while the equally complaisant daughter sighed, blushed, and said nothing.

It certainly did not escape the observation of the Englishman, that the whole proceeding seemed strongly to savor of the fact of his being brought there simply for the purpose of having a young, very lovely, and very wealthy bride almost thrust upon him. The young man had, as younger son of one of England's marquisates, a sounding title; but so had the young baroness; she retained that title too, and the empty English ladyship could add nothing to her rank. Even the grossest egoism could not attribute father and daughter's marked predilection to their stranger guest simply to infatuation with his excellencies; there must be a secret somewhere, and it was not without sundry misgivings lest the said secret was, or might prove to be, the largest part of the strange destiny thus thrust upon him, that he tendered his hand after three short weeks' acquaintance, and was, both by father and daughter, almost immediately accepted.

In addition to the doubts which this too ready compliance upon him, was one circumstance in connection with his beautiful betrothed, which greatly disconcerted him. From the very first moment of their acquaintance, he had never been able to converse with her alone. A young lady, whom the baroness called her foster sister, was her constant companion; and despite of all the hints and inuendoes of the bridegroom elect, she never attempted for one moment to quit her post beside the lady. She was young, very beautiful, and, as far as perfect silence and apparently perfect abstraction went, she never attempted to be a check on the lovers; aware, however, that she was neither deaf nor absolutely blind, Lord L. frequently felt as much provoked and perplexed at what he called her intrusive pertinacity.

The wedding day at length arrived, however, and though the silent, phantom-like Gertrude was a necessary appendage to all the day's movements, the husband triumphantly reflected that the hour of this triune association must at length cease. Great, indeed, was his chagrin, and even indignation, when he found that even in the bridal chamber itself, a veiled alcove had been set apart for the occupation of the inseparable companion. Remonstrances, prayers, and even threats were resorted to by the incensed bridegroom in vain. The young baroness declared, with floods of tears, that she had never been separated from her foster sister from her birth—that her very life depended on her presence, and that if, in short, the trinity must be broken up, the separation must be between the married, not the single pair.

Finding both bride and friend, and stranger still, the father, too, inflexible, the puzzled lord had to endure this now hated companionship as best he could.

The young baroness protested that from a child she had always been vastly terrified of "evil spirits;" many were known to linger round the castle; strange sights and flitting forms had been seen within its halls and chambers; low moans and dismal noises, too, were heard; the tables moved unbidden, doors shut and opened, and, as *witches* were known to be abroad, and many trials in this very district had lately given victims to the flames, so the lady argued that Gertrude, by her superior sanctity and courage, had ever been her shield against this much dreaded influence, and must continue still, unless her lord desired to part with her or lose her life.

Unsatisfactory as this explanation was, the young man soon began to find it had some foundation, at least, to rest upon, for ere long his sleep was broken night after night by sounds most clearly superhuman in their origin. His room seemed to be filled by a whole legion of unseen rappers,—windows, walls, and doors were broken with concussions from invisible agencies,—pattering feet were heard in every gallery, hall, and stairway, while flitting lights, and ghostly, shadowy forms stood like unquiet phantoms as they were, within his very chamber, crossed his path, and seemed like guests familiar in the house, sometimes more like its masters than himself. And now he found that day by day the domestics disappeared, and though fresh ones supplied their places, these never staid above a week, all urging the house was fairly haunted, not by one, but by legions of evil spirits.

The unfortunate Englishman now began to perceive some deeper meaning in his hasty union than yet had met his darkest thought. The house was not only haunted, but possessed with a legion—that was clear. All the wild stories of midnight spectres and apparitions of terror with which the age was teeming, seemed to gain dreadful credence in this awful mansion. After anxious search and long consultation with his wife and father, he announced his unalterable intention of quitting the castle at once, insisting, with a husband's privilege, that his wife should accompany him. Instead of complying with the readiness of relief to avoid such a home of terror, he found he had to resort to the sternest authority before he could succeed in removing her from her phantom-ridden home. He soon found that the place was deserted by the neighbors on account of its evil reputation; and the utter loneliness consequent upon a reputation which he now discovered, for the first time, to be generally notorious, was another cogent reason for his determination to abandon the castle. Great, however, was his consternation to learn that his new abode was subject to precisely the same torment as before. Groans, and shrieks, and cries of hideous cadence broke each midnight stillness; and though he moved from house to house, and town to town, go where he would, the wretched haunted man was still pursued by this dread spectral band.

Worn out at last, and pondering whether life or wealth was worth preserving at this dreadful price,—although he loved his fair and gentle wife,—he felt that he must die or quit her. Some mystery terrible was wrapped around her. *She was the cause; it followed in her track*, unless—and lo! the sunlight seemed to break upon his darkened mind.

"Good God!" he cried, "it is that fatal girl! *She is a witch*—these spectres her companions—these sounds their dreadful Sabbath rites performed within our hearing nightly."

The wondrous influence, too, she had acquired over his wife, seemed now all fully accounted for. Without a word to any of the unhappy family with whom he had wedded —assured that both father and daughter were equally under the influence of the dreadful spell—he hastened off to the nearest magistrate, and ere another sundown his case was told, listened to with eager credulity by the horror-stricken agents of the law, and warrants instantly granted for the arrest of the accused.

The Englishman, finding how readily his story was listened to, and how many similar cases the magistrates had lately been called upon to deal with by fagot and flame, rejoiced in the hope that, once freed from the fascinating presence of the "witch," the spell would be broken, and his wife, fast becoming now all precious to his heart, would soon be reconciled to her tormentor's fate. He purposed, therefore, to conduct the arrest with as much privacy as possible; but in this he reckoned without remembering that his host was "a witch." He found the unhappy ladies—by some inconceivable agency apprised of his whole proceeding locked in each other's arms, and, with the bitterest tokens of grief, resolute in their purpose that nothing but brutal violence should tear them asunder.

On every other point than Gertrude's presence, Lord L. had found his Clara gentle, complying, plastic as the wind. Now all was changed; her rage and frantic exclamations of reproach broke through all bounds; and when at length she sobbed herself to silence upon her companion's breast, her wretched husband pleaded they might be both removed, locked in each other's arms, into one cell, to save her very life. The exigency of the case, and the high rank of the sufferers, hastened the tardy movements of justice, and the accused was placed at the bar on trial for witchcraft, a few hours after her arrest.

For the first time in his life, Lord L. now looked on Gertrude without dislike; nay, with an admiration compelled by her tranquil air, her still and lofty courage, her statue-like composure, moveless dignity, her noble head, and Grecian-chiselled face, her lustrous eyes, with that strange look of distance which seemed to stray away to that far world from which she well might come—so spirit-like, unearthly, beautiful she looked. All these impressed their magic spell on every gazer's mind. Beside her stood, like some pale, broken flower, the wretched wife; beneath her veil, her dim eyes, red with weeping, looked out imploringly on every face, like a doomed captive soliciting for pity. None who gazed on that wistful, woful face, contrasted with the noble, lofty calmness of her unmoved companion, but mistook the captive for the free. The baron himself stood near the pair with downcast eyes and heaving breast, like one borne down by sorrow.

No defence was made; alas! 'twas useless. As they stood in court, the thundering knockings and the wildering shrieks of unseen agents seared each living soul with the deep brand of terror's scorching flame. The desk, the chairs and benches, all seemed living. They reeled and rocked without a human hand to touch them, and the scene bore witness to the dreadful truth. The air was all alive with viewless things; the scared and livid witnesses shrunk off; the judge, aghast, and all the shivering court, pronounced the hasty sentence death by flame death—speedy death; the very earth was burdened whilst this most fearful sinner lived upon it.

The sentence spoken, one wild shriek was heard—two white arms tossed in air the wretched Clara fell. Her husband bore her prostrate form away. One deep, low groan —the baron's heart seemed broken. The captive simply smiled, and whispered low: "Courage, my father; as I've lived, I'll die."

That night the wretched lady spent beside her friend. The prison walls never echoed to sobs so heart-wrung as those which burst from Baroness Clara's lips. Overwhelmed at her grief, shocked at an agony which was past his comprehension, Lord L. drew his father-in-law aside, and, whilst the unhappy daughter wept her heart away, he thus addressed him:

"May God forgive you, baron, if you've wronged me. The misery my conduct seems to have brought upon this family has all arisen, as yourself must see, from suffering me to thus become your son. 'Twas not in mortal power to live with this dread haunting; and what could urge you to seek for my alliance, and, having formed it, to force this loathsome, weird companionship on Clara and myself? I do in heaven's name bid you now disclose."

"Have, then, your wish," replied the sorrowful baron. "I sought a worthy husband for my child, and pitched on you, because you were a *stranger*—none *knowing* would have married her. From infancy till now *she's been the witch*; poor Gertrude has borne the *name* and shame."

"False, loathed deceiver!" cried the Englishman, "can this be true?"

"As true as heaven," replied the unhappy father. "None would believe my tale; 'tis one I cannot, dare not scarce believe myself. These sounds and sights from childhood have pursued her. From place to place I took her like one possessed. The dreadful secret I never dared disclose, fearing the doom of witchcraft on the child; and yet I know her guiltless. What dreadful fate possesses her and me, God only knows. This Gertrude was our pastor's only child; the story told to him, and known to her, induced the noble, generous girl, my Clara's earliest, truest friend, to live with her, and dare the shame and blame, should any question whence the error came. My hope in marriage was, that she might conquer, through your alliance, this evil haunting, or that you would protect her. Gertrude would first spur your wrath and anger bear, and so the timid, fearful child consented, that for a while she should appear the source whence all this shocking following seemed to come. And now—O God of heaven! you know the fearful truth, and my tender lamb must perish in the flames."

"Not so," the writhing husband hoarsely murmured. "She is your child; whate'er her fearful crimes, God's hand, not ours, is heavy on her now. She is my wife beloved, adored by me. She must not, shall not die! I cannot lose her! Almighty Father, O, forgive the wrong! The *witch* must live, the *innocent* must die!"

From far and wide, from mountain, forest, glen, town, village, hamlet, thousands on thousands came to see the famous Witch of Lowenthal expiate her fearful crime by fire. The sun that day glared like a huge red ball of angry fire. The distant thunder boomed, and, flashing fire, shivered the pine trees in the thick, black woods. Hoarsely the sighing winds swept over the hill on which the witch's funeral pile was built. In virgin white the noble victim came, her head sublime with a constant faith even; her foot was firm; her sternly chiselled lips moved not, nor parted till the white-robed priest, with agonizing prayer, held up the cross, and bade her, on its all-atoning emblem, confess her crime, and spurn her soul to grace.

Taking the cross, with simple piety, she whispered, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

On holy Stephen's face there never shone a look more shining, angel light more pure, than on that dying martyr girl's white brow. To heaven her full soul, in her lustrous eyes, looked out, her brave and sinless life she freely gave to save the timid one whom she called friend whom, more than all the world, she knew to be the real cause of all. In shame and mystery she'd live to guard her in fire and agony she died to save her. To save her! No, to meet with her in heaven. Ere high the ascending flames had wreathed her head, like some old saint of old, with halo of great light, the wretched wife laid down her gold en head upon her husband's strong, supporting arm—one look upon her friend, her father, heaven—one moment given to sigh the name of Gertrude, the next her fluttering spirit opened the gate of that bright band of souls who needs her hand gave the first welcome to the enfranchised soul of her most wronged and yet most happy victim.

"My Gertrude, friend!" my martyred saint come home!"

"My sister Clara, art thou there before me?"

The gates of light wide opened to admit them, while spirit legions thronged to meet the victims of superstitious error, ignorance, and wrong.

They laid the noble baroness in state—bewitched e'en unto death, the story ran—beneath the splendid marble which recalled her fate; and by her crumbling form two sorrowing men, in secret, and at midnight's lone, still hour, placed a small crystal case, enclosed with pearls, containing but a few black gathered ashes, one long, black tress, with one fair curl inwove, and on the golden lid they carved out "GERTRUDE." *The Spiritual Age.*

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"STUDIES IN PSYCHIC SCIENCE."

The above is a title of a new book just issued by Hudson Tuttle. It contains 250 pages, and embraces a variety of topics of interest to the psychic student, which are treated in the usual intelligent manner in which this talented author always writes. Mr. Tuttle has been so long and favorably known to the reading public as an author, and his works classed as standard authorities on matters pertaining to spiritual science, that we are quite unable to add one jot to his just mead of praise; we can only bespeak for this new venture the same careful reading, just and impartial criticism that its merits or demerits demand. The table of contents embraces the following subjects:

"Matter, Life, Spirit," "What the Senses Teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution," "Scientific Methods of the Study of Man, and Its Results," "What is the Sensitive State?" "Sensitive State: Its Division into Mesmeric, Somnambulic and Clairvoyant," "Sensitiveness Proved by Psychometry," "Sensitiveness During Sleep," "Dreams," "Sensitiveness Induced by Disease," "Thought Transference," "Intimations of an Intelligent Force," "Effects of Physical Influences on the Sensitive," "Unconscious Sensitiveness," "Prayer in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Waves," "Christian Science, Mind Cure, Faith Cure—Their Physical Relations," "What the Immortal State Must be," "Personal Experience—Intelligence from the Sphere of Light,"

The following extracts show how the subjects above specified are treated. On the belief in Immortality he says:

"This belief, so full of delight and rainbowed with anticipations, has been made, from the dawn of man's religious nature, the means of inflicting unspeakable tortures, both of mind and body. Selfishness thrust the priest between man and the invisible world of spirit, and made immortality the instrument wherewith it could rule with diabolical despotism over mankind.

Noble and spotless lives have grown out of Christianity, as out of other systems of religion, as beautiful lilies grow out of the slime; but they grew in defiance of its teachings, which made this life of no value compared with the next. As all religions rest on the foundation of belief in a future life, so all the religious wars which have cursed mankind are referable to it; all persecutions; all the unutterable sufferings, physical and spiritual, which have made the centuries one long night of agony. It has blotted the star of hope from the heavens, and filled the vaulted darkness with the bitter wails of despair.

Saving souls, not the life here, but that which is to come, has been the blight and curse of mankind. The doctrine of "one world at a time," and the present supreme, is a reaction against this essentially vicious dogma. Neither extreme may be true; for the truth is the "golden mean," which makes the future life a continuity of this, carrying forward all its ideals to full realization, and making the spiritual realm held in abeyance to as fixed and unchangeable laws as the material world.

By knowledge, man has been led out of the fogs to the highlands of free thought, and aroused from the nightmare of theology, which for ages held him in thralldom. Those were the ages when God and Christ were inwrought into the Constitution of the State, and the Holy Bible was the foundation of the law. Those were the ages of St. Bartholomew massacres, of autos-da-fe, of the rack and the faggot. Those were the ages when the day was darkened by the smoke of burning cities, and the fair fields gleamed white with the bones of the slain. Those were the whole Christian world engaged itself in saving souls!

A Jesus may suffer on the cross; not only one, but ten thousand may die, admirable in self-sacrifice and examples of firm adhesion to their sense of duty; but, for saving souls, their sacrifice is lost; for they suffer for a misconception of the plan of the world. Man has never been lost, and can not be lost, and hence can not be saved by the blood of one or ten thousand sacrifices.

If the future life is a continuity of this, then the perfection of religion is the making of this life perfect. Not by crucifixion of the body, not by suffering or disappointment, but by complete and harmonious culture, can this be accomplished."

The last chapter of this interesting book is devoted to the personal experiences of the author, and as so much of it coincides with the experiences of the writer that we know them to be accurate descriptions of mediumistic sensations, conditions and states, we make one quotation; on page 218 he says:

"To be a sensitive is to have at times the light of heaven in the heart, and at others the darkness of despair. A thousand influences are always acting, and the brain of the sensitive receives them all, trembles to their vibrations, and finds resistance to them an effort most exhaustive of vitality.

In this state of tension, disagreeable objects, opposing words, or antagonisms which ordinarily would pass unfelt and unnoticed, strike with rude hand, and give excruciating torture. The presence of an object or person may be sufficient to antagonize or destroy all etherial influences. I know of nothing that may be compared with the acute depression of the mind after such experiences, which corresponds to the preceding exaltation. While the sensitive is receiving a flood of inspiration he breathes an atmosphere of delight, and lives in an ideal world. Earth and its cares sink out of memory, and the mind is ennobled and purified. When the inspiration departs, the rosy light fades out of the spiritual vision, and the mortal eyes open to the cold, gray rays of earth-life. How drear and sordidly selfish, poor and unprofitable existence seems to him then.

After the flood of inspiration comes its ebb; the valley of despond, after the heights of Alpine splendor. Melancholy and depression of spiritual energy may produce physical disturbance, which runs its swift course to death. Recognizing these facts, the position of the sensitive can not be regarded as desirable, unless the laws of the sensitive state are well-known, and the subject learns to protect himself against injurious and painful conditions; even if he does this unexpectedly, conditions will arise and confront him, for those who are nearest and dearest friends know nothing about the acuteness of his feelings, and may unconsciously produce the very effects they seek to avoid.

The sensitive becomes painfully conscious of a double life, for the psychic is so different from the common state, that the mind receives impressions as from two distinct conditions of existence. One is physical, held in common with the brutes, with physical enjoyments and desires for eating, drinking, and the passions; the other is the psychical, which lives above and beyond the cares of life, and dwells in an ideal realm of purity. One is the night and the other the day. In order to dwell on earth these two lives must be united. The physical body has its imperative needs, which must be satisfied, as the just condition of spiritual growth. There is less imperative demand for spiritual sustenance. So soon as the body has been supplied, mental lethargy supervenes, and desires to tyrannize; physical life overlaps and conceals the spiritual, and men live the life of beasts. At other times the spiritual gains such complete ascendency that this world is forgotten in a blaze of ideality. An equilibrium between these states is the most desirable, but difficult to maintain."

BALBOA'S DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

We present in this issue an illustration of an event which has produced results of the greatest importance to mankind. Balboa little thought, when his eyes first gazed upon the broad expanse of the Pacific from the mountains of the Isthmus of Darien, of the mutations that even then were maturing in the womb of time. That great nations of English and Spanish speaking people would arise on this western slope; that populous cities, great commercial emporiums of civilization, science and art, would make a highway for commerce of the great ocean he had discovered; that swift-sailing steamers would bear their freights along an extent of coast of which he had then no conception and that railroads would bear the products of Europe and the Orient across the continent on which he stood, probably exceeded the wildest visions of his imagination.

The illustration presents him as he rushed, in full armor, into the waters of the Pacific, his drawn sword in one hand, the flag of his country in the other, and while his devoted followers kneeled in devout thanksgiving on the shore, he took possession of the whole region in the name of the King of Spain.

Great discoverers have as a rule, after the crowning act of their lives, been deserted by the fickle goddess, fortune, and ended their lives in misery and despair, neglected by a thankless world. Columbus was robbed of his honors and sent to a dungeon in chains and disgrace. Sir Walter Raliegh was beheaded by the termagant Elizabeth; Cabrillo lies in an unknown and unconsecrated grave, and Balboa was no exception to the rule. Vasco Nunes de Balboa was a Spanish nobleman, born at Xeres in 1475. Like most of the gay gallants of his time he lived a somewhat reckless life and became deeply involved in debt, and to avoid the importunities of his creditors made his escape to Hispaniola, (Cuba) where he joined the expedition to Darien under Enciso, another Spanish adventurer, who sought to place himself at the head of Spanish affairs in America. Jealousies among the rival commanders after arriving at their destination, finally caused a rupture, and Balboa was placed at the head of affairs. This enraged Enciso who sought by every means in his power to cause the overthrow of his more fortunate companion. Balboa pursued a different policy towards the aborigines from that adopted by his contemporaries, and by treating them with kindness and consideration gained their confidence and esteem. While engaged in explorations on the isthmus, he was led by them to the summit of a mountain, where the great waters of the Pacific were pointed out to him. Filled with pious enthusiasm, he erected a cross on the spot, and lost no time until bathing his feet in the surging waters, he claimed the broad ocean for his Sovereign.

Before the news of this great discovery reached the capital of Spain, the intrigues of Enciso had resulted in the displacement of Balboa, and the appointment of Davila, who soon lost the advantages gained by his abler predecessor. The Spanish Government at length became enlightened as to the true state of affairs, and, impressed with the great achievements of Balboa, appointed him Deputy Governor. The jealousy of Davila, however, prevented his installation, and he went in search of new settlements. This exasperated Davila still more, but the intercession of influential personages for a time appeased his wrath, and he became so far reconciled to Balboa, as to give him his daughter in marriage. The continued success of his son-in-law, however, soon revived his jealousy, and he seized a pretext for charging him with treason, and subjecting him to a mock trial, he was declared guilty. He was executed with four of his friends, protesting to the last his innocence and his loyalty.

Thus died one of the noblest of the early Spanish adventurers, who, instead of bringing fire and sword to the peaceful Aborigines, taught them the doctrine of peace and good will to men.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIAL.

On Saturday, April 27th, the young people enjoyed a good program and social dance. The many attractions elsewhere naturally prevented a large attendance. The program as arranged by G. F. Perkins, was somewhat broken up owing to the sickness of two of the would be participants, and the non-appearance of Mr. Cromwell the "California humorist."

The manager was equal to the occasion and supplied the deficiency by giving, in rapid succession, readings which entered skillful elocutionary and imitative abilities. Those taking active part, were Prof. J. Audemard and Mrs. Stormfield with a violin and piano overture, harmonica solo and recitation by Oscar Stormfield, recitation, Miss Lizzie Fifer, song, G. F. Perkins, recitations by Clement Ward and Miss Gertie Michener who kindly responded to the invitation to assist without a minute's warning. Readings and ventriloquial illustrations by G. F. Perkins, also a recitation from Robert Aitken.

The dancing was enjoyed by all who witnessed as well as those who indulged in that exhilerating exercise. Prof. Audemard and Mrs. Stout furnished excellent music, and, the floor committee, Mr. Frank Stormfield, Miss Gertie Michener and their assistants, proved themselves amply qualified to keep everybody moving.

"A first rate time" was the verdict. The Lyceum will furnish a dramatic entertainment May 16th. Get ready, friends.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

TESTIMONIAL CONCERT.

Tickets for the testimonial concert to be tendered Miss E. Beresford Joy, on May 9th, at Metropolitan Temple, are for sale at this office. The friends who are making the arrangements are preparing an elaborate programme which will prove exceedingly pleasing and entertaining. This will be Miss Joy's last public appearance in this city for some time, as she leaves for Europe in a few days, and will be absent several years; pursuing her musical studies in the conservatories of the old world.

A quartette from the Loring Club have volunteered their services for this occasion, and two other of San Francisco's best artists are expected. These, with Senor Arrillaga and Miss Joy, will comprise an array of rare talent seldom appearing before an audience on any one occasion.

The tickets are but fifty cents, and there are no reserved seats; thus all are afforded equal opportunity of enjoying the choice musical treat.

A NEW BOOK

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 841 Market St., S. F.

THE ELSMERE CLUB SOCIAL.

Don't forget the dime social for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten to be held this, Saturday, evening, at the residence of Mrs. Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, near Turk street. The preceding socials of the Ladies' Elsmere Club have all been the most enjoyable affairs, and it is expected that this one this evening will equal if not surpass all the former socials. That everybody will thoroughly enjoy themselves this evening goes without saying. We have been glad to note the continued interest in this kindergarten and the increased attendance at its socials. We also learn that new names are constantly being added to the roll of members of the Club. And so the good work goes on.

DOVE NOTES.

Dr. Schlesinger is still dispensing spiritual things through his wonderful mediumship to the people of Humboldt county. The reports of his work are very encouraging and demonstrate the need of those who can present the phenomena of Spiritualism in a manner to convince the honest skeptic to go out and do missionary work among the people. The great demand is for such to bear the truth abroad.

Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley contributes in this issue an exceedingly interesting report of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Savage in Boston, which demonstates the trend of public thought towards things spiritual. There must have been a demand for such a lecture or it would not have been given. Mrs. Longley has the Dove's thanks for her kind remembrance of its needs. Reports of a similar nature from all portions of our country would prove of great importance and interest.

The Independent Spiritual Meeting next Sunday evening will devote the time to the consideration of the subject of "Materialization," facts, scientifically and in a phenomenal and philosophical light considered. The best and ablest speakers will participate. It is expected that Prof. Holmes will open the meeting. Jos. W. Maguire will be present and enliven the occasion with his soul of song and inspired thought. This will be an interesting occasion for believers, doubters and investigators. Speakers will be announced in the dailies.

Mrs. Scott Briggs informs us that the sale of lots in East Monterey is very encouraging. A number of prominent Spiritualists have purchased and others are talking of doing so for fraternal purposes. The location is of easy access to San Francisco and the expense of going but a trifle. It is in one of the most beautiful portions of the State, where ocean, mountains, forest, vales and groves, lakes and streams combine to present all that the mind of man can conceive of beauty, harmony and adaptation to his physical enjoyment and requirements and also minister to his love the sublime and beautiful in nature. Excursion trains run every week and rates are low. A party of prospective purchasers will visit the charming place next week.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 836 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt-edges $5.50 The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The President being absent on account of sickness, Mr. E. G. Anderson, kindly conseited to act as chairman, which he did very acceptably. After singing by the audience Mrs. Stevens, a fine inspirational speaker, opened the meeting with an invocation, after which she delivered a very spiritual address, taking for the subject, "The truth shall make you free." A solo was finely rendered by Mrs. L. Rutter. Mr. Winchell, of Vallejo, gave some of his experiences of tests given him through the mediumship of Mrs. M. Miller, after which Mrs. Miller made a most thrilling speech, which was received as they always are when she speaks under such deep inspiration; her earnestness inspired several mediums in the audience to come forward and let their controls speak. Mrs. Higgins, of New York, being the first, after which Mrs. Edith Nickless was controlled by E. V. Wilson, who said that the meeting reminded him of the good old times when all could speak as the spirit moved. U. B. Thomas read a paper that he had prepared on materialization, being much affected while speaking of spiritual matters, he was obliged to retire. A piano solo was given by Miss Violet Wheeler. It was a most harmonious meeting, and the audience seemed to enjoy the happy influence if one could judge by the expression of satisfaction after the meeting closed

Mrs. S. WHITEHEAD.
Secretary.

MRS. LOGAN'S MEETINGS.

The circle of harmony under Mrs. F. A. Logan's management was of usual interest in St. George's Hall, 900½ Market street, at 11 A. M. last Sunday.

Miss Hare played several solos and Mr. Hodgkin, Mrs. Logan, Prof. Seymour, Mr. Thurston, Dr. Houbert and the young gentleman who has been so recently developed all gave very appropriate remarks.

In the evening a large circle was formed and the exercises were opened with music by the charming vocalist, Mrs. Rutter. Mrs. Higgins of New York and Mrs. Maxwell gave tests and messages to nearly every one in the circle. Mrs. Logan stated that many who were accustomed to attending these meetings were at that hour attending a materializing seance in her room at 841 Market street. She would like to have remained at home with them, but would not neglect these meetings for any other, as she deemed them productive of much good, as mediums were being unfolded into beautiful and useful mediumship. She also stated that the materializing medium would be present in the hall next Sunday evening. Mrs. Higgins and others would also give tests. REPORTER.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The independent spiritual meeting at Washington Hall was well attended last Sunday evening by a large and appreciative audience. These meetings are so conducted as to draw the higher class of seekers after the phenomenal and philosophical truths of spiritualism. Mr. Swift on opening the meeting announced that the subject for consideration was materialization, and requested the audience to prepare questions relating to that subject, which would be answered by Mrs. Crosette's controls, who proceeded in a very interesting manner to discriminate between the real appearances of forms, and those made up of materials used, and found in the cabinets of materializing mediums. Mr. W. H. Mills responded to a call in his usual characteristic style, and denounced materialization as a sham and fraud. Mr. Mills gave a few instances of cases wherein he had been shown the modus operandi of the trick. Mr. Muhlner was present with his occult telegraph, and only a few ticks were received. Mr. Kirkwood, a thorough telegraphic operator watched the operation with intense interest and remarked that even one tick is evidence of an intelligent spirit power which to him is wonderful and mysterious.

In circles of twelve or fourteen Mr. Muhlner receives numerous communications and he is assured that he will be able to receive dispatches before an audience, and will be present again on Sunday evening next with his instrument. Mrs. Muhlner as usual charmed the audience with her sweet solos, with piano accompaniment of Mrs. Katz. A novel and grand feature of the musical part of the evening was a duet by Mr. Pettibone and Mr. Wolff on the zither, which in sweetness and softness may really be defined as the very soul of music, it was truly charming. Mr. Pettibone has promised to be present next Sunday evening.

The subject of materialization will be thoroughly discussed next Sunday evening by competent and able speakers. Persons having experience, phychical researchers, scientific and philosophical searchers after truth will all be allowed a hearing, and will have an equal and fair opportunity as time will permit to present their views on this important subject. No personalities that might give unpleasant feelings to believers and unbelievers will be indulged in. Prof. Holmes is expected to open the subject, and other speakers will be announced in the city papers.

JOHN SLATER'S MEETINGS.

John Slater quite excelled himself last Sunday evening. The tests were of an unusually satisfactory and convincing nature, and were all recognized at once. A gentleman who was present remarked to the writer that it was the finest test seance he had ever attended. The music and flowers were, as usual, very fine. On Monday morning Mr. Slater left the city for a few days' visit to the Big Trees of Calaveras county.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

The usual interesting programme was carried out at Fraternity Hall on Sunday evening. Recitations and songs were given by the young folks. Prof. Perkins gave a few character readings and tests at the same time which were recognized by each one, and Dr. Abbott gave some pointed remarks upon the lines that should be drawn between true and false manifestations. The gentlemen made some startling statements in regard to slate writing, promising to demonstrate upon next Sunday evening the differences. He bitterly denounced all fraudulent practices, and advocated the truth and that only. Mrs. Perkins gave the usual convincing tests. An interesting programme is expected next Sunday. It is expected that a rousing meeting will be held next Sunday, 2:30 o'clock, at the same hall, 909½ Market street.

These meetings have a plan distinctly differing from any other in the city, and there can be no interference with other gatherings. Those who desire to hear from practical mediums only, their opinions expressed upon all questions pertaining to spirit intercourse, as well as tests can find a congenial atmosphere at this place. Skeptics are especially invited. G. F. P.

MEDIUMS' MEETING.

There was a noted increase in the attendance last Sunday afternoon in Fraternity Hall at the mediums' meeting. After singing several rousing hymns, G. F. Perkins read three poems, which tended to inspire the minds of the listeners with the principles of loyalty. Mrs. Stout presided at the piano. Dr. Dewey sang a charming song, and Dr. Abbott followed with a somewhat lengthy speech which stirred up the mental faculties of some present; he then followed with tests. Mrs. Perkins also gave many convincing tests, and the meeting changed its movements into the forming of circles, which were joined by the many local mediums present. Dr. Dewey was conspicuous as a trance test medium.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $3 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.

BY MRS. M. T. SHELHAMER LONGLEY.

While the more narrow minded and would be zealous theologians awake occasionally from their last century dreams, to give a passing sneer or denunciation to Spiritualism, the liberal, progressive thinkers and preachers, who seek to keep abreast with the times, and who not only wish to be along side, but actually to lead the advancement of modern thought, are paying due respect to our blessed cause, and seem willing to give it attention and even examination in their own scholastic way.

Only a few weeks ago, the Rev. Heber Newton, of New York City, than whom there is no more learned, popular and respected theological preacher in the country, gave utterance to very pronounced, and even advanced thoughts upon the subject of Spiritualism. These utterances appeared in the columns of the N. Y. *Herald*, and were widely copied into the various journals and newspapers of the country. On this Easter Sabbath morning, I listened to a sermon by the Rev. M. J. Savage, the popular and well known pastor of the "The Church of the Unity" of this city upon the subject of "Spiritualism, One of the Signs of the Times." This sermon was replete with instruction concerning the claims and mission of Spiritualism, and one which no Spiritualist could fail to indorse or accept. The speaker said that he did not speak as a believer in modern Spiritualism, for as yet, he could not say positively, it is true, but he offered his fair and candid criticism of an important subject. A movement that numbers its adherents by many hundreds of thousands, and is recognized by many intelligent people wherever civilized society exists, has the right to consideration, and demands something more than a sneer or a frown. Spiritualism is more than half a century old, has been here longer than the time claimed for it by its modern followers. Strange manifestations of intelligent power appeared in the home of Dr. Phelps, father of the Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Andover in Conn., many years ago, and if these manifestations are not explained by the claims of Spiritualism, then, nothing else can explain them. Wonderful occurrences of an intelligent character took place in the Wesley family in England, long before Spiritualism appeared in this country, and only the hypothesis of an unseen but human mentality will account for the same.

Spiritualism of to-day, is worthy of investigation, and yet, there is much connected with it to appall and repel the one who seeks to learn of it. There is a stupendous amount of trickery and willful imposture under the claim and in the name of Spiritualism. There is a tremendous amount of honest, but of undoubted self delusion on the part of many who believe in Spiritualism—some minds are so credulous and so superstitious that they attribute the slightest event or occurrence which is outside the pale of the usual, to the action of spirits when a little closer examination of the subject would prove the mundane cause of the circumstance. There is also, a large amount of immorality practiced in the name and under the claim of Spiritualism, and so at the outset, the investigator meets with much to shock and disgust them. The speaker then went on to denounce in unsparing terms, all, who for any motive, trade upon the hopes and fears and the holy affections of the human heart. A denunciation in which all honest Spiritualists will gladly join. Mr. Savage then said, in substance that, however, the history of every great movement in the world, reports, that its early years were attended with just such detrimental trials and difficulties as are found in the investigation of Spiritualism, and that similar charges as those brought against this movement to-day, were laid against the early Christians, of whom it was said their love feasts were drunken orgies. But, beyond and above all that is unlovely and repellant attached to it, there is a higher and purer aspect, which many advanced and intelligent minds have indorsed and received. It comes not alone to the lowly and the ignorant and unrefined, but to the learned, the high, and the cultured, and Spiritualism has been accepted by those upon a throne, as well as by the humble fireside of the poor. The higher Spiritualism claims that death does not end all, that man builds up an interior body while here, that serves as a covering for his soul when he steps out of the physical organism. That he begins *there* where he leaves off *here*, and that he is not changed from what he was before death came to him.

Spiritualism claims that the dear departed friend lives, and can occasionally communicate that fact to us. The speaker said he could find nothing in science or in common sense to controvert that claim. If man is not all material he must be a spirit, and if an intelligent spirit, he must have a home, and place and associations he would. If man is not a spirit then he must be all matter, and death is the end of all hope, and joy, and life, and love. It is for our interest then, the speaker implied by his remarks, to prove Spiritualism true, that cold, dark, hopeless materialism may be proven false. If, after all these years of accredited belief and acceptance, Spiritualism can be proven only a delusion and a superstition, we may blush for the credulity and the gullibility of the human heart. In the earlier ages, animate life like the worms and the fishes held only the horizontal position, but the tendency of evolution was to erect, and so through the various periods of unfoldment, animal life became gradually more and more upward, until man arrived, straight and perpendicular. From the animal had grown the human, after the physical, developed the mental nature, then the moral, and later the spiritual, and the tendency is ever upward to something higher and better still.

The preacher hoped that Spiritualism is true, we cannot afford to find it a fallacy, and yet it is our duty to prove its falsity, if it is not what it claims. No intelligent thinker and observer

now doubts the truth of hypnotism, yet, many years ago it was denounced as a fraud by certain scientific minds. No competent witness will now discredit the claim of telepathy, but a few years back, very few would believe it possible for one mind to clearly read another mind, yet this can be done to-day, even when the operator and subject are a thousand miles apart. If this higher spiritualism that claims to bring communion with the dead is true, then we can believe all the accounts in the Bible, of spiritual appearances and manifestations; but if it is false, then the Bible must be untrue, for it is running over with accounts of Spiritualism, such as we have reported as occurring to-day. Many say, if a table moves without being propelled, or acted upon by some one in the body, or if an object rises without the contact of visible hands or weights, what of it? But, a great mind of to-day has said, the tendency of all physical things is downward according to the law of gravity, unless upheld by intelligent will, and if a physical object is upheld by some unseen force, it is our business to learn what that power is.

Mr. Savage concluded his fair and liberal discourse by relating a recent experience of his own, in which he received a description of certain circumstances taking place at a distance at that very moment, which could not have been known to the person with whom he was, except through the power of clairvoyance. I have not not given the exact words of the speaker, and the ideas may not be as consecutively placed as he arranged them but I have given the substance of this Easter morning sermon, which the advanced preacher presented to a congregation that fairly overflowed his spacious church. No doubt, the discourse will awaken thought and provoke discussion. It must have reached minds that could have learned of the claims and work of our cause in no other way. I am glad that Spiritualism is entering the churches and challenging the attention of study and pulpit. I rejoice that it makes its way where its light is most truly needed, and that liberal minds are found in such fields that dare to think and to speak.

BOSTON, Mass. April, 21st.

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF L. C. ASHWORTH.

NUMBER SIX.

LIBERTY OR TYRANNY.

The record of past times, especially those connected with that period of European history which surrounded the French Revolution and the American War has one lesson which is probably the most important of the many that its terrible tragedies convey; and that is the lesson of liberty. However horrible the means used, however the skeptic may sneer, and the atheist scorn the idea that there could possibly be any providential action in those events, the majority of thinking persons must recognize in them a work for the salvation of the human race which could not indeed have been accomplished in any other way. Violent means were used; every crime that human nature could devise were a part of those means, but the end which has been accomplished is proportionately great and far-reaching. Robespierre was an instrument in the hands of beings who had the welfare of France and the human race paramount in their minds. Unseen agencies directed those terrible events and the results were reached with as little evil as was possible under the conditions. The French Constitution has still its defects, and the enemies of freedom may exult in the fact, but nevermore can the conditions of 1750 be revived in that country; the blow has been struck and was decisive; freedom is assured; tyranny may exist but it must be shortlived; the light of freedom may be weakened for a time, but can never again be extinguished.

But what are the lessons for to-day from those stupendous events? We can make use of them. The study of history is ever full of useful lessons. American freedom is on a somewhat different basis to French. Both were purchased with blood and treasure, both set brother against brother, friend against friend and both entailed horrors of a peculiar and awful kind; but the freedom of America is the birthright of the people, not a portentious circumstance, not a transient fortune; it is as essentially a part of the people as the prairies and forests, as the farms and the workshops. This freedom, resting on such a foundation may be assailed, but what possible chance can any enemy or power of any kind have in combatting such a principle. To-day we see an attempt to interfere with the liberties of the people by compelling Sunday observance. A hundred years ago in France people were compelled *not* to go to Church on Sunday—now in America we are to see an attempt made to compel people to go to Church or something near it; but what can be the result of such a proceeding? People will be less inclined to go to Church than ever, and saloons and other such places will get the benefit. On the broadest principles men must in the course of action be permitted to please themselves on such things. Tyranny has been tried long enough. This attempt to revive old worn-out methods must inevitably fail, laws of congress helping or not. The American nation is not as a body very religious, and any attempt to force religion onto them by laws of Congress would be as ineffective as to try to cultivate a taste for music by perpetual drumming in the ears.

As time rolls on the taste for higher pursuits grows. Religion, becomes a science, is sought for by every one, and a plain practical people will best accept that kind of religion; the emotional kind must remain with older nations as a relic of the older times.

As knowledge may be called cunning without wisdom, so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than of courage.—*Plato.*

Correspondence.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

From J. W. Smith, M. D., Professors Owen and Randolph, Through the Mediumship of John Brown, Sr.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE. I am compelled to write, for my controls, who wish to send greetings through the DOVE to their many friends, they claim a hearing, and will speak for themselves.

Our object, dear friends, is to make known that we live and are engaged in useful occupation for our continuance in development and to drive the demon of mystery and ignorance from the field, and help mankind on to a higher conception of natural cause and effect, that mystery shall no longer lead them into darkness to which many are paying tribute. Should our work find favor with you, you shall hear from us in plainer and less disguised terms. It is conceded that we live beyond the grave, and much has been said, but no detailed account of how, and in what state, or condition, and occupation which is the leading topic of our present conversation—which is our great desire. Dear friends, what would you have us to be? Would you take from us our individuality, would you deprive us of our personal rights, simply because we have moved to a new state? Will you not allow us all the rights and privileges that you enjoy? We concede that you will, and in response to your willingness we invite you to come close to us that we may speak to you face to face, that the mother who rocked to slumber, and guided the baby footsteps of her darling child, may once more press you to her bosom, as all loving councillors for your good will do at the commencement of your new life, where you will soon imbibe the methods we use, and learn that your new field of labor has just begun, and will yield in accordance with the energy you put forth; your tangible spirit form will put on the fruits of its industry, and as will quicken the industrious man of earth into more activity to speed on their steamships, locomotives and telegraph, and all other improvements, for which we have a veneration love, and have been instigators in their achievements, and our entire labor with you is to endow you with sufficient ability to cause you to see as we see, and know as we know. We are loosed from earth's attraction, from a heavy weight we have lived in for our development to a higher grade or advanced school, where we cease to be children, and can read our true history in the Book of Nature, that we no longer hold views different from what we by nature are. Many here hold the same Deistic views they formerly did, notwithstanding they are bereft of earth bodies, they remain similar to that before taking the change.

But we must draw nearer to the thread of our theme, for which the reader will feel more deeply interested. Our religion, since the days we gave it to you at Hydesville, has grown fast

in some degree, than in former ages, so we can now come to you with the best of human evidence the world has ever had, that what we tell you is true, and none of our mediums should shrink from its advocacy. As we said, again we say come close to us while we tell you, that all the isms gotten up outside of the golden thread of nature's divine law, cannot effect its growth, no matter what they strive to hook on, its tendency can only be to retard its progress, but not to obliterate one law that attracts equal forces to each other. Be it ours to say that we were never outside of eternity, where we will continue to remain, but never alone.

In nature we live and have our being. Do we marry? is a question that is propounded by the inmates of darkness on the subject, whom we would refer to the wise men of the East to solve and advise us what becomes of the law of attraction and conception for lone dwellers?

To exact one of these laws all becomes null, for they are the mother of all unfolding developments. We are not given in marriage according to the theme of an earth life. With us marriage is of natural outgrowth of a developed state where congenial law brings together those adapted for each other where conjugal affection lives in obedience to creative law for a higher development. You want no better evidence of the truth we are telling you than you have in your dreams as you term them. At different times you have been made to realize our presence. We hold that intercourse with those in earth life in all its tangible forms which surpasses that of former marriage relations, which is a semblance of our journeyings here. We are the same and as tangible to ourselves as you in earth life are to yourselves, and we are glad the way is open for us to draw near through our developed mediums, who are prepared and fitted to take their place beyond the reach of envious jealousy, in giving you our crowning glory and latest developments.

Reveal to us, ye wise men of the East, from whence come your guardian spirit, if not from their progenitors, who sent you to earth to learn of its ways. Our spirit law is universally productive, and is the winding sheet of error. Fir to me the spirit, then the materialization where, in our infant state, we commence our earth life. But we lived before. If not as we purport, what would you think us to be? How little the farmer realizes that the horse he plowed his field with passes on to higher fields, where he may meet him. Dear reader, we are neither naked nor without food; all our wants we supply with our labor. A more detailed description we would gladly furnish only for want of a more perfect comunderstanding of its typography, and relationship we bear to each other. Let our mediums comfort themselves for having been faithful coworkers with us in giving you our words; their reward is sure. Let select societies of men understand their creeds and live close to them; that God is a spirit and to worship him they must worship him in spirit and in truth, and cease their denunciation of others who do. We are now in the house of God as much as we possibly can ever be, and come and let us reason together lest the woes of the shepherds of Israel be upon them, for they have not seen all that are to be done, and they have no oil to develop the sequel of their after life.

ESSENADA, LOWER CALIFORNIA, Mexico, April 15th, 1880.

WI-NE-MA.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Kindly publish the enclosed sketch of the brave Indian woman, Wi-ne-ma; the noblest heroine of modern times, who saved so many lives during the Modoc war; she is at this moment lying sick, blind and destitute, in a little wigwam at a place called Tule Lake, in the wilds of Oregon.

It does seem that the people of our country should relieve the suffering of this brave Indian woman; it is not long that she will need human help, and a statue of brass, to her memory after she is gone, would be a poor recompense for her great and noble deeds. Hoping that you will call the attention of your friends to this sad case, I remain sincerely yours,

J. J. WATSON.

THE SKETCH.

In his book entitled "Wi-ne-ma and Her People," Col. Meacham graphically describes his terrible experience on the day of the dreadful Modoc tragedy, which resulted in the death of Maj. Gen. Canby, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas. The horrid mutilation of his own body, and the superhuman acts of Wi-ne-ma, who, at risk of her own life, saved his, as well as many others, and whose name will live forever in history as the greatest heroine of modern times, are vividly depicted in the remarkable book referred to. I quote briefly from the book as follows: "Simultaneously with the attack on General Canby and Dr. Thomas, Schonchin sprang to his feet and drawing both a knife and a pistol shouted "Chookela" (bloods, pointed at my head, and discharged the weapon, the bullet tearing through the collar of my coat and vest. Before the next shot, Wi-ne-ma was between him and his victim, grasping his arms and pleading for my life. I walked backward forty yards, while my heroic defender struggled to save me. Scacknasty Jim joined Schonchin in the attack, and Wi-ne-ma, running from one to the other, continued to turn aside the pistols aimed at me, until I went down. After I fell, I raised my head above the rock over which I had fallen, and at that instant Schonchin aimed at me so correctly that his shot struck me between the eyes, glancing out over the left eye, which was blinded. Another shot from Shacknasty Jim struck me on the right side of the head, over the ear, which stunned me, and I became unconscious. Having taken my coat, pants and vest, they left me, saying to Wi-ne-ma, "Take care of your white brother." Wi-ne-ma wiped the blood from my face and straightened my limbs, believing me dead. I was placed upon a stretcher and carried to the hospital in a half conscious condition. Wi-ne-ma was among the first to kneel down beside the mattress whereon I lay in the great tent. Day after day she, with her husband, watched over me. While a three days' battle was raging, this Pocahontas of the Lava-beds became a Florence Nightingale in the army hospital, among the victims of her cousin's bullets, bathing the burning brows, and administering nourishment prepared by her own hands. The soldiers were assured of her fidelity, and with united voice declared her to be a ministering angel."

One of the objects dearest to Col. Meacham's heart was the hope that he might live long enough to in some way prove his gratitude to the noble Indian woman Wi-ne-ma, who had not only saved his life by her unparalled courage and persistency, but who had many times previous by her great influence with her tribe saved the lives of many other white persons. His earnest desire, which he constantly expressed to me, was to purchase for her a little home in which she might pass her days in that peace and quiet to which she is so justly entitled. A recent letter from her son in the far West informs me that his mother is ill and that his father's health also prevents him from labor.

A movement is now on foot to carry out, not only the sacred wish of Col. Meacham, in this respect, but to place a monument over the martyr's grave worthy of his great soul and great deeds in the cause of human rights. Persons who may feel interested in this matter are invited to send their address to J. J. Watson, Treasurer of the Wi-ne-ma Fund, 15 East 14th street, New York City.

GIRLS.

A lovely girl—Ella Gant.
A fighting girl—Hittie Magin.
A wayward girl—Hettie Rodoxy.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
A good girl to possess. Sal Vation
An oft-mentioned girl—Helen Blazes.
A charming girl—Jennie Rosity.
A sick girl—Sallie Vate.
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.
A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.
A geometrical girl—Rhoda Dendron.
A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
A profound girl—Meta Physics.
A star girl—Meta Orie.
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Annie Mation.
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
A sad girl—Ella G.
A serene girl—Mollie Fy.
A warlike girl—Millie Terry.
A very large girl—Ella Phant.
A wealthy girl—El Dorado.
A talkative girl—Ella Cution.
A historical girl—Jennie Ology.
A sailor girl—Mary Ner.
An actress—Marie Onette.
A Bible girl—Jennie Sis.
A high-minded girl—Ella Vate.
A botanical girl—Mary Gold.
A beautiful girl—Ola Ander.
A threatening girl—Minnie Tory. —*Toledo Blade.*

A Hartford boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relations. After thinking a moment he said, "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation that I've got."

Our Exchanges.

ENLIGHTENED FUNERALS.

If there could be a common understanding among the millions of people in the United States who know the truth of the Apostolic plan of salvation by fruits and deeds, it is believed that this would soon entirely supersede the man-made and inharmonious system founded on opinions and creeds and make us realize that our condition hereafter will be as superior to our present state as the butterfly is superior to the caterpillar.

It is suggested that after the usual funeral services are over that the more spiritualized persons present form a circle around the casket and join hands to assist the promoted friend in demonstrating that there is no death—nothing but a change. Others in the room would aid this result by joining in a still larger circle. Then all should sing appropriate melodies for the space of five minuses, to be followed by a few moments of perfect silence. If, for the lack of proper conditions, no results are obtained, all should sing for another five minutes in order to improve the required magnetic battery.

It is believed that in most cases if this plan were adopted sorrowing friends would realize the truth of the sweet words of Jesus, who said "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," by the good influence of the Holy Spirit. All spirits are holy who warn us to so live that we may enjoy pleasant memories when we all confer together in the higher life, and if we keep our bodies and minds pure and honest, we will attract none that are unholy. These advanced funeral occasions would greatly tend to educate all to the wonderful fact that we are never alone but surrounded by a "great cloud of witnesses," to whom every thought is apparent and every motive revealed. It would also help the clergy in teaching the practical religion that the Apostles tried to establish, and soon would bring again the pentecostal power of the Holy Ghost as is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles to purify and elevate every family and every church in all nations.

The writer knows that on many occasions promoted friends have entranced some "sensitive" present and have spoken at their own funerals, often giving expression to sentiments of a highly satisfactory and comforting character. Many wise clergymen who perceive the moralizing and elevating efficacy of this better way of conducting funerals, which have a great influence in improving society, are encouraging it in their various congregations. Let others follow, and soon the disgraceful spectacle that exists in some other countries which now requires a standing army to regulate the contending sects will not much longer hinder the world's true progress.

> Take courage then, O doubting soul:
> For all that's great and good
> Will be revealed to every mind,
> As truth is understood.

—*A. M. Ballou, in the National View.*

SPIRITOLOGY.

There is said to be 25,000 Spiritualists in the city of St. Louis. This may be true or an exaggeration, but it is true that men on 'change, in the stockyards, on the turf, in the highest railroad circles, round the fires of the foundries, behind the counters, in highest judicial circles, as well as ladies in rennet and humble homes are firm believers in the philosophy. Some of the brightest artists of the stage, learned heads of universities abroad and at home, and some of the most practical members of medical colleges have become the advocates of investigation of this old as the world yet new as to day phenomena to those who seek to know, yet the more cultured minds turn with contempt from the credulous declaration of the neophyte in this study of mental forces, and are dwelling in a mental atmosphere, where the symbolism of the phenomena of mental results of all ages is studied as strata potential with revelations of evolution and of higher forms in development. They look to the occident rather than the orient for the attracting sun to the result in the whole obtained of a life growth of a race. In other words, they believe that the beautiful and the true is entering the outer world forwards through selected minds in the temperate zone rather than through the tropics of emotion and troubled waters.

There are organized bodies of Spiritualists that meet in this city every Sunday afternoon. At one of these, on the corner of Ninth and Franklyn avenue, a Miss Cora Carpenter, a young girl not yet fifteen years of age, delivered a lecture on the power of mind over matter, that any minister or priest might have been proud to have given his learners. A large and respectable audience listened with rapt attention to the steady flow of correct language and dispassionate utterance of this young girl. Psyche like in personal appearance, plainly dressed, all her words and gestures were calm and those of the cultured scholar and church dignitary. She needs but training to one acquainted with the schools of philosophy in mental palaces of all time to make of her a star of the first magnitude. It is the study of this phenomena, the spirit of womanhood escaping from the serfdom of false religions that is among the mental phenomena, is interesting the attention of the learned who dwell on the heights of observation in the cultured independence of to-day.—*The New Order, St. Louis, Mo.*

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The Brotherhood of Man, expresses a grand principle of unity and fraternity which appeals to common necessities and universal recognition. It is sanctioned by the laws of nature, and by Christian precept. And so we read, "of one blood He created all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." Good enough, for this sentiment. Good enough for both infidel and Christian. It affords a common basis for all, of whatever belief and condition. This fact should provoke good feeling and excite a generous action. A fellow feeling is a wondrous humanizer which destroys prejudice, puts down bigotry, liberalizes thought, and conducts the world at last to freedom.

Brotherhood is a force working in the heart of humanity to excite love in fellow men; to lift up the low down and level the high and the lofty. It is a savior to the poor, and an encouragement to all honest endeavor. Herein it excites a lively hope and vital entity. Thus a glowing future opens and men work together for the good of one another, while isolation is discarded and the social feeling predominates among men.

The press is a great motor of influence in this influence in this direction. It opens fire and keeps on fighting —by moral means—from week to week and year to year. It influences public opinion, which, based upon natural right is the controlling force in government and social life. Let it be thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of Human Brotherhood and it becomes a power for good everywhere.—*National View.*

We make laws, but we follow customs.—*Lady M. W. Montague.*

Children's Department.

SHARP SAYINGS OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

HYPOCRITES.—"Now, little boy, what is the meaning of the word hypocrisy?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her favorite pupil.

"I can't explain what it is, but I know it all the same."

"Give me an example of hypocrisy."

"When a fellow says he loves his Sunday-school teacher, that's hypocrisy."

GOOD ADVICE FROM SONNY.—Leaving home for the office, the editor kissed his little four-year-old good-bye, saying to him: "Be a good boy to-day." He somewhat surprised the family by saying: "I will. Be a good man, papa." Sure enough. Papa is likely to need the exhortation more than the child does.

THE GIRL AND HER SAYINGS.—Said a little school girl to her teacher:

"Mamma gives me two cents every day for taking a dose of thoroughwort tea without making any fuss about it."

"Indeed! And what do you do with so much money?"

"Oh, mamma takes care of it for me, and uses it to buy more thoroughwort tea."

PROOF POSITIVE.—Mother—Did you steal the cake, Johnny?

Johnny—No, ma'am. Did I, Maudie?

Maudie (who got a piece of the cake)—No, 'cleed, mamma! I saw him didn't!

MANNERS AND ALL.

A little boy in Malden, Mass., was very anxious to have some of a particular kind of cake his mother was preparing for "company to tea." She told him he must wait until after tea, when he should have the piece which was always "left for manners." Though banished to an adjoining room he was allowed to perch himself upon a bureau, from which elevated post of observation he narrowly watched the tea drinking. That cake was so delicious that one of the company was taking the last slice, when they were all surprised by a roar of indignation from the boy: "There! there goes the last piece mamma, 'manners' and all!"

A boy in one of the public schools, while engaged in defining words, a few days since, made a mistake that was not a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whisky, or any other kind of intoxicating liquor.

Teacher with reading-class: "Boy reading—"And as she sailed down the river—" Teacher—"Why are ships called she?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex)—"Because they need men to manage them."

"My son," said a stern father to a seven-year old hopeful, "I must discipline you. Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was just like my father."

Miscellaneous.

Mark Twain at Niagara.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the world. I have been visiting this favorite watering place recently for the first time, and was well pleased.

A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said it was so with him. He said that ,the first time he went, hack fares were so much higher than the Falls that the Falls appeared insignificant, but that is all regulated now.

The hackmen have been tamed, numbered placarded and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the Law, and dosed with moral principle till they are meek as missionaries.

They are divided into two clans, now, the Regulars and Privateers, and employ their idle time in warning the people against each other. The Regulars are under the hotel banners, and the Privateers prowl darkly on neutral ground, and pick off stragglers at half price.

But there are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers, and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself its days are numbered.

It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the Falls, so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Falls before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance this way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property merely for the want of a little information.

And yet the sources of information are not meagre at Niagara Falls. You're something in do ubt what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt concerning what you must do. If an infant can read, that infant is measuarably safe in Niagara.

If you room at the hotel you will find your course marked out in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the walls like these:

"Pull the bell rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the walls or furniture."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you put your boots outside the door they will be blacked; but the house will not be responsible for their return."

This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they are returned

"Give your key to the omnibus driver if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind with so many instructions to keep track of. For instance:

Keep off the grass."

Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Don't hitch your horse to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage.',

"Forty per cent in gold levied on peanuts and other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the Superintendent of any neglect on the part of employees to charge for commodities." [No mattention of this kind is ever observed.

"Don't throw stones down; there might be people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls." More shirking of responsibility it appears to be the prevailing thing here.

I always had a high regard for the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but now they did not really seem to amount to much along with the signers of Niagara Falls.

To tell the truth, the multitude of signs annoyed. It was because I noticed at last they were prohibiting the very thing I was just wanting to do.

I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; a sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicking below, when a sign I had just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me, and I was a friendless orphan.

There was no resource now but to seek consolation from the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that moment: "All signs fail in dry times." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble red man had always been a darling of mine. I loved to read about him in tales and legends and romance.

I love to read of his inspired sagacity, and of his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest, and his grand truthfulness, his hatred of treachery, and his general nobility of character, and his stately metaphorical speech, and his chivalric love for the dusky maiden, and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrements.

When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty beadwork and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored in their arms and bodies shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now I was going to come face to face with the noble red man.

A lady clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array were made by the Indians, and there were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and that it would not be dangerous to speak to them.

I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making moccasins, and addressed them in the following language of friendship:

Noble Redmen, Brave Grand Sachem, War Chiefs, Squaws, and High-you Muck-a-Mucks — the pale face from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat, you, Devourer of Mountains, you, Roaring Thundergust — the pale face from beyond the great waters, greets you all.

"War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker and seven-up and a vain modern expense for soap unknown to your glorious ancestors have depleted your purses. Appropriating in simplicy the property of others has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts in your sinless innocence has damaged your reputation with the soulles usurper. Trading with forty-rod whisky, to enable you to get drunk and tomahawk your families has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the ragtag and bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas! and Red Jacket, and Hole-in-the-Day, and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutter-snips—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scalp the blaggard!"

"Hang him!"

"Dhrown him!"

It was the quickest operation that I ever saw I simply a sudden flash in the air, of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead-baskets, and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place.

In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off of me; they broke all my arms and legs; they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and then to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top of the remains of my vest caught on

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a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose.

I finally fell and brought up world of foam at the foot of the fall, whose curled and bubbly mass towered up several inches above my head.

Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round it forty-four times, chasing a chip and gaining on it—each round trip a half mile—reaching the same bush on the bank fourty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breath every time.

At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out.

The next time I swept around him, he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes; in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around again I said:

"Excuse the seeming impertinent curiosity of a drowning man; but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure; I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account; I can wait for you. I wish I had a match."

"Take my place and I'll go and get you one," I said.

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him.

It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side.

At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling for help.

The Judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, which were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition—at least I am lying anyway, critical or not.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory.

He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind I said: "It is an awful savage tribe of Indians that do the bead-work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from?"

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

The true gentleman wears his manner like his clothing. They are the expression of his own self. Be a gentleman, and your gentle manners will show it. Be a boor, and the very fineness of your manners will betray the boor beneath them.—*N. Y. Times.*

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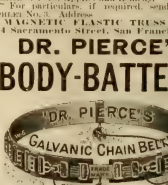

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"So you are the man who has been trying to abolish hell?" remarked a minister of strong prejudices, upon being introduced to the great free-thinker; "but ah, my good sir, you can't do it; you can't do it." "Well, if I can't, sir, I am afraid that when you come to die you'll be sorry I did not," was the quick retort.

"I want to know, Colonel, if you really believe your grandfather was a monkey?" said another to him. "Whether I do or not, sir, I believe your grandson will be," returned the Colonel.

His daughters unite the most intelligence with charm of any girls in the city, perhaps. Their knowledge is vast, their accomplishments varied, but there is not a trace of "scholarship" or pedantry in the sweet lady-like adaptability with which they receive their guests. The whole morning of each day is spent by them in study.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Thank God for Mountains.

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountain of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts from the eruptions of volcanoes and interruptions of barbarians, as if at the especial prayer of the Early Fathers of man's destinies, I am lost exalting admiration. Look at the bold barrens of Palestine! See how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized North by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope! Behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrhene Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forests of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations! —Wm. Howitt.

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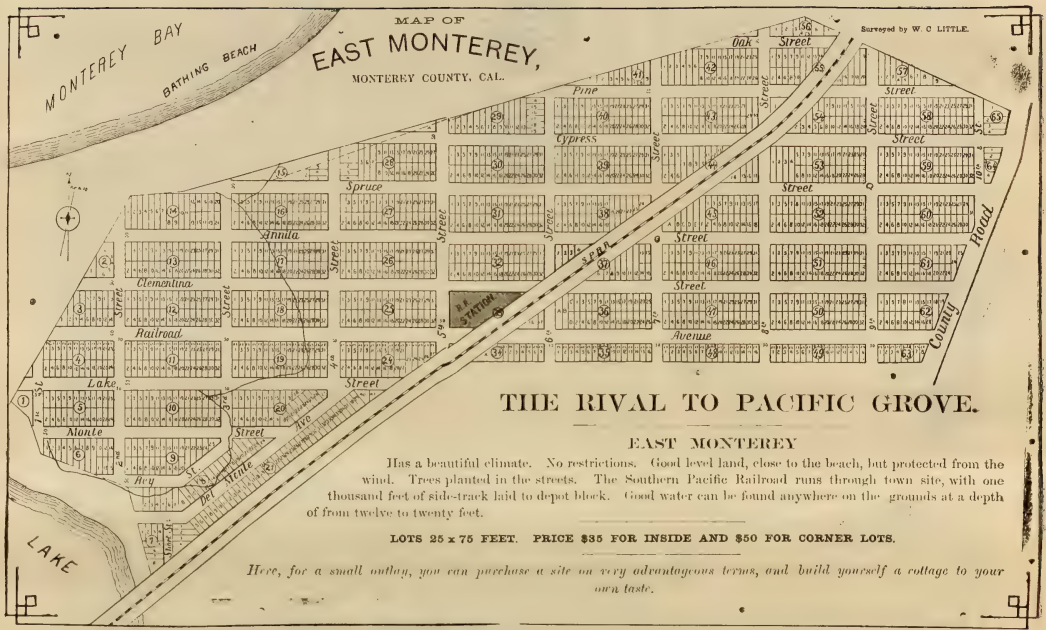
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Pine Street
Cypress Street
Spruce Street
Alvarado Street
Jacks Street
Clementina Street
Railroad Avenue
Lake Street
Monte Vista Street
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Hoy Street
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Main Street
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Jessie Street
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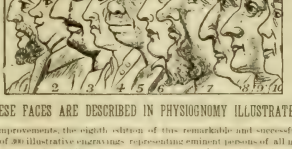

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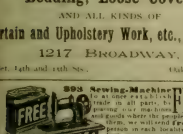

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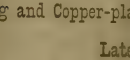

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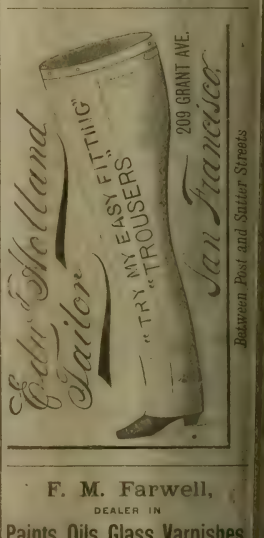

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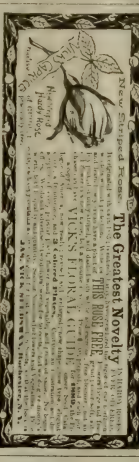

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Selected Articles.

Personal Experience.

FROM "PSYCHIC SCIENCE," BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The following narrative is an attempt of a celestial being to convey by words a conception of its glorious life. While, in part, the sketch must be taken allegorically, mainly it is a true picture. The communication came from our mother, Jane A. Rood, and the remarkable facts connected with her death are correctly stated. I more minutely describe the entrance into that state wherein the message was received, because it illustrates the preceding discussions, and the communication emphasizes and makes plain many points which have remained unapproachable.

The first stages were like sinking into peaceful slumber, and I felt the scenes of earth melt out of consciousness, while a strange exhilaration, peaceful and delightful, came over me. There were changing flashes of color, rivaling the rainbow, coming and going in receding circles, and then a misty brightness, out of which slowly came, as though the cloudiness were material in the hands of an artist, a form which I recognized as our mother's. A score or more of years had passed since the fateful hour when we were gathered around her couch, too distressed to weep, and awed by the presence of the silent messenger. Wasted by serious sickness, she was at last free from pain, and a smile of joy came over her pale face when she knew it was soon to be over. We thought her dead, for her eyes closed and her breath ceased, when she repeated with a voice sweet as music:

"Bright spirits await to welcome me home
To that blissful region where you too may come.
Weep not, for our parting is only to sight
Our spirits may still the more closely unite.

"Perform well each duty the task which to you
Is allotted, and murmur not if you must do
What now seemeth hardship, for soon you will prove
'Tis labor of kindness an action of love."

Then her eyes closed again, and her features changed into a glad smile. There was now no mistaking the signs, and we went to our appointed tasks, feeling that it would be sacrilege to weep in the presence of such a triumph over death. We felt that we had been permitted to catch a glimpse of an unseen reality. As travelers in mountain regions are delighted after the valley is wrapped in twilight, by glimpses of the crest of some tall mountain catching the rays of the sun, and reflecting its glory, so to us it seemed that the departing spirit had caught a glimpse of the light of its new life, and reflected a smile on the face of the body it was leaving.

How beautiful she was, with the graces of youth, and the complete and perfected charms of maturity. No wrinkles were on her brow, no marks of care, anxiety or pain, she was ideal in excellence.

What has happened to you, mother? How are you the same, and yet not the same?

The response: I have returned to my youth and have brought my experience with me. I scarcely realize how many years have passed. Twenty-five, do you say? It seems to me not as many days, and yet, let me recount. There has been a flood of events, and my recollection of the last time you saw me has grown dim. We count not time by years, but by accomplishments; by what we do and gain in thought. I am pained by the memory of the olden time. You say it was twenty-five years or more ago! As I come again in contact with earth, my sickness and sufferings are recalled. How weary and worn I became! How I longed for the end! The love you all bore me, and my love for you was the only cord which bound me to life, and as I approached the end I forgot even that. How much I suffered that day I cannot tell, but at last I was at peace. The terrible struggle between flesh and spirit was done, and the latter rested. I thought I would sleep, and yet it was not sleep. It was a repose of all living functions, and yet my mind was in full activity. For a time I heard all that was said by those who were in the room; but soon I became so absorbed in the thoughts which flowed on my mind, that I lost consciousness of everything else. Oh! it was such a delicious sense of comfort and of rest! I was so very weary; I had been so tortured by pain that to be free was indescribable happiness. I had heard them saying that I was dying, and I expected the dread moment with foreboding. It surely must soon come, yet I thought I had not reached it. The darkness began to lighten, and I thought the morn was breaking. An intense thrill of delight filled my being, and the light grew stronger. I continued to rest, and a new strength came to me. I am getting well again, I thought, and perhaps, when the morning comes, I shall surprise my friends and children by at once arising from my couch. The light streamed in with a soft and a refreshing warmth. There were no walls to prevent its passage. I was floating in a cloud of light, borne gently and softly as a weary child on its mother's breast. Then out of the light, as though it had formed into shape and substance, I saw three friends long since dead, and my own blessed mother. To meet them did not appear strange to me, yet I knew they were not of earth. When they came around me, taking my hands in theirs, and caressing my forehead, I was surprised at their beauty, and the sweetness of their expression. They read my thoughts and answered:

"Yes, truly we are of the dead, and you will find that dying means to live."

"I thought I was dying, they told me so," I said, laughing at the absurdity. "But I have become well; never so well since a child. It is a joy to breathe and feel the fresh life come coursing through my veins. But why do you smile?" I asked. They replied: "Do you not know that your new life means death? How much you have to learn, dear sister!"

"Yes, I have everything to learn; my life has been full of cares."

"They have been for others," was replied. "And such are treasures in heaven. For us to learn is not labor. If we bring ourselves into the proper conditions of receptivity, knowledge flows into our minds. There is no effort, no wearisome study. We may know all that the highest intelligence knows if we are in the right condition."

"I must bring myself at once into that condition," I replied, "for there is need."

"Be not in haste, our sister," said they gently; "there is time, and you must have repose. The pain you have endured reflects on your spirit, and you have not yet recovered.

"I infer from your words that I have met the change I so feared," I said again, smiling at the absurdity of the idea. "When did I pass the limits of earth life, and why do I lose sight of my friends?"

"You need have no more dread," replied my darling mother. "You do not see them because we are far away from them. It would not be well for you to remain and witness their sorrow. We have taken you away, that you may first recover and grow strong."

As I felt the swift motion, which I had not before observed, for it had been to me the gentle rock of sustaining arms, I asked: "Am I to be taken away so far I cannot return?"

"Fear not, child," she replied in her old way, "fear not, for whatever we justly demand is granted to us. The craving of the heart is not left unanswered. Presently it will all be made plain to you.

We were drawn onward as by the tide of a great river, and I saw countless others coming and going, as though on swift errands. Then we paused on an eminence, overlooking a sea of amethyst on our right, and a vast plain on our left. The sky was softest purple, and the light fell with indescribable mellowness over all—there was happiness in the air, and those we greeted were radiant. No words can describe what I saw, or my rapidly changing emotions. There is nothing on earth with which to compare the landscape. The softest earthly colors are opaque in comparison, and the clearest sky a murky cloud. Overcome, I wept for joy, and my companions wept with me.

"Oh!" exclaimed one, "how sweet to know that this is the reality; no more doubts, nor forebodings; no more fears nor distress; a life that of itself is the highest pleasure, and yields us heaven.

I started at the word, for it recalled a tide of beliefs: "Heaven! When are we to go there? Where is it, and what must we do to go there?"

"Be not impatient, dear sister; we are in heaven already. Where happiness is, there is heaven. Heaven is activity. It is the deed of kindness, the pure, loving thought that makes heaven."

"What is its first principle?" I queried, for I am weak and undeserving."

"Doing for others is the full measure of its law. This is the angel code from which every trace of selfishness has been weeded out. To do for others brings gain. The pure and noble angels bending from their spheres of light, labor for others in self-forgetfulness. When man so far forgets his selfishness as to sacrifice himself for others, he exalts himself in angel-life. To work for self is no better nor worse than the brute world, from worm to elephant, and is devoid of immortal gain."

How delighted I was at these words. The dross of the world was rapidly disappearing. The sphere of my earthly labor, which to me seemed so narrow, widened. I had been sympathetic with those who suffered, and to those weaker than myself I had given a helping hand. Little things of no account at the time, so humble and narrow had been my life now had a new meaning.

My companions smiled as they read my thoughts, and one responded: "Dear sister, your weakness was your strength. It will be no effort for you to do as you have always done. They who can be unselfish under the coarse influences of earthly life, how grand must be their career under the purer conditions which here prevail."

As we conversed there came one from another group, tall, beautiful and radiant with light, and with his companion more exquisitely beautiful than himself. They invited us, and we went to their abode. "How beautiful you are," I exclaimed involuntarily to her.

"I am glad," she replied, "for to be truly beautiful means that the thoughts are right and true, for they mold the features, and through them gain expression; but it requires time—a great length of time."

"How long have you been here?" I ventured to ask.

"Many hundred years. I scarcely know how long."

"And you grow not old here?"

"We grow not old. The spirit knows not age. It is not limited by duration. It is an eternal now, concentrating the past, and awaiting the future."

I had not seen myself since the change. I put my hand to my face; it was smooth and unwrinkled. A happy ripple of laughter came from my companions. He who had come for us said: "Dear sister, you left those with your body. The pure spirit has not the wrinkles or care or of age."

I looked at him as he spoke, and my attention was called to his robe. I had not thought of this subject before. I had been so eagerly watching the faces of my companions. I had not thought of their garments or of my own. What a change! What was this raiment? I cannot describe it. It was a drapery as of a cloud, and its color depended on the spiritual condition of the wearer. I was glad that mine was azure, for that was the color of my companions', and thus I knew I was like them. What was it? A cloud or woven light? It fell around me soft and warm, and with a luxurious coolness contrasting with the burning of the fever I had so recently escaped. How different from the roughness of the old garments was this fleecy robe, glinting and reflecting the light.

As we conversed, there came a spirit, who paused in front of us, dark and sullen. His raiment was sombre and grim, like his thoughts. "Can you tell me where heaven is?" he grumbled. "I paid a preacher to gain it for me, and now having lost all else, I want that."

"Poor brother!" replied the elder, "you search for what you can never find outside of yourself."

"You are a deceiver!" he muttered as he fled away.

The elder brother gazed after him sadly, and turning, said: "On earth he was a miser, and who can recount the years before his regeneration? He sought wealth, trusting to others his religious and moral culture. The recording angel has written against his name not one charity, not one unselfish deed. He now must wander in self-torment, seeking and finding not."

"Was he of consequence on earth?" I asked, for he was proud and haughty in his degradation.

"Thousands trembled at his beck, for he had make them dependents and slaves. He had vast riches—houses and lands, mortgages and deeds. He was wise in getting wealth; but here mortgages and deeds are unknown, and he becomes the least in the kingdom; morally idiotic, mentally dwarfed, and a pitiable object of our compassion."

"How long before he will gain the light?".

"Ah! who but God can tell?" sighed my instructor. "Who can tell? Centuries may go by. He must first learn to ask, first learn humility and his mistakes. Then some kind angels will attempt his education. They will lead him out of his mental selfishness, and he will begin as a child in the old life. His task will be difficult, because he cannot enter the sphere of receptivity, as we are able to do, and thus absorb knowledge from others. His nature must first change, and complete regeneration be accomplished."

The coming of this pitiable one brought a wave of sadness over us, but it passed, and the sun was more gladsome after breaking from the clouds. I had rested in delightful sleep; I do not know how often, and the old life was like a dream. It was not possible I had been sick, for I was so strong, so gladsome in my strength, and activity was a delight. My mind broadened. Contact with my companions gave me enlarged ideas. To think was to learn, to wish was to know. I was able to look beyond the effect to the cause. I could read the law in the result. Every day brought grander views, and my mental horizon expanded. Even in this larger growth I found rest. The faculties, dwarfed and starved in the old time, called for activity. The weariness of the body I was leaving behind me. How lovingly my companions would surround me with conditions of repose. How they gave me fullness of life, and drew to me those who would reveal the knowledge it was my desire to learn!

Then suddenly one evening I felt an earthward impulse. What power drew me thitherward?

"Is our sister disturbed?" asked my gentle companion.

"Oh! so disturbed! I have been selfish in my new joy, and how could I have been so forgetful; so unnatural? My husband and babe; my son and daughter weeping, and I have not thought of them!"

I wept, and my companion folded her arm around me and gently said: "You have been under our control, and are not responsible. To have been subject to the griefs of those you left would have been painful and useless. You are now able to bear a full knowledge; you feel that of your family and friends. I will go with you, and you will find what I tell you is true, and you will bless us for our thoughtfulness."

We were poised, as it were, over a promontory beyond which the earth hung in space, as the full moon in a summer sky. Beyond were the stars. I was aghast at the journey, and fearful of the abyss which seemed deep as infinitude. While I trembled it was passed. I was in my old home. A great flood of human memories came over me. How I loved the dear familiar walls, the chairs, the glowing fire, and, more than all, the family group. My husband sitting with his head bowed in his hand, my daughter performing the tasks that had been mine. My little boy and girl at play; the babe asleep. There were tears in my eyes as I turned to my companions for strength to bear. Did I not leave my body? Was there not a funeral? Why is it so quiet if I have not truly passed the ordeal?

"Listen," said my companion, supporting me. "Listen. It was in October when you passed away. The bright foliage of the trees, then burning in scarlet and gold, had been blown away by the blasts of winter, and the snow covered the earth with its icy shroud. All you think of has been done. It is finished. Were you to go to the churchyard you would find a mound by the side of relatives gone before."

It was so unreal and absurd that I was bewildered, and laughed at my misunderstanding, and wept the next moment when I saw my family. I went to my husband and placed my hand on his head and called him by name. I called with all my strength to learn that my lips gave no sound to his ear, and that my touch was imperceptible. Then I turned to my daughter and threw my arms despairingly around her. She was singing a song we had sung we had sung together, and continued not heeding my embrace. Oh! how keen my grief when I found I was not known in my own old home. I, who had come from such a distance, my heart beating with love, found no response. My daughter finished her song, and her eyes filled with tears. I read her thoughts, for they were of me. "Mother! Mother!" she was saying, and I responded. It was the call I had heard beyond the bars of heaven! I could not bear it, and my companion said, as she again placed her arm around me:

"Come, my sister, you can do no good here. There is your child sleeping in its crib. It is cared for as by yourself. Kiss it, and we will go. Be assured whenever you are wanted here you will feel the desire."

I kissed my child, "Let me stay," I pleaded; "I want to sit in my old place, in that vacant chair. Then I will go."

"As you will, and I will endeavor to impress your daughter with some ray of sunshine."

She bent over my daughter, and by means I did not understand, her mind responded to the spirit's thoughts: "Your mother is with you, and retains the same affection for you she had in earth-life." With the influx of that thought a smile lit up her face, and turning to the organ, she sang "Annie Laurie," a song we had often sung together. How thankful I was that one ray of sunlight gladdened her heart, and the memory of me was yet dear. I was grateful to the kind spirit who had assisted me, and then she said we must go, for the trial was too great for my strength.

"You must calm yourself" said my companion, "for this sorrow is without the least benefit. Believe it is for the best, and though the hour is dark, it will bring a perfect day."

"I can not prevent myself from thinking of my children and my husband. My love for them is stronger than ever, and I could not have been persuaded to have left them for a day. Can I not, oh, good angel, remain with them." The fairest scene of your home is desolate compared to the earth."

With tenderest compassion she said: "You are now in the earth-sphere and take on its conditions. You are seeing through earthly eyes, and affected by earthly ways. When we once leave this scene you will be no longer distressed. Willingly would I leave you. I have no right to force you away. I influence you as I think for your highest good. Here you are unrecognized, and are constantly troubled because you can not make yourself known, and by a reflection of the sorrow of your family. Whenever you can be of use to them, you will receive the knowledge and can return. Now we had better go."

She placed her arm around me, and whether the earth sank away from us, or we flew from the earth, I was unable to tell. I have since learned how to traverse space by the force of will; but then I was ignorant of the method, and dependent on others. Now, when I desire to visit a place, or be with certain friends, the desire creates an attraction, which in spirit is the equivalent of magnetic attraction in the physical world.

When we again reached our spirit home our companions gathered around us, and I was soothed by the kind words of my mother. I felt condemned for my loss of interest in the earth-life which had so recently absorbed my mind, but it became like a dim dream, and ceased to trouble me. What if I should forget it entirely? I was appalled at the idea, and cried at the pang it gave.

"Do not fear; you will not forget, but after a time your affections will strengthen. Our sister has much to learn, and needlessly distresses herself."

The years passed, and I became accustomed to my new life, when a message came for me. The palpitating waves repeated, "Mother! mother! mother!" It was my youngest daughter, who had grown almost to womanhood. I knew by her cry that she was in mortal pain, and yielding to the attractions, I was soon with her. She was motionless on a couch, surrounded by her relatives, and her cousin held her cold hand. "It is all over," they said in tears.

"Can it be?" I eagerly asked. "Oh! can it be that the time has already come when I am to have one of my children with me? To have one of them who will know me, and converse with me? Oh! heavenly father, I thank thee for this answer to my unuttered prayer."

Then I looked closely and saw the great transition was approaching. I could not assist; I could only stand by her side and receive her. She seemed asleep, which I fully understood from my own experience. Slowly the spirit left the insensible body, and as I saw my spirit-daughter recovering her senses, I drew near and whispered, "Clarabel!" She opened wide her blue eyes, and I knew she saw me. I threw my arms around her and wept for gladness. "Darling Clarabel, do you not know me, your mother?"

"Dearest mamma," she said with her old smile, "know you? Why, you are younger, but the same. Where have you been so long? We thought you dead."

"Do you not know?" I asked apprehensively.

"Know? What mean you?"

"Yes, I am what they call dead; and were you not likewise, you could not see me?"

"I dead!" she replied, with a laugh which recalled her childhood, throwing her arms gracefully over her head. "Look you, mamma, how far from it I am. I have been wretchedly sick, and in such fiery pain; but it is over, and I am perfectly well."

We drew to one side, and she then turning saw the friends weeping, and her body on the couch.

"Why do they weep?" she asked, "and who is that on the couch? I am confused, for it is like another self."

"They are weeping for your loss, and that form on the couch is yours."

"Am I to return to it? What am I to do, dear mother?"

"No, you will need it no more. Your life is hereafter with me and the angels."

"What mean you, mother, by saying you and I are dead?"

"That we are, my child. That is what people call dead."

"I do not understand," she replied musingly. Then going to her cousin's side, who was still holding her physical hand she said, "Cousin Frank, what are you weeping for? Do you not see how well I am?"

He did not hear her words, and she spoke again, playfully patting his face. Then she saw that she was no longer able to be heard or felt, and threw herself into my arms, weeping violently. I soothed her as best I could, upbraiding myself with foolishly teaching her the ways of our life before she was able to receive. "My child," I said, "how glad I am to have you again with me. They will all come to us sooner or later. Now we will go to my home, for it is not well for you to remain. After a time you will be instructed in these mysteries."

I attempted to go, but found that although I could depart alone, I could not bear Claribel with me. I had not perfected myself sufficiently in the method, and her attraction was toward that spot alone. I prayed for the coming of a companion, and soon there came one to my aid. On either side we threw our arms around her, and then our wills bore her onward with us.

When we reached our home, and the loving companions came with welcome to Claribel, and she saw beauty and perfection everywhere, and felt how happy her coming had made me, tears trembled in her eyes, as she said: "It is wonderful, mother, and I ought not to regret, but you know earth-life was sweet to me, and I had plans for the future."

"Yes, my child," I replied. "The days were too short, and your friends were devoted but your plans are thwarted, yet you must know that all is well. Her towering mr.castles had vanished; but soon she had far greater sources of happiness in the group of beautiful children she instructed.

I said I would not visit earth unless called for the pain was greater than the pleasure. Even when called, I refused. "My husband," they said, "was about to wed again."

"It is well," I replied; "his is the rough, earth-life, hard to walk alone. If he so desires, I ought to be willing.

Yet I was not willing or I should have gone. It would have seemed strange indeed, to have visited my old home, and found another in my place. It would have emphasized my death to me. Thinking the matter over, I said:

"No! I will not go. Let them be happy. I will not enter their sphere."

When, years after, the message came that he was soon to join me, I hastened to his side. When I reached him he had already nearly passed through the transition, and had regained his spiritual perceptions. As I came to him he at once knew me, and opened wide his arms to receive me. The years were blotted out. We were again to each other all that we had ever been. By intuition he knew that he had met the change, and the first words he said to me were:

"I am so glad the weary watch is over. I knew heaven was not so large I could not find you, but I did not expect so soon to meet you. It was like you to come, and I ought to have expected it."

"I heard your call," I replied, "and heaven is not so wide that I could not come. Now we must go, and I will take you to the most beautiful place you ever saw in dreams. You must not remain to witness the proceedings further."

He smiled at my words: "Why, you talk as if there was something terrible about death. It has been the most pleasant passage of my life. I have suffered a great deal in its approach, but when it came it brought only joy. When I saw you, I was so pleased my clay-lips uttered my thoughts—the last words they ever gave. Now it is done, I must stay till it is over. I want to see how the relatives and friends act, and hear what they say. You know it will be strange to hear one's own funeral sermon."

As he would not go, I remained with him, and entering again into the earth-sphere, suffered from the contact. My husband was greatly interested in the ceremonies, and when they were over, he said:

"I am glad the old aching body has at last gone to its final rest. The children were grieved, and ought to know how they misunderstand. Perhaps I can tell them some time. Hearts do not break with grief, else mine would have broken. Come, now, my new-found wife, I will go where you wish."

I need not repeat the story of the journey, or describe the meeting with our Claribel. Her father was of so happy a disposition, that he at once assimilated his surroundings, and became one with his companions.

"I have worked and struggled along," he said, "having little time to think, and I am as ignorant as a savage. I desire at once to commence gaining knowledge. How am I to proceed?"

We all laughed at his eagerness, and one said:

"There is time enough; you must first rest and recover strength."

"Rest! I was never stronger, and I am anxious for exertion. I feel mentally starved and crave thought food."

"You will find no difficult task. To desire is to have, and you will soon become in sympathy with the thought-atmosphere of our home."

Then one of our number, who was a poet, superior to us all, said he had had a singular and painful experience, and we demanded to hear it.

I observed in the city of Edinburgh that a time-gun is fired every day at one o'clock, and instantly on the castle hill, and over the castle walls, and in the valley of the city, the sound reverberates. During the meeting of the Presbyterian Council, recently held here, I noticed that there was a little surprise at first among the delegates, but after two or three days I observed that every man took out his watch to set it by that booming cannon, and thus every man had learned how to apply that sound to his own personal advantage. It is not only knowing the right thing, but it is the application of that which we know to be right that constitutes the happiness of mankind. JOHN HALL.

We cannot overestimate the necessity for that liberty by which we attain our highest development and that knowledge that fit us for self-reliance and self-preservation.—*E. Cady Stanton.*

Original Contributions.

Early Life In California.

BY LEON M. DOWSON.

NUMBER TWELVE.

In our last we caught a glimpse of the ruling spirit of the old missions (through the historians, Palou and Hittell) Father Junipero Serra, and saw with what relentless severity he held himself to the work of the cross.

We will look a little farther and learn something of the modes by which the surrounding Indian tribes were brought within the pale of the Church.

We could not learn this by observation during any visits at the missions so late as my first one, in 1851, for after the order to "secularize" the missions, by the Mexican Government, which took place in 1835, the scepter very soon departed from the old Franciscan friars. This measure was virtually a confiscation of the mission property, depriving the friars of all control of it, dividing it among the Indians and other people residents of the country. It was, no doubt, political wisdom, though a hardship, and apparent injustice to the friars who had so conscientiously engaged in the work of establishing the missions and bringing the Indians from their savage life under their control.

As late as 1851 there was nothing of original mission life in its simplicity to be seen, we could only learn of it from history. The old buildings were left and many relics of their former occupants, but after secularization the interest in the missions died out, the Indians did not keep up their interest in agriculture or any of the habits of civilized life, and when out from under the control of the Friars many of them went back to their savage mode of life, a result that was not surprising, considering the exceptional state of degradation in which the friars found them, and the condition of the tribes as we found them in the mountains as late as '50 to '54.

In estimating the results of mission life on these Indians, we must take into account the fact that these were the most degraded of any tribes that we have any knowledge of, and give the Friars credit, relatively.

We are told by the historian that in their native state, as found by the Friars, they wore no clothing or covering, except in cold weather they covered themselves with mud which was washed off when the sun became warm.

It should be put down to the credit of the Friars that they compelled the "braves" to consider their squaws more as their equals than they had ever been before. In their savage condition they were held as most abject slaves, entitled to no sympathy or

respect under any circumstances, and it was regarded as disgraceful for any man to put himself on a level with his mother, sister or wife, and all the hardest work was put upon them.

The Friars changed all this, and I say score one for them on that account.

It might be thought that priests who were so merciless to themselves as Serra was would be cruel to his Indian dependents, but we have no account of such being the case. The nearest approach to it is the statement that sometimes, when they refused to work the lash was applied, and if not sufficiently devout in Church the "beadle" was authorized to probe the offender with a goad a stick with an iron brad in it.

Polygamy existed among these Indians, as Palou speaks of baptizing three infants, born within two months, all children of one man by three sisters. The man also had his mother-in-law for a wife, but after baptism this was changed; the Indian being allowed his first wife and the other sisters were married to other men according to the Roman ritual.

The unmarried women were carefully locked up every night and guarded by old women. From Hittell we learn that when Indians got scarce the authorities sent out scouting parties to bring in recruits "for the service of Christ." But sometimes they "went a wooling and got sheared." They sent out a party from Santa Clara in 1826, and were repulsed at first with a loss of thirty-four, and a second attempt resulted in a loss of forty-one men and the capture of only forty-four, mostly women and children.

From pictures that we found on the interior walls of some of the mission buildings we see the means made use of to impress these rude savages with the consequences of being "bad Injuns" and not coming to the service of Christ.

I have a picture indelibly impressed upon my mind of one such painting that I saw somewhere down the coast, I think it was Santa Barbara.

I may not be able to re-produce it true to life, but as near as I can remember, it reached from the floor nearly to ceiling; it was, say, twenty-five feet wide and represented sinners undergoing all the tortures of a literal hell of fire, flames and smoke. There they were, little sinners and big sinners, trying to escape from their torments, but there stood the literal devil confronting them with a long pole, punching them back into the flames and as they turned to escape on the other side were little devils all ready to dispute the exit from the blazing pit.

The big devil had horns, cloven feet and a tail; a most hideous looking object and altogether it was a spectacle that could not fail to make those simple savages realize the awful consequences of being "bad Injuns."

Distance and time may have lent something to the sanguinary character of these pictures on the walls of the missions, to my imagination, and I would like for some of our friends at Santa Barbara, if that was where I saw it, and it still remains, to give us a detailed description of it.

The first impression to us of this enlightened age, of such means of bringing men to grace is its extreme absurdity, and we are apt to condemn and ridicule the old priests for making use of such agencies to show up the "goodness of God," but not ourselves in their places with such material to work upon and we shall find that we are "put to our trumps" to devise means to make any impression on them.

To appeal to their moral sense, conscience or reason was utterly futile and I am inclined to defend the old Friars as doing the best they could.

Of what use to talk to a South Sea cannibal? While using your tongue on him, he would be sharpening his teeth to use on you, and the same with these Indians except that they hadn't cultivated a taste for human flesh.

The means adopted were simply "object lessons" for these children of the forest, as they brought them into their "kindergarten" and where the extreme and monstrous absurdity comes in, is in perpetuating such ideas and projecting them into the nineteenth century and giving them to intelligent moral people who can appreciate the power of love and mercy as opposed to brute force, and threats of endless hell, ideas that should have long since been relegated to a crude and barbarous age to give place to more humane doctrines for which evolution in matters religious as well as in other things has fitted the people.

But the creeds still contain those old obsolete dogmas, while the pulpit complains of empty pews, and wonders why "base ball" attracts such crowds on Sunday!

And let the clergy take a peep into the hidden religious chambers of the souls of those who still bring their bodies into many Churches and they will find inscribed over the entrance: "vacant rooms to let."

The practice of self-inflicted torture cited in the case of the founder of the missions, Junipero Serra, was, it is true in the last century, but the same custom has been kept up till quite recently, if it does not now exist among the ignorant devotees of the Catholic faith in some sections. The winter of '73 and '74 I spent in Southern Colorado near Trinidad and the foot of the Spanish Peaks.

While travelling I noticed occasionally large wooden crosses at the side of the road leaning against some fence or building.

On enquiry I found they were used by the natives to do penance for their sins, past and prospective

I measured one. The beam or shaft was 15 feet long, the arms 8 feet, size 6 x 6. These they would carry at their religious periods till they literally dropped from exhaustion. They also lashed themselves with whips till they brought the blood.

At the house where I stopped there were some blood stains on the floor, and on asking what they were, was told that it was where the man and wife, Americans who lived there were murdered by two Mexicans, on account of a trifling disagreement about wages due them. Was also informed that those Mexicans were very zealous in doing penance, believing, no doubt, that "taking up the cross" and carrying it would atone for any sins they might commit.

But in this case the murderers were reminded that the cross wouldn't shield them with their fellow men if it did fix them all right with their God. They were arrested by the authorities who started with them to Trinidad, twenty miles off; and it was noticed very soon after the sheriff left, that he was followed two wagons loaded with men men, who said they were going along to see that no attempt was made to rescue the prisoners.

A rope was in one of the wagons, and the next that was heard of them, the murderers were suspended from some trees by the roadside. Many others higher in the scale of intelligence than these poor creatures, will find that the cross will not save them unless it "brings forth fruit meet for repentance."

It is not presumed that the priests anywhere countenance any such crimes as these, but by putting too literal a construction upon their assurances of the saving power of the cross, the impression that creeps in that they can "steal a march" on God and make him "stand and deliver" pardon which is due them by right of purchase. Literally in civilized society we do not witness such a form of penance carried to the extent of drawing blood, but most of us have in times past, metaphorically speaking, seen converts at revivals lash themselves with their tongues till the blood would run in metaphorical streams down over their devoted shoulders as they applied to themselves the most opprobrious epithets.

When the gospel of good works, that it has been the fashion to decry so much in comparison with the "saving power of the cross," receives its due weight we shall not find people looking to purchase salvation, by doing penance, making professions, and an outward display of "faith in Christ" instead of the more practical plan of following his teachings by doing good.

STOCKTON, April 25th.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your medicine."

"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I'm his sole heir."

The Rationale of Spiritual Manifestations.

BY J. MERRIJOE.

In these times of modern—so-called spiritual manifestations—when the world has become so thoroughly imbued with the original cardinal principle, which was the all-absorbing theme of controversy, at the outset, viz: that life is eternal in duration and progression; now that this all important theory, has gained such a firm foothold as a realistic fact, there seems now to have arisen new obstacles in the way of its progress. These have come to be known as Theosophy, Christian Science, Occultism, Mind Cure, Re-incarnation, and even the theory of Mind-Reading, has come in for its share in the effort to draw the great "Mogul," popular mind, away from the all-absorbing theme, which seems destined to obliterate and extinguish the old, popular theology, which has so long held the right of way, by virtue of the ignorance and superstition of the masses. In the face of this muddled state of affairs, let me take the liberty to illustrate the position in a sort of allegorical style.

The leaders of the various Christian Theological systems; or what may be called for the purpose of illustration, the captains of the line of ships, plying between the Port Mundane, and the Port Celestial, at the time when the wind and weather would seem to be fair, and the voyage bidding fair to be prosperous; they are suddenly aroused by the stentorian voice of the man on watch. Breakers ahead! Where away! shouts the captain. Straight ahead, answers the watch, and immediately all hands are summoned on deck to investigate. The Captain brings to bear his strongest glass, to discover the land, which he knows to be near, and with fear and trembling he announces that it is the identical port they are wanting to land at, but on closer scrutiny he observes that there is a great commotion on the landing, caused by a class of people whom he could not recognize, not exhibiting the usual tokens which entiled them to the rights of possession. With this state of affairs the fleet is ordered to "lie too" and await further investigation. And with the usual formality of a flag of truce the leaders of the expedition are rowed ashore to learn the true state of affairs.

On arriving they discover to their consternation, a great concourse of people they thought they had left behind, and were doomed to spend the balance of their time in the land of eternal suffering. For they did not have the usual theological passports entitling them to admission in the usual way. The spokesman of the fleet asked:

"From whence and by what means come ye here?"

"We come by a new route and faster line than the one you travel on," was the answer given.

"What new route may this be which deigns to run opposition to ours? What craft is able to navigate the dangerous waters between here and Port Mundane?"

"Be not so fast," replied they, "thanks to one who ventured to investigate the route, we have discovered that your old passports are not necessary to travel in this country."

"Pray explain, we do not understand these mysterious methods you seem to be so confident of."

"It is a short story and quick told, and quicker put in practice. All that is necessary if we wish to be as near perfect as possible, we begin in our mortal lives, by exercising honesty and uprightness of purpose, doing all the good we can to ourselves and our fellow-men; relieving the suffering and aiding the poor among our fellow-men, and encourage others to do likewise. We find that all necessary religion is contained in the one commandment, "do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." When we get through with our mortal career we simply lay aside our earthly bodies, and assume an independent spiritual existence, in which condition we are free to move where ever we wish, and we naturally seek the heaven that the world's people have been taught to expect, and we find that we have only to desire it and behold in an instant we are here. We find that it is not so far distant as our theological brethern have taught, and we intend as soon as we get to see our friends here to return, and let our earthly friends know the truth in regard to this celestial sphere, that they may know the needs of their earthly existence, that they may prepare for the new life here, and learn to look forward to it as a fixed reality."

After this brief explanation the spokesman of the theological crew, said that to those who had faith in such a means of redemption from the sins of earth, it might answer their purpose, but to him it seemed like the revival of scientific Christianity that has seen its day and been exploded on earth long ago. Another one said he thought it looked more like the East Indian Theosophical system than anything else, which had its origin among the heathen East Indiamen a long time ago. Another said it seemed to him more like the revival of the occult science that had its origin among the same class of heathens. Thus they went on, each one giving another explanation of the principle, as best suited their particular line of defense, until mind cure, re-incarnation and mind-reading, etc., were brought in as a corresponding illustration, to try and make the spiritual plan untenable, but notwithstanding these repeated attacks on the spiritual band, they were still there, the personification of reality, a real, solid, unchangable fact, encased in the impenetrable armor of a fixed law of nature.

Thus the theological line of transportation between the two ports, has been forced to adopt a new mast and new sail to its ships, in order to in some measure, appease the all-powerful popular feeling, which has gained such a strong hold among the masses.

But still this old line retains nearly all its original rigging, and seem to be more content with it, on account of its having withstood the test of so many ages of trial and apparent success; realizing as they do, the necessity of adhering to a strict sincerity of purpose, that the unerring laws of nature may still find them on the right road; and yield them the coveted reward.

For this one palm of success, all good and true Spiritualists should feel a deep sense of thankfulness, for in it I see that the backbone of bigotry has received a blow that will cripple it for ever; and time alone will wear off the ragged edges of theological superstition, until harmony will shine supreme over all humanity. Don't clog your minds with the covetous idea that you want the credit, or acknowledgment of having done a good deed; for good deeds don't require acknowledgment in order to bring their reward; the simple fact that your principles have been adopted and put to use, is enough without the acknowledgment by word of mouth. All mankind are apt to rest secure on this principle of covetousness on the score of good deeds, and lose sight of the virtue that "silence gives consent."

The most desirable and most important principle that should inspire the minds of all good and true mediums is, first, not to indulge in any manifestations that are not elevating and ennobling, both to the medium and to those whom they are directed; they should also manifest that degree of meekness and submission that will sustain them through any and all trials, for truth, honesty, and sincerity of purpose, all of which should not in the least be considered humiliating to them.

It is manifestly evident, that all who enter on this field of labor, with a firm resolution to carry out the precepts herein laid down, will reap a rich reward for their efforts, in the satisfaction and peace of mind it will bring home to them.

It matters not what phase of mediumship is pursued, (for the same principles and conditions apply to any and all phases) let truth, honesty and strict submission to the impressions and controls from the invisible side of nature, be the full measure of your ambition, adverse as it may be, to your previous aspirations. That there should be so many different phases of mediumship is just as natural, as that there should be such a diversity of character existing in human nature, throughout the multitudes that people the earth. Another natural element crowds in upon my mind here, that is necessary to mention in this connection, which is this, the character and tendencies of each and every medium, as well as that of the control, and the surrounding influence of those who are present in the body, all have a tendency

to modify the wording and effect of the communications received. This peculiar and natural state of affairs will be readily acknowledged by all true mediums. But there are very few who ever ask themselves the question why is this so, and how can we comprehend and explain it satisfactory to ourselves and others." This is a very difficult subject to handle or explain. Although I have come to a satisfactory understanding of it in my own mind, it is difficult to find language comprehensive enough to make it plain to others. However, thus fettered, please allow me to try and explain it.

This element or force in nature that we recognize as existing here, may be called psychic force. Here again we are driven to ask, what is psychic force? This term has been construed to mean different things according to the powers with which it it associated for expression; but the most commonly accepted meaning is the soul force, or the spirit force, as demonstrated independent of the physical or mortal body.

It will readily be seen, it is difficult to draw the dividing line in the case of the medium, spirit, recipient, and the audience present; for here is a conglomerate mass of influences hard to harmonize.

This so-called psychic force, is as yet very imperfectly understood, and is a subject that requires the most careful study and observation, throughout the terrestrial and celestial universe. Its power and its invisibility are potent facts we are forced to admit, but its effects are visible on all animal and physical organisms, and the task of tracing it out, through all its various ramifications, in animated nature, and bestowing upon it the study it calls for, is a matter that will occupy the attention of the most intelligent and observing minds for ages in the unknown future.

How to meet, recognize, and put to the best possible use, this force as it becomes known, is a matter that does lie within the province of our power, but in the exercise of this privilege, it behooves all mediums to take heed and not be led astray; and where there is a disposition to doubt, take the benefit of the doubt, rather than construe it into a certainty. Some people may think this is prevarication, but I think it is no more than acknowledging a fixed law in nature, that is, as yet, but imperfectly understood.

One of the principle conditions necessary for the exercise of mediumship is, that the medium should be brought into a passive state, or as near as possible subject to the control of the psychic power of the spirit. This, of course is acquired in different degrees by different persons, and each time, varying according to the surrounding influences of all who are present. In order to individualize all these forces, let us try to separate them as much as we can. In the first place we have the psychic power of the medium, which is intimately connected with the physical organism, we may even say it is inseparably so, for were it not, the physical would not again be animated by it, or return to the normal condition. In the next place we have the psychic power of the spirit, which is considered by some as an independent potentiality, and aide to assert its true selfhood, and perform all manner of superhuman wonders, but to me this is an unwarranted conclusion for the spirit having attained a psychic state of existence, does not preclude the possibility of its being susceptible to a stronger psychic influence than itself, or even to the modifying influence of the medium's semi-conscious condition. Then again, we have the mental magnetism of the person receiving the communication, and the audience present if any. All these concomitant forces are implicated in every communication received; hence, we are forced to the conclusion that all is not perfectly reliable, that seems to be so; yet we cannot deny the truism, that the general tendency of human development is upward and onward, to something higher and nobler, and will continue to be throughout endless eternity. Consequently we do not feel discouraged at this objective, subjective, positive, negative and passive condition of things, and their effect upon each other, for we know that nature never makes a mistake, though she may be somewhat tardy in arriving at true and perfect results.

No medium should ever be guilty of forcing the conditions, in order to accomplish any desired result; a simple acknowledgment of the lack of conditions, will have a greater influence for good than a prolonged effort with a doubtful result. I cannot better illustrate this fact than by a brief history of my own situation. Having been a medium for over thirty years, but owing to a delicate susceptibility early developed, I found that even in the presence of a second person to receive a communication, very little reliance could be placed on my efforts, on account of the conflicting influence of the second party; which would bias the result, and in many instances distort the truth in such a way as to be unsatisfactory. Still, when sitting alone in quiet seclusion, the same subject would come to me in a much more reliable shape. Hence it is I have been obliged to confine myself to doing good in a more general way, and being possessed of an iron-bound conscience, that would not let me deviate from the truth knowingly, or even doubtfully. I have had to accept the situation and be content. So my readers will understand my motives, should the principles herein expressed, not coincide with their preconceived ideas. I would not wish to condemn a single one who is honestly striving to attain perfection in mediumship, by honorable means, but would rather counsel them to consider well all the surrounding influences, and not to be discouraged by any expression of doubt from those present, who, being desirous of arriving at the truth, judge according to the light within them, but always be willing to give them the satisfaction of their doubt, remembering that they too are individually responsible, and as much entitled to their views, as you, who occupy the relation of medium. This method, which is the verification of the old saying, "to live and let live," will prove the safest in the end; for where no harm was intended, no harm will be done, and the way will be left open for another effort to do good.

The Shot-Tower the Result of a Dream.

There was once a mechanic living at Bristol who had a queer dream. Watts was his name and he was by trade a shot-maker. The making of the little leaden pellets was then a slow, laborious, and consequently costly process. Watts had to take great bars of lead, and then pound them out into sheets of a thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he placed in a revolving barrel or box, and rolled until the edges were off from the constant friction, and the little cubes became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to devise a better scheme, but in vain. Finally, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the alehouse, he went home and turned into bed. He soon fell into a deep slumber, but the liquor evidently did not agree with him, for he had a bad dream. He thought he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent, and compelled him and his bibulous companions to draw their heavy limbs to a place of shelter.

In the morning when Watts arose he remembered the dream. He thought about it all day, and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last he could rest no longer; he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the Church of St. Mary of Redcliffe, and dropped it into the moat below. Descending he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of perfect shot far superior to any he had ever seen.

Watts' fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot-tower, which has ever since been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so much used in war and sport. —*Wit and Wisdom*, London.

Owen in his last hours, when on his dying bed, dictated a short letter to a friend. The amanuensis had written, "I am yet in the land of the living," when Owen at once arrested him: "Stop, after that; write, I am yet in the land of the dying, but I hope soon to be in the land of the living."

About Women.

Women Journalists.

It is a mystery to the profession of women journalists how Mrs. Frank Leslie ever manages to get through her work dressed as she always is in her office. When a man has a special piece of writing on hand he throws his coat off, runs his feet in a pair of old shoes or loose slippers, opens his vest and buckles down to his desk with his arms spread over half the desk room. Ella Wheeler Wilcox put on a Recamier gown that goes over a jersey and belts under the arms, does her feet up in cork sandals, lies back in a big willow rocker, and writes with her copy paper thumbscrewed to a thirty-two inch blotting pad.

Mrs. John Sherwood goes to the top of her house, where her study is located, wraps herself in a blanket robe of blue and custard wool, and, seated before a gas log, she dictates to her stenographer a syndicate letter in an hour.

Mary Mapes Dodge, of the St. Nicholas magazine, wears a loose suit planned after a Brighton bathing suit that fits like an old habit, and in which she confesses to accomplish an ocean of work.

Even Hattie Hubbard Ayer has her long half fitting princess with a Fedora that permits an absence of corsets or reeds, and thus robed she gets through as much work as any ten women of ordinary industry in the field of labor. But Mrs Leslie prefers to sit at her desk from nine until three o'clock dressed in a French costume that is stayed and stiffened till it fits without a wrinkle or crease. Her sleeves are poems, her back is a study, and her waist could be spanned by a necklace. All her gowns are black silk in gross grain or moire, and she has an assortment of little black aprons made of surah, net or gauze and ruffled with white lace. She never wears a collar or a ruche of any sort, the finish of all her high neck dresses consisting of a band of cream white, inch wide, fancy edged ribbon which she ties in a little bow at the right side. And her feet! In the name of the canonized Crispin I don't know how she stands in them, for they are shod in No. 1 boots, and I would wager my pet feather fan she does not weigh less than 140 pounds in her bath robe. These little shoes are, after the Spanish, made of black kid and laced, tipped and striped wih silver.

Running under her white oak desk is a steam pipe which coils for a foot rest, and here Mrs. Leslie sits toasting her feet as she writes letters, poems or serials for out of town papers. A fan of painted feathers is always within reach, and when an inspiration is wanted the raven quills are put in motion.—*New York Letter.*

Wanted!

Yes, wanted, young women of good hearts and willing hands to help on the crusade of this century. Superb work has been accomplished, but still the call is urgent for assistance. It is wholly unnecessary to scan the tomes of ages past, to discover women's identity with great measures. Her name is to-day emblazoned on the roll of honor. Women's place is somewhere else than posing as a figure head for French fashion plates. Her wit and fascination may lead astray, or they may be head lights in the onward push that this nineteenth century is giving her sex. Classic walls invite her entrance; and each diploma earned adds one leaf of laurel to the crown of her abilities. Homes where the grief angel nestles, hospitals where the shadowy wings of death hover, orphan asylums where sweet charity invites, prisons where repentance may need a listener, all these and many more, need womanly tact and gentleness voiced to help frail humanity to bear its burdens bravely. Wait not until some one turns the knob, but knock loudly at the door ajar, and let the world know if there be any vim in your character. There ought to be a real, active interest in our work, for the work itself, quite apart from any money consideration. A calling that does not arouse ambition in the mind of the person following it, is not a well-selected calling and that person is to be pitied.

Alonzo Cano, a Spanish painter and sculptor of the seventeenth century, refused to kiss a crucifix which was presented to him on his death bed because it was so badly executed. When Remeau, the famous musician was dying, his confessor wearied him, and the lover of sweet sounds rallying, said, "You have a deuce of a bad voice!"

Workers, shirkers and flirters make a sort of triple alliance. Plenty of burdens for willing shoulders, while the shirkers keep the ranks of the tramping fraternity full, and the flirters tra-la-la through life's sunshine. When the winds of adversity blow, and the floods lift up their voice, how the shirkers and flirters, reed-like—tremble—no stability.

The working women of the present, must rest not until the white ribbon belts the globe. She must cease not her labors until the carved gilded screen is moved from the palace of the tempter, and we can let the light of day enter these traps of Satan. As we go up and down our streets, we wish to peep within these doors, in the same way we peep into the doors and windows of our bakeries and clothing establishments. Curiosity is a part of woman's nature, and we want very much to know, where our fathers, husbands and sons are transformed from good, loving men, into cross, hateful brutes.—*Exchange.*

The best medisin I know for the rumatiz is to thank thank the Lord it ain't the gout—and then try Ath-lo-pho-ros.

A Connecticut Woman.

Truly a good woman's work has a far-reaching sweep. Years ago, relates *The New York Evangelist*, there lived a family of four in a small house situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor; a few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow supported them. The sheep clothed them and the cow gave milk and did the work of a horse in plowing and harrowing; corn bread, milk and bean porridge were their fare. The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother; she did her work in the house and helped the boys do their work on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes; there was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from a sheep and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made from braided straw. The family lived four miles from the "meeting house," yet every Sunday the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of a church in Franklin, Conn., to which he preached sixty-one years. Two generations went forth from that church to make the world better. The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful college presidents; hundreds of young men were moulded by him. That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott; she was the mother of Samuel Nott, D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., president of Union College. And who can estimate the result of that good mother's efforts, through the influence exerted by her son, Dr. Knott, one of the greatest educators of the century?

Frankie's Gift.

I went into the room on Christmas eve, and found Frankie resting his chubby arms on the edge of the table, and gazing with much satisfaction at the Christmas tree which he had prepared to receive his presents. It was a branch of hemlock, stuck in block, and gaily decked with ends of ribbon, and bits of bright paper and cloth. It stood on the back of the table, and at the base were two large, red apples. On a piece of paper lying in large irregular letters, "For you, Santa Claus."

He told me he wished he had more to give Santa Claus, that he must get very tired, carrying things to so many houses, and it was a shame no one gave him any presents when he was so good to everyone.

He knew Santa Claus liked apples, for the Christmas before he had left three when he went to bed, and they were all gone in the morning.

L. M. B.

If yu don't beleaf in "total depravity," buy a quart of gin and studdy it.

[Extracts from the New York Sun of July 12 1881.

Are Women Slaves?

The founders of this government called themselves slaves because they were taxed without representation. Yet the slavery in which they lived under George III. was a large and liberal freedom compared with the condition of the women of this country.

Under George, the King, if accused of any offense, petty or penal, our forefathers were tried by juries of their peers, and sentenced by judges who were only their equals before the law.

If accused of any offense, petty or penal, the women of this falsely called republic are tried by juries of masters and sentenced by judges who are their sovereigns by the accident of sex.

When one class of men hold absolute power over another class, as the white men in the South once held over the black, we call the one a master class and the other a slave class.

So, when one sex holds absolute rule over the other, as men hold over women, the one is a master sex and the other is a slave sex.

In addition to these wrongs, every institution in the land, taking its tone from the law, which holds us inferior to the males of our kind, also looks upon us as inferior, thereby overwhelming us with untold and uncounted humiliations and wrongs.

The church the best of our sex as unworthy to enter their pulpits; while the sinful they seem to look upon as having no part in the plan of salvation.

Medicine deems us unfit to practice its therapeutics: Even the mechanical trade of dentistry fancies it may elevate itself among the learned professions by excluding women from its practice.

The tribunals of so-called justice forbid women to enter their courts save as criminals to be tried by juries of masters and sentenced by judges who are sovereigns by the accident of sex. If this is not slavery, what is it?

Men will not study this question. Sex bias so distorts their judgment, they cannot see straight.

Thinking women, who look from effects to causes, see a million evils resultant from slavery. Every wife beating is directly chargeable to the law, which tells the man that he is the superior, the governor, she the inferior, the subject.

Every street walker is directly chargeable to law. Prostitution is an unnatural trade—is directly opposed to the ingrained physical laws that should govern woman. The horrible trade is the outgrowth of the unnatural condition of absolute subjection of women to men. Firmly convinced of this, is it any wonder that women bring to the advocacy of this cause all the enthusiasm of their souls? ELIZABETH AVERY MERIWETHER.

We take up the subject where it is dropped by the above writer, and, to the last question we say, No, it is no wonder that women are so enthusiastic over their own rights; but it is a wonder that men will not see the need of giving to their mothers, sisters, wives, that which belongs to them. How quickly will men resent an injury done their lady friends by another man in the ordinary walks of life; yet he will remain deaf, blind, and mute when some few women, seeing and realizing the uncharitable, as well as unnatural subjection that the sex of woman, as a sex, wholly, is subjected to, rise in defense.

Men must be wholly selfish to want to discard, from among the ranks of enterprise, the helpmate of his life.

Now, brother man, if woman is good in one position of life; if she be qualified to stand the strain of maternal and domestic wear; she is most assuredly well fitted to brace the confines of a few hours of office or exchange labor.

Do you tell us that we are not strong nerved enough to withstand the excitement of public life? If you do, we will answer you thus: That when children of either sex be taught to have an equal interest in the sports of mental and physical training and exercise, the nerves of the one will take as firm a stimulus as the other. So long as the female child is born and reared as a tender hot-house plant, with only a slight regard paid to her physical, compared to the painstaking exercise of the male child, even of the same parentage; why, as a natural consequence, the chances are few for the redemption of women, in an independent, natural, self-supporting sense; yet, even admitting the above to be true, the majority of women to this day will out-nerve the men.

As a sex, woman is more of a nervus virus, or possessing the more flexible nerve power, than the male sex. Nature has so designed it.

Some small minds may ask, if we want women to fill the position of coal heavers, and all the menial departments of life as now filled by men, and we answer those persons thus: That, if woman is best fitted to do a branch of work that is now done by man, let her do it, better that, than as now, the fancy ornaments of lust and shame.

Do we speak harshly? We do not want to. No, no. We are forced to draw the extremes because they are existing facts.

We would have those who are now in power, so equalize the rights of the masses that those of either sex may fall into their respective places.

How long will man so selfish be
That two of the same house and family
Be not in birthright free? [ED.

The best relief for the rumatiz that has been discovered yet is to find some phellow who has got the gout bad, and then pitty him.

How Some Poems Were Written.

Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of these terrible fits of depression so common to him.

General Lyle wrote his beautiful composition "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

"After the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted magazine.

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works, that he became an accomplished oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that the scenes were not penned on the spot, instead of in a retired dwelling in Derbyshire.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house a stranger to him, walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Green, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.—*The Library.*

I have never hesitated when I have seen my way clearly according to my lights, to follow it. I have always endeavored to hew to the line, let the chips fall where they would. Some people do not do that. That is what is the trouble with the world. A great many people ask, when they find what their duty is, does it pay? If it pays they will follow it, and they care not where the payments come from.—*Samuel Fielden.*

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"LECTURES ON MEDIUMSHIP."

The above is the title of a new book consisting of a course of eight lectures, by Prof. J. S. Loveland, upon the following subjects. "General View of Substance and Force." "The Trance;" "The Possibilities of Mediumship;" "The Disabilities of Mediumship;" "Healing Mediumship," "The Perpetuity of Spiritualism."

We make a few extracts at random through the book, which will give the reader an idea of the manner in which the various subjects are treated. On page 72 the relations existing between the soul and body, which have been treated in the preceding pages, are thus summed up:

The body, the flesh, is, like all animal organisms, possessed of certain functions, which relate it exclusively to the temporary, earthly life. They are absolutely necessary to our temporary, dual life, but unnecessary and impossible in the spiritual life of the hereafter. So far as organic life is concerned, nothing unnecessary can be transmitted to the spiritual sphere. The unborn child is nourished and grows from the blood of its mother, but as soon as the umbilical cord is severed its own system must manufacture its blood. So, when the spirit is severed from the body, its relations to its physical supports are ended. If something analogous to nutrition continues, it is far above all mere material processes. The wants of the body are not those of the soul. The functions of the one are entirely unlike those of the other. The body gravitates to the earth, the soul aspires to the heavens. The soul does not control the body fully, but is hampered, clogged, and impeded in its development of bodily appetites, passions and infirmities. The body shows, *prima facie*, that its sphere is temporary and mortal, but the soul is unsatisfied with anything less than immortality. The body is the nest, the soul is the restless bird, impatient to spread its wings and soar away into the resplendent sunlight of endless day.

On page 175 he concludes a lecture on mediumship in the following language:

The sum of my argument is this: Spiritualism is not a one-sided arrangement, where all the authority is on one side, and all the submission on the other; nor is all the wisdom on one side, and the ignorance on the other. Spirits are men and women; and men and women are spirits. One class have left the earthly body; the other class remain therein a little while longer. The object of so-called spirit intercourse is to keep up the acquaintance of the two classes and to furnish mutual help. We should never lose sight of the fact that the other side need us as much as we do them. They are as much indebted to us as we are to them. In other words it is an equal partnership. I am inclined to attribute this position of leaving everything to the spirits, to an inherent laziness in the first place, and secondly, to that miserly spirit of accumulation which holds on to every valuable obtainable instead of using it to aid in the spread of truth; both of which ought to be exorcised from Spiritualism. The man or woman who accumulates for the sake of so doing, after obtaining sufficient income for ample support, is descending downward on the lowest plane of earthly selfism. Their condition in spirit life is one of the most deplorable, and the most difficult to escape. It is a passion having a more powerful and tenacious hold upon man than any other one in the category of human infirmities.

We have space for but one more quotation and this is the conclusion of the chapter on the perpetuity of Spiritualism, and includes pages 247 and 248.

We have found Spiritualism built upon philosophy and science. It includes them, and demonstrates them in its manifestation. It hails the beautifying work of art as tending logically to its aims and teachings. It harmonizes the divided and warring faculties of human nature; it reconciles reason with the doctrine of future, or continuous life. It harmonizes with the newest developments in all the sciences of human growth and destiny, and crowns them all with its own revelations. The holiest, the sweetest of human possibilities find scope and promise in its teachings. We have found it supplying all human lacks, and answering all its prayers. The great tides of force, which flow from world to world, are only the pulsations of its infinite life. We have proved that the force, the life that rolls the suns and worlds in space, is the same which pulsates in every life, and is incarnate in every phenomena of Spiritualism. We trace it from microcosmic life, through all the ages of earthly time, to the present moment, and find the same force which flowing through the nerves, accomplishes the functions of organic life, as potent in the rap, or tip or materializations, as in the stern ray that permeates the vast abysses of planetary space. In other words, we have found Spiritualism the inspiring force of all worlds, of all being and all life. If asked for a term to most fully express the meaning of "infinite," it would be Spiritualism.

Will Spiritualism die out? Yes, if some dread spell shall change the tides of human life, and turn back their onward flow. Yes, if the constitution of human nature can be altered so that reason and love shall abdicate, and man be something else than man. It the law of miracle can be established, if caprice can rule the world, Spiritualism may die out. If the voices of the immortals can be hushed in eternal silence, or human ears no longer list thereto, or human love respond in harmony to their most kindly greetings, then may, then will, it cease to be. When Spiritualism dies, man will die. Philosophy and science will be buried in the same grave, and the pall of eternal night will fall upon the realm of life. The songs of eternity will cease, its music be hushed in eternal silence. All suns will cease to shine, and worlds will wander darkling in the abyss of endless night. Spiritualism is at once the pedestal and apex of human progress. It permeates all law, all force, all substance. It supports and bounds all human hopes, and fills the cup of perfect bliss. In a prior lecture I have shown Spiritualism to be all inclusive; in this, that it is perpetually enduring. It embraces time, and grasps eternity.

This book is published and for sale by Moses Hull & Co., 675 West Lake street, Chicago.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 856 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth, or full-morocco, gilt-edges $5.50 The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF L. C. ASHWORTH.

NUMBER SEVEN.

THEOSOPHY OR SPIRITUALISM

A famous Hindoo writer has remarked that the soul in its various stages of progress is like unto a spring which from small beginnings finishes in a vast ocean in which it is absorbed so that no traces of its original nature can be perceived. This opinion, like many others from the same or similar sources, is deserving of the most careful consideration. The ultimate origin and destiny of the human soul is one of the most difficult problems that the mind can grapple with. Hindoo writers seem to have made this subject a specialty. Their works on this and kindred topics are voluminous and undoubtedly are a necessary part of every philosophical student's library, but what connection Modern Theosophy so-called has to modern science and modern ideas generally is what the ordinary enquirer seeks to learn. The connection between ancient Hindooism and Modern Theosophy is not clearly defined. The former sets its face decidedly against such innovations as the latter would graft upon it. But modern Theosophists are decidedly partial to ancient Theosophy, and we have the picture on one hand of a set of innovators enthusiastic in their attempt to reconcile old Orientalism with nineteenth century realism, and on the other hand a set of writings and a class of people whose interests, ideas and aspirations are radically and diametrically opposed in some of the most vital questions of life. How far this attempt may be successful is hard to determine. People are frequently fascinated by a mass of doctrines which have the stamp of ancientness and the venerable rust of the Hindoo Writings. But ancient Theosophy cannot satisfy the wants of this age and any improvement or addition to by modern innovators can only weaken the authority and respectability which the genuine doctrines, thro' their own intrinsic merits, possess.

What, then, is the dominant or leading idea, what is the main pillar supporting this recently defined edifice? The doctrine that the soul is transmigratory, that it has various forms and manifestations, and that its ultimate destiny is mysterious, but that it cannot be in any such form as we can conceive of the soul of man. From this central idea are many subordinate branches; re-incarnation is considered a necessity in the soul's development, innumerable modifications are required before the soul has reached Karma, as we are instructed. We are not informed what Karma may be. The whole business is enveloped in mystery, the mystery is extremely common in Asiatic Religions. But however mysterious the doctrines may be, however much our faith needs to be tested for its acceptance, we are still informed that reason only must be the guide. Authority, as such, may be ignored and every man may accept as much or as little of "Theosophy" as he chooses, living in harmony with his conscience.

Theosophy is supposed by many to aim a vital blow at Spiritualism. The points of divergence are not so great nor so irreconcilable, however, as many believe. Many theosophists in their excess of zeal are apt to ridicule the phenomena of Spiritualism; many Spiritualists are too eager to make fun of the more absurd phases of Orientalism. Theosophy may be considered as a reaction, and possibly a desirable reaction from the too abject dependence on phenomena which characterises so many Spiritualists.

The theosophist sneers at the phenomena, but instead of resting firmly on his own convictions is compelled to have a partial indorsement from ancient Hindoo teachings. Where these are insufficient he adds from a new modern source and rests theories on the confused mass which is the result. But as the phenomena of Spiritualism became more decisive, more free from the incongruities, errors and general imperfections which surround them Theosophy will have to considerably modify its tone and will be forced to admit in its turn that powers are in operation which their theories do not account for, and that such manifestations cannot be the result of imperfect and semi-developed beings.

In the meantime Theosophy and Spiritualism will follow different roads, and for a long time the roads will appear far from any approach to uniformity, but the earnest and true believer in either side can follow the promptings of his inner nature, and all the source of such promptings any name he chooses. Every one must have a different belief, a different path from his fellows, and it will be discovered after many years that the dispute has been really more of words than of principles, and that truth has so many sides that any and every theory touches it more or less.

A NEW BOOK

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 341 Market St., S. F.

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest. *George Eliot.*

THE LADIES' ELSMERE CLUB SOCIAL.

A large and merry crowd assembled at the residence of Mrs. Charles Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, last Saturday evening, in attendance upon the social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten. After a portion of the evening had been spent in social converse, games of skill and chance, etc., etc., the literary and musical exercises were opened by a piano solo by Mr. Blue. Master Ray Irvin next recited in a pleasing manner "The Missionary Woman," and for an encore, "The Home-made Scare."

Following these, the recitation of "The Inventor's Wife" was happily rendered by Miss Gertie Michener; "The Message," by Blumenthal was then sung in her usual excellent manner by Madame Fries-Bishop, after which Dr. Thomas L. Hill favored the company with some choice readings from Hamlet.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, in a series of telling remarks, invited attention to the fact that during the late celebration of the centennial anniversary of the Washington inauguration, the subject of the present whereabouts and spiritual conditions of the participants in the ceremonies of 1789 was completely ignored. The world is compelled to fall back on Spiritualism for all its definite knowledge concerning the present station in the universe of the Father of his country and his compatriots and associates of a hundred years ago. Mr. Dawbarn also discussed the difficulties surrounding spirit identification both in this world and the next, and he also set forth the great necessity for the cultivation of the spiritual faculties by all those desirous of attaining the highest and best results in the spiritual realm of being.

Ice cream, cake, and lemonade galore was served up during the evening, which all seemed to partake of with a hearty relish at the conclusion of the mental feast with which they had been right royally regaled. The usual collection for the kindergarten gave that worthy institution a substantial increase in the amount of its funds. A sum of money having been offered for the benefit of the kindergarten, in case any one was successful in putting the "pigs in clover," this feat was accomplished after several trials, and the school thereby made the richer.

The latter part of the evening was spent in singing by the crowd generally, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Blue—a number of diverting and entertaining songs being given with zest and spirit. At a late hour the happy company dispersed, evidently well pleased with the "good time" which they had severally had.

Self-confidence and self-respect grow from habits of decision, not those feelings which set up self as the only oracle, and despise all opinions of others, but such as lead a man to consider well the dignity of his nature, that noble self-government which also tells not its duty towards another.—*Thomas Aird.*

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

On the evening of April 24th, the friends of Mrs. L. Higgins, the distinguished New York medium, met at her parlors No. 10 Turk street, to celebrate her birthday. The lady being a stranger to our Coast, only having been here a few months, but who in that short time has made many friends as was proved by tokens presented to her during the day; many beautiful flowers began to arrive until the room was full. She also was presented with many beautiful presents, which were received with much pleasure and gratitude.

George Moore, one of the medium's guides, controlled the medium and gave one of his soul stirring addresses, which had a very elevating effect on those present. "Sunshine" came in with her usual vivacity and made things lively. An Irish character controlled Miss Fulton and added materially to the enjoyment with his brogue and incidents.

A young medium, who investigated Spiritualism with the avowed intention of exposing phenomena, but changed his mind, and now a believer in the philosophy, was controlled to sing, and spoke in a foreign tongue. Mrs. Maxwell was also controlled by her pleasing little guide "Lone Star," who made a few appropriate remarks, after which ice cream and cake was served, and the occasion proved that congenial friends enjoyed an evening which will long be remembered.

ONE OF THEM.

ORIENTAL HISTORY—ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS TO BE COLLECTED.

A San Francisean Soliciting Information for Publication—His Library.

The American Oriental Society, which is composed of some of the leading students of Eastern history, and which is headed by Professor Whitney, the celebrated Sanscrit scholar and philologist of Yale College, has sent out circulars to its members instructing them to gather all obtainable information concerning Oriental manuscripts in the public and private libraries of America, with a view of publishing a complete catalogue of such, as is done by the great libraries of Europe. The information to be gathered is intended to include all the ancient and modern languages and dialects of Asia, with those of Egypt and Ethiopia, without regard to the subject matter, the character of the writing, material, state of preservation and the length or size of them.

William Emmette Coleman, chief clerk in the office of the Chief Quartermaster, United States Army, who lives at 418 Sutter street, is the San Francisco representative of the society, and he has undertaken the collection of the information desired, having expressed a desire to receive and forward it. Mr. Coleman is himself a student of Oriental matters, both ancient and modern, and one-fifth of his library of 5,000 works is devoted to books concerning them. He has some rarely interesting books among his collection, and is now conducting a research in Buddhism, which is one of his particular hobbies. He has already published articles, on the ancient Hindoos, Kirshna and Christ, and the destruction of the Alexandrian library.

Among Mr. Coleman's collection of theological works is a German commentary on Judaism published in 1711 by Johann Eisemenger of Heidelberg. His library is said to be the most complete and in its diversified character on the coast, and he is constantly adding to it. Mr. Coleman is a member of a number of historical, philosophical and archæological societies, among which are the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain, the Pali Text Society, and the Egypt Exploration fund. *Chronicle.*

CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

To those that will be soon looking around for a place to go to during the hot months of the coming summer, I would say one word: Take a trip to "Cassadaga Camp;" take the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway any morning from Buffalo, N. Y., and at 10 A. M. you will find yourself at Lily Dale, our station on the Dunkirk, Alleghany Valley & Pittsburg Railroad, in Chautauqua County, N. Y. Here you will find yourself among old Chautauqua's hills and dales, among her green woods and bright meadows, and by her beautiful lakes that lie sparkling in the sunlight like gems upon the bosom of mother earth. At Lily Dale you will find the world-renowned camp of the Spiritualists, called Cassadaga, or "The Beautiful." In this region of beauty you will find a camp of about fifty acres of fine woodland, and upon this space are about 150 and 200 houses. Some are humble cottages and some are mansions that would adorn any street in your great cities.

The house of T. J. Skidmore, the treasurer, and the house of Mr. Turner, both trustees of our association, are fine two-storied houses, and the owners live here all the year round. The hotel, which is now undergoing renovation, is a new one, three stories in height, and is owned by the association. The Library building, which is also new, is two stories in height, 35x50, and answers for a small lecture hall and library room, and will also answer the purposes of a school room. The camp proper has been set off as a school district by itself, and I think it is the only school district in the United States that is wholly controlled by Spiritualists.

We have ten new houses now under construction, and expect twenty more will be put up before the August meeting. We have two groceries, a barber shop, a drug store, a soda fountain, and ice cream saloon, railroad station, telegraph office, and what is better, we have a physician of good standing, and he has a diploma to kill or cure, as he may see fit, but most of us choose to live or die by magnetic treatment.

Our hotel-keeper will be W. L. Gregory, of Jamestown, N. Y. The hotel will be supplied with water by a steam pump. Every available cottage has been rented for the season, but the new ones will supply the demand. Our annual picnic will be held on June 8th and 9th, Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. R. S. Lillie will be the speaker for one lecture per day, and Dr. Fred L. Willis, of Rochester, will also speak once a day during the picnic, and on Saturday evening, June 8th, there will be a hop held at the auditorium for the young folks.

The following is a list of the speakers who have been engaged: Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Walter Howell, Lyman C. Howe, J. Frank Baxter, Rev. Sam'l Watson, Mrs. A. M. Gladding, J. Clegg Wright, W. C. Warner, J. J. Morse, Mrs. F. O. Hyser, Jennie B. Hagan, Cora L. V. Richmond, W. J. Colville.

Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, will act as chairman for the first two weeks, and H. D. Barrett, of Meadville, Pa., will act the rest of the meeting. The Northwestern Band, of Meadville, Pa., will furnish instrumental music during the whole time of the meeting, and the children's lyceum and children's entertainments will be in charge of Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast. Dancing parties will be held in the spacious auditorium on Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week.

President Gaston's address at present is at Meadville, Pa., but Mrs. T. J. Skidmore, at Lily Dale P. O., Chautauqua County, N. Y., will answer all inquiries as to hotel accommodations, rents of cottages, etc.

Good mediums will be on hand and of all phases, slate-writing included. Edgar W. Emerson, the great platform test medium, will descride from the platform daily most of the time during the meeting.

Daily papers will be for sale on the grounds.

Two steamers will make regular trips on the lakes.

Hotels and boarding houses are in abundance on the camp grounds, and the prices range from $1.00 to $1.50 per day with good country fare.

Come and see us one and all, and address all your mail matter, "Lily Dale, Chautauqua County, N. Y."

J. W. DENNIS,
[redacted]
Trustee.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

DAWNING.

Air "Coronation."
LENA INGRAHAM GIFFORD.

(Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Logan.)

All hail the power that wakes to birth
New light for great and small,
When angels bring glad news to earth
And crowns of love for all.

On every climate, every race
The glorious theme shall fall
That God the father gives us grace
And crowns of love for all.

Let every soul in fullness rise
To meet the wondrous call—
No wailing cry of sacrifice,
But crowns of love for all.

Praise God who reads no life amiss
Though earthly ties enthrall,
But gives to each his meed of bliss
And crowns of love for all.

DOVE NOTES.

The parlor seances at 108 McAllister stree every Tuesday and Thursday evenings, conducted by "Sunflower" through her medium, Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, are of unusual interest and the evening's chat of this brilliant messenger spirit and the messages given to the friends assembled from the friends departed are very comforting and pleasing to those assembled.

Dr. J. K. and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless and Mrs. E. B. Crossette are at home, 108 McAllister street, room 2, to all friends on Friday evening of each week.

The Woman's Tribune contains a series of "Reminiscences," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of a very interesting nature.

Frolic, is the name of a new paper edited and published by Mrs. Marietta L. Stow and Mrs. S. Gertrude Smyth at Oakland. It is devoted to long life, health, beauty, patriotism, progress, and play. It contains sixteen pages of interesting reading and is issued quarterly for the sum of fifty cents a year.

Onward, the new spiritual journal published at Cincinnati, O., is now issued weekly. It is a nicely printed eight page paper and is edited by L. Barney, formerly of *The Better Way*.

The State Camp-meeting Association has decided to hold the annual meeting in this city, commmencing on June 9th. A vacant lot on Fell street and Van Ness avenue has been selected as the cite upon which the big tent of the Association will be erected, in which services will be held. Among the speakers engaged are the well known names of Chas. Dawbarn and W. J. Colville.

Mr. J. J. Morse speaks in Washington, D. C., during the present month.

The very interesting "Spiritual Experience" in this issue from Mr. Hudson Tuttle's new book "Psychic Science," is a sample of the contents of this admirable work. We should have been glad to have published the entire chapter but are quite unwilling to detract from the sale of the book by publishing too much of its contents. We have only presented enough to inspire our readers with a desire to read the remainder which they can do by sending $1.25 to the *Religio Philosophical* publishing house, Chicago, and obtaining a copy of the work.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal of May 4th contains a full report of the remarkable sermon delivered by Rev. M. J. Savage on Easter Sunday, in Boston, on "Spiritualism—A Rock of Knowledge, not a Hope; It abolishes Death." This is the lecture of which Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer Longley made a brief report in the last issue of the Dove. It deserves a careful reading.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of this city are making strenuous efforts for the appointment of a police matron at the city prison.

Mr. S. P. Putnam will lecture at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday afternoon, May 12th, at 3 o'clock. Subject, "Moody and Sam Jones Reviewed." Admission is free, and all are invited.

The Children's Lyceum will give a dramatic entertainment and dance on Thursday, May 16th at 8 o'clock sharp, for the benefit of the Lyceum Library. Great preparations are being made to make a success and have every one enjoy themselves. Come one, come all and help get the children a new library.

The Better Way of May 4th contains a lecture delivered by the controls of J. J. Morse, in Adelphi Hall, New York, on "The Phenomena of Spiritualism.." It is considered one of "Tien's" best efforts.

Mrs. Ada Scales, who has been visiting our city, made us a pleasant visit previous to her departure for "Glen-Eden," her country home in Lake County, this week. Mrs. Scales is one of our standard-bearers—a true, honest medium, and a genuinely good woman.

John Slater continues his phenomenal work at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday afternoon and evening. His audiences are immense, and the interest continues unabated. Few mediums could do the work that John does and retain their hold on the public for so long a sustained period.

We have devoted considerable space this week to the report of the annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. The Board of Directors, during the past year, have labored under great disadvantages, being financially embarrassed and unable to carry out the grand plan of the President, John A. Collins, towards the erection of a Spiritual Temple. Much, however, was accomplished. The financial entanglements were straightened out, and a lot purchased for building purposes, the business of the Society put into good shape, and everything prepared, so that the new Board of Directors will find it smooth sailing, and we may expect to see some tangible results of their labors very soon.

Next week we will give another installment of "Note-Book Notes," by J. J. Morse.

The outlook for Spiritualism was never more promising than at the present. It has outgrown the crudities of its nascent state and is entering upon a period of scientific and philosophical investigation where the mystery of the seance room and feticism of mediums are relegated to the past, and its facts presented in the broad sunlight of careful and judicious experimentation.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, of forty years experience and practice, is now in the town of Liberal, Mo. He respectfully solicits the patronage of such as may need medical advice and counsel. He is familiar with the various systems of practice, but has a preference for that system known as Homeopathy, (sometimes called Cure-Pathy.) But the best advertisement for any physician is his success in the healing art

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial. – *Bacon*

NOTICE.

Mediums and lecturers who desire a beautiful room, well seated and lighted, suitable for holding seances, classes or giving lectures will find such accomodations at room 39, Murphy building, corner Jones and Larkin streets, apply to the janitor.

Greatness.

Men in great places are three servants; servants of the sovereign or State, servants of fame, and servants of business. They have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains, and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Nay, retire men cannot when they would; neither will they when it were reason, but are impatient of privateness even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old tow'nsmen that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy, as it were by report, when perhaps, they find the contrary within. For they are the first that finds their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. In place there is license to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse, for in evil the best condition is not to will; the second, not to care. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. – *Bacon's Essays.*

The Teaching of Love.

For love, to an honest man, is like Nature to a poet or color to an artist—it makes him see great depths, and gives him, if only for once in his life, a Pisgah view of a land far, far holier, a life far, far higher, a condition far, far sweeter and nobler than anything in this world can give us—except the love of a good woman.—*Bestol.*

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

Sunday morning and evening services were conducted by Mrs. E. B. Crossette and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, consisting of short addresses by each of these gifted speakers and tests by "Sunflower" through her medium, Mrs. Nickless. These meetings will be continued through this month. Morning services commencing at 11 o'clock evening 7:30. Admission free.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mrs. Logan's meeting with the usual number for an audience gathered from all parts of the city. After some very fine music and singing by Mr. Rutter, Miss Hare, and a fine invocation by Mrs. Logan, Prof. Seymour was called for, and gave a half hour's lecture on "Science in Clairvoyance." The professor has a happy way of making plain his ideas and the discourse was received with much applause. His word-painting of what clairvoyance might do for man, when properly brought out, was particularly fine. He said this talent of second sight was more properly the sixth sense and would enable man yet to encompass the universe and become almost a God. It would teach mankind the law of chemical attraction thus enabling them to become creators and thus assume the prerogative of the gods. It would enable humanity to annihilate time and space, and overcome the laws of gravitation, by leaving the physical in one place while the soul traveled wherever it listeth; it would enable man to discover every hidden thing of the universe, either in heaven or earth, locate every disease and find the cure; in fact, it is the open sesame, to the fount of all knowledge the only key that will turn the rusty bolt of ignorance and throw open wide the door for human improvement. This quality is the least developed upon an average of any in the human economy, but should have the most culture and attention of all. It is in all and every person and a natural talent as much as music, charity or reverence; for its culture must know how to live hygenically and scientifically, use no narcotics or stimulants, eat very little or no meats; live on fruits and grains, cereals, milk, etc., we ask the angel world to make us clairvoyant, while it is our work not theirs; in the main, they can only assist us, we must make the necessary conditions by obeying the law of our being. After this fine and very instructive lecture, a newly developed medium become controlled and gave some very original thoughts and advice. Other speakers followed and Mrs. Logan closed the meeting with appropriate remarks.

INDEPENDENT SPIRITUAL MEETING.

These meetings are held every Sunday evening at 35 Eddy street, and are assuming a proportion which tends toward the harmonising of the higher Spiritual culture with reason and intelligence—which is most earnestly wished for by true and genuine Spiritualists. Spiritualism is bourne down under heavy burdens by introducing into our public meetings and bringing before the public, light and frivolous material, which makes no impression, except an unfavorable one, on the minds of investigators. If we would have the superstructure of a sound and endurable character, it must be constructed of good material; all bad and unsuitable material must be rejected.

The meeting last Sunday evening was of more than usual interest. The subject, "Materialization Unveiled," and the speakers announced, drew a good audience. The exercises were opened with a piano solo by Mrs. Hershberg, Katz, followed by Jos. W. Maguire with a song, "Safe in my Father's Home," which was most beautifully rendered and highly appreciated by the audience.

The opening address by E. G. Anderson, was a presentation of the subject in a very fair, candid and acceptable manner. His own personal experience and observation, he said, fully demonstrated the fact of materialization; but he conceded that all was not materialization that appeared as such.

Mrs. Wiggins spoke in her usual earnest and pleasing manner, and after demonstrating the truth of the phenomena, denounced charlatanism and spirit frauds. Mr. Kirkwood spoke scientifically on the subject. Mrs. Muhlner sang "Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer," to the great delight of the audience. The zither duet by Messrs. Pettibone and Wolff was charming. Mr. Maguire, with others who were announced to speak were prevented for want of time.

Next Sunday evening Mr. Maguire will be present and sing, and give his discoveries relating to materialization.

These meetings have now been in progress about eight months, with a manifest increasing interest, and the manager has demonstrated to the public that a Spiritual meeting can be sustained without the assistance of weak and frivolous material, to the detriment of the cause.

As our most distinguished medium; Dr. Schlesinger, has returned, it is expected and hoped that he will be present next Sunday evening, and convince skeptics (as he always does) of spirit return. REPORTER.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

The wet and dreary condition of things on Sunday last, did not prevent a large attendance at Fraternity Hall to the Young People's Meeting. The hall could not accommodate all that came.

The usual singing was led by G. F. Perkins, after the reading of a poem, followed with a piano solo. Recitations by Clement Ward and Jessie Cranston. Songs by Dr. Dewey and Oscar Stormfield.

Dr. Dewey under control, gave some very satisfactory tests; and Mrs. Jennie, of Oakland, followed by answering a great many questions. Circles were formed and the many mediums joined their forces to feed the hungry investigators with spirit tests. G. F. Perkins had a large circle and gave a large number of very satisfactory tests. There is a notable increase of investigators; each night many acknowledge themselves as church-members and as having attended no other meeting. It is impossible to deny that there is a special work being well done at the Young People's Meetings. The Children's Progressive Lyceum are to have a benefit for their Library on May 18th. G.F.P.

MEDIUMS MEETING.

There was a good attendance of investigators at Fraternity Hall, 909 Market street. G. F. Perkins presided and Mrs. Stout furnished piano music. Mrs. Perkins being in Sacramento for a vacation, there were many expressions of regret by the audience at not seeing her as usual. Dr. Abbott entertained the listners for a half hour with a talk upon laws of the polarity of human beings, and experimented with a young man who was sensitive and subject to the psychological influence of spirits. To all investigators his remarks could not fail to interest them. We need more scientific mediums as teachers.

After the Doctor had concluded his tests and readings, the audience formed into circles, and many good tests were given by local mediums, and all seemed to enjoy it. Come again friends, next Sunday. G. F. P.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The annual meeting for the election of nine Directors, and for hearing the reports of the several officers of the society was held in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, Sunday, May 5th, at 2 P. M. The meeting was called to order by the President, John A. Collins, who, having been quite ill, was unable to tender a written report, but gave one verbally, with the understanding that a written one should be given, when his health would permit of his writing it. The Secretary's report was read as follows:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at the annual election, May 5th, 1889.

I have to report, as Secretary of the Society, that since the new by-laws have been adopted, making the dues $1 per quarter instead of thirty cents, as formerly, our membership decreased, many feeling unable to meet the increased payment, but as non-membership does not take away any privileges of the attendants of Sunday or Society's meetings, except voting, it was thought by the Directors that those who

became members under the new by Laws, did so purely from a desire for the advancement of the Society. So while we may make a poorer showing in numbers, our members are in earnest, and we are confident they will increase in numbers, as the aim and purposes of the society are made known.

Number of our members fully paid up, and entitled to vote, thirty eight. The society held no meetings last June, having a vacation during camp meeting. There has been held forty-eight Sunday meetings, twenty nine business meetings. The Sunday meetings have consisted of the discussing of twenty-seven subjects of the deepest importance to the welfare of the people, also conference and experience meetings, 226 speakers have taken part in the exercises, and many of our mediums have given platform tests. I close my report with an invitation to all who are in sympathy with the progressive movement of this society to come and join with us, for in unity there is strength.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary S. P. S.

The Treasurer's report was then read, which condensed read as follows.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Cash balance on hand,	$ 561 19
Library 302 vols and bookcase	1 20 00
Sundries, painting bulletin boards, etc	20 00
Mediums' relief fund 2 lots, 1 deed	0 00
Real estate Sleeper property building fund trust	
vessels,	2500 00
Post street property one contract,	20000 00
Total,	$ 23 281 19

LIABILITIES.

Real estate Post street property	$ 23000 00
Net	$ 281 19

Librarian's report was then read as follows.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

To the Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

It is with feelings of pleasure that I present my report as Librarian of the Progressive Spiritualists Free Library, from the fact that in my opinion it has done a good work in the past year.

According to the record there have been 2,333 books loaned during the year, averaging 210 per month.

The library contains at the present time 342 books, wanting 18 more to make 360, which we were in hopes to have added to the library before the close of the year, as new catalogues are needed, nearly 300 books having been added, since the old ones were printed. I have to thank the public for the interest manifested in spiritual literature as shown, but I also feel that the fact of there being a spiritual library absolutely free to every responsible person, is not as generally known outside of Spiritualists as it should be, many who are just having their attention awakened to the fact of Spiritualism would gladly avail themselves of information concerning the science and philosophy thereof, did they know where to obtain books and papers and so I believe that this information should be given to the people by all Spiritualists, and it should also be advertised in the daily papers, thereby helping others to become possessed of this knowledge. We also desire to thank the many good friends who have so generously donated books the past year, the following have presented 244 volumes by 39 persons. The principle donors being I. C. Bundy of Chicago, sending 13; Mrs. L. M. Dougherty of Benicia, 19; an unknown friend, 18; Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, 13; F. A. Davis, 17, and the Swedenborgian Club of New York, a complete set of Swedenborg's works. We have corresponded with editors and publishers of spiritual papers and magazines, and nearly all responded by sending regularly the different publications to be placed on file, so that the reading room contains nearly every paper or journal on progressive thought published in German, English, Spanish, French and other languages. I think I have said enough in this report to lead you take even more interest in our free library than ever before, and each one see that they do all possible to enhance its benefit, and I would most earnestly urge all who feel an interest in this noble work to contribute any books they may have that will benefit humanity.

Respectfully submitted.

MRS. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary

AUDITING COMMITTEE'S REPORT

The undersigned Finance Committee of the Board of Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, respectfully report that they have examined, checked and audited all items of receipts and expenditures during the past year, and compared the same with the numerous vouchers therefor, as kept and presented by the Secretary and Treasurer at each monthly meeting, and found them strictly correct and complete in every particular.

Committee { MONROE THOMPSON, Chairman.
{ FRANK A. DAVIS.

These various reports were unanimously accepted and ordered placed on the minutes. The next proceeding was the nomination and election of the following nine Directors for the ensuing year, John A. Collins, Monroe Thompson, Frank A. Davis, James B. Chase, Mrs. Lena C. Cook, Capt. M. K. Roberts, Mrs S. L. Churchill, Jas. H. Moore, Jerome Spaulding. The following resolutions were read by Monroe Thompson, and feelingly responded to by the persons designated.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are due and are hereby tendered to Hon. John A. Collins, its worthy President, for the zeal, energy and ability with which he has performed the arduous duties of his responsible position during the past year.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are hereby tendered to Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, Vice President and member of the retiring Board of Directors, for her zealous and efficient services in behalf of the Society, and for the aid of her eloquent and ever-ready voice and pen in teaching the truths of our beautiful spiritual philosophy.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are hereby tendered to Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, our faithful Secretary and Librarian, and member of the retiring Board of Directors, for the careful and zealous performance of her various official duties during the past year.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are hereby tendered S. B. Clark, its Treasurer for the past six years for the ability, industry and accuracy with which he has kept its accounts during that period, showing by his annual report this day presented, every dollar received by him belonging to the Society, fully and properly accounted for.

After some discussion upon the subject of membership dues, the meeting adjourned.

Correspondence.

DEMAND FOR MEDIUMS.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Enclosed find some spiritual hymns. If you will kindly publish them I think Spiritualists can use them with good effect if they choose. They are favorites in our private circles, never having been given to the public before.

I should like to send word of invitation, through the Dove, to some of the numerous mediums in San Francisco saying "Come over and help us."

It seems to me that you are having a feast of spiritual things, while we have but a famine. Does God show partiality? I sometimes question.

Seattle is booming financially and perhaps it is a good time to awaken and progress spiritually it well developed mediums would come to our assistance. There are many intelligent, thorough going Spiritualists here who when they ask for bread cannot be satisfied with a stone.

That grand, fearless, indefatigable worker, Dr. J. L. York, is lecturing at the Opera House, under the auspices of the Freethinkers, and though a pronounced materialist, is doing for Spiritualists here a greater work than they are doing for themselves, for he is slashing at creeds and biblical falsehoods and clearing a broad highway for the onward march of Truth. I was pleased to hear him say publicly, Sunday evening, "I don't know but there is a life after this. I am inclined to think there is."

I am sure I should like to meet the Doctor "over there," and think perhaps he will need to do some such such work as he is doing here. May he live many happy years of usefulness, fearless champion of truth and right. Come over and help us, ye spiritually gifted and favored ones. Cordially,

LENA J. GIFFORD.

QUAKER SILENCE.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I have been thinking that the Quaker fashion of opening meetings might profitably be adopted by Spiritualists. Were it not for the persistence of orthodox ideas and forms of expression when referring to the All-pervading Life, there would not seem to be a need for such a suggestion, but the force of habit is such that the personal rights of those who do not believe in verbal prayer of any kind are often violated, for, where a society is made up of two thirds of materialists who have become convinced of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, and the other third who have come from the churches; the latter have no right to persist in Church methods to the disgust of the others, and, say three minutes silence in which all could sit in quiet thought would not, or should not be objected to by either party.

I am prompted to write this from having heard so many remarks, pro and con, as connected with our meetings in East Portland. Through a combination of circumstances, an Englishman, a good man and earnest Spiritualist is the chairman of the meeting, but like friend Vincent, who is also an Englishman, and who from force of habit, kept asking a blessing for Christ's sake long after he had outgrown the idea, so this man persists in a very Church-like form of prayer to "the Father," ending with a promise to praise this Father-God forever if He will only do as requested.

The idea that here is a being, a God, who created us for "his own glory" is perfectly consistent with orthodoxy and with the pledge to praise Him forever, but hardly consistent with even liberal Church-thought, for the most liberal, the most advanced in the Churches know that an eternity spent in praising that which, at best, is beyond our comprehension, would not conduce to the happiness of intelligent beings. Surely, silence is far better than such verbal mouthings, such silly promises, and especially when a large proportion of the audience is sending up an inward protest against the practice and others refuse to come at all.

Now, in the case of friend Vincent, the criticisms of sister Logan, or in this case has there been intent to belittle or depreciate the parties, *personally*? The effort is to free them and others from the persistent clinging to their spiritual garments of the magnetism and the habits of Church teachings. A character in one of the volumes found in your library is made to say: "Hang the *minister* and there will be a noble *man* left," so we would hang or drown, or in some way get rid of this Church element and we have left noble men and women.

But the spirit of the Church is very persistent through her members both in and out of the body. One Sunday the chairman here was absent and another officiated. The meeting was conducted as of yore and much to the general satisfaction, but lo! the prayer had to come at last. A member of the Unitarian Church across the river, a Christian Spiritualist, upon taking part in the conference, asked if there was no prayer, said she could not talk without one and offered one herself.

Remember, please, she was there as a visitor, and if she did not like the methods, she should have kept silent, or left, if she could not stand the profane atmosphere. What would she say should a member of the East Portland Society of Literature and Spiritualism, go into the Unitarian Church and thus try to change the course of the meeting. But such is the very spirit and declared purpose of Christianity. "Jesus shall reign," and of course His people shall reign with Him. We are His people; we have the right to reign—such is the attitude of the Church, now, to-day, and every effort is being made to get hold of the reins of government—to put infidels, all who do not accept Jesus, down and out of the pale of law and protection.

And what makes the matter so much worse, our Spiritualists, so many of them, are so little awake to the significance of all this aggressiveness—this disposition to over-ride the rights of others; nay, they, in some cases, even defer to court this same spirit. I once attended a grove meeting in Michigan where some ten or twelve of us took supper at the house of a farmer who was a Spiritualist, but his wife was not, though I did not understand her to be a member of any Church.

Just as we were sitting down a neighbor, an active Church member, came in. Room was made for him at the table, and the president of our society invited that man to ask a blessing. He did so "for Christ's sake." The man was not to blame, but the representative head of our society placed us all in a false position. We were thus made to acknowledge Christ or protest. Your humble scribe said: "Not me," and took the condemnation of the toadying crowd. At another time, in Lowell, Mass., a Spiritualist lady got up a surprise party, asking all the neighbors without respect to Church or creed, to visit another Spiritualist family, in fact, two families who lived together in a double house, and some seventy of us went in onto them about nine o'clock one summer evening. Of this number there were at least forty Spiritualists, say ten Universalists, one Presbyterian deacon and his wife who had been invited out of courtesy, because living in a part of a surpriser's house, and the balance the world's people, as they are called.

Now, mark the result. That deacon took control and offered a prayer before supper and the Spiritualists allowed it, and in the face of the fact that one of their own number, an authorized minister according to the laws of the State that gave them their charter as a society was present, and when the *neglected minister* complained of the usurpation, the others could not see the point.

One more story, and they all have the merit of being true. A gentleman, a farmer in Western New York who was well known for his hospitality and for his anti-Church views; he was a Spiritualist, I am happy to say—this man just at dinner time received a call from two Methodist ministers who were on their way home from conference.

The farmer arose and waited upon his guests, took care of their horse, while his wife and children sat still and ate their dinner and then the lady relaid the table for her husband and the ministers. When they were seated, these *humble servants* of Jesus, utterly ignoring the man who had waited upon them, and of whose food they were about to partake, one turns to the other and said, "Brother, will you ask a blessing?"

No you don't, at my table," was the prompt response of the man of the house and that is the kind of spirit they should always be met with when they forget the common courtesies of life in the name of Jesus.

Now, in each case of the two last-named, we do not believe that the parties would have so forgotten themselves as men. It was as Christians that they presumed to overstep personal rights. Eradicate the "Christian" part and the men would have been all right.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Children's Department.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES.

"Mother, I wish Mr. C—— would preach all the time. I don't like to have Mr. P—— come."

"Not like Mr. P——, my son? I thought everybody liked him; he is an excellent man. Why do you dislike him?"

"Why, mother, when he preached here last, he stayed here all the time from Saturday to Monday, and I was just as still as I could be, and he did not speak to me or look at me once; and Mr. C. always puts his hand on my head when he comes, and says, "How does Charley do to-day?" just as though he loved me."

I have a choice rose bush in my garden, presented by a dear friend. This year it had but a few buds, and my little ones could only have one rose each. "I will save mine," said little Carrie, "and carry it to my teacher. Do you think she ever saw such a beautiful tea-rose?"

Day after day she watched her little bud, till it was half opened, and then it was plucked in the early morning, all fresh and dewy, and placed in water ready for school time.

When she returned from school a cloud rested upon her usually sunny face; and upon inquiring its cause, she cried as though her little heart would break. "You know my beautiful rose. Well, I suppose the teacher didn't want it. She had a whole vase full of flowers, but none of them half so sweet as that; and when I carried it to her, she just laid it on her desk, and didn't look at me once, and said, 'Take your seat, Carrie.'"

How easy to have said, "Thank you, Carrie," and smiled upon the child, and filled her little heart with grateful love, instead of grief.

Remember the little ones.

Miscellaneous.

The Truthful Pilot.

The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim, old grayback who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in this river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shootin' 'em for their hides and taller," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"'Cause you'd think I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumethin' I never do. I kin cheat at keerds, drink whiskey or chaw poor terbacker, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em" inquired the passenger.

"I'm 'most afraid to tell you, mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred alligators to the mile from Vicksburg c'liar down to Orleans! That was years ago, afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,459 of 'em on one sand-bar!" continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a Government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad o' that stranger. Some fellers would think I was a liar, when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile!"

"Is that so?"

"True as gospel, mister. I used to almost feel sorry for the cussed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out e'en almost like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one captain who always carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over to the wounded ones."

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'spect I'll ever see such a kind, Christian man. And the alligators got to know the 'Nancy Jane,' and to know Captain Tom, and they'd swim out and rub their tails agin the boat an' purr like cats, an' look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth, stranger. And once when we grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and humped her clean over the bar by a grand push! It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and I never shall. I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

There was a painful pause, and after awhile the pilot continued:

"Our injines gin out once, and a crowd of allygators took a tow-line and hauled us forty five miles up stream to Vicksburg!"

"They did?"

"And when the news got along the river that Captain Tom was dead every allygater in the river daubed his left ear with black mud as a badge of mournin', and lots of 'em pined away and died!"

The passenger left the pilot house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, but the old man gave the wheel a turn and replied:

"That's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself. I was brung up by a good mother, and I'm going to stick to the truth if this boat doesn't make a cent."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

The Earth as Seen From the Further Planets.

The earth is surprisingly visible in the heavens of the planets that are near us, but when reaching colossal Jupiter, which is at a mean distance of 465,000,000 miles from the sun, we cast a glance behind, our little globe no longer soars amid the celestial spaces. A neighbor of the sun, almost eclipsed by its blinding rays, the earth oscillates but 12° to the east and west of the star of day. Feeble morning and evening star, she precedes its rising and follows its setting. If the inhabitants of Jupiter possess sight like ours they can scarcely see the earth except by artificial means. It is especially at the periods of our passages annually before the sun five times smaller there than here that the Jovian astronomers can discover our globe, under the aspect of a small black point moving over the solar disc. To Saturn, the earth is separated from the sun by but 6°, and passes over it every fifteen days. To Uranus she is separated by 3°, and to Neptune by but 2°. Immersed in a luminous fascicle of solar rays, our globe is entirely invisible to these latter planets of the system to which it belongs. The earth is unknown to these worlds, which are relatively near and are connected, like it, with the destinies of the sun; and the existence upon it of the people that inhabit it, of that intelligent race which believes itself to be alone in the universe, is suspected by no one. To these planets neighboring our own, we do not exist. Seen from the nearest of the stars, the enormous sun that illuminates us is itself no more than a little point, no more than a minute star, wandering in the infinite labyrinth of the worlds.—*Les Sciences Illustrés.*

The man who hain't never been cheated don't know so much az he will sum day before long perhaps.

American Humor.

Laff every time you feel tickled and laff once in a while anyhow. *Josh Billings.*

An Englishman having asked a Yankee if the weather had been cold, he replied: "Cold? I should say so. Went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; flame frozen; had to break it off!"

"Tell the truth and shame the devil," I kno lots ov people who kan shame the devil easy enuff, but the tother thing bothers them.

An American who had been to Europe was telling a friend about his trip across the Atlantic, and how on the 25th of the month "they met a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried away every stitch of canvas off the ship." The listener looked thoughtful a moment and then said, hesitatingly: "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around a corner and kicked himself.

A TERRIBLE CONDITION.

Callagin—Doctor, haven't you been attending on old man Gilfullaw?

Doctor—Yes.

Callagin—How is he to-day?

Doctor—He is beyond the reach of medical assistance, I fear.

Callagin—What! Is he dying?

Doctor—Oh, no. He's broke.—*Terre Haute Express.*

All in a Half Century.

The unification of Italy.
The annexation of Texas.
The French Revolution of 1848.
The discovery of photography.
The laying of the ocean cables.
The discovery of the telephone.
The emancipation of the Russian serfs.
The discovery of the electric telegraph.
The establishment of ocean steam navigation.
The overthrow of the pope's temporal power.
The extension of Russian power into Central Asia.
The great Franco-German war and unification of Germany.
The great Civil War and abolition of slavery in the United States.
The rise and fall of Napoleon III, and the establishment of the French Republic.
The discovery of the sources of the Nile and Niger, and the exploration of interior Africa.
The war with Mexico and the acquisition of California, with the discoveries of gold hat followed.

Scientific Experiments and Tricks.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

An interesting home made method of natural decoration consists simply in taking a common glass or goblet and placing in the interior a little common salt and water. In a day or two a slight mist will be seen upon the glass which hourly will increase until in a very short time the glass will present a very beautiful appearance, being enlarged to twice its thickness and covered with beautiful salt crystals, packed one upon another like some peculiar fungus or animal growth.

A dish should be placed beneath the glass, as the crystals will run over. The color of the crystals may be changed by placing in the salt and water some common red ink or a spoonful of bluing; this will be absorbed and the white surface covered with exquisite tints. No more simple method of producing inexpensive or beautiful ornaments can be imagined, and by using different shapes of vases and shades and endless variety of beautiful forms can be produced. The glass should be placed where there is plenty of warmth and sunlight. It is an experiment which any child can make, and it will be found both novel and interesting to watch it growing gradually day by day, until the outside is covered over with beautiful crystals, blue, red, or white, according to the coloring matter which has been used.

Another scientific experiment which may interest some of the older as well as the younger members of the family may be made by suspending from the ceiling a thread which has previously been soaked in very salt water and then dried. To this fasten a light string and then announce that you are about to burn the thread without making the ring fall. The thread will burn, it is true, but the askes it leaves are composed of crystals of salt, and their cohesion is strong enough to sustain the light weight of the ring attached to the thread.

Another form of the same experiment is to make a little hammock of muslin to be suspended by four threads, and, after having soaked this in salted water, and dried it as before directed, to place it in an empty eggshell. Set the hammock on fire; the muslin will be consumed, and the flame reach the threads which hold it, without the egg falling from its frail support. With great care you may succeed in performing the experiment with a full egg in place of an empty shell, taking the precaution, however, to have it previously hard boiled, that you may escape an omelet in case of failure.

Another curious experiment is that of putting an egg into a bottle without breaking the shell. Soak the egg, which must be fresh, for several days in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat the lime of the shell, so that while the egg looks the same it is really very soft. Only a little care is required to press the egg into the bottle. When this is done, fill it half full of lime water, and let it stand. The shell will absorb the lime and become hard again, and after the lime water is poured off you have the curious spectacle of an egg the usual size in a small-necked bottle, which will be a great puzzle to those who do not know how it is done.—*Christian Union.*

Cigarette Smoking.

The poisonous effects of cigarette smoking have been experimentally determined by William I. Dudley, M. D., professor of chemistry in the Vanderbilt University at Nashville. He describes his methods in the *Medical News* of Sept. 15, 1888. The fact that cigarette smoking produces physiological effects differing to some extent from those of the cigar led him to make his experiments. From these experiments the following conclusions are drawn: 1. That carbolic oxide is the most poisonous constituent of tobacco-smoking; 5 That more injury results from cigarette than cigar or pipe-smoking, because, as a rule, the smoke of the former is inhaled; 3 That cigarette-smoking without inhaling is no more injurious than pipe smoking; 4. That the smoke of a cigar or pipe, if inhaled, is injurious as cigarette-smoke inhaled; 5. That the smoke from a Turkish pipe, if inhaled, is as injurious as that of a cigarette inhaled.

Tranquility.

Tranquil in body and mind, with the mighty repose of the Farnesian Hercules, secure in its strength, because holding in his hand the golden fruit of the tree of knowledge.

A very great mind is seldom restless. It is into the depths of still water that the divers plunge fearlessly, certain of bringing up pearls such as Cleopatra might have matched with her pendants worth a province; whilst the roaring ocean throws up only tatters of weed or fragments of wreck.

Bobby Was Allowed to Play.

The following story is strictly true and well illustrates the precocity of the average five-year-old boy, especially in matters pertaining to the great national game. It was Sunday afternoon; the place, the home of a dignified professor. Young five-year-old is growing tired of the enforced quiet of the Sabbath afternoon, and begins to toss his ball about the room.

"Say, mamma, why can't I go out and play ball?"

"It is Sunday, my child."

"Well, 'spose it is. I'll have Moses for pitcher, Aaron for catcher and Joshua for first base. Then I'll have Shadrack Meshack and Abednego to fill up the field."

His mother let him play ball.

The First Law of Childhood.

The first law of childhood, to be followed as rigorously as it is inculcated, is that of absolute obedience to authority. This is a necessary condition for safety, not to speak of peace. Where children do not obey orders, or attend to prohibitions, they are always in some danger. From the rotten branch of the tree up which they are told not to climb, and up which they forthwith swarm, to the reading of a forbidden book—from the morass which they are warned not to cross alone, to the undesirable acquaintance whom they are urged to drop, and forbidden to bring home—it is the same thing. Age and experience know—youth and ignorance do not; and the only safety for youth is to be guided by the better wisdom of age in those things where experimentalizing is dangerous, and a mistake is a disaster.

True Happiness.

No mocking in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mould and tilled in manure. Happiness is a glory shining down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Whips.

Nature has dreadful whips for men who are seduced by pleasure, refined or gross, drawn away from the schoolhouse and workshop of duty, playing truant, idling away time and life. Trouble comes to bring them back. That sheep-dog lies near by the flock, huge, shaggy, red-eyed, wide-mouthed, with mighty jaws, he is never far away.—*Theodore Parker.*

You may live simple, many lives, speaking your own thought, paying your own way, and doing your own work, whatever that may be. You will remain gentlemen as long as you follow these rules, if you have to sweep a crossing for you livelihood. You will not remain gentlemen in anything, but the name if you depart from them, though you may be set to govern a kingdom.—*Thomas Hughes.*

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The Power of Prejudice.

Let a doctrine, however erroneous, become a party distinction, and it is at once entrenched in interests and attachments which make it extremely difficult for the most powerful artillery of reason to dislodge it. It becomes a point of honor in the leaders of such parties, which is from thence communicated to their followers, to defend and support their respective peculiarities to the last, and, as a natural consequence, to shut their ears against all the pleas and remonstrances by which they are assailed. Even the wisest and best of men are seldom aware how much they are susceptible of this sort of influence; and while the offer of a world would be insufficient to engage them to recant a known truth, or to subscribe to an acknowledged error, they are often retained in a willing captivity to prejudices and opinions which have no other support, and which, if they could lose sight of party feelings, they would almost instantly abandon. *Robert Hall.*

The Brotherhood of Man

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow morals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

French Humor.

A gentleman from the North of France, who spoke through his nose with a drawling accent, was one day conversing with a native of the South, who spoke in a clear ringing voice and with the greatest animation.

"Nonsense, the Southerner was heard to exclaim, 'you surely don't expect me to believe that?' Absurd on the face of it!"

"What I am telling you is true, every word of it. I am not one of your imaginative South country folks. Never has an untruth been allowed to escape my lips."

"I believe you, my boy," said the other, "you talk through your nose!" *Le Figaro.*

X—— meets a friend, who takes him to task on the shabbiness of his attire.

"I assure you it is not my fault. For the last six months a gentleman has had a new coat of mine and refuses to let me have it."

"You don't say so! And who is the impertinent fellow, pray?"

"My tailor!" *Lyon Republicain.*

Two injured men are brought into the consulting room, each with a leg bandaged. While waiting for the surgeon, one of them remarks:

"What is the matter with your leg?"

"I have had my foot crushed by a cab."

To which the other proudly made reply: "So have I had my foot crushed, but by a private carriage." *Le Gaulois.*

A Parisan gentleman travelling in an English railroad car, heard the porter call out as they left the station, "Look out, there!" The Frenchman took the warning literally, and looked out of the window to see what was the matter, his head immediately coming in contact with the stone coping of a tunnel.

"Sacre!" he exclaimed, "you English are one queer people. You say, "*Look out*, when you mean look in!"

Two men in the Government employ were told that their superior had said of them, "One is a fool and the other a thief."

"I'll challenge him!" cried one

"He won't fight with a clerk."

"Then I'll resign."

"You're a fool," replied the other clerk.

"Oh! very well," said the first, "I'll drop the matter. He said of us, 'one is a fool, *the other* a thief,' and since you say that I am a fool you can settle the other charge yourself."

Sydenham, the prince of practical physicians, was the first man minutely to describe gout, and yet he himself died of it. Sydenham said of gout: "I alike any other disease, it kills more rich than poor, more wise than simple. Great kings, emperors, generals, admirals and philosophers have died of gout. Hereby nature shows her impartiality, since those she favors in one way she afflicts in another."

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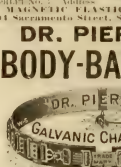

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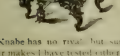

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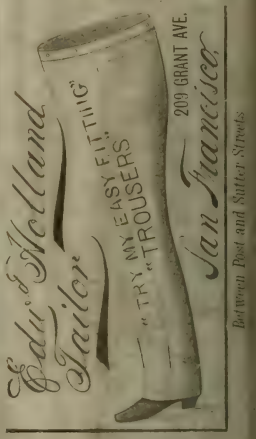

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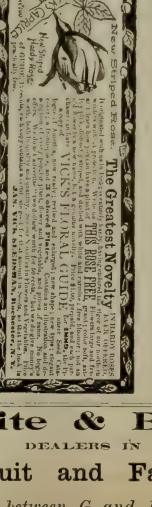

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The Platform.

Evolution Spiritually Considered: Its Logic and its Lessons.

A Lecture through J. J. Morse, of London, England, Delivered at Memorial Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, March 24, 1889.

It is frequently alleged that Spiritualism has no respect for the old forms of philosophy; that it is an agglomeration of inanities without any substantial core or center; that it floats like a rudderless vessel adrift upon the seas of speculation, with no reliable chart or compass by which to hope for escape from its dilemmas. While we cannot hope to dispossess the bigoted and prejudiced of such opinions, we are pleased to think that the impartial and open-minded may, perhaps, when we have closed what we have to say, come to the conclusion that Spiritualism has a philosophy, and that it is not a rudderless derelict upon a sea of foam, as has sometimes been asserted.

Our subject is "Evolution Spiritually Considered: Its Logic and its Lessons." Evolution is an intensely interesting topic in these times, and critics are applying it not only to the physical development of the human race, but to the physical development of the world itself, and reasoning from such considerations, they apply it also to the universe at large, and, coming back again to earth, they apply it to society, religion, politics, art, and science also, and claim that in every department of cosmic and human operation the law of evolution applies and works. Special manifestations of divine operation, in the form of creation—either of universes, worlds, or people—are now being relegated to the store-room of antiquated and outgrown opinions. There is rapidly being erected a Museum of Antiquity into which many religions are passing, and which will contain many valuable contributions from some existing modes of thought, and succeeding people will be able to visit this temple of antiquity and say, "Here are what our forefathers used to believe in." Now, having, as it were, recognized that the mechanical operations of of Deity, *outside* of the realms of existence, is an antiquated opinion that must be laid on one side, it has come to be the fashion to suppose that God works *within* the universe, instead of from without. It has come to be the fashion to suppose that there is something, a substratum, beneath the constitution of being, the cosmos, which is gradually and continually at work evolving from itself all that you are acquainted with to-day.

However, the theory of evolution may be susceptible of two interpretations. It may be that the mass of the world, that is, its material substances, arise out of certain primal conditions which have been differentiated, or broken up, into more minute conditions, while, to form the subsequent arrangements and resulting associations, further subdivisions of the various orders of life that you are familiar with have taken place, these divisions, acting upon each other, producing their resultants, in the various forms of inorganic and organic phenomena. Another view of the case may be that not only do these subdivisions take place, but that there are absolute chemical changes in the substance, and because of the differentiation of conditions new combinations naturally ensue, and from the results of these new associations, new forms of order, organization, structure, sensation, intelligence and consciousness ultimately evolve; the theory thus presented is an outwardly mechanical one, external in its nature and mainly confined to resulting effects of differentiated chemical conditions, flowing from the breaking up of the unity first established, whatever the original condition of the world's substance may have been.

Another argument may be this: that, inherent in the very substance of nature—we use the word here in a philosophical sense—the base, there may be a something else more subtile than is that substance, a subtile spiritual presence, an underlying life, shall we call it? and this underlying life is the real energy that effects the breaking up referred to, and that the phenomena resulting from that breaking up, which we will call for the sake of convenience, chemical activity, is but another result of the operation of this latent energy.

If evolution is true it is quite feasible to start the counter hypothesis of involution, that there is involved in the substance of being that from which energy is constantly being evolved and expressed in the forms and orders of existence you see around you. Here we are hand in hand with the scientist and the mechanical philosopher, up to a certain point. When that certain point is reached the aforesaid mechanical philosopher parts company with us and says, "I only know of the phenomena that affect my consciousness. I deal with effects and causes which I am capable of comprehending, and I see those solely in the chemical and mechanical conditions of existence around me."

He falls back upon the laws of chemistry, attraction, cohesion, vibration, assimilation and disintegration and says, "Therein rest the keys to the differentiated phenomena that we are familiar with in the vegetable, animal and human worlds, in the terrestrial universe at large." The scientist may not admit the hypothesis we mention, that evolution implies involution, but, nevertheless, from our point of view we should be recreant to our duty if we did not insist upon it.

Here we have to leave the question in the position we have now placed it, and take up another line of argument that is related to it, the connection of which we shall presently see. Before we proceed further to the spiritual consideration of the subject, for that is what the doctrine of involution leads to, let us devote attention for a little while to the material consideration of it.

Suppose that you wished to trace the history of the world, how would you do it? We are not speaking now simply of secular history, but the progress of life. The easiest way would be to work backwards, and how can you work backwards ethnologically and geologically, and cosmically to the starting of man? What would you say of him? Physically considered, of course, he is sustained by the products of the earth. These products are evolutions and developments, mark you, from earth's conditions, therefore there must be an absolute relationship between the man, his food and the source whence that food is derived. The conditions of the world, the results of the world, the ultimates of the world, are thus severally represented in the man, his food and the source thereof. We want to go a little further. We take up geology here, and if the testimony of the rocks be of any value at all, there was a time when the condition of the world was such that it neither produced food nor people to eat it—when, in a word, the surface of the world and the atmospheric conditions of the world were such that neither man nor brute, grain or fruit, could have possibly subsisted. There was a time when the only organic life was in the steaming

seas of the prehistoric periods. But geology tells us something else. There was a time when those monsters of the deep could not exist; when burning acids dropped from the skies like rains, upon the prehistoric rocks, and wore their fibers away; when the lightning's bolt and the thunder's roar, and fierce convulsions and steaming seas of vapor that had dropped from the heavy clouds in the upper atmosphere, were all the world presented. Geology tells us also, that there was a time when this vapor and condensation were all impossible, and at last we strike the key-note of the situation by finding the world's substance was an incandescent agglomeration of burning, fiery matter; here astronomy takes up the tale, and says there was a time when that nebulous matter belonged to the parent sun, was part and parcel of the solar orb, and by the laws of centrifugal force it became a ring around its primary, conglobated and became a sphere, and then commenced its long, long travail of cooling and condensation, stratification, cataclysm and change, until, little by little, the latent possibilities contained within it began to assume organic form in the steaming seas of by-gone ages. Then at last, vegetable and animal life appear, and finally, after long, long periods of labor,—shall we call it? —the master workman completes the triumph of his skill, and lays the foundation of that humanity whose glories you are beginning to appreciate to-day.

What does this all mean? If we consider the logic of the situation, it means no less than this, physically considered, that everything that exists in the world to-day is the ultimate of a primate that originally existed it the sun itself, and has reached its present status through the long pilgrimage we have condensed into a few brief words. This is the story of the man of science of to-day. This is what the astronomer, the geologist, the chemist and the biologist have been earnestly and laboriously piecing together in this last hundred years. This is the foundation of the Bible of the future. This is the narrative that the universe has been waiting to speak to the comprehending ears of men; and as the chemist with his tests, the astronomer with his tubes, the thinker with his thought, weighs, measures, probes, examines and questions nature herself, she makes answer and says: "All my works are part and parcel of a connected whole, dating back, back in the infinite past, to the original nebula itself, to the first condensation in the far away, utterly impossible to conceive of ages of antiquity, before even the solar system herself was evolved, and coming down through that system through infinite variations and changes down to the present hour, in one long, unbroken series." And if the science of the future will say there is ever to be discovered a divine foundation or center, which to-day men call God, then it will be found that God is the universal primate, and that humanity, in direct and unbroken succession, is the ultimate upon the conscious plane of individualized existence.

There is, then, this problem for acceptance, stated in set terms: The universe is sufficient for its own phenomena. A tremendous statement this, and one that we can only accept upon the hypothesis that the universe comprises and includes and is God; that that unimaginable, indescribable and utterly incomprehensible center is the basis of all things, and that the essence of that divine being is the underlying principle in the cosmos itself, and that involution being thus found, it, through the differentiation of the cosmos, not only creates the machinery, but constitutes the machine, that can individualize consciousness and give entity to it in the human form, and thus man becomes a living soul, made in the very image of his God.

This may seem a roundabout way of reaching this conclusion. Some may think it is a great deal easier for God to make a man directly by taking up a handful of dirt and moulding it into shape and breathing into his nostrils, than to take all this trouble through millions and millions of years to order a connected series of sequences reaching finally to man. But God has a great deal more time than you have. You may depend upon it that if you had to produce like results you would have to labor in precisely the same kind of fashion. What seems right and easy and proper to your judgment may be only because your judgment is not sufficiently expanded. When it is expanded into a philosophical capacity you will see that the order we have suggested reseives the universe from a personal God who arbitrarily creates it, and therefore may arbitrarily destroy it, and gives it to the divinity that is the underlying soul of it; and, therefore, as long as God lives the universe must be.

We will now resume the spiritual consideration of the subject. From the evolutionist's point of view the full type and high result are reached when the sequence of the human race has been accomplished. Is that true? He says yes. We ask him why. Because we can trace nothing beyond. But if all the myriad ages of the before time have results in the marvelous sequence suggested, and the great result you see, that is to say, conscious humanity—if the materialistic argument is true—then the sequences are exhausted, the end has been reached. When nature has made a man she has done all she can do, because she makes nothing beyond him! Is that the outcome? If so, then, when the materialist says that evolution is true, and stops with man, saying there is nothing beyond man, then all the laws of nature have accomplished, with their effects, and the long line of nature's progress comes to an end and concludes in the human race. We ask him why he comes to this conclusion and he says: Because death ends life for man. But if it happens that death does not end the life of man, and that the law of evolution goes on beyond the grave, what then? Why, the philosopher is at fault, that is all; but his philosophy is extended and corrected.

If we might put it that way, we should say that the point of reversal is the grave; and the result of the reversal is evolution upon another plane beyond the present, just the same as the world to-day is an evolution beyond the incandescent plane of ages gone by, and between which incandescent plane and this present plane there is apparently but very little in common or in relationship. There is really no greater difference involved in the other comparison—that the grave is the point of reversal for the commencement of another order of evolution that shall be no more remarkable in its results, no more extraordinary, no more out of the realm of possibility, than is the blooming of the blushing rose in the July sunshine to-day as compared with the glittering mass of fiery material that made the surface of the world ages gone by, at which time the rise of another plane, on which roses should be possible, would have been thought an absolute impossibility.

Now evolution, when spiritually considered, is only the application of its laws to man and his future life. We have seen how absolutely perfect are the physical links of connection. What are the spiritual sides of it? If, as we say, God is the substance of being, then that substance is eternal, then its eternality must be innate and inherent in every atom of existence. Pantheism, you say; not quite, because this universal circumference implies a center of absolute power equal to the extent of the influences of its radiation. Therefore we accept, must necessarily accept, the spiritual presence as the underlying basis as well as the external manifestation of the universal being. If man is the highest product of nature, physically considered, there can be no question, but he will, as the ultimate of all nature's preceding activities, embody in himself the approximation of all her energies. Now that is a point well to bear in mind. If he is the result of all nature's activity, he will be the embodied approximation, individually, of all her possibilities; therefore the laws of evolution and involution find their combined and concentrated expression in the personality of man, and man is the minor cosmos; he is the universe in miniature, himself as conscious as is God, and that consciousness the underlying base of his life, as it is the underlying base of the life of God; surrounded by a minor cosmos, his personality, which we have seen, is related to the world in which he lives. He has an underlying Spiritual power in his nature which controls and dominates, through principles and laws every department of the major cosmos.

We say man is a miniature deity, a miniature universe, an embodiment of the largest possibilities upon his minor plane. This is

point of evolution and involution that the Spiritual philosophy can best present to you, and when it is said that the Spiritual philosophy is a mass of inanities, and that Spiritualists are like rudderless vessels upon a sea of speculation, from what we have said, which we now offer you in the name of the Spiritual philosophy, you can very well estimate how just the criticism made against you is!

But what does this lead to? Just this—let it be put tentatively at present—that *if* man consciously lives after the death of his physical body, there must be a world for him to exist in. The logic of the matter is simply this: That you exist now, therefore there is implied a condition to sustain you. That condition is the material cosmos in which you are, and therefore if you exist after the death of the physical body, there must be another cosmos capable of sustaining that existence. The one implies the other; the one is the completement of the other. If the one exists the other must exist also. But how can that be determined? Not by transcendentalism, if you please. Not by intuitional speculation. Not by sailing on the wings of fancy into the rosy realms of speculation. Oh, no, you have to bring the spiritual side of life and man's spiritual nature to the same absolutely rigid tests of demonstration that you have brought to bear upon the material nature and the material world, and until this is absolutely done there is no philosophic soundness in the basis of the argument for immortality.

We are not discussing Spiritualism just now. We are putting that matter outside of this issue; we are demanding that the theologian, the philosopher, the thinker and the scientist—all of them—shall apply the same absolutely rigid tests of demonstration in regard to the spiritual side of life as they can in the other

This idea that the spiritual world is all away beyond you, and cannot be gotten at, is a remnant of the days of superstition and ignorance, a theological figment; for, as long as the church can fill you with the delusion that you cannot examine the next world, they can impose upon you with just whatever they please concerning it. Whenever it is brought within the purview of demonstration and knowledge, the theologian's "occupation is gone," and he will have to seek for "fresh fields and pastures new" in which to revel. If evolution results in all that has been stated, they, the theologians, must apply it to man's immortality, and we may argue that, if he exists after the death of the body, he can only exist because his immortality is potential and sequential, because it is an innate possibility, a result of the present condition of his being. It is not a gift. It is not a miracle. It is not something given to him because he believes this, that, or the other doctrine. It is potential and sequential. It is innate in his nature. When this truth is rooted firmly no theological speculation can disturb it, no Papal fulmination can destroy it, no belief or lack of belief can uproot or impair its foundations. It is part and parcel of the scheme of life, and no matter what you believe, it is there and cannot be disturbed.

We say death may be accepted as the point of reversal. You know that if you follow matter forward you presently lose it, for whether you go backwards or forwards, a point of disappearance is at once reached, and it becomes so rarefied, so refined, that it eludes the most delicate instruments of research. Are we to suppose that at last it has become so rarefied, so essentially refined, consequent upon the evolution of this divine spirit, that a still subtler part is rendered up, and, for instance, when you die the startling fact is revealed that the evolution of the human body has resulted in an evolution within the human body, and that nature has all the while been refining her materials, and depositing another universe, so to speak, within itself; that a double refinement in nature and humanity, has been going on simultaneously, and that there is constantly passing from what we shall call a sublimated substance, which becomes the element of the spiritual universe, a second order of evolution as a consequence of primal involution which is thus carried on on another plane of operations; therefore, when you die, you carry this spiritualized body with you, this spiritual body we have been speaking of as evolved within the physical body? Then shall we say the earth itself renders up its spiritual quota too, and that thus the logic of evolution is: that it, instead of stopping when man has been reached, is in reality carried forward upon a higher plane through man, who verily becomes himself the point of reversal; so we say, so far as he individually is concerned, the involution of the divine energy evolutes itself in the second order of existence, so that a substantial spiritual realm, which is the second order of organized existence, counting the material universe in its totality as the first order, shall be evolved from this as a home, or plane, for man's second career?

The logic of it all is that God, in the premises, involuted in the constitution of being, is using all his outer nature, shall we call it so? "All nature is one stupendous whole, whose body nature is, and God the soul." the great poet has told you In the constitution of the universe? Then all of God, of which you form a part, is differentiated in yourself, and therefore, not only are you physically rooted in the body of God, but you are spiritually rooted in the soul of God, and whithersoever you go that divine energy, which is man's inmost, must be continually evolving forever, at least as long as the divine energy continues. That divine energy continuing forever, man and his surroundings, his personal consciousness and objective conditioning must go on forever also. Therefore, the logic of evolution is that everlasting development and everlasing evolution, rather than special immortality, are the heritage of all conscious humankind; so, instead of looking for immortality you must, in philosophic truth, be looking for *continuity*; that immortality is, in the real sense, a continuity of life, a continuity of development, a continuity of evolution, of sequences and consequences forever and forever. What there may be beyond, speaking philosophically, the second stage of spiritual life of the evolutionary process, it is not for us to say. The second stage is quite sufficient for your contemplation on this occasion. The first stage is quite fruitful enough of thought, if you will but give it careful consideration.

The lesson and the logic of evolution, spiritually considered, are that man, spiritually, is the product of the energies and evolution of God; that man, physically, is the product of the evolution and differentiation of the forces of nature, of the cosmos; that man's immortality is the sequence of all these and the starting-point of a new series and a higher order, and, therefore, as we claim the *continuity of life*, rather than special immortality, which, as already described, must be the real interpretation of life beyond the grave; and that continuity is but the natural outcome of the initial energy which is the activity of the soul of nature, God, himself!

At this point we will leave it to you to determine what amount of justice there is in the charge that Spiritualism is devoid of rational philosophy.

We have one other point to present: the unity of the mental and spiritual consciousness. You know that the intelligence of some persons is very much below the intelligence of some other persons. You know that the active consciousness of some people is very much in excess of the active consciousness of some other people. The physical environments, hereditary conditions, the lack of training or its presence are all determining qualities in this problem of relative acuteness. But you know that some people by training evolute to a higher plane of consciousness, a higher plane of intellect; and if this is true, while you are living here, under what may be considered the imperfect conditions of your present surroundings, what must be the case in regard to yourselves when you get upon a higher plane of evolutionary operations, where the faculties are so much more acute and powerful? Why may it not be that this law of evolution applied to you, in whom is involved the divine spirit, shall work out into new forms of activity entirely, and that there shall come a time when there shall be as marked a difference in your consciousness and intellect then, as compared to their development now, as there is today between the verdure-clad earth, the blue seas and the starry dome above, and that long, long distant time when

chaos revelled in the fire-clad world, struggling from the grasps of the monsters of force, and striving with the might of her internal potencies which to-day are unfolded in the forms of use and beauty in sea, land and air?

As Spiritualists you know you hold communication with the spirit world. What you require is a scientific and philosophic understanding of the relationships between the natural and spiritual world. What you require is a comprehension of the method by which that spiritual world is created. What you need is a philosophic understanding of the way in which your immortality is accomplished, and all your phenomena and all your demonstrations are produced. In all your communications you will have to address yourselves to these questions if you will become, as you must become, the champions of the Spiritual side of evolution, and the demonstrators of the continuity of life, through the reversal point of death, into the realm that lies beyond. When you stand in that position, with the scientific and philosophic demonstration in one hand, and practical proofs of the life beyond in the other hand, there is no body of thought or opinion in the world to-day, there never will be any body of thought or opinion, that can possibly turn you aside. Your position will be absolutely impregnable. You can challenge the world and the world will have to say: "These Spiritualists have alike the facts and the philosophy, and we must submit that they have solved the problem of evolution by carrying it forward to its legitimate and natural sequences," proving to all that immortality is the natural sequence of mortality. When this is done the battle will have been won, the day of conflict will be over, and all old theological speculation will be stored in that Museum of Antiquity we referred to in our opening remarks, and standing on the sure ground of nature, the demonstrations of science and experience, the question of immortality will never be raised again. It will be accepted as logically and naturally flowing from all that has gone before in connection with the laws of evolution. The solution of it is that it implies involution. The logic of it is eternal and infinite evolutions beyond the present plane.

The continuity of life after death, proved by the return of spirits, mark you, gives every assurance, and emboldens us to say beyond all question, that the philosophy we have endeavored, all too imperfectly, we know, to present to you is a prophecy of the science and philosophy of the centuries close at hand; and when that day dawns the continuity of the universe, the brotherhood of being—the continuity of humanity in one common brotherhood here and hereafter—will stand out as the articles of your future creed, and when they are admitted, and the doctrine of relationship to the Divine Source substantiated—the admission is made that that is an eternal source of energy and power—then will follow the one great admission of all, that that eternal source of power and energy, ever active, always moving, will carry itself forward and onward, and that the continuity of life in the next world is a reality to you, fixed and anchored in the very center of God, and shall go forwards and onwards forever and ever, evolving that which is involved in the nature of God himself, and no tongue can tell, no mind conceive, what the future glories of the universe and the man shall be; for as God everlastingly unfolds himself, as his children everlastingly unfold as well. Evolution, then, as the stepping-stone to the continuity of life gives a philosophic beauty to the doctrine of immortality, and imparts nobleness to its teachings that lifts it forever beyond the clutch of priest and roots it in the heart of God, makes it the heritage of man, and proves beyond all question the everlasting life and power of that mysterious source that men call God.

Original Contributions.

Did Paul Teach That It Was Right to Lie for the Glory of God?

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

It is currently believed that Paul the apostle, in a passage in one of his epistles, inculcated the doctrine that it was commendable to lie for the glory of God, or, in effect, that it was right to do evil that good might come. In proof of this, the following passage from the writings of Paul is often quoted: "If the truth of God, through my lie, abounded unto his glory, why, therefore, am I also still judged as a sinner?" In former years I shared the popular opinion that Paul did so teach; but an examination of the passage quoted, in connection with the context, showed me at once that a monstrous injustice had been done the great apostle of the Gentiles.

The passage occurs in Romans III: 7. Romans is an undoubtedly genuine epistle of Paul, and the third chapter thereof is marked with the peculiar mental and spiritual characteristics of its author. In this chapter Paul dilates upon the justice of God's judgments, especially upon the unrighteous. Through God's judgment of the unrighteous, his justice and glory are made manifest. The evil done by the wicked man enables God to exercise his just judgment upon the evil-doer, and thereby manifests his glory. If no evil existed to judge and condemn, God would have no opportunity to exercise his judgment of the evil-doer. The existence of evil, therefore, redounds to the glory of God. This being true, the question may be asked by the sinner, "If my evil causes the glory of God to abound, why does God judge me a sinner?" to which the reply is made that his condemnation is just, and that it is wrong to do evil that good may come.

The foregoing is the substance of the first eight verses of the third chapter of Romans, and it teaches a doctrine directly contrary to that falsely ascribed to Paul. In the fifth verse Paul puts a question into the mouth of the inquirer upon these matters, and in the sixth verse he answers it. "But if our unrighteousness commendeth the righteousness of God, what shall we say? Is God unrighteous who visiteth with wrath? (I speak after the manner of men)." Paul, in the parenthetical clause, "I speak after the manner of men," tells us that he is merely quoting a question that an inquirer might put. Here is his answer in the sixth verse: "God forbid; for then how shall God judge the world?" In the fifth verse the sinner asks if his evil commends God's goodness, is not God unjust for punishing his evil deeds? And to this Paul replies that in order that God should judge the world, it is necessary for him to condemn and punish the wicked.

In the seventh verse Paul again quotes the sinner as follows: "But if the truth of God through my lie abounded unto his glory, why am I also still judged as a sinner?" And in the eighth verse Paul continues the sinners' question, with an explanation in parenthesis concerning his (Paul's) position in the matter. "And," continues the sinner, "why not (as we [that is, Paul] be slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say) Let us do evil that good may come?" And Paul finishes by adding, "Whose condemnation is just." It is seen that the passage so often quoted as voicing Paul's teaching is only a quotation by him from a sinner, who is asking why God judged him a sinner, although his sin redounds to the glory of God. Paul stated the question in the manner he did, evidently, for the purpose of refuting it, as he does the slander against him, that he taught that we should do evil that good may come. In the eighth verse he distinctly states that he had been slanderously charged with so affirming, and that, notwithstanding the truth of God might abound through the lie of a sinner, God's condemnation and punishment of the liar were just. Paul merely states the proposition in order to refute it; and yet how often has this religious reformer of the first century been foully charged with the inculcation of lying for the glory of God. The very next verse plainly shows that Paul was quoting sentiments diametrically opposed to his own views. It is as unjust to quote the seventh verse as expressive of Paul's sentiments as it would be to quote from Matthew, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," and "Hate thine enemy," as expressive of Jesus' sentiments. In the same manner as Jesus quoted these to refute

them, so did Paul quote the obnoxious passage in question in order to refute it.

Freethinkers und Spiritualists rarely do justice to Paul; indeed, few Christians have any just conception of the true greatness of Paul. In some respects he towers far above Jesus. He is really the true founder of Christianity. Jesus was the founder of a local, Jewish phase of religious thought which may be called Jesusism: but it is to the more comprehensive and liberal mind of Paul that what may properly be called Christianity owes its birth, -a universal, world-wide religion, not a narrow, Jewish sect, such as that founded by Jesus and his immediate disciples, the twelve and their followers. Paul is the man that virtually overturned the world theologically. Had Paul never lived, it is probable that Jesusism would have perished in the first century.

The theology of Paul has many defects and errors, viewed in the light of to-day; but, under the circumstances of the times producing it, it was a grand and wonderful evolution of thought, and well adapted to the purpose which it subserved. The theological errors of Paul should not, however, cause us to depreciate the excellent moral code which found expression in Paul's epistles. As a moralist Paul rose to sublime heights, largely free from the hyperbole and Oriental extravagances' which present themselves in the sayings ascribed to Jesus in the gospels. It is a shame that so pure a moral teacher as Paul should be so often credited with teaching so pernicious a sentiment as that it is right to lie for the glory of God. It all comes from the reprehensible custom of taking a detached portion of the Bible, irrespective of the context, and using it as expressive of the views of the entire book, or of the writer or speaker, as the case may be.

Notes of Travels and Explorations During a Second General Tour of All Europe by Daylight

BELGIUM, AS WE SAW IT.

BY DR. J. SIMMS.

Belgium is the southern and more elevated part of that large tract of low-lying country which for many centuries bore the general name of Netherlands, or Low Countries, lying north of France and west of the German empire. The appellation *Belgium* is quite modern, but derived from a very ancient one. The Romans, making little account of the swampy lands in the north, subjugated this more pronising portion, and called it Belgic Gaul. After the decline of their power, however, it was broken up into several small sovereignities and during the ensuing ages had no distinctive name to express the collective idea of Belgium as a nation, but it bore that of "Netherlands" in common with the portion now called Holland. It partook also of pretty much the same political changes, suffering much from the domination of foreign powers, till its independence was achieved by the Prince of Orange and his brother of Nassau. The Congress of Vienna, after the fall of the first Napoleon, who had dethroned all the petty sovereigns, sanctioned the establishment of the "United Kingdom of the Netherlands," under a prince of the House of Orange; but in 1830 these southern states revolted from him, and formed under Leopold I. a separate kingdom, thenceforth to be called Belgium, while the northern portion came to be more commonly called Holland.

This is an interesting and pleasant country to travel in. It has a complete system of railways, and in the leading towns street-cars, telegraphs, telephones, electric light, and other modern appliances. The people, too, are extremely polite, and appear very amiable; but there are far too many of them. 5,720,880 within a space of 11,373 square miles, or above 500 inhabitants for every square mile, itspeaks a denser population than is to be found elsewhere in Europe. No wonder that labor is poorly paid. An establishment for the manufacture of lace employs 1,200 women, who receive from ten to forty cents a day, without board or lodging. The poorer classes wear thick, heavy wooden shoes, which rattle along the footpaths, and create an amount of noise which is oddly disagreeable to the ear of a stranger. These shoes are manufactured in Belgium and sold at the rate of a $1.20 a dozen for small sizes, and $1.40 a dozen for large ones.

The country is rather flat, but fairly productive. A great deal of flax is raised, for the manufacture of linen cloth, and thread from which lace is made in all the principal towns. We visit the capital first. Brussels, a city of about 300,000 inhabitants, stands partly on a hill and partly on a fertile plain. For beauty and cleanliness it is excelled by no city in Europe, except Paris; and it must be admitted to deserve the praise that Byron, Scott and Southey embodied in such mellifluous strains. As we stand in one of the streets, there pass us two men talking in French, followed by two others speaking Flemish; near us stands a party conversing in the Walloon dialect, while others speak English; and we understand that these four languages are commonly current in this capital.

Now we are struck with the sight of the small milk carts, hundreds of which every day bring the precious fluid from the surrounding country into the city, and distribute it from house to house. They are drawn by one, two, and sometimes three large dogs, of mongrel breed, and of all colors. They are almost invariably managed by women, who walk on the side pavements, while the dogs keep the horse-way, and attend most obediently to every command. These women, like all others of the working class, wear white caps as their only head dress. Everything here is scrupulously clean. Men as well as women may be seen in front of public buildings or houses of business washing the pavements with cloths, as we are accustomed to see women do the floors inside a house. The police officers are in uniform, and wear swords instead of batons.

This city is rich in palaces, museums, statues, monuments and various public edifices, many of the last having been built by Maria Theresa. There are many valuable galleries of art, containing paintings by celebrated Dutch and Flemish artists. The collection of the Duke of Arenburg is said to be worth a million dollars. In one gallery there are about a hundred pictures of Christ at various stages of his life, from the manger to the cross, and in all conceivable attitudes, even to that of painting his feet to the skies, while the head is turned towards the mud.

Here, as is usual in Roman Catholic countries, all the art galleries, museums, etc., as well as all the shops, stores and newspaper stalls are open on Sundays, the only rest being from what is called servile work.

About ten miles from Brussels is the famous battle-field of Waterloo, where the fate of Napoleon was finally settled through terrific carnage and torrents of blood. The memorable spot is generally visited by American and other travellers that come to Brussels. Generals Grant and Sheridan have made acquaintance with it since our great (uncivil) civil war.

In the palmy days of the Low Countries, that is in the fourteenth century, their industrial and commercial activity surpassed that of every other country in Europe, and we may say in the world. There were 4,000 looms of Ipres, and Ghent had 50,000 weavers; while Antwerp and Bruges, each containing 200,000 inhabitants were the great marts of the commercial world, and almost monopolized the trade of northern Europe. Often there were as many as 2,500 vessels in the Sheldt at Antwerp, waiting for their turn to come to the wharf. At this time Van Eyck brought out the beautiful oil colors for which the Flemish school of painting is renowned. Painting on glass, polishing diamonds, making lace and tapestry, chiming bells, were all invented in Belgium at this period; and most of the magnificent cathedrals and town halls in the country were built before close of the fourteenth century. Van Dyck's portraits were highly finished and life-like, and are renowned throughout Europe, and many of them are to be seen in Belgium. He was born at Amsterdam in 1680, and was considered as the last great Dutch painter. Van Eyck was the first who attained to great success in oil-painting, as a Flemish painter, but he died about 1440, and his brother also a famous Flemish painter died in the year 1426.

We now visit Antwerp, still the chief com-

mercial city of Belgium, and the second in point of size, containing 240,000 citizens. It is Sunday; and under pouring rain thousands of men are marching through the streets with banners and bands of music, as they sing in commemoration of the three hundredth birthday of the poet Van Vondel, the Shakespeare of their country.

Napoleon I. did much towards reviving the ancient prosperity of Antwerp, by dredging the river Scheldt, which is here about a quarter of a mile in width.

Belgium has been styled "the battle-field of Europe," because the contending armies of various countries have so often met here whether by chance or design, and fought out their quarrels. So Antwerp, as well as Brussels, was once surrounded by immense walls, to keep invading armies in the open country. But the modes of modern warfare have rendered walls a useless protection; and in both these cities they have been removed, and have been replaced by those fine, wide streets called "boulevards." So even in this almost stereotyped old country, civilization is turning the muniment of war into places of utility and pleasure.

In the church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp, is the burying place of Rubens, one of the greatest of the Flemish painters. Over his tomb is a magnificent oil-painting of his own, representing the infant Jesus and his mother. Some of the figures in the tableau are true portraits of the artist himself, his father, his two wives, and one of his sons. Several pictures by Van Dyck are likewise in this church. The Hotel de Ville is the French name for the city hall; and within its walls every marriage in Belgium must be concluded; after which the contracting parties may or may not go through a religious ceremony in the church, just as they please.

Opposite Antwerp, on the other side of the Scheldt, is the once-famous country of Flanders, still remarkable for its large, hairy-legged horses.

In no country in the world has agriculture attained a higher degree of perfection than in Belgium; about half of the land is arable and little more than one-eighth of the whole is waste.

The government is a limited monarchy, under King Leopold II., sustained by a senate of sixty-nine members, elected for the term of eight years, and a chamber of representatives, numbering 138, who are elected by the people for the term of four years. No person, however, is allowed to vote, unless he pays annually a tax of eight dollars, which leaves only about 126,000 actual voters in the country.

There are about 3,000 miles of railway in this little country of Belgium, nearly 2,000 of which belongs to the State. These railroads are well managed, and it is rare that an accident occurs. There are in operation about 4,000 miles of telegraph lines; the post-office department carries about 300,000,000 letters and post-cards annually; a large ratio in proportion to the population. The canals in operation are 560 miles in length, while the rivers of the country are navigable to a distance of 684 miles. The army numbers 47,734 in time of peace, with a reserve of 66,673. They have also a *Garde civique* for special duty, consisting of 35,000 men. There are no vessels of war; but the mercantile marine consists of 67 vessels, besides 312 fishing boats.

The Momentous Question.

BY JOHN B. WOLFF.

Shall Spiritualism stand alone upon its own merits, and demand recognition of its demonstration of continuity of being, and the highest science of life yet evolved; or shall it be compromised and handicapped by a *quasi* or real recognition, of the Christian or any other religion?

To every lover of truth and right this is indeed a momentous question. While all creeds have taught more or less of moral and spiritual truth, no one of them has as yet reduced to a science the demonstration of a future life.

To ascertain the inferiority of the past, and the superiority of the present, it is necessary to discuss dispassionately, radically, logically the basis and superstructure of each.

If Christians desire to unite with us, and demand toleration and recognition of their creedal crudities, it is but just that they shall show us exactly how much, and the reasons why, they want to put their old wine into new bottles. Then we can have a clear conception of what is required of us.

In discussing this question, I would treat their prejudices with all possible tenderness, concede all the sincerity I claim for myself. But when it comes to a question of truth or error, right or wrong, there exists no obligation to tolerate or palliate the error or wrong. I know no Spiritualist who denies the rights of conscience in respect to any religion. But Christians, as a rule, deny these rights by asserting that Divine revelations are not subject to human reason, and thus deny the right to reason on them, and the rights of conscience, and then insist that we shall make a seeming concession to their myths, errors and prejudices, so that they may harmonize with us.

Those of us who have been in this battle for nearly a half century, and know by bitter experience that persecution, prosecution, and denunciation, even to damnation eternal and infernal, (the secular press is but a reflex of the church) comes from so-called Christians; of right, object to Spiritualism being saddled with any other ism, especially mythic-isms full of errors, immoralities, and monstrosities.

There is and can be no safe compromise between truth and error, right and wrong, fact and fiction. All attempts to harmonize them will produce confusion and discord, retard progress, and finally fail, as they have heretofore.

If Spiritualism is true, fact and doctrine, then the whole Christian system is wrong and false as a system.

If harmonious organization can only come by concession to that which to me is not only error, but immorality, it will never come with my consent.

Every well informed Spiritualist knows that in order to grow in knowledge and spirituality, it is necessary to get rid of our errors and prejudices. It is, therefore, of no benefit to us, or them, to coddle them into our ranks, where they necessarily become a disturbing element.

Spiritualists generally concede that Jesus was a medium, and a very good sort of man; but they deny to him especial Divinity, (immaculate conception—a monstrosity) infallibility or superiority over thousands of others, entitling him to be set up as a special example above all other men, for all time. Wherein, then, is the ground of complaint, unless this "sort" wants to add the superhuman?

Spiritualism cannot save them as long as they hang upon the skirts of Jesus, or any other savior. The most of this "sort" do not pretend that Jesus was superhuman; then, if not, of what avail to lean upon him, or give him credit for that which is not due him.

I do not believe that Christianity is built upon the principles (doctrine we presume,) of immortality, through a life of purity and morality, (mutalogical) on the contrary, the whole Christian system is built upon the mythical Satanic Majesty: whose wicked designs upon the work of the Almighty, against whom he seems to have a grudge, and not being able to reach the principal, he vents upon poor Adam and Eve, and by his wiles mars the entire work of his enemy for all time and eternity, compelling him to re-consider, revise and exert all his wits to compensate, in part, for the successful raid of the devil upon the first pair.

But for the devil there had been no temptation, no fall, no sin, no death (eternal life here); no knowledge of good and evil, no consciousness of the shame and nakedness, (when there were but two to gaze upon that nakedness); no miraculous conception, no incarnation of deity, (God-man, a common heathen myth), no Jesus, and no Gospels setting forth his extraordinary virtues.

It is upon faith in these myths, and the Grace of God through that faith, and not upon the "*principles of immortality*," or morality, all of which are but filthy rags, without saving grace by faith, that the Christian looks for heaven and happiness hereafter.

Nor do I believe that we can "advance Spiritualism without tearing down other people's beliefs." The logical sequence of preaching truth is to tear down error, of enforcing

right to attack the wrong. I have utterly failed to comprehend the mission of Spiritualism, if it is not to supplant the myths and errors of the past in regard to the material as well as the spiritual universe, by supplementing faith by knowledge, error by truth, religion in its broadest sense by science and philosophy. If these are its mission, then it follows as the night the day, that its propagation is a direct attack upon all issues which antagonize its facts and teachings. Without this it would be an abortion or failure.

With the devotees of Christianity, their beliefs and prejudices, I am not concerned. That may be their fault or misfortune. If they cannot harmonize with the enemies of their whole system, they are free to set up a theological shop of their own in their own way, and make it just such a conglomerate as suits their mental and moral condition.

Hitherto there has been a strong tendency, especially in those whose leanings are toward the church, to concede to Christianity a high order of morality, and to enthrone Jesus and his teachings as standards of morality and imitation. Very few Spiritualists have assailed these; they have rather essayed to assail the doctrine *per se*, leaving out the question of morality, or conceding the moralities good when free from doctrines.

Christianity makes distinct recognition of the Jewish Bible; Jesus "came not to destroy but to fulfil the law and the prophets." The two systems have one God and one code of morality, and must stand or fall together. Christianity, without the fall of man, and the incarnation of God "in the person of Jesus," is a building without a foundation. If man did not fall, as recorded in the old Bible, then the incarnation and crucifixion of Jesus, in the new dispensation, is without object or use.

As this promises to run into too much for a single article, (I stop here and reserve for a second article) a critical analysis of the moralities (immoralities) of the Christian system, and especially the immoralities of Christ and his teachings! In this direction there has been entirely too much lenity, a *quasi*-recognition of the so-called Christ principle; whereas there is no principle for which any person can claim a patent, and upon the strength of that claim set up a superiority shop, and challenge the admiration, homage, or servile imitation of his fellows.

The Jewish system, which is a part of the Christian system, is full of gross errors, immoralities, and monstrosities. For these there is no word of condemnation in the Dispensation, thus giving silent assent to all the crudities and immoralities of the Jewish God and his chosen people.

The Christian system proposed to supplant the Mosaic, and all other systems; but it has utterly failed. The Jews remain a people, intact, *sui generis*, here and everywhere. Passing by the vulnerables in the old system, I propose to point the errors and immoralities of the Christian system, and its supposed founder.

Inspirational Teachings Through the Mediumship of L. C. Ashworth.

Life in the Spirit World.

NUMBER NINE.

A great deal has been said and written about life in the second sphere, and we are forced to admit that the subject is of sufficient interest to make the large amount of attention given to it excusable. The question to our mind is, firstly, how much can definitely be made known on the subject? and, secondly, can any practical benefits accrue from whatever information is imparted? These are the two points we shall try to throw some light upon in this article.

First, as the question of how much can be made known, we assert that this depends greatly on the condition of individuals. One person may obtain decidedly erroneous views of this existence, without in the least having the intention to misrepresent. Another, which is, perhaps, more dangerous, obtains partial truth, but so mixed with error, that it is little better than entirely false. Perhaps we cannot do better than attempt an illustration. Suppose we refer to the question, as to whether spirits can pass through opaque objects, such as stone, wood, etc. Now it would seem that this question ought to be easily settled decisively, in one way or the other, but it cannot very easily. Spirits can pass through hard substances, in the sense that their shape, and even some of their individuality—their presence can be felt, but, still, they are not actually present. This seems a somewhat far-fetched way of compromising the matter, but it is correct. Spirits can act to all intents and purposes as if they were in a room, when they are some distance outside. How is this done? Here we have to be content for the present with mere assertion, leaving demonstration for the future. It is sufficient at present to know that some truth may exist in both seemingly irreconcilable statements.

Another illustration of a different kind is found in the descriptions which are given of the location and life of the spirit world. Here the difference does not amount to an absolute contradiction usually but considerable discrepancy may be discovered in the details. Well, the details are very difficult to give. Existence is existence in every sphere and there is a certain affinity in all, but the particulars have infinite modifications. It is not too much to say that there is as much divergence, as much diversity of occupation, condition and ways of modifying existence here as there are individuals. Man naturally thinks and says "we can surely be told at all events approximately how you live and pass the time there, but he cannot be told very accurately in his present condition. The power to realize the mode of existence here is only given to a few, otherwise people would become disatisfied and would hardly tolerate their present surroundings. Can nothing be told then accurately? Yes; sufficient can be learned by people who desire it, but it must be done more by onward promptings and by natural unfoldment than by direct communications through mediums. The latter would seem more accurate and reliable, but it is not so, only in very rare cases can men or women attain a plane of spirituality which enables them to judge with sufficient accuracy of spirit life. As the world progresses, however, it will be different, and by the time the actual existence of the spirit world is generally credited it will be much easier for men to realize what is actually going on there.

In regard to the benefits which might result from the dissemination of this knowledge experience would seem to teach that the effect would be at best indecisive. Men would be in some instances happier with the knowledge of a future existence in their minds, others would view it differently, many would indeed consider it evil. Nature's plan compels people to attain a certain height, before their view is extended beyond a given point, and slowness in reaching that height makes no difference. Man lives and moves and has his being in a certain element, and that element has abundant possibilities for all his real needs—to force him into a higher one by any abrupt or violent means would be useless, and result in an unsettled and unnatural condition which would be far worse than the old one.

Something, however, can and will be done before very long on this subject. A rational, and in every respect, more satisfactory account will be given of the conditions here and those who are fit to receive it will realize that such is indeed some faint attempt at a realization of what they have long felt and yearned after. Progress is being made rapidly, and as sufficient vehicles of communication are developed there will be such light thrown in this subject as is little thought of at present.

Matthew Arnold, in an article on America, published in the Nineteenth Century, laments the fact that not one man in a hundred in this country changes his shirts oftener than once a week. Mr. Arnold, who is distinguished as a critic of the impossible, probably had in mind when he wrote, the history of the Scotch miner and his pastor. The reverend gentleman beheld his untidy parishioner in an exceedingly dingy shirt, and, remonstrating with him, asked, "How often do you change your shirt, Bobbie?" "Wunk a munk," was the self-satisfied answer. "Once a month!" exclaimed the astonished dominie, "Why I change mine twice a week." "Twa sark a week?" said the stupified Scot. Then looking contemptuously at his clerical adviser, he remarked, "Ye maun be a darty beastie."

Selected Articles.

Anomalies of the Situation.

At the utmost possible estimate there are only twenty million Christians in the United States.

Over against this twenty millions there are forty millions who are non-Christians; persons who do not attend Christian churches, who do not believe Christian doctrines, who do not want Christian legislation, who are totally indifferent to the Christian name.

This is an astounding fact on the assumption that Christianity is a divine religion, that its founder and supporter is God. It has existed for eighteen hundred years, and yet in the most civilized portion of the globe it can claim only one-third of the population. How long will it take Christianity to subdue the world at this rate?

Considered as a divine religion Christianity is a stupendous failure. Considered, however, as a merely human religion it exerts a marvelous power.

These twenty millions rule the country against the real wishes of forty millions of people. Practically this is a Christian nation. Church property to the amount of one thousand million dollars is exempt from taxation. If this property were taxed like other property it would yield an income to the public treasury of $25,000,000 a year. Twenty millions get the benefit of this; forty millions get no benefit at all, yet these forty millions pay, without protest, over sixteen million dollars for the support of the churches. Who shall say, in view of this fact that Christianity is not a powerful religion?

In the army and navy, in the legislature of the several states, chaplains are appointed and the government is compelled to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to support them. Who will say that Christianity is dead when it can thus command the treasury of the United States?

The celebration of Washington's Centenary was highly colored and adorned with religious paraphernalia, and yet only a third of the people had any regard for such an aspect of the celebration. Two-thirds of the people cared no more for these ceremonies than a Chinese gong—would rather not have had them—and yet the Christians had their own way in the matter as if they were the whole people.

In every State except California and Nevada, there are Sabbath laws. The people don't want these laws. They are foreign to American institutions, and yet one-third force them upon the other two-thirds, and the two-thirds silently submit. Christianity may save but a few souls, but when it comes to government it lays its hand upon all. As a system of redemption it comes to a lame and impotent conclusion, but as a political machine it is the most triumphant of the day. It cannot be ignored, however much we may despise its dogmas. Christianity would be voted down to-day, two to one, if there were an honest expression of the opinions of everybody, but as a matter of fact it is king in the Republic, and it dictates the conduct of sixty millions of people.

Forty millions of people in this country are thoroughly non-Christian, yet out of these forty millions how many take any active part in maintaining their own rights or the rights of others? It is popularly supposed that this is a Christian country. It is a non-Christian country. The non-Christians, if the issue were simply made, could sweep the polls from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is a nation of Liberals and Freethinkers, yet, strange anomaly, its government is still the government of the Christian church. The President must still take his oath, the Senate and House of Representatives must pay for chaplains and listen to their prayers, railroads must stop running on Sunday, the Christian Bible is read in the schools, and the public treasury overflows into the coffers of the church. This not to be wondered at if Christians were in the majority. But they are not. They are in the minority.

The subscribers of all the Freethought and Liberal journals in the country do not number over fifty thousand. These subscribers represent a reading population of two hundred and fifty thousand, out of forty millions, in essential sympathy with Liberal ideas. Only one out of one hundred and sixty of the non-Christians reads a non-Christian paper. Only one out of eight hundred takes a non-Christian paper. Of these fifty thousand not more than ten thousand are in active working sympathy with Liberal organizations. These ten thousand are the actual representatives of forty millions of people. Upon their shoulders the whole burden of reform lies. They stand for the opinions of two-thirds of the American people. The impression seems to be that there are about fifty-nine million, nine hundred and ninety thousand Christians in America, and about ten thousand non-Christians. But these ten thousand Freethinkers are not thus isolated. Back of them is a mass of forty millions intellectually in accord with Freethought. It might be better if there were only ten thousand Freethinkers. The issue would then be sharp. As it is now, only one out of eight hundred of the Liberals of the land takes any lively interest in the conflict between Christianity and civilization. Those in favor of civilization and against Christianity allow Christianity to win the day, so far as political power is concerned, and practically turn the cold shoulder to the few who are in the heat of the battle on their side.

It does seem strange, when we think of it, that these ten thousand must toil and sacrifice, must meet social ostracism, business losses, and political failure; be regarded as fanatics, wild enthusiasts, disturbers of the peace, and "infidels," when, as a matter of fact, they represent the ideas, the life, the sentiments, of a vast majority of the people who would stand side by side with them if the issue could be distinctly and universally comprehended.

There is no question that Christianity is intellectually defeated—that as a "divine religion," it is put upon the shelf. Science has labeled it "superstion;" but as a governmental power, as a social tyranny, Christianity is still victorious. As a machinery of despotism it is unequaled. It is the greatest instrumentality of oppression in the world. But it is so subtle, so all pervading, that its victims don't seem to realize that it is such a complete master.

The situation points out two lines of work. The ten thousand, the guard of freedom, must not simply contend against Christian usurpation, but they must rouse the vast number who, intellectually, are non-Christian, to the importance of maintaining their rights and dignity; of treating Christianity not as if it were an effete religion to be simply ignored, but as a living tyranny, the more terrible because dead at heart. Christianity is not simply a doctrine, it is an institution wonderfully organized for conquest and power. It is a vast bread and butter making machinery, and for that reason there will ever be an immense motive for its continuance, and especially for its political prestige. There will be, for years to come, a hundred thousand persons, too lazy to work for a living, but always ready to preach for a living; and these as one man, will devote every energy to the predominance of Christianity.

These one hundred thousand represent the concentrated force of Christianity; they are the guard of despotism, the representatives of twenty millions of Christians.

The forty millions of non-Christians are represented by ten thousand pioneers. The representation is unequal, and for that reason Christianity triumphs. There are one hundred thousand to ten thousand, in the lists of battle. The one hundred thousand are thoroughly disciplined and urged on by the overmastering desire for self-preservation. They are backed up by the wealth and plaudits of the millions of Christians who delight to do them honor. The ten thousand pioneers of freedom are scattered, have but little fellowship, and the millions whom they serve treat them with cold indifference. Instead of earning a living at their task, like the one hundred thousand clergy who are opposed to them, they sacrifice both time and money for their cause.

In the world of ideas it is forty million non-Christians to twenty million Christians. In society, in government, it is one hundred thousand Christians to ten thousand non-Christians.

It will be a long time, therefore, before the intellectual defeat of Christianity will result in its political overthrow.

The greatest danger is through indifference; that Christianity will triumph, not because it is a divine religion, but, being a human religion, animated by a human motive—the desire for power and good living—it will achieve success because non-Christians although in vast majority, are too careless of the rights and liberties of themselves and others.—*Free Thought.*

Sunlight, Vital Magnetism, and Other Refined Elements, to be the Great Curative and Upbuilding Forces of the Future.

BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D.

Dean of the College of Magnetics, New York.

The truth is, that the whole system of gross elements and rude methods, including drugs in their coarse conditions, blistering, leeching, lancing for every little thing, the use of moxas, and setons, and other slaughter-house methods, is to be done away with, and the refined, exquisite, and searching elements of nature and spirit are to be used mainly in their place. I have demonstrated in one of my works that *coarse chemicals and poisons in medical treatment, like coarse and despotic enactments in civil government, are the weakest and least enduring in their good effects, the most dangerous and lasting in their bad effects, and, on the whole, are cruel, costly and unwieldly*, while, on the other hand, *the fine forces are more penetrating, powerful and enduring in their good effects, more upbuilding to the nervous and spiritual energies, more safe, more pleasant and more economical.*

What are the fine forces? It is now well-established that the universe presents four grades of matter, namely, solids, liquids, gases, and ethers, or, as Prof. Crookes calls the last, ultra gaseous matter. These ethers include electricity, magnetism, light, color, heat, mental force, psychic force, vital force, spiritual force, and are what we term especially the fine forces. These four grades of matter are atomic: but etherial atoms, being exquisitely fine, are made to sweep through and kindle into brisk action the coarser grades of atoms. Interpenetrating this whole range of atomic being which we term matter, my investigations have shown me that there must be an inconceivably elastic, unatomic intersoul, which is a positive, quickening principle of matter, as matter is the negative, formulating principle of the intersoul. Both matter and spirit must forever work in correlation, but ethereal forces can be wielded more directly by spirit, and are a kind of a link between spirit and matter. I am simply here making assertions, but these assertions come from a life study of chemical and spiritual forces, and I have given extensive demonstration elsewhere. These ethers are efflux and influx through all things, and their pathway can be discerned by hundreds, yes, by many thousands of people whose inner vision is opened.

One reason why fine forces are so powerful is that they can penetrate the nerves, and through them reach the brain, and kindle that positive, mental battery of the whole system. Nerves are lords, muscles and blood-vessels are servants. But nervous diseases have been called the "scandals medicorum," and are almost entirely beyond the control of our allopathic friends. They are unable to see this nervous force, or to cut it or bind it, and what can they do? In fact, they are wholly ignorant of what nervous force is, and their drugs are too coarse to reach such a subtle power to any advantage. If you talk with them about vital magnetism, they deem it a mere system of rubbing, and haven't any idea that persons charged with the lightnings of spiritual power, such as Dr. J. R. Newton, Dr. R. C. Flower, and very many others have anything connected with them over and above what could be found in a stick of wood.

If you tell them that diseases of years' standing, are sometimes cured in a few minutes by magnetic massage, they will simply deem it impossible, or in some cases where they themselves have failed, and some masseur or masseuse has been triumphant, they will become indignant at the progress of quackery, and invoke some despotic State law to put them down.

It is amusing to hear them talk about these "ignorant magnetists," while they, in spite of all their great thundering words from the Latin and Greek, do not understand the commonest principles of life, such as the philosophy of respiration, of pulsation, or nerve force, of muscular contraction, of mental action, or the processes of chemical affinity in connection with the functions of life. If they would come and sit at the feet of some of us whom they are so anxious to tyrannize over, by means of despotic State laws, they would begin to know something of the philosophy of life, and would become far more successful.

The most dangerous empyrics of all are these men who have been run through the ruts of a medical college, and, with a know-it-all spirit, are ready to destroy those who have not gone into the same ruts.

The two great leading remedies in all the world for perverted or exhausted nervous conditions are magnetic massage and sunlight aided by special colors, which forces are yet to bless all mankind, but these medical laws would crush them at the very start. By aid of the Solar Sweat bath, the chromodisc and the chromo lens, we may play any tune we please on the sensitive human system.

I would glorify an institution like the Dr. Flower Health Palace, for adopting all these higher natural methods. The bath system, the massage, the solarium, with scientific sun instruments, the color rooms for different physiological conditions. Prof. Humiston's superb system of ventilation, and the many other fine points show what can be done in harmony with modern progress.

The *Woman's Journal* of Boston tells of two Vassar girls, Misses Ella S. Leonard and Caroline G. Lingle, who bought a delapidated newspaper, at Atlantic Highlands, N. Y., and have made a revivified success, and have in connection with it a large job printing establishment.

About Women.

Woman at the Centennial.

"The great event, the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington as the first president of the United States, was celebrated in many places, but especially in New York City. The wonderful parades, the speeches, the music, the attendant circumstances, are fully reported in the daily papers. History has garnered them up for future ages. But history will further record that the country which honored this occasion is itself guilty of the very injustice against which George Washington drew his sword. Great Britain taxed and governed the colonies without allowing them representation. These United States tax and govern women in the same way. But no man of all speakers at this great centennial observance reminded a listening nation of this fact, or pledged himself to follow the example of George Washington by a worthy effort to establish a true republic in place of this oligarchy of sex, where all men are sovereigns and all women subjects. When the second centennial arrives, George III. and this government will hold the same unworthy place in history, and for the same reason."

—*Lucy Stone.*

The First Declaration of Independence Signed by a Woman.

"When the absolute authority of an unjust parliament and a tyrannical king was asserted and reasserted to the annoyance and oppression of the people in America, in response to the proclamation for suppressing rebellion and sedition, as the remonstrances of our forefathers were termed, *a woman*, Abigail Adams, wrote thus in a letter to her husband, John Adams, then at Philadelphia: 'This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our parent state and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and instead of supplication, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and to bring to naught all their devices.'

Said the *New York Tribune*, in July, 1875, commenting on the above: 'Here was a declaration of independence, preceding by seven months that which has become so famous: *and it was signed by a woman.*'"—*Daughters of America.*

Caste women in Corea who uncover their faces, are pronounced outlaws, by both custom and law.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER ..... EDITOR.

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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, }

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 8, 1889.

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THIS WORLD SPIRITUALITY.

It has been said that the Christians—many at least—take their religion as "insurance against fire in the world to come." With too many a Spiritualist, his Spiritualism is the doorway through which he expects to pass to a state of happy rest in the spheres "beyond the river of death."

Hope of the future is, doubtless, the incentive to much of life and effort. But there is no past, there can be no future, it is in reality, always, the eternal *now*. With this fact clearly in mind, do the best to-day. There is something to think of beside the evergreen shore, something beside reunions and rest; something more than merely gaining heaven. Make heaven. Not for one alone, but for humanity. Deserve rest before it is asked. Work, that rest may be sweet. Go forth into the world, that the bliss of home coming can be appreciated. Plant the seed if the ground is to be covered n verdure.

The world needs workers. The brain must have a hand to execute its thoughts—for man to realize the conceptions of the mind. There are hungry to feed, naked to clothe, wounds to bind and pains to heal. Though looking away to the bright beyond has its place, Spiritualism is not a gateway, it is a mighty temple wherein its votaries must dwell, working as well as watching, to know the beauties and the worth, of having come into the knowledge of the truth that makes men free.

JOHN SLATER'S COLLECTION FOR THE ELSMERE FREE KINDERGARTEN.

Last Sunday evening Metropolitan Temple was crowded upstairs and down, and Mr. John Slater's tests were as usual excellent; indeed, on this occasion, as on several preceding Sunday evenings of late, he seemed to surpass himself in the matter of the variety, the striking character, and the completeness of his tests. In the course of the evening Mr. Slater made an appeal to his vast audience on behalf of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten. His remarks were earnest and apposite and excellently put. A collection was then taken up, headed by a liberal donation from Mr. Slater himself, and the sum of $54.25 was gathered in and turned over to the Ladies' Elsmere Club, for the benefit of the kindergarten. The sincere thanks of the Club, and of every friend of the kindergarten, are due Mr. Slater for his generous, unselfish action in this matter. E. F. K.

THE BARTLETT-STREET KINDERGARTEN.

We learn that the closing exercises of the Bartlett-street Kindergarten, of which Miss Mina Robinson is principal, took place last Friday morning. There was a large attendance of the friends of the school and of the parents and relatives of the little scholars. The exercises of the children were varied in character, and their proficiency and cleverness in their execution of them, and the perfect order and discipline exhibited, reflected much credit upon the principal and her assistants. Everybody present seemed to have "a lovely time;" the children included. The rooms were handsomely decorated, and the entire affair was a grand success.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to complo, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight-page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been beforn, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication map not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

Do not let us seek the demolition of the so-called religious churches, until our Godlike freedom of thought, feeling, and action becomes sufficiently and universally cultivated and refined to not only substitute them, but to lend a broader foundation, a brighter glow, and a clearer and more extended vision of the spiritual possibilities and their practical unfoldment, than could ever have come through their teachings, however moral and refining their influence may have been. If we diligently and properly present and promulgate our beautiful, rational, spiritual philosophy, and live it, the era of true religious enterprise, minus church or creed, titles or emoluments will have well begun.

ELLA L. MERRIAM,
LOS ANGELES, Cal.

A NEW BOOK

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 841 Market St., S. F.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt-edges $5.50 The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

We have on hand a number of DOVES of various dates from its beginning, six years ago, which we will send postpaid to any address in packages of from five to one hundred, at the rate of two cents per copy. Friends of the cause can do good missionary work with these books, and the price barely pays the postage. Many of them are the beautifully illustrated monthlies that sold at twenty-five cents a copy.

"RAMBLINGS."

A Trip to East Monterey.

DEAR READERS. As Mrs. Crossette, who is occupying the editorial chair during my vacation, promised some "Ramblings" from my pen, I suppose the contract must be respected and herewith is the first instalment of my rambles which, so far, have not been very extensive, as home duties have occupied much of my time since I have been sufficiently recovered to attend to them. The rest from constant confinement in the office has been very beneficial, and already I am beginning to think of the old work again, and wondering how long I can indulge in the luxury of *rest*. But I intended this article as an account of one of my most pleasant rambles, and I trust those of my readers who have never taken a trip to the place I am going to describe will allow their imaginations free play, and accompany me in fancy on my pleasant journey.

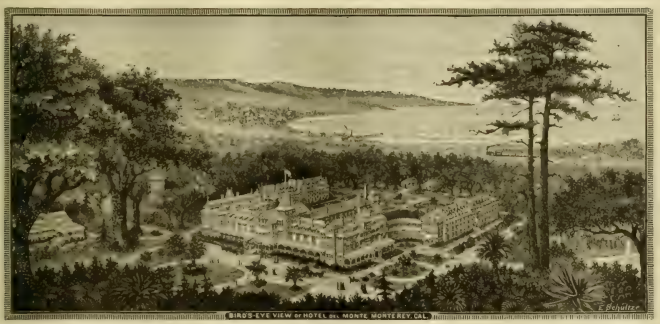
For several weeks I had promised some friends to visit East Monterey, but various circumstances had prevented, until Sunday, June 2d, when with a small party the trip was made.

We took the train at the Valencia street depot, at 8 A. M., and were soon speeding along over miles of such beautiful country as is found nowhere on earth except in California. Farms, orchards, vineyards, gardens, and villages in rapid succession passed before our vision like the dissolving views of a vast panorama, all set in beautiful frames of gold as the morning sunshine broke through the clouds of fog and mist, and lighted them with its glory. The cloud-capped mountains, some covered with thick growths of live oaks, others with bare, grim and rocky sides, others gradually sloping down into the valley, into a series of graded hills, forming connecting links between their sterner brothers and the level vales at their feet, had yielded to the husbandman's toil, bountiful harvests; these, with glimpses of old ocean, and the blue sky overhead formed a charming background to the magnificent views. Exclamations of delight were heard from all sides, as the members of our party had never passed over the route before, and everything was new and novel to them.

We arrived at Del Monte station at 11:30 A. M., and were met by Mr. J. D. Houghton, the gentlemanly proprietor of the East Monterey tract, of which Mrs. Scott Briggs is an agent, and which she has been advertising in the DOVE during the past few months. Being naturally rather skeptical, when I hear glowing accounts of places or occurrences I am inclined to make great allowance for fervid imaginations, objects of gain, etc., and consequently had not taken a very deep interest in Mrs. Briggs' enterprise, knowing how easily a handful could be "boomed," if there was money back of it, as instances of such a nature had come under my observation before. But as we drove along through the beautiful grounds of the Hotel Del Monte, around the borders of the lovely lake, Laguna Del Rey, and up the gentle slope towards East Monterey, where we could take in all the beauty and variety of the scene before us, I realized that nothing had been overdrawn concerning it. Passing up a small ravine we came to the "Big Tree," of which we had heard so much.

The first view of it elicited expressions of wonders and astonishment from the entire party, and as for myself I could only say that "the half had not been told," that could have been said of it. It impressed me as being a gigantic octopus with arms, or "feelers" extending in a thousand directions, lived and interlaced together in a most fantastic fashion. Upon a closer examination it was seen that the main trunk of the tree was very short and from each side projected an immense limb almost equal in circumference to the parent trunk, thus giving the appearance of three great trees from which the twisted and interwoven branches extended to the banks on each side of the short ravine where they rested as if weary of the struggle to support themselves longer against the blasts which for many centuries had swept over them. From any direction, except that of approach by way of the ravine, which is short and broad, the tree has the appearance of a short growth of brush, as the top is almost level with the hills which form a horseshoe around it, as it completely fills the space between the hills, and is about 375 feet in circumference. The thick foliage overhead, the solid banks on three sides, and the low-bending network of boughs for seats form a completely sheltered and protected resort for pleasure seekers, where tables can be spread, hammocks hung, and nature's most weird and fantastic freak contemplated without discomfort from sun or wind, heat or cold. Mr. Houghton intends having it photographed soon, and, if possible, a view of it will be given our readers, as it is certainly the greatest natural curiosity in the shape of a tree in the known world. Under this magnificent live oak we found a table spread for lunch, and a number of friends awaiting our coming. Among these were Mrs. Houghton, Dr. Roberts and wife, and Mrs. Roberts, a sister of Mrs. Houghton.

The gentlemen were just preparing the campfire for the barbecue, and the ladies were making delicious coffee and fragrant tea. We were soon seated to an appetizing repast, and did ample justice to the tender, juicy meat which the Doctor had "barbecued," and the sweet home-made bread, butter, pies and cakes, prepared by Mrs. Houghton, and the coffee, a most delicious beverage with real, genuine



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, CAL.

E. Bechtler

cream in it. The flavor of the strawberries, also seemed remarkably fine, due, no donbt, to the unusual accompaniment of rich cream: After having finished our repast, we drove over the grounds, where the future city of East Monterey is to be located, and discussed the eligible sites for building purposes. It is a beautiful tract in a fertile valley, about half a mile distant from Hotel Del Monte.

The Southern Pacific Railroad divides it in two sections, and the grounds for a depot are already laid out and a side track built. The streets are broad, and bordered with young evergreen trees, at regular intervals. There are two wells of water; and an abundant supply can be obtained anywhere at a depth of fifteen feet.

Mr. Houghton and Dr. Roberts are each building residences, and expect to have them completed and move there in a few weeks. Some ladies from the East have built a little cottage and are already occupying it.

The Pacific Improvement Company, owning Hotel Del Monte, have endeavored to negotiate with Mr. Houghton for some lots upon which the big tree is located for the purpose of making it one of their attractions, but he prefers reserving them for a public park for East Monterey. It will assuredly prove a great attraction to visitors, and should always be accessable to the public.

From this point a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. The beautiful Bay of Monterey, Pacific Grove, Old Monterey, Hotel Del Monte with its charming grounds and miles of beautiful drives, the low range of green hills, the distant mountains, the valley dotted with grand old oaks, the silver lake, all lay spread out before us forming a scene, grand beyond the possibility of my pen to describe. Before returning home, we drove over to the bath house, belonging to the hotel, and which is open to the public at all times. Large swimming tanks, of various depths and temperatures, were filled with sportive swimmers of all ages and both sexes. The interior presented the appearance of an immense conservatory, with its roof of glass and wealth of palms, ferns and foliage plants, which surrounded the swimming tanks. After leaving the baths, we went on to old Monterey and visited some places of historical interest. Among these there was the old adobe custom house partly built by the Spanish government, the Mexican and our own. The flag staff, from which floated the stars and stripes for the first time on the Pacific Coast, still retained its place above the crumbling pile.

The old mission church built by the Jesuit Fathers in 1794, was also visited, and as we passed up the narrow aisle and stood before the old altar, it seemed that the very air was palpitating with the ghosts of the three generations who had worshipped at its shrine, where they had been christened, confirmed, married, and the last sad rites of burial performed. After leaving this interesting relic of former times we drove to Mr. Houghton's home and picked a bouquet of choice flowers which grew in luxuriant profusion, the result of Mrs. Houghton's careful tending and love of the beautiful. It may not be generally known that in this city was convened the first State legislature and here was framed the first constitution which governed its people until supplanted by the new, about nine years ago.

As the train left for San Francisco, at 4:30 P. M. we were obliged to make brief our observations in this historical city and turn our faces homeward, and again enjoyed the beautiful landscape, until the shadows of evening closed over the swiftly flying train, and the lights of the city gleamed in the distance, telling us we were nearing home; and as I looked through my open window upon the welcome sight, I wondered if, when we take our last journey out into the darkness, towards that other city, whose gates are of pearl and gold, if we shall be able to catch glimpses of *its* cheering lights, and realize that at last we are indeed nearing a home where there will be no buying or selling of corner lots, but each will find a home of his own building, either a palace or a hovel, "according to the deeds done in the body."

MRS J. SCHLESINGER.

Neatly bound in cloth, price 75 cents, Hertha, by Elizabeth Hughes.

"The ever womanly leads us on"—*Goethe*.

Address E. Hughes, P. O. Box 1772, Los Angeles, Cal.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Loneley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

The principal spiritual meetings of the city will be closed the remainder of the month, so that the officers and members may take part in the State meetings.

We present in this issue a beautiful view of Hotel Del Monte and surrounding country, which Mrs. Schlesinger has so graphically described in her "Ramblings." From this bird's-eye view, it will be seen that nothing has been overdrawn, as no pen-picture can adequately describe this magnificent garden spot of the Pacific Coast.

We were glad to welcome to our city the past week, H. C. Wilson of Tulare, ex-President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. Mr. Wilson looks very much like a granger being tanned to a healthy brown, but is enjoying the best of health. Being limited as to time, his stay was much shorter than his friends would have liked to have had it; he was unable to visit all his friends, although he visited very many. He bade us say that he wished to be remembered to all. We hope that his good wife may accompany him on his next visit.

DOVE NOTES.

"The constellation called 'Coleman,'" to quote from another contributor, appears once more in the firmament of the DOVE, this week.

We begin this week the publication of Dr. Simm's series of articles "Europe by Daylight."

Celestial City, published by W. J. Innis, No. 184 William street, New York, is a new venture on the sea of spiritual weeklies.

The lecture on "Evolution," given through J. J. Morse should be read by all who are looking for the "missing link."

The Kingman, Kansas, *Voice of the People* gives a two-column report of the "Leavenworth County Spiritualists' Association's" semi-annual meeting.

Psychic Studies, a new monthly devoted to spiritual science, makes its bow to the public this month. It is issued in this city by Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street. Yearly subscription price $1.00.

Woman's Public Opinion of Des Moines, Iowa, comes to our table this week in new dress, home made garments—in other words, set in its own type and printed in its own office.

The San Jose friends propose inaugurating a Free Spiritual Library. When any society begins practical work it is a sure indication of coming prosperity; and the promise of spiritual growth in our sister city is shadowed forth by the zeal displayed in this new departure in active effort.

If the friends in various places where spiritual meetings are being held, will send an occasional report, they will be doing themselves good and giving strength to other societies that may feel themselves alone, as they do not hear of the work in other places.

The State Campmeeting opens to-morrow, in the big tent, corner of Van Ness Ave and Fell St. The programme for the first day is morning lecture by W. J. Colville; afternoon, Miss Carrie E. Dower, and evening lecture by Chas. Dawbarn. Such talent ought to fill the tent at each service.

Two of San Francisco's best mediums, Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan and Dr. Schlesinger, have gone to New Era, Or., to be present at the campmeeting held there this month. We congratulate the Oregon friends on having such talent for their meeting; while we can but regret, that our own meeting is to lose the presence of such competent workers.

Mr. J. J. Morse will commence his final month's regular lecture work, in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., corner Bedford avenue and Fulton street, on Sunday next, continuing through the month of June. During July he will visit Jacksonville, Fla., and in August his time is taken up for camp work. Himself and family sail for Great Britain the last week in August.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn gave his third and last lecture before this society Sunday afternoon, and to say that it was a grand lecture would not half express it. The lectures that have been delivered by this gentleman are such as cannot be heard here, except through him, and we hope everyone will embrace the opportunity of hearing him at the camp-meeting where he has been engaged to lecture at several of the meetings. After Mr. Dawbarn's eloquent address Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, of New York, a gifted medium, gave satisfactory tests from the platform. Excellent solos, and duets were rendered by Mesdames Rutter, Chapman, Kelly and Eugenia Clark.

As has been usual with this society during the month of the camp-meeting, there will be no Sunday meetings, when they are resumed meetings will be held Sunday evenings instead of afternoons, as hitherto, of which due notice will be given. Mrs. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

MEDIUMS' MEETING.

Last Sunday afternoon was enjoyed by all seekers after true spiritual knowledge at the mediums' meeting, 909½ Market street.

The exercises were opened by singing a few rousing hymns and some stirring remarks by G. F. Perkins, the chairman, the subject being the "True Position of Spiritualists." No matter what the condition of things is around us we should hold fast to the knowledge within us and set such examples as can be safely followed by all the world.

Mediums should look well to the kind of influences which surround them as well as to the quality of light given out by them.

Dr. Abbott made some stirring remarks in the same line, as did also Mr Bean, a new convert.

Mr. McCann, a new medium who is rapidly developing as a test medium related some of his wonderfully convincing experiences, and expressed himself as happier than ever before in this new belief.

Practical experiences attract the attention of thinking people friends, and would it not be well to have more of them?

Mrs. Perkins gave her usual true manifestations, and circles were formed, giving the different mediums an opportunity to satisfy the hungry audience. These meetings will be open free to all true mediums and voluntary contributions instead of the admission fee, hereafter. Come out, friends.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

Last Sunday evening a larger number of people than ever gathered at 909½ Market street to enjoy the young people's meeting.

A fine program was given by local talent.

Singing by G. F. Perkins, Dr. Dewey and Oscar Stormfield; recitations by Miss Geneva May and Clement Ward; piano solo by Dora Hill; two beautiful zither solos by Mr. John Koch.

Phrenological examinations by G. F. Perkins who read, standing across the hall from the subject.

Mr. Perkins and Dr. Abbott gave excellent tests and everyone seemed to be happy. Come out ye inquirers.

THE ELSMERE KINDERGARTEN SOCIAL.

The social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, at the residence of Mrs. O. M. Washburn, 2728 Howard street, last Saturday evening, was a complete success sociably, artistically and financially. All the available space in hallway and parlors were thronged, there being some eighty odd persons present. A very enjoyable, literary and musical programme was presented during the evening. The little prodigy, Laura Crews, gave two recitations in her usual excellent manner,—"The Jealous Wife," and "The Inventor's Wife," Master Ray Irwin, song, "Little Window Bright," and recited, "The Missionary Woman," both being capably and creditably performed.

Mrs. Amos Adams' dialect recitation of, "Barbara Freitchie," was very amusing, and well received. Mrs. J. D. Wheelock recited, with good effect, the pathetic poem by Will Carleton, called "The Funeral," Mrs. Josephine Wilson made a few remarks, partly poetical, in reference to the humanitarian work being done by the kindergarten, and the all-potency of love in our relations one to another. Mrs. Laverna Matthews said that she was glad that there was one work in which all classes of Spiritualists could write, without friction. A number of songs were sung during the evening in chorus.

A letter was read from Mr. Colville, expressing regret at his inability to be present, and enclosing two dollars from a friend for the kindergarten. Mrs. Wheelock, the President of the Club, states that the club was now free from debt. The salaries of the teachers had been increased $15 per month, all expenses were paid to June 1, and there was $27 in the Treasury. It was desired to procure additional furniture, and increase the pay of the teachers, who still received insufficient salaries; and for that purpose additional subscriptions were solicited.

A march being played on the piano, the guests repaired to the dining room, where strawberries and cream, cake, coffee and lemonade were most liberally spread, and as liberally partaken of.

After supper two lovely cakes were sold at auction, several times, by Mr. W. H. Mills, in his customary felicitous manner, for the benefit of the school,—six dollars being in this way added to the treasury of the club. The usual collection was taken up, the entire proceeds of the social amounting to over $20.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Christ: Who and What Is It?" by Moses Hull, Chicago, is a little pamplet showing the parallelism of the mediumship of the Bible and of to-day. To those who must yet have present knowledge endorsed by old teachings; to those who wish to fight their orthodox opponents with their own weapons, this little work will be enjoyable and be of use.

"Hertha," by Elizbeth Hughes, Los Angeles, Cal., is a small volume on the spiritual side of the woman question, written from the Occultist's point of view. Many practical and beautiful thoughts are to be found within its pages.

"What I saw at Cassadaga Lake, Addendum to Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioners Report," by A. B. Richmond. From this admirable defense of truth, a few passages are quoted below, beginning with the closing of the preface:

"Since I visited Cassadaga in 1887, my conviction of the truth of the so-called spirit phenomena has become stronger and stronger, as I have investigated under strictly test conditions. While I have rejected *much*, I have been compelled to receive *more*, or else ignore the positive evidence of my senses; and I now feel as one standing on the shore of a mighty ocean, who finds on the sands at his feet, a beautifully painted shell, or a curiously variegated pebble to admire, while the whole bosom of the mighty deep lies unexplored before him."

The writer explains the *modus operandi* of many of the fraudulent manifestations; but he likewise gives the accounts of some excellent tests in slate writing and other physical phenomena.

Though much is written in a vein of sarcasm, as is fitting in a reply to the Seybert commission, there are other passages of exquisite beauty and pathos. Speaking of Evolution he says:

"The law of evolution is a fact now denied only by the ignorant unlearned. Scientists differ as to the extent or the application of this law, it is true, yet its fundamental principles are admitted by the learning of the world. Under the influence of that law man has progressed from savagery to barbarism, from barbarism to civilization, and from thence to Christian enlightenment. The taste and skill that first decorated the rude garments of early man with gaudy colors, was but the embryo of that genius that spread the beautiful frescoes of Michael Angelo. The rude huts of early savagery were the offspring of the same constructive skill that now erects the palace and cathedral. The law of evolution from a lower to a higher life is as fixed and certain in its operations as the law of gravity or chemical affinity. As with the physical condition of men, so it is with the mental and moral. There was a time in the history of our race, even within the Christian era, when the tiara thought for the mitre, the mitre for the cassock, and the cassock for the people. That time is past, and men, developed by education, now think for themselves. The myth of demons and devils belongs to the ignorant past, and the followers

of the Saviour now serve him through love not fear. The green earth and its landscapes, the hue and perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, and the affections of mankind, all prove to the thinking mind that love governs the universe as well as the destinies of our race; and the man whose morbid mental condition leads him to see demons and devils in ambush along the pathways of our race is truly an object of pity or contempt, as he may be viewed from the different standpoints of human life and experience. The beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism teaches no such doctrine, no imaginery horrors stain the white pages of its cheering creed, it makes no war on the enlightened religious belief of today, but only seeks to prove the truth of the fundamental principles of Christianity by demonstrating that which hope prays for and faith believes, yet is not certain of."

Chapter V. on "Faith, Hope and Demonstration;" the account of a thrilling adventure of danger and escape in Mammoth Cave, closes thus:

"How like the story of the cave is the drama of life! The race of man is standing on the very brink of the Stygian river, environed by the impregnable walls of one common doom. In front is the dark stream that bounds the limits of human life. Day by day we see its waters approach nearer and nearer. Certain as fate, and remorseless as its decrees, it slowly creeps up the treacherous sands on which we stand. Daily by our side it reaches those dear to us. Uncounted millions of the past have been engulfed by its ceaseless flood, and we know that we cannot escape from its deadly embrace. Secured the river all is enshrouded in an impenetrable gloom; a dread and dreary uncertainty, through which neither hope nor faith can penetrate, envelopes all the country of the dead. We stand appalled on the brink of eternity and its unknown possibilities. With life, its endearments and affections around us, and the unknown before us, how gloomy is the ending even of the most virtuous and upright lives! As in this life we have so often hoped for blessings that never came, so may be our longing for a future existence. As in this life faith has made us so many promises never realized, so may it be in its assurances of a life hereafter. Oh, for some demonstration that would carry conviction to every mind! for some feeble ray of light from out of the gloom beyond! for some faint sound that would tell us with certainty that over there was life and intelligence! How longingly do we listen for the now silent footfall that once made glad our home! for the whispered words of love and remembrance whose tones were once the music of our lives! Faith hears them not, neither does hope return even their answering echo. The silence of the grave envelopes our dead, and all that saint, sage, or sophist ever wrote fails to give us that certainty that alone can assuage the grief of bereaved affection.

Of all the blessings conferred by a benevolent Creator on sorrowing man, the greatest would be demonstrative evidence of a future beyond the dark river that crosses the pathway of all our race. It would lighten the burden of every life, and gladden every heart; for we would then know that we would cross that river in safety, and that the gloom of the dark cavern before us only concealed the sunlight of God's love; that beyond was a world of spirit existence, of a continuity of life, affection and friendship; that "death would be swallowed up in the victory of immortality, and all tears wiped away." But no creed gives this assurance; no theory of philosophy conclusively proves its truth; no uncertain revelation of the past, no dogma founded on hope and faith alone can make certain the solution of the great problem that is hidden in the "windowless palace of death." Demonstration alone can satisfy the thinking mind, and if it is not found in the phenomena of Spiritualism, even the continuity of life is doubtful, our future an unsolved enigma, and it is probable that the infidel sentiments propagated by the Seybert Commissioners are true, and that

"we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

In his conclusions, he says, "I am constrained to say . . . in the language of Prof. De Morgan, "I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which can not be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me." . . . A grain of truth no larger than a mustard seed deserves consideration. . . . Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission, let us have a careful, candid investigation and a *truthful* report thereof."

R. A. Proctor, being asked on one occasion how he managed to work so incessantly without resting or hasting, he said he partially attributed his unusual powers of endurance to his very temperate habits. He said that if he wanted to work he must drink water, and if he wanted to play he could indulge in a little wine.

LINES ON A SKELETON

Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull.
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This space was Lucy's mansion fair,
Where Wisdom's self would deign to repair.
This space was Thought's mysterious seat
What dreams of pleasure long forgot.
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the rapier's rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of truth thy sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod
If from the bowers of ease they held
To seek affection's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Our Exchanges.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE LAW.

Oakland Enquirer.

We are at all times responsible, in large or small degrees, for the enforcement of laws. We may think they are not the wisest which could have been made, but to say that because they are defective or do not meet with our approval we will let them go unenforced so far as we are concerned, is the height of incivism. "Let the persons who made this law enforce it," is not the expression of good citizenship. An organization formed to promote the cause of temperance is not to be excused from giving assistance to a law which provides means for shutting up deadfall and banishing the bar from the grocery store merely because a majority of members of such organization believe in total prohibition and not in high license.

MARKS OF WOMAN'S SUBJECTION.

Woman's Tribune, Beatrice, Neb.

The marks of woman's subjection have come down to our own age as a connecting link with the barbaric past. It is but lately that the enlargement of woman's liberties has found expression in the laws; and still traces of her former servile condition are around us everywhere. Inequality of wage, the cold shoulder of society to the woman worker, the derisive shrug which greets any departure from the beaten track, the different standards of morals, the frivolous tones of the ordinary man's conversation when talking with women, and the thousand arts by which woman seeks to secure the adulation and favor of man. All these are traces of that deeply rooted sentiment expressed in elegant language by Milton, "He for God only, she for God in him." A sentiment which has done more to curse society than all other conditions beside.

"SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM."

Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

We learn from the daily press that a "Society for the Advancement of Scientific Spiritualism" has been organized in Cleveland, O., with forty-eight charter members, who are well known in the leading social circles of that city.

They propose, it is said, to pursue their investigations on a purely scientific basis. If such is the fact, we hope the new Society will be mainly composed of *Spiritualists*. It will not be a success unless it is so constituted.

Psychical Research Societies have been formed in London and in this country by *non*-Spiritualists—men who possessed no knowledge whatever of the occult laws governing mediumship—hence up to this time no (or at least but very little) information has been made public upon this highly important subject. This is why our personal friend, the late Epes Sargent, of this city, wrote a book upon "The Despair of Science." This is why the Seybert Commission —formed of reverends and doctors—has been and still is a failure in its investigations of the phenomena, as was the Harvard College Committee in 1857-8, whose members never made their promised report, and no solicitation on our part could induce them to do so. There is a Society in this city, with an imported Secretary, the members of which have made several reports that amounted to nothing worth seriously alluding to. All they have been talking about for several years "in the interest of science"

has been in regard to "haunted houses," "dreams," "predictions," and kindred subjects. We published a card some years ago wherein this Society said that it did not wish to engage "mercantile mediums"—meaning, we suppose, those mediums who were known as public instruments for the spiritual phenomena. We replied by saying if *that* was to be the *modus operandi* of this body, it would be only enacting the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, and would end in action like unto that of the Arab, who "folded his tent and silently stole away."

As the matter now stands, in so far as these professed Psychical Research Societies are concerned, nothing has been accomplished by them whatever of a practically scientific nature.

When Spiritualists *per se* become more united in their endeavors to convince the world of direct spirit-return, sinking all personalities in the one great thought, they will be doing humanity a mighty service. But so long as petty jealousies and crimination and recrimination prevail, so long will the outcome hoped for be delayed, and scientific Spiritualism be kept in the background.

PAINE'S "COMMON SENSE."

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Paine's "Common Sense," was published at Philadelphia, January, 1776, a year after the battle of Lexington. He foresaw at that early day the grandeur of the destiny of this country. He saw that mankind at large were interested in its future. In the preface to "Common Sense" he says: "The cause of America is, in a great measure, the cause of mankind. . . . The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent, of at least one-eighth of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved, and all will be more or less effected, even to the end of time, by the proceedings now. Now is the seed time of continental union, faith, and honor." He scorned the idea of Continental America remaining in a perpetual state of protestation, vassalage and dependence on Great Britain. "We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives are to become precedents for the next twenty."

Why could not a clergyman recognize these historic facts in a patriotic address on the characters and events of the Revolution?

Although Paine was an Englishman, he denied England's relation of maternity to this country. Europe, and not England, he said, is the parent country of America. The satellite, he affirmed, could not be larger than its primary planet. It was absurd that a continent should be governed by an island. Paine was as determined in preaching independence, instead of reconciliation, after the war had begun, as Webster, three-quarters of a century later in the crisis of the antislavery question, was in preaching the necessity and inviolability of the Federal union. Independence was the watchword of Paine in 1776, as Union was that of Webster in the decade between 1830 and 1850.

Paine was the St. John who heralded the advent of the great western republic. He was present at its birththroes, and indicated its horoscope. He was with his pen what Washington was with his sword to the cause of freedom and independence, of which "Common Sense" was "the trumpet of a prophet."

By the publication of his "Age of Reason," Paine incurred the *odium theologicum*, and became the subject of unmeasured pulpit denunciation and popular hatred, even on this side of the Atlantic. But at last has dawned a real age of reason in the enlightened quarters of the world, when historic characters like Paine, who have been unjustly clouded by the pleasure of theological bigots, are given, so far as their memories at least are concerned—a rehearing in the chancery of reason. Paine is at last certain to occupy a high and permanent niche in the history of his adopted country, and to be universally regarded as a worthy member of that immortal constellation of patriots, Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, that will shine forever in the American historic firmament.

THE MIDDLE COURSE.

The *Better Way*.

It is very strange that some people cannot understand what conservatism or a charitable middle course means, even upon being explained to them by precept and example. We have been accused at intervals for directly opposite tendencies. By the Christian side of Spiritualism for rapping at orthodoxy or creedism occasionally, mistaking this for a rap at Christianity, which is not our intention, and by the radicals and iconoclasts for being charitable towards true Christianity or honest believers in its teachings, mistaking this for a flirtation with the church, which is neither our intention. We simply mean to tell the truth without bitterness where we see error, so as to keep Spiritualism freed from appendages that retard its growth or onward march. No sin can thrive when hampered by too many supplements. And Spiritualism, of all isms, needs it least, for it is a truth in itself, and supplies all the necessaries to support it.

CHURCH AND STATE.

American Sentinel, Oakland Cal.

Many who avow opposition to the Church and State scheme of the National Reformers feel so confident that the measure can never be carried in this country, that they look upon all effort to counteract the movement as superfluous. Herein, to a great extent, lies the strength of the amendment party, and when the wicked work shall have been carried to a successful end, the people will have an opportunity to look back upon their lost liberties as largely the result of apathy and indifference.

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words will cost but little
Journeying up the hill of life
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones who walk beside you
If you love them tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power
And beneath their cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So as up life's hill we journey
Let us scatter all the way
Kindly words to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother
As along through life you go;
To the ones who journey with you,
If you love them, tell them so.

Poetry.

THE VAGABOND BOY.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

On one happy Christmas Even
When the rain was soft and slow
In the shadowed city corner
Stood a boy of ten or so.

Oh! that happy Christmas Even!
Earth knows no fairer time
When Life's clouds no longer threaten
And its stars of glory shine.

The brilliant streets were crowded
And the tramp of happy feet
Kept the gay and merry measure
That the hearts so blithely beat.

The boy stood in the shadows
With a hapless, homeless air,
His pallid face betraying
The finger marks of care.

The flaxen hair was tangled
Beneath the brimless hat
The clothes were soiled and tattered
And very thin at that.

The fresh wind danced about him
With a light and airy grace
And snapped at his frosty fingers
In the little beggar's face.

It tossed from head to pavement
The broken brimless crown,
Which prancing horses, doubting
And blindly, crushed down.

The child had borne without complaint
For long and weary time
A burden of those petty trials
Which Patience makes sublime.

As he watched to-night the parents
Who braved the wind and rain
That gossip old honest Santa Claus
Might all his charms retain

And saw that crowd of happiness
Greet its careless way
He wondered that he gladdest not
Or such a gladsome day.

The small brave heart was throbbing
The straining eyes were dim
Through sobs and sighs and weeping,
Where care indeed with him

He crept from out the shadows
Away from glee and glare,
And sobbed out, Mother, mother
Because he knew no prayer.

The rain fell quicker, colder
The sharp wind muttered low,
He walked, he ran, he hurried on
But where could beggars go?

He reached at last the ragged docks
He saw a far-off light
That streamed out with a kindly look
On that repellent night.

He smiles, he chases his childish bonds
And on it keeps his way
Nor sees the treacherous ring of black
That just before him lies.

It yawns so deep, so quickly on
The trusting footsteps go
'Tis like some dark assassin
In ambush for his foe.

His eyes are fastened eagerly
Upon that kindly gleam,
He steps upon the broken plank
Oh God! a splash! a scream!

On the happy Christmas morrow.
In the house of death there lay
A poor form—waiting—waiting
Some one to claim the clay.

But there came no weeping sister
To kiss each care-cut line,
There came no fearless mother
To say "The boy is mine!"

But maybe on Christmas Even
The white gates opened wide,
And the tatters of beggar
From the pure soul fell aside.

And 'twas *there* the loving sister
Smoothed out each weary line,
And *there* the fearless mother
Cried out, "The boy is mine."

Death is not as he's painted,
A phantom gray and grim,
But a tender cherub, calling
The weak and worn to him.

'Tis we who faint and falter
And fear to go his way,
'Tis we who shrink and shiver
And call him grim and gray.

When his yearning arms would bear us.
In mercy, loving, kind,
Where woe could never wear us,
Where chains could never bind.
Our grief is but the shadow
His glory throws behind.

But when we fall, despairing,
With broken faith and trust,
We seize his lily garments
And trail them in the dust.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

The following earnest and tender poem is taken from Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sun Lands," and is classed among those entitled "Falling Leaves:"

Is it worth while to jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather.
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the lords all in peace on the plain.
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the hearts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust:
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

Works of which the effect is to correct our errors, to strengthen our reason, to elevate our spirit, to improve our mind, are as productive in their way as those that tend to lower the price of meat or bread.—*Edmond About.*

June 9, 1889, June 30.

THE California Spiritualists Camppmeeting Ass'n.

will hold their

Fifth Annual Meeting in San Francisco, Cal.

Commencing on

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 1889.

Continuing over four Sundays.

Location.

As formerly, the meetings will be held in the large tent of the Association, which will be erected on the west side of Van Ness avenue, near Market street, a place easily reached from all points of the city by lines of cable cars.

Officers.

I. C. Steele, President.
Mrs. Eggert Aitken, Vice-President.
Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Secretary.
G. H. Hawes, Corresponding Secretary.
C. E. Eliot, Financial Secretary.
J. L. Batchelder, Treasurer.

Directors.

I. C. Steele, Pescadero.
Dr. D. J. Bentley, San Jose.
J. L. Batchelder, Tulare.
C. E. Eliot, Oakland.
J. H. Shepherd, "
Mrs. S Cowells, "
Frank Brown, "
J. J. Owen, San Francisco.
Mrs. Eggert Aitken, "
W. H. Yeaw, "
G. H. Hawes. "

As in former years, the platform will be occupied by able speakers, and the most popular test mediums that have ever appeared before the public. The management take great pleasure in presenting the following:

PROGRAM.

Sunday, June 9th.—
11:00 a. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.
2 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie E. Downer.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Tuesday, June 11th.—
2:30 p. m., short address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette and conference.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Wednesday, June 12th.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie E. Downer.
8:00 p. m., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Thursday, June 13th.—
2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou. and Conference.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Friday, June 14th.—
2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions by Mr. W. J. Colville.
8:00 p. m., Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Saturday, June 15th.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.

Sunday, June 16th.—
11:00 a. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.
2:00 p. m. Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.
8:00 p. m., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

Tuesday, June 18th.—
2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions by Miss Carrie E. Downer.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Wednesday, June 19th.—
2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions by Mrs Addie L. Ballou and Conference.
7:45 p. m. Lecture by Miss Carrie E. Downer.

Thursday, June 20th.—
2:30 p. m., short address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette and Conference.
8:00 p. m., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Friday, June 21st.—
2:30 p. m., Children's Meeting.
7:45 p. m., Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Saturday, June 22d.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.
8:00 p. m.,

Sunday, June 23d.—
11:00 a. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.
2:00 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Tuesday, June 25th.—
2:30 p. m., Conference Meeting.
7:45 p. m., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Wednesday, June 26th.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Mrs Addie L. Ballou.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie L. Downer.

Thursday, June 27th.—
2:30 p. m., Answer to Questions, by Mrs. E. B. Crossette and conference.
8:00 p. m.,

Friday, June 28th.—
2:30 p. m., Short address by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou and Conference.
8:00 p. m., Literary and musical entertainment.

Saturday, June 29th.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie E. Downer.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Sunday, June 30th.—
11:00 a. m., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.
2:00 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.
8:00 p. m., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

The musical department and the Friday evening entertainments will receive special attention, and be made an enjoyable part of the exercises.

Accommodations.

There will be no camping upon the grounds. In close proximity, good board and lodging can be obtained at reasonable rates.

All strangers from abroad are cordially invited to unite with us in this prominent spiritual event of the year, and feel they have a home among us.

This is the first time the State Association has pitched its tent in the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and a large attendance is expected, with an outpouring of spiritual blessing from the hosts of light.

All are welcome.

Any further information desired can be obtained by addressing the corresponding secretary,

G. H. HAWES,
320 Sansome St., San Francisco.

Miscellaneous.

BELLES OF BURMAH.

The Dress and Ornaments Worn by the Ladies of the Upper Class.

The dress of the Burmese lady is simple and elegant. They wear the silk loongyee, as the men do, over their lower limbs, and which is simply tucked in at the waist. They wear a finer and thicker silk than the men, of a smaller check pattern. A sleeveless injee, a jacket, close-fitting and worn high at the neck, serves to cover the upper portion of the person. This injee is generally made of fine cloth or velvet, and is ornamented with gold buttons and lace as the taste of the wearer dictates. With young women of position it is indispensable that the bosom be completely covered. Their beautiful long hair is combed back off their foreheads, which are broad and low, bangs not being in fashion there and deftly twisted in a coil at the back of their shapely little heads, then fastened in its place with elaborately carved, high tortoise-shell combs, aided by pins of the same material or of gold.

They wear a golden madaing, a necklet, of beautiful workmanship, around their necks, hanging down in two or three rows. Golden padoung, bracelets of massive form and exquisitely chased with figures of beasts, birds, reptiles, etc., real and mythological, adorn their arms and wrists. Anklets of gold and silver are sometimes, but not universally worn. Their most curious ornaments are, however, their ear jewels. They are made of massive gold and consist of two pieces of tubular shape, fitting closely, one into the other, the outer ends being closed with a sort of cap carved in various patterns. The girls' ears have long slits cut in the lobes when they are children about four years of age. The men also have their ears cut in this fashion when of an earlier age. Dainty slippers of soft leather, with pointed toes, and "down at heel," cover their small feet. They are innocent of stockings, and their feet are as carefully attended to as are their hands, the nails of both being carefully pared and trimmed.—*Burmah Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Congressman dead against woman's rights was talking to a delegate of the International Council of Women.

"Why," he said, "you women can't be men, you can't vote, and you can't fight."

"Can't fight, can't we?" she said, with a cold glare in her eyes, "You are a bachelor, ain't you?"

He was.—*Washington Critic.*

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

THE FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY AND READING Room of Progressive Spiritualists is open every day from 9 A M to 6 P M at 32 Market st. Cassia Dorr, Officer. All are invited to avail themselves of its privileges. All the standard spiritual journals kept on file for the benefit of those who wish to spend a pleasant hour in reading. Mrs. E. Whitehead, Librarian. Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Asst. Librarian.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. at Washington Hall, 34 Eddy st. Good mediums and speakers always present. Admission 10cts.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening at St. Andrews Hall, No. 119 Larkin street. Good speakers and mediums at each meeting. Admission 10 cents.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH Meets every Saturday, at 7:30 P. M. in rooms 306 Mission street. Interesting and instructive papers and essays are read by the members, and no subjects are excluded from discussion. Free Library, and free admission

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHILDRENS PROGRESSIVE Lyceum meets every Sunday for their usual exercises at Fraternity Hall Pythian Castle Building No. 305½ and 307½ Market Street near Fifth at 10:30 A. M. New Hall and teachers and new arrangements. A general attendance of children and friends is solicited. Come one and all, we for ourselves and help us along

---

MRS. E. PERKINS WILL CONDUCT A DEVELOPING circle and conference and test meeting, in Francais Hall, Pythian Castle, every Wednesday afternoon and Friday evening. Circle commences at 8 o'clock. Conference at

---

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING IS HELD EVERY Sunday evening at 7:30 in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle, 307½ Market St. Its object is to entertain the people by our own home talent. Every Sunday evening a good programme will be given each session.

Chicago, Ill.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE Society hold Reading Circles every Sunday evening. Social Entertainments are held every first and second Thursday in each month, at Matthews Dancing Academy, Indiana Avenue and 22d St.

The Progressive Circle hold meetings every Sunday evening at Avenue Hall 186 22d street, at 7:45 P. M. Friends are requested to be present.

The Spiritualist Medium Society meet in Avenue Hall 186 22d street, at 1 P. M.

Cleveland, Ohio.

THE CHILDRENS PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM No. 1 meets at G. A. R. Hall 176 Superior St., every Sunday, at 9:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

How Boys Should Should Treat Girls

Boys should always be polite to the girls, however vexing they may be. When anybody is giving anything away, always let the girls have their turn first. They like it. Girls are not so strong as boys, their hair is long and their faces are prettier, so you should be gentle with them. If a girl scratches your cheek or spits in your face don't punch her, and don't tell her mother. That would be mean.

Just hold her tight behind the arms for a minute or two, till she feels you could give it to her if you had a mind to. Then say to her kindly, "Don't you do it again, it is wrong." Give her a shake or two, and let her go. This is far better than being unkind to her, and she will thank you for your politeness if she's anything of a girl.—*Schoolboy in Youths' Companion.*

A Description of War Arrows—How the Indian Boy is Taught to Shoot.

"You see," said Dr. Carver, as he deposited a whole sheaf of brightly-feathered arrows on a table, took off his umbrageous felt, and drew up a chair, "I must be shooting something or other all the time. If it isn't a Winchester, it's a bow and arrow. Pretty, they are, but most too fine! Fancy things, these arrows, for handsome young ladies to shoot on grass plats at straw targets. Now an Indian arrow is a good bit longer—maybe thirty-two inches—and when a Sioux draws it cheek up to the bow, it fairly hums when he lets it fly. An Indian arrow has grooves in it behind the barb—that is to say, the ones they use in hunting—so that the blood can flow; otherwise the wound would swell and spoil. The fighting arrows are nasty things. The barb is so put on the shaft that when it hits you, the steel, the old hoop-iron, stays in the flesh when you go to pull out the arrow. Dear sakes, what ugly wounds I have seen them make! An Indian boy begins to handle a light bow when he toddles. His bow is taller than he is. He shoots at everything around the camp. At 12 he uses sharp arrows. A boy must be strong at 18 to use a man's bow. Now a white man who takes an Indian bow for the first time has all he can do to bend it. Its needs strength, but more knack. The bow is made straight. When it is strung, the cord, even when in tention, almost touches the bow. It is thick, some four and a half or five feet long—that is, their hunting bow and has extra stiffness by having sinews pasted on it. I have seen Wes-hesse-has-ka—that is, the long man—and he was the best of the Ogalalla Sioux, kill an antelope with his arrow at 125 measured yards. Wes-hesse-has-ka was nearly seven feet tall, and a good Indian. On horseback, broadside to a buffalo, I have more than once known that Indian to send an arrow through a big cow. The arrow hung out on the other side. The bow for horseback and for war is a trifle shorter, and may be stiffer. You do not draw the arrow to the eye, but catch alin as I do when shooting from the hip. That can be acquired only by long practice. The long string is drawn by the clutch of the whole fingers, though some of the tribes use the thumb and three fingers. The long man could shoot an arrow in the air out of sight and so can I (the doctor pointed to an arrow buried to the feathers in the ceiling of our office, his own peculiar ornamentation of the Forest and Stream sanctum.) I think that in a couple of months I could get into perfect practice, for I used to hold my own with any Indian on the plains. Sometimes after I had been shooting with my Winchester, an Indian would come up and show his bow, and tell me his bow was "muchee good," but then I used to take his own bow and beat him with it.

"To pass away the time when I was at the

Brooklyn driving park, I bought an English bow and arrows of Holberton, and soon got into the trick of it. I hit blocks of wood thrown into the air quite as often as I missed them. The English bows and arrows are fancy, but good. I would rather have an old Sioux one, made of hickory or ash, but the boss bow I ever owned was made of Buffalo ribs. An Indian carries his quiver of arrows over his right shoulder, so that he can get his arrows quickly. When he has discharged one arrow, with the same motion that he uses in pulling the string he clutches another arrow. If he shoots one hundred yards he has three or four arrows in the air all going at the same time. It's great fun shooting at a bird with a long tail that flies over the prairie. Knock out his tail and his steering apparatus is gone. I have knocked the tail out of many a one, and so caught him in my hands when he tumbled."—*Forest and Stream.*

Best Sidewalk for Easy Walking.

It may be thought that the material of which a sidewalk is constructed is of no importance so long as a sidewalk is there. This is a great mistake. The influence that the surface of a sidewalk has upon the ease with which a pedestrian gets about can only be realized by close observation and experiment. Take a number of side walks, all slightly undulating, and experiment. It will be found that a polished stone sidewalk requires fully one-half more exertion to traverse than an equal distance of granite pavement does. A brick walk gives much less fatigue, while the iron walk, cast with little projections, is, by far, the easiest of any to walk upon. My attention was called to this while making a series of walking races with a man who invariably passed me in going home. Do what I could, I could not keep pace with him on the smooth stone. One night, however, I chanced to take to the iron walk that was inside the stone, and to my surprise found that I excelled him in speed, with far less fatigue to my limbs than when being regularly distanced on the same footing.—*Pedestrian in Globe-Democrat.*

The French Pronounciation.

A Boston girl who has been visiting it seems queer, but Boston people go everywhere—at Newark, N. J., had been studying French for months before she went on the visit, and had flavored all her imaginations and perceptions, so to speak, with French. In driving about the town, where, it hardly need be said, there is a large German population, the Boston girl noticed over the doors of a great many establishments the sign, "Lager Bier."

"Tell me," said the Boston girl," after inspecting one of these curious signs for the 100th time, "does M. Lahzahaybeeyay own all the stores in Newark?"—*New York Tribune.*

Special Notices.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION. By G. H. Stockham, M.D. Price $1.00.

THE UNSEEN WORLD FROM: Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life, by Mrs. Nettie P. Fox. Mediumistic author. Postage paid, $1.00.

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III. Mediumship continued: Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.

IV. Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.

VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.

VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX. Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo, pp. 150. Price, $1. Postage 5 cents extra.

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Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Amusing Metaphors.

George Stevenson was once asked by a scientific lady what he considered the most powerful force in nature. "Oh," said he in a gallant spirit, "I will soon answer that question; it is the eye of the woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force in nature that could do that."

Equally ready with a similitude was the negro, who, when giving evidence in court was asked about the honesty of a neighbor. "I know nothing against him," was the reply; "but if I were a chicken, I would roost high when he was hanging around."

A thoughtful writer describes one-eyed travelers, who see a great deal of some particular class of objects and are blind to all others and adds: "The Irish jaunting car, in which the passengers sit back to back, is a sort of type of what befalls many tourists in Ireland. Each seesa great deal, and reports faithfully what he has seen on one side of the road, and the other on the other. One will have seen that it is *green*, and the other all that is *orange*."

"A cunning knave can form no notion of a nobler nature," says the same writer "He is like the goats on Robinson Crusoe's island, which saw clearly everything below them, but very imperfectly what was above them; so that Robinson could never get at them from the valleys; but when he came upon them from the hilltop, he took them quite by surprise."

Ridicule, says a German critic, is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony, like the sting of a thorn; and humor, the plaster which heals all these wounds. All of these qualities may be found in some metaphors.

Man is said to be an animal that has a mania for getting up societies and making himself president. If the presidency has been already claimed he contents himself with the position of treasurer. In a cynical old bachelor's opinion, ideas are like beards—men only get them when they are grown up, and women never have any. It was probably another old bachelor who said: "Nature shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone; but when a woman attempts to split wood, Nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair."

A spinster says old bachelors are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love.

To say that a coquette is a rosebush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband, is not very complimentary. Compliments are the coin that people pay a man to his face, sarcasm, what they pay him out with behind his back.

A farmer said, "One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't touch 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board."

A rural poet said of his lady love, "She is graceful as a water lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover."

An American poet wrote a eulogy of Washington, whose glorious life should compose a volume as Alps immortal, spotless as its snows. The stars should be its types, its press, the age, the earth its binding, and the sky its page. Truly, some American poets go in for marvels of metaphor.—*Chamber's Journal.*

"The use of tobacco by ministers of the gospel seems to cause a great deal of trouble in some of our churches. We learn that a church has recently been divided—a portion sustaining their pastor in the use of the narcotic. What would Paul have done if he had been a smoker or a chewer of the weed? Hear him: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh, while the stomach standeth." If the use of tobacco is offensive to some, would it not be well for ministers to practice a little self-denial? Of course it is hard to abstain from the use of this narcotic, but no harder than for others to give up the use opium or ardent spirits. Would it not have a good effect upon a congregation, to know that their pastor had relinquished a habit which so many of his hearers feel, stands in the way of his usefulness?" *The Religious Herald.*

Home Love.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and for deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." "I never knew what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are poisoned arrows which Death shoots backward at us.

How much more we might make of our family life, our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best languages of affection. But there are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart wealth for more of them. —*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

The Hardest to Bear.

Old Gentleman (to convict)—What is the most objectionable feature you find in prison life, my dear friend?

Convict—Visitors.—*New York Sun.*

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Seeking Information.

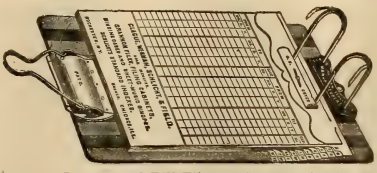
From the Virginia Nev. Chronicle.—Running over Ralph Waldo Emerson's new book yesterday, we came upon the following passage:

Courage to ask questions; courage to expose our ignorance. The great aim is, not to shine, not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful.

We resolved to act upon the above at once. We called in our landlord and asked him what the rent of our room would be the coming month. He told us. That was a fair start. We had exposed our ignorance and mentally praised ourself for courage. Then we proceeded to multiply questions. We asked him where he lived before he came to Nevada. He informed us that he was by birth a near neighbor of the late Daniel Webster. That increased our respect for him. For the landlord, not for Webster.) We then asked him how much lumber was worth in the Granite State. He answered promptly—promptness is a characteristic of our landlord. Then we got the price of brick in New Hampshire, the value of mechanics' labor, the probable cost of a bed, carpet and washstand and the rate of interest on money in the land of the White Mountains. We said to ourself: "Emerson would be delighted could he but hear this." At last we ventured to ask our host if he belonged to any religious denomination. He informed us that he was baptized in a mill-pond on the Merrimac and had tried to live a life becoming a Christian and a Close Communion Baptist. We then asked him how he could reconcile his conscience to charge us more rent for a room than it would cost to build a house in New Hampshire, and an interest on an investment here which is more per month than the State of New Hampshire permits landlords to take by the year. He eyed us a moment over his spectacles, and then said: "That's what you are driving at, is it? Let me tell you that a man who mixes religion with rents in Virginia City will not last long; and, further, that if you do not like this room there are plenty outside who would. The rate I spoke of is only for this month; next month it will be more." We had followed Emerson's advice to the letter, gained a good deal of information, but somehow we didn't feel any better. It must be that Emerson is not so great a man as we thought he was.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice; and when we move not forward we go backward. —*Massinger.*

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other.—*Wordsworth.*



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Extraordinary Deaths.

Lely died of jealousy at the success of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Elphinstone, the Chancellor of Scotland, was heart-broken by the battle of Glodden.

The Emperor Frederick III, and his son, Maximilian I, both died eating too heartily of melons.

Falentia, the Spanish theologian, died because he was accused by the Pope of having falsified.

Cheke, the great English scholar, "who taught King Edward Greek," died of grief at having been perverted from his religious belief.

An hour before Malherbe, the great French writer, breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound swoon, to reprove his nurse for using a word which, in his opinion, was indifferent French.

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by his enthusiastic reception on his first appearance at the theatre in Naples, that he fell down at the side scenes and died.—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

Company,

Company is one of the greatest pleasures of the nature of man; for the beams of joy are made hotter by reflection, when related to another; and otherwise, gladness itself must grieve for one to express itself to. It is unnatural for a man to court and hug solitariness; yet a desert is better than a debauched companion, for the wildness of the place is but uncheerful, whilst the wildness of bad persons is infectious. Better, therefore, ride alone, than have a thief's company.—*Fuller.*

"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

What He Meant.

Donn Piatt is noted for the illegibility of his handwriting, and when he sent a note to a friend the other day, the friend was shocked to read a postscript which read, "I am in a blamed hornet's nest." After some further study, it was discovered that what Piatt had really written was: "I am in a blessed haven of rest." He meant the Providence hospital. —*Journalist.*

A Pointer.

An agricultural journalist tells how to prevent a dog from killing hens. Another good way is to shoot the dog before buying your hens.

Agricultural editors cannot be expected to know everything about farming, never having engaged in the business, and we take pleasure in giving them a "pointer" now and then.—*Norristown Herald.*

Not That Kind of a Flower.

A young mother living in Detroit has one charming little daughter named Lily, who is very fond of playing out of doors.

The other day she came home covered with mud.

"Oh, oh!" said her mother, severely, "can it be possible that this is my good little girl, my sweet, pure Lily of the Valley?"

"No, mamma," answered the little girl, sorrowfully, "I guess I'm your bad, naughty Lily of the Alley now."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Evil Communications," Etc.

Manners are contagious, there is an epidemic of fastness in the air. It comes from England, from the court circles, from everywhere. It is raging in our midst, producing a plentiful stock of scandals, divorces and adventuresses. It is a lowered tone of manners and morals.—*Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.*

I never like to say farewell even for four-and-twenty hours; one should vanish like a spirit.—*Beaconsfield.*

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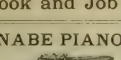

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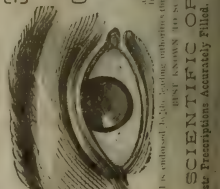

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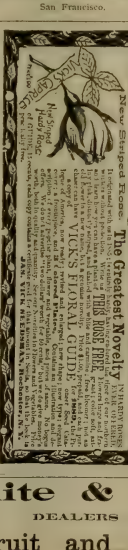

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VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JULY 27, 1889. NUMBER 30.

Original Contributions.

BOOK REVIEW.

"The Light of Egypt."

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The Light of Egypt; or, the Science of the Soul and the Stars, in two parts, by an Initiate. Illustrated with eight full-page engravings, 272 pp. Chicago, Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, $3 00.

In all ages of the world the element of mysticism has been more or less present in the constitution of the human mind. Primitive man, surrounded on all sides by mysteries, the solution of which was beyond his grasp, in his then infantile mental condition, and with his meagre stock of knowledge relative to nature and her laws, attempted in his feeble, inchoate way to account for and explain the ever-varying phenomena of existence. The wonders constantly greeting him, the marvels of animate and inanimate being, naturally developed in him that sense of and love for the marvelous which we find so predominant in our race's history. As the races of man increased in intellect and mental grasp, a fuller recognition and appreciation of the mysterious and the occult in nature was attained. Consequent upon this wider appreciation of the mighty mysteries of nature, as manifest on earth and in the heavens above, newer and more developed theories arose respecting the occult forces of the world and of the Cosmos. *Pari passu* with the development of man's intellect, grander and more elaborate conceptions arose of the nature and modes of operation of the unseen powers with which early man had in his imagination environed himself; and the same process of mystical evolution has continued in active force to the present day.

The oldest historical records known to man on this planet pertain to the Egyptians and the Akkado-Sumerians of ancient Chaldea, both extending back to four or five thousand years before Christ. At the time when these two remarkable branches of humankind first come into view, each was possessed of a considerable degree of civilization. Concerning the previous histories of these peoples, extending over vast periods of time, in their progress, or in that of the sources whence they sprang, from primitive savagery, through the barbaric state, to the partial civilization they possessed when we first meet with them,—concerning this undoubtedly long period of time, we can only surmise. But at the time when these two peoples dawn upon the world's history, we discover among the components of their respective civilizations highly developed systems of mysticism and occultism. Among the ancient Aryans, too, we find in the earliest times of which we have any knowledge, the elements of mystic faith well developed. One of the four Vedas of India, the Atharva Veda, is largely comprised of hymns to be used in magical invocations, spells, etc.

Among the early-developed and more prominent features of ancient occultism was astrology, the supposed influence for good or ill of the sun, moon, and stars, over human life on earth; and even to-day, in enlightened Europe and America, there can still be found a few persons of intelligence who accept as true the fundamental theses of ancient Akkadian and Egyptian astrology. Also, in an unbroken line of descent, from the superstitions of primitive man to the comparatively enlightened men and women of the present century, the guesses and speculations, born of ignorance, concerning the hidden forces of nature, may be traced. The occultism of the most intelligent American or European is only a modification of the old-time occultism of Akkad, Egypt, and India. The same root-ideas, the same ignorance of the true course of nature's laws and of the real constitution of being, pervade and permeate all forms of occultism, the most ancient as the most modern. Two things constitute the groundwork of occultism in its every phase,—ignorance and superstition; and as long as these twin foes to human advancement endure and thrive, so long will hydra-headed occultism flourish among men.

The steady growth of science and rational philosophy during the last few centuries has done much to overthrow the mystical superstitions and occultic speculations so prevalent in the Middle Ages, and until the revival of the exploded falsities of antiquity and of the Dark Ages, under the name of Theosophy, by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, a belief in the crude, unscientific theories of Akkad, Egypt, and India, of Paracelsus, William Lilly, and Raymond Lully, was rarely heard of among persons of intelligence. Such visionary views of man, nature, and the spiritual realm were rapidly dying out in civilized lands. But through the efforts of one woman, H. P. Blavatsky, there has sprung up a temporary revival of these moribund superstitions; and to the shame of nineteenth-century civilization, a number of persons of more or less intellectual acumen, and well-informed withal, who ought to have known better than to champion such folly, have ranged themselves under the banner of Theosophy, pupils and followers of Madame Blavatsky.

In the earlier stages of Madame Blavatsky's inculcation of Theosophy, it varied in a marked degree from that now advocated by her. In her first work, *Isis Unveiled*, she denied the truth of re-incarnation on this planet, in a positive manner, and Hinduism formed an inconsiderable part of her scheme. Since her prolonged residence in India, where the bulk of the adherents of Theosophy are now found, Brahmins in Hindustan, Buddhists in Ceylon, who believe firmly in a continued series of incarnations on earth,—she has veered completely around; and her present system of Theosophy includes hundreds and thousands of incarnations for each human being. The Buddhistic doctrine of Karma or more properly the Brahmanic Moksha, in the form of this theory as taught by Theosophy, has also been made a prominent feature in Blavatskyite Theosophy; and various other elements of a Brahmanic origin (including a copious supply of Sanskrit terms) have been ingrafted upon the original Theosophic system of Blavatsky, Olcott, & Co.

The innovations, mostly Hindu, made in the Theosophy of the day, have not been accepted in some of the American schools of occultists; and the work whose name heads this article, "The Light of Egypt," seems to be an epitome of the doctrines of the anti-Blavatsky Theosophists or mystics.

As I see, by a statement in the DOVE, that Mr. J. J. Morse intends to write for its pages a review of this work, I shall not, in this article, make mention of the specific contents of this book to any extent, thereby avoiding the possibility of repetition on the part of the two reviewers. The doctrines taught in the work correspond, to a considerable extent, with those taught by Madame Blavatsky

when she first founded the Theosophical Society. It strongly antagonizes "Esoteric Buddhism," and the later developments of Theosophy, including Re-incarnation and Karma; while their disseminators, Madame Blavatsky and her followers, are called practitioners of "Black Magic."

As a rational Spiritualist, and a student of the truths of modern science, I am unable to accept the general teachings of this work. There are some true and good things scattered through its pages; but most of its contents are, in my judgment, devoid of truth or value. I have no sympathy with any form of so-called occultism or mysticism.

The scientifically-demonstrated facts of Modern Spiritualism, and cognate phenomena, in my opinion, constitute the only phase of matters pertaining to the unseen realm, or to the spiritual potencies of nature, that is worthy of investigation by sensible persons. The thousand and one speculations, founded on ignorance and superstition, that form the body of the multiform phases of occultism, Theosophy, and all other classes of mystici-m, are valuable only as illustrations of the vagaries of the human mind, and of the extravagances into which the untrained intellect will plunge. For all forms of the mental disease of which occultism and Theosophy are the outcome, Science is the correct remedy. As Science advances, these, in their every phase, will surely pass away from earth. God speed the day!

From My Window.

NUMBER ONE.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I am writing in Connecticut in this good year 1886. I have come to ask Nature for a little of the repose that she exhales from blossom and leaf in the country, but denies to human life in the city. Not long since I read of the death of a mule, who twenty years ago was pushed or pulled up into the garret of a leather warehouse in New York, where ever since his daily task has been to walk round and round whenever there was anything to be hoisted. The tendency of commerce is to put every man into a garret, with an order to travel round and round as long as he lives. But inspired by the spirit of the age, I have rebelled, and have compelled commerce to grant me two weeks of freedom.

It is the month of May. I am writing at an open window, and looking out upon an ocean of blossoms. It is a glorious sight, but there is such an unreliability and general eccentricity of conduct about Nature that I cannot but realize that this ocean may not bear upon its bosom even one cargo of ripe fruit. What with tornadoes and cyclones in the West, and freaks of cloud-burst or drought in the East, we discover that Nature's "promises to pay" are not always honored at maturity. Still it is the best world we have and it is no use belittling it, though I would that some of its scenes were less saddening.

My window faces the south. Away down upon the lawn is a large old pine stump, kept as an ornament, with vines trailing over it. Nature and time have cracked that stump until in a crevice, a pair of bluebirds discerned a favorable opening for housekeeping, and wove therein a pretty nest cradle. When I first discovered it, five sweet baby birds were their parent's pride and care; so that father and mother twittered and chippered from morning to night, too happy to be silent.

Early this morning, a ferocious tabby cat, whose ears were frozen off last winter, ascertained like the British Lion that there was a sort of Burmah adjoining his Hindostan, and immediately proceeded to capture Mandelay.

He got in his hand and pulled out a bird.
And said, 'What a smart cat am I.'

He repeated the operation five times, when the new discovery was exhausted and absorbed; leaving the poor parents without even the consolation of a fashionable funeral for their darlings.

Mary, the cook, who worships birds and tries to be their guardian angel, has sworn vengeance. I should not like to be puss in that cat's boots, when Mary and he settle this affair. I have felt it my duty, in the nineteenth century to suggest arbitration. But the cook expects to achieve a victory so complete as to save all necessity for reference to a third party, unless it should be the coroner to sit upon a dead cat. So you perceive all this beauty of wood and field is marred by the presence of that bluebird cemetery, with short ears and stalwart paw.

Should not Spiritualism have a word of comfort for these bereaved parents? May there not be five, downy little spirits nestling to-night under the wing of that bluebird mother; coming as angel messengers from a bluebird heaven, where ferocious tabbies are unknown? I have seen a caged canary with outstretched wings watching a spirit canary hopping on the floor. For minutes at a time the little songster would seem gazing intently at something invisible to me; but at last a stranger gifted with clairvoyance saw and described a bird whose earth home for many a year had been in that cage; and who seemed to return almost daily to his old surroundings.

And why should not even the carnivorous tabby have soothing visits from deceased wives and children, or brothers and sisters, murdered by ferocious dogs? And the cook, too, when the demon of indigestion shall have worn away her earth-life with frying-pan remorse, may not she return to her loves and hates, hover gently over the bluebirds' nest, and cast the avenging dish-cloth at the prowling tabby.

This is serious—too serious a theme for country repose—so I close the window, and my letter, hoping for a brighter outlook to-morrow.

Inspirational Teachings Through the Mediumship of L. C. Ashworth.

PSYCHOMETRY.

NUMBER TWELVE.

It has been said that there is nothing new under the sun; and a great modern writer and observer has given as his opinion that the germ of all future discoveries and inventions is found in the sciences and teachings generally of the ancients. To the latter proposition we may assent with some slight modification, but it would seem from the revelations which psychometry has given to the world that there is something new enough at all events to meet with very little evidence or even attention at the hands of those who ought certainly to be among the foremost to investigate. Psychometry has demonstrated one proportion which might be described as a corollary of the main one; viz., that men cannot assert with truth that they do not get new things given to them as quickly as they are ready to receive them, for they are hardly even yet prepared for the deeper mysteries of the wonderful science we are speaking of.

Psychometry has two distinct phases, and the more carefully a distinction is kept in view the better will people be able to comprehend the subject. These phases are the objective and the subjective; that is, we may use such terms to express our meaning. The objective is that which is derived through the object examined; the subjective is the impression received by the medium or psychometrist from spirits who are also aided by the object. Now, this theory is not accepted by many and the time has come when a little more light may be thrown on the matter and thereby an additional interest imparted.

The reason why many, including the renowned William Denton, have rejected the spirit interference theory is because they considered that sufficient cause for the phenomena existed in the object itself; that, in a word, anything outside, or extraneous, was superfluous. This, however, is an error, but not because the object cannot tell its own story, but only because no person on earth can possibly, as yet, have the power to extract that story through his own powers. The ability to do this can only be acquired by long practice and vast experience, and many who have little consciousness of the fact are daily in their habits confirming and assisting the development of this propensity. Were it not so what little has been could not have been accomplished.

But this science, so far-reaching, so universal in its effects must cause a vast revolution in the ways and lives of men, and it is one of the objects of the present day to try to develop means to enlighten the world and to give demonstration of its marvellous power. This we intend to do, but like everything else it is

a slow process because natural. The mediums who may be met with, whose temperaments and general disposition are suitable for this purpose are rare, and a careful discrimination must be made between those whose natural abilities are at variance with their inherent capacity; that is, people who, while having the power of discriminating differences are unable, through bodily infirmities from successfully combating extraneous feelings and compelling their powers to focus themselves on the main purpose.

The acquisition of this wonderful science is as difficult as its results are surprising. We would like to enter more into detail, but it is too early for much to be given accurately on the subject. We can, however, assert with confidence that the wonders that have been brought to light and put on record in the works of Denton, Buchanan and others are as a drop in the ocean of what is to come in this regard. One of the most reliable means of acquiring knowledge among the higher orders of spiritual beings is through this science. It is indeed the autograph of Nature, and the marvellous manner in which she keeps her records is one of the marvels of the universe. Time will show to the world the vast capabilities of this science and we shall see how eagerly men will seize upon it as they begin to find how useful and profitable its services become.

Music and psychometry are closely allied. This will be a subject for future demonstration. The harmony of the Universe is displayed in the physical forces that are at work, grafting on everything its origin, its career in every detail. The principles governing that most intricate process are in absolute harmony and therefore it will be found there is no confusion, no doubt, but only the ignorance or the lack of development in man. Every detail, every little feature contained in that existence is duly registered and will be absolutely discernible by the eternal laws of progress through harmony.

Sublime possibilities! but the workings of nature are full of such sublimities. Our capacities increase and every want is supplied, every longing satisfied as the Universe opens out before us and we find food of every kind and for every want all around. The blessed reward of diligence of virtue, of steadfast adherence to her eternal laws, is the power of comprehending, admiring, and continually exploring into her ever unfolding beauties.

A bright little boy of 7 years in Concord, N. H., wrote to a gentleman in Boston as follows: "Dear Mr. A: I have been asking papa what they do when they join the Masons. Papa would not tell me, but mamma says they ride a goat with shirt wrong side on. Do they?"—*Boston Traveler*

The Mind Its Own Expositor of Its Continuity of Existence.

BY DR. E. B. WHEELOCK.

With some propriety it may be said that it is impossible for man with his external physical senses to fully comprehend, the real—the entirety of himself.

The spiritual essence and elements of himself lie both within and far above the plain of rudimental life. Its possibilities and unfolding destiny is to be sought for and contemplated in the realm of human ideas, and understood only by the law of spiritual unfoldment.

For the want of a little good sense—thanks, too many persons are irrationally wedded to the opinions of others and consequently become very bigoted and blind in their reverence for authority.

The best education for the world is to make mankind self reliant and independent of the borrowed opinions of others.

A false education is the continued borrowing of the thoughts and ideas of others and vainly attempting to make them their own.

Deep and magnetic rivers move silent and still while shallow brooks make the greater noise. It is after the noise the unthinking world is inclined to run. It is the damning show-bill the murder column and the war and scandal news that most attract the rabble in cities and elsewhere, while sober and honest thoughts and noble deeds go unheeded and unsought for.

No true man should ever suppress his best thoughts and opinions through fear that they might come in conflict with the popular current of ideas and thereby give offense to some friend or perhaps to some theological dictator.

It is by a wise law that each human mental instrument is differently constituted and hence differences of opinion must exist.

The true rule is that each should be honest with himself and live, and act up the highest light which God or nature has given him.

As an investigating Spiritualist I would say that the present spiritualistic literature is somewhat conflicting in its statements, respecting the condition of man in spirit life—that life which is supposed to succeed this.

I say supposed, because mankind, as a whole, have not as yet received the conscious evidence that such is the law, or final result of their present rudimental mode of existence. It is said that the happiness of man's future life depends much on the conduct of this life.

Instead of using the word conduct I think by using the word development it would more fully represent the facts. I would further say, that a proper knowledge of the true condition of spirit life would give much peace and happiness to this life, also; for one of the writers of the New Testament hath said, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, as those that have no hope."

If the condition of those that are "asleep," that is, have passed to spirit life, is worse than in this life, then, ignorance of the fact would be bliss instead of being a cause of sorrow.

If it be a fact that sorrow is removed by having a knowledge concerning those who have "fallen asleep" is it not evidence that their condition has improved and their existence made better and happier?

Yet there are some few of our Spiritualistic writers who contend that "evil," and even malice extend on through the tomb, there to still blossom and flourish as tormenting weeds in spirit life. Others, and our best mediums tell us that evil (so-called) is but the necessary, or unavoidable result growing out of rudimental, or physical conditions, never inhering or adhering to the human soul, or spirit.

That all social evils are but so many mental misdirections, having their existence and origin wholly confined to the material and rudimental developing causes. Hence, when this rudimental life is perfected and we enter the spiritual, the causes of misdirection pass away and the Divine Illumination which follows shuts out false relations and misdirections and, as a rational sequence harmony and happiness must follow.

With a little common sense thought methinks, it would be known that the effects of a misdirected life on earth would not result in physical smart or mental grief in a world of pure spirit. All evils and misdirections here can only produce a lower degree of progressive development in the land of souls. The natural born idiot will not be tormented with misery when reaching spirit life it will only lack development. It may look back to the cause of its intellectual weakness and find it to lie in the misdirected lives of its earthly parents and perhaps see still farther, that the misdirected lives of its parents were the result of causes over which they had no possible control, but the unavoidable result of surrounding conditions.

But could not these conditions have been avoided?

Yes, if all other conditions had been favorable. But the everlasting "if" is just what is the matter every time.

Is it not self-evident then, that no man, woman, or child can act independent of certain conditions?

Consequently, when the human spirit shall receive the illumination which must follow its birth from the rudimental to the spiritual it will wisely comprehend the past, and in the language of Pope exclaim, "All partial evil is universal good."

The true logic and philosophy of Spiritualism is one thing and the assumed spirit communication through some self-mesmerized medium, is quite another thing.

The modern Christian and student claims to have the "gospel of Jesus, the Christ" not as having received it from him direct, but as recorded, or as according to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

It is my humble opinion that there is a large amount of "gospel" among a certain class of Spiritualists that is not in harmony with facts, but according to P. B. Randolph, Frank Smith and Tom Thumb or some other medium. Hence, the stern logic of events, and the principles of Natural Philosophy must guide the work yet awhile in the reception of correct ideas respecting the future life.

By observing the manifestations of Deity in what we call nature we observe the following facts:

That when one form, or mode of life assumes another, the conditions and manner of the new life, though dissimilar are just as natural and just as well adapted as the former. And whatever is natural should be considered justifiable and right. For example; the egg of a turtle is one form of embryotic, or rudimental life. It may lie buried in the sand far distant from the rolling stream; by the warm sunshine and the action of other elements it is made to change its present form of life, and assumes a new shell with protruding feet by the aid of which and without any spasmodic convertion to some system of religion it forthwith moves in the right direction to find the rolling stream or placid lake, its natural and legitimate home.

A hen may incubate the eggs of a quacking duck, but the young ducklings do not become chickens and, however much the hen might remonstrate, as her nature would prompt her to, yet, how soon would her little brood seek the muddy pond, or the sweet flowing stream and proudly swim as their nature would wisely dictate.

No bluster, no alarm, or cackle from the frightened hen would change their nature, or prevent their happy swim. Neither (upon the same principle) can the cackling of a hireling priesthood change the nature or the inherent laws which belong to human spirits as they unfold into the realm of spiritual existence.

For it is by law divine that they thus unfold. The sound of cathedral bells will change no law, or prevent the endless swim of immortal spirits in the great deific sea of divine love and wisdom.

Is it not self-evident that a future spirit life must be at least one remove above the present rudimental one?

As a result both lives may now be contemplated the first and the second, or the old and the new.

And as a spirit it no longer looks through a "glass darkly," but plainly sees and wisely comprehends that no human being upon the earth plane of life has freedom of action independent of conditions and, like the world's best mediums, it also wisely sees that the human world is entitled to the broadest charity for all its ills, evils and misdirections and false relations.

It also perceives that each wrong, or the so-called bad conditions are but a steppingstones in the great stairway of human experience, resulting in universal good.

Knowledge is but the outcome of actual experience. Hence it is impossible for the angel world and much less for our spirit friends to make us fully comprehend our future spiritual mode and manner of life outside of actual experience.

Spiritual and material things do not admit of actualities in comparison.

It is not well known that all communications purporting to come from the spirit side of human life, or from the spirit world have ever abounded with comparisons innumerable of things pertaining to human observation in physical nature, which comparison from the very nature of physical and spiritual things must be incomplete, imperfect, and from necessity deceptive.

No spirit medium can give us the precise truth. The spirit world can only use a medium to reflect certain images in conformity with our capacity to comprehend.

The real, the actual is not presented and, for reason that it cannot be comprehended until we pass over and exist in the realm of spirit.

An old superstition once called witchcraft seems quite prevalent with a certain class of would-be Spiritualists. It consists of the idea that persons in the flesh are often "obsessed," possessed or influenced to do and act in a multitude of "evil" ways by malicious and "evil spirits" whose residence is somewhere above the skies.

Consistent Spiritualists should be just as willing to compare notes with each other, as to constantly criticise those outside of the "faith."

In a spirit of kindness I propose to entertain a few philosophical and logical objections to the "dogma" that "evil spirits" ever affect mankind, or in reality ever "influenced" any (so-called) medium.

Objection first, evil in the abstract—that is, in a positive sense never existed; objection second; God, or good (though sometimes in disguise) is the only active agent in the Universe. All else is relative, or negative. Third, a certain degree of individual sovereignity and of individual identity is a law self-ordained in the constitution of things, and absolutely belongs to human spirits both in and out of the body.

To destroy this sovereignity, or to remove personal responsibility, or to take away individual identity, or the selfhood of any one mind, or spirit by the substitution of another, or by the "obsession," or the possession of another spirit or mind is equivalent to the destruction of personal responsibility and the loss of individual sovereignity and saps the foundation of divine justice in making one mind, or spirit which is called good, the unwilling tool of another which is denominated "evil,"

Fourth, admitting real evil to exist, it is either natural or unnatural to the disposition and character of those who possess it whether in this life or the next.

To say that evil is real, is natural, then whose fault is it, admitting that God, or good is the producer or Author of nature?

To say that evil is unnatural and that evil spirits exist contrary to nature's law and have the power to obsess, or possess other minds, or bodies contrary to Divine Law and in violation of all the principles of justice and right is far worse in idea than the "dogma;" that God was compelled to kill his immaculate son for the especial benefit of those who were guilty. Nay! In the Providence of the Great Deity methinks every tub should stand upon its own bottom.

And whoever is tempted should not say he is tempted of "evil spirits" outside of himself, for such language gives evidence to my mind that the person so believing has not outgrown the absurdities of pagan mythology.

How does the light and knowledge of the present age look upon the past history of what was called witchcraft?

Was it the "devil or human ignorance that built the gallows and put to so cruel death thousands of innocent human beings.

Let us be more wise. Is it the devil, is it "evil spirits" that influence certain mediums and other persons to make angular manifestations and to live misdirected lives? Or, is it not human ignorance still? When mankind shall better know and understand the ever present and mundane mental forces which surround them they will be more inclined to hunt for weeds in their own garden and less inclined to go to Europe or to some spirit world on a hunt for "evil spirits."

To all such as have had the evidence of a continued life beyond the tomb I would say keep within the sphere of this world for an explanation of wonders until you are forced by evidence to know something of the next.

The only freedom which deserves the name is of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to attain in. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental, or spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.—*John Stuart Mill.*

The views of every man should be directed towards a solid, however moderate independence—without which no man can be happy, nor even honest.—*Sir Philip Frances.*

Literary Department.

The Lone Hermit of Wilderness Gulch, or, A Mistake, and What Came of It.

BY S. T. STODDER.

(*Continued from page 469.*)

Thus musing, mile after mile of the wilderness path was traversed. Ten miles from the town he had left was a mining camp. This camp he intended to reach that night, and when he looked up and saw it before him, he could not believe that he had walked so far; the time seemed so short, but the sun was sinking in the west and fully three hours had elapsed since he had left the town.

As he neared the camp, he noticed some twenty or thirty miners gathered under a large tree, and that something very exciting was transpiring.

In the center of the group stood a small, slender, boyish-looking young man, not over eighteen or twenty years of age. He had wavy brown hair and blue eyes; his forehead was high, broad and white; a full, strong, good, Grecian nose, firm set lips and a well-rounded chin, perfectly free from beard. He was dressed in a neat suit of "store-clothes," and was evidently a "tenderfoot."

His hands—small and delicate—were pinioned behind his back and around his slender neck a small rope was pulled in a running loop, passed up over a limb of the tree beneath which the group were standing and the other end was held by six stalwart men. A red-headed, villainous looking fellow who seemed to be very angry at the delay evidently caused by the approach of a stranger, was swearing vigorously and urging the men at the rope to "haul away."

The boy stood calm and unmoved, not a muscle quivered as the order came and the rope began to tighted. The men were bracing themselves for a strong pull. "All together now," shouted the red-headed man; but just as the order was about to be obeyed, the deep stern, voice of Jim Gray cried "*Hold!*"

The rope slackened, and, "The Hermit of Wilderness Gulch" was whispered from lip to lip. As Jim entered the group wide room was made for him, and in a moment he stood in their midst, his restless, flashing eyes drinking in the scene before him.

The red-headed man was furious. "Haul away! String 'im up," he shouted to the men at the rope.

Quick as a flash, Jim covered him with his trusty revolver and again in a commanding voice said, "Hold!"

Again the rope slackened and he continued: "Gentlemen, I am a stranger to all of you. Yet coming as I have just at this critical moment, I feel that I, too, have a right to know what this lad has done to deserve such summary punishment. If I find that he has committed a crime worthy of death I shall not further interfere."

"That's fair, that's fair" cried all but the red-headed man. With a dogged air he said: "Well, pard, I reckon the pie-nic 'll have to stop a while on your account—but not for long. Yer see, this here tender-foot, kilt the old miner what's got a cabin up the mountain ter get his dust; we almost cotch 'im in the act. Bill Dean 'n I wer minin' up the mountain above the cabin; altho' we warn't together just at the time, but we both heard the "gun" an' the ol' man holler. We run to the cabin as quick as we could an' found 'im down an' this yere chap bendin' over 'im with a bloody knife in his han' which he had stuck into 'im after shoot'in 'im. Now I reckon' yer satisfied stranger, so boys perseed with the pie-nic—haul away!"

Again came the stern command—"Hold."

"W'at d' yer want now?" cried the red-headed ruffian angerly.

"To hear the lad's story," replied Jim calmly. Then, turning to the boy he said: "Now, my lad, give us the truth."

The boy for the first time raised his large, calm, clear, blue eyes, and gazed thankfully, restfully in Jim's face. Something in those eyes made him start. That young face, and those eyes with their long, sweeping lashes looked strangely familiar and peculiarly fascinating, and before he spoke a word Jim knew intuitively that the boy was *perfectly innocent*.

"I was 'tramping' from the town, back ten miles or so," said the lad in a clear voice, that again made Jim start, "intending to reach this camp by night-fall; but back a half mile or so, I got on a wrong trail that led me past the camp and further on up the mountain. I heard a pistol shot and some one cried "Murder." I ran as fast as I could in the direction of the sound, and as I approached the hut some one ran out at the opposite side and into the brush. I did not see the person but heard the sound of receding feet plainly. As I entered the cabin, the old man was laying on the ground with blood streaming from a wound in the temple and a large knife, plunged to the handle in his breast, at which he was tugging in a vain endeavor to draw it out. He could not speak but motioned me to withdraw the knife. I bent over him and with considerable effort removed it. He tried hard to speak and point in the direction I had heard the man running; then his arm dropped limp at his side, his eyes glazed, and he was dead. Just then, these two men entered, took me as a prisoner and brought me here."

"The knife," said Jim, "where is the knife." No one seemed to know. The mention of the knife caused the red-headed man to start, and turn pale. Jim was watching him narrowly.

In a moment more, a man who had just joined the group cried out, "here it is," and he pushed his way to the center and held it up. It was a large "Bowie" and was smeared with the life-blood of the poor old miner.

"Does any one recognize the knife?" cried Jim. As the men began to press forward to examine it the red-headed villian began to back out of the crowd; and as some one cried out "*I do*," he began to move rapidly away. But Jim's eyes were upon him and he shouted, "Stop that man, *he is the murderer*." "It is his knife! It is his knife," shouted a dozen voices. By this time the man was running like an Indian and in another moment would have passed a ledge of rocks that he was rapidly nearing, and make good his escape, but the commanding voice of the hermit cried, "Shoot him! Shoot him! he is the murderer, don't let him escape." The sound of his voice was drowned in the report of twenty revolvers. The villian sprang high in the air and fell to the ground with a dull heavy thud, his body pierced by a score of bullets.

Jim Gray replaced his pistol in his belt, removed the rope from the young man's neck, cut the thongs that bound his hands, and then turning to the men he said: "Gentlemen, you came very near committing a *great crime*. You should never be too hasty in matters of vital importance."

The rough miners thanked the hermit for his timely interference and his advice, and apologized to the young man for the rough handling they had given him.

The youth glad that his life had been saved—accepted their rough apology with a kindly dignity, but they could scarcely help noticing that he preferred to keep close to the hermit, and after the evening meal was over—which they hospitably shared with their two friends—and the miners, one after another sought their rough couches for the night, he spread his blanket but a little distance from Jim.

Neither Jim nor the lad slept much that night. Jim's heart and brain were filled with strangely conflicting emotions, in which alternating hope and despair trod fast upon each other's heels.

And in his short fits of slumber he would murmur the name of Mary Hanson. The youth seemed also greatly disturbed and would lie for hours, in the moon light, his elbow on the ground and his head resting on his hands, his great blue eyes wide open, and watching, and his ears strained to catch every murmured word of his sleeping companion.

Just as the day was breaking next morning, Jim rose quietly and loaded his faithful bronco, preparatory to continue his journey, but before his task was half finished, the youth was at his side, and in that calm quiet voice that so thrilled him and filled his soul

with sweet memories he greeted him, and asked the privilege of accompanying him to his home—wherever that might be.

"My dear boy," replied Jim kindly, "my lone cabin stands in a gulch forty miles back in the wilderness; you would find it but a weary place, and myself a sad companion."

"You saved my life, sir," replied the youth, "and I wish to serve you, perhaps I can be of some use to you."

"You better leave this rough country, and return to the states," said Jim kindly, "this wilderness is no place for a 'tender-foot' like you. No doubt your kind parents or a loving sister are weeping for you this very minute."

"I have neither parents or sister to weep for me," replied the boy sadly. "I have no living relative in the world, and one place is as good as another to me."

Jim gazed long and tenderly at the sad-faced youth who stood gazing at a bunch of wild flowers that grew at his feet, and which he was gently caressing with the toe of his small, shapely boot, and then asked abruptly, "Boy, what's your name?"

"You may call me Jerry," he said as he stooped, plucked the flowers, and placed their tender stems carefully through a button hole of his coat.

There was a quiet dignity in the soft voice that made Jim feel that he was not at liberty to question him further, and he said: "Well, Jerry, you are perfectly welcome to a share in my hut, but you will find it a lonesome place and myself a dull companion."

The miners was astir by this time, and a small group of them had gathered in front of the huts and seemed to be consulting about something, and soon two of them left the group and came over to where Jim and the youth were standing.

After greeting them kindly one of the men stepped up to the boy and gave him a buck-skin belt which seemed quite heavy, saying. "Stranger, I recon' this is yours. If you did'nt kill the ol' man, an' I believe you did'nt, you did'nt rob 'im either, and we'ns don't want 'r rob you. Anyhow, take the dust, lad, an' may it do you good or bad, as ye deserve."

Jerry took the belt and thanked the miner quietly, advising him to search the dead man's cabin, and if he had any gold, no doubt it could be found.

By this time the bronco was ready and after shaking hands with the two miners the small cavalcade moved on toward the wilderness. Jim in the lead, the bronco in the middle and Jerry bringing up the rear.

Jim was thinking of Mary, and he wondered where she could be, and what she was doing, searching for him no doubt; the thought made his heart feel light and glad, but it sank within him when he thought of the little cabin away out in the wilderness, far from human habitation, and then, and there, he determined to dig out a "rich spot" that he had "struck" a few days before, then cover up his "find" and quit his cabin for a while, and spend the winter at Denver, and if possible find his darling. So busy was he with such thoughts that he had entirely forgotten the youth who was trudging along in the path behind the bronco.

He, too, seemed to be thinking, and his thoughts were no doubt pleasant, as ever and anon a smile would wreath his lips, and play for a moment over his expressive face, and once, evidently unthoughtedly, he sang a snatch of an old love song in a soft, tender voice, that come near being quite disastrous in its results, for both words and voice seemed to Jim so startlingly familiar that he stopped and turned so suddenly that he received a severe punch in the ribs by the bronco's nose, and the bronco's abrupt pause in turn, brought our friend Jerry in dangerous proxomity to that animal's "business end," of which he seemed to have a wholesome dread, judging by the agility with which he sprang aside.

This little episode brought the song to a close, and the two men stood a moment gazing at each other in comical confusion, then Jim apologized by saying. "Please excuse me Jerry, I had entirely forgotten you, and the sound of a human voice in this wilderness, especially when one imagines himself to be alone, is rather startling." Of course Jerry laughingly accepted the apology, and the cavalcade moved on.

That voice, thought Jim, seemed strangely familiar, and the song was a favorite of Mary's. "I am sorry I stopped so abruptly —maybe he will repeat it!" But Jerry remained silent the balance of the journey, and the song remained for ever unfinished.

It was almost dark when they reached the lone cabin in "Wilderness Gulch."

This evening the bronco was not "staked," but relieved of his burden. He was turned loose and allowed to roam at his own sweet will, for the gulch had been his home for almost seven years, he knew every patch of tender grass for a mile on all sides, and when chased by bears or wolves, the little cabin was the place he sought for protection; and he always found an able defender. Many a night when the terrible blizzard howled up the gulch, Jim had shared the cabin with his faithful bronco.

The youth stood looking, first at the little cabin, then let his admiring gaze wander up the gulch to the towering mountain peaks beyond, then his eyes measured the height and depth of the rocky walls of the canon, and finely wandered away down south to where the red sun had just gone to rest in the sea.

Altogether the scene was grand and soul-inspiring in the extreme, and the youth stood and gazed almost entranced.

Jim had entered the hut and hastily prepared the evening meal and now broke Jerry's reverie by calling his attention to the fact that they had eaten nothing that day.

Jerry apologized for not helping, as he took the proffered stool beside a large box that answered as a table as well as a receptacle in which to store bear meat, venison, meal, and such other articles of food as the country afforded.

Jim sat opposite, and they both partook of the rough food with a relish lent by their long fast and tiresome journey.

The cabin was furnished with an odd lot of things that Jim had gathered up in his seven years' life in the gulch. The box in which he stored food, and which served as a table was an unusual article so far from civilization, and we will tell our readers how Jim succeeded in getting it so far out into the wilderness.

He bought it at a store in a mining town forty miles distant, took it carefully apart, put the nails in his pocket, packed the boards in two piles, tied them with strong twine, then tied the two bundles together and strung them across his faithful bronco, and when he got home he put them together again just as they were before, and found it a great convenience, well repaying him for his trouble.

An unusually large coffee mill was another of Jim's indispensables, for he was quite a farmer in his way and grew his own vegetables and a nice patch of corn in a little valley below the cabin.

This corn as well as his coffee he ground in the little mill.

As both men seemed tired and disinclined to talk they soon retired for the night. Jim occupying the rude bed in one back corner, and Jerry spreading his blanket in the other. The elder of the two soon fell asleep but the younger again laid wide awake as he had done the night before, until long after midnight, listening with a strange fascination to every murmured word of his sleeping companion. All his dreams seemed to be of his Mary. Sometimes he would seem to be with her, and very happy, and again he would mourn her absence or curse her perfidity, and it seemed unaccountable that Jerry should have any interest in his incoherant murmurings, but he listened attentively nevertheless, until exhausted nature could endure no longer, and he too, slept.

Jerry proved to be a great help to Jim, he handled the pots and pans like a French cook; he certainly must have known something of cooking before he thought, for scarcely a day passed but he had contrived some new and palactable way of serving his dishes, and Jerry's shy, quiet way, had a great charm for Jim, and in turn Jim's strong manhood together with a tender sympathy that was almost womanly, made Jerry have evidently a high appreciation of his character.

Thus nearly a month had passed. The

mine was still as rich as ever, and Jim did not like to leave it, but he determined to cover it up and go to Denver and try to find the long lost idol of his heart. He intended to take Jerry with him and get a lucrative situation more congenial to the tastes of one his age, than living in a little log hut in the wilderness. But before he got his plans fully matured an accident occured that entirely frustrated them and almost cost him his life.

He was cutting a large piece of bear meat on the puncheon floor of his cabin with an ax so as to get it small enough to go into a pot to cook it, and in doing so, jarred his revolver off a shelf high up on the cabin wall. It struck on the hammer and discharged it, the ball entering, and inflicting a severe, though fortunately not a very dangerous flesh wound.

Poor Jerry was frightened very badly and showed so much genuine distress, and solicitude that Jim looked at him wonderingly, and again felt that peculiar sensation at his heart that had puzzled him so many times before.

Jerry seemed to notice the look, and turning away, soon checked the manifestations of alarm he had just expressed, and asked more composedly if he was much hurt

Jim had got his knife open and was quickly ripping the seam in his buckskin pants and soon exhibited an ugly wound in the calf of his leg which, to calm the boy's fears he pronounced not dangerous.

Jerry got water, bathed the wound tenderly and helped to dress it nicely.

Long weeks ensued, the ragged wound seemed slow to heal, and the winter had set in with unusual severity, the snow piled high in the gulch, and at times almost buried the little cabin in its white folds. Jerry was kind and tender, and Jim often said, "What a providence it was that you came with me. You in turn have saved my life for I certainly should have perished of cold and hunger had I been alone." Many were the tasks that he had to do that seemed too hard for him, such as chopping and bringing logs of wood for the fire, taking care of the bronco, bringing water from the branch below, cutting through snow and ice, etc., but he was patient and even cheerful and never once murmured at his tasks, seeming delighted if he could do anything for the man who had saved his life.

Jim had learned to love him as a brother, and oft times called him by that endearing name, and several times during the winter when in a tender, confiding mood, came very nearly telling him the story of his life, but every time when he would be about to do so some irrisistable impulse would close his lips and he would remain silent on the object.

And a number of times he was almost on the point of asking Jerry to tell him the story of his life, but again that same peculiar sensation would overcome him and he would turn to some other subject of conversation.

And so the winter passed in the lone cabin in Wilderness Gulch. And as it had started in early and severe it ended early and mild. The snow melted from the mountains above, and the little stream in the gulch swelled into a rushing torrent that almost submurged the cabin on its "shelf" on the mountain's side.

Jim's leg was about well, but he had hunted none during the winter and his stock of dried bear meat and venison was about exhausted.

He was only waiting for the snow to melt and the waters to subside so he could see the condition of his mine and cover it up so no one could find it, when he intended to go in search of his Mary. But in the mean time they must have something to eat, so one fine morning he started out with his gun before daylight, following a winding path that led to the high ground above, and stationed himself at a point where he had killed many a fine buck in the past six years. He had not long to wait, for soon a drove of fifteen or twenty came in sight along the ridge. Jim was almost tempted to shoot a fine buck that passed, but he knew his strength could not enable him to carry it, for his leg was beginning to pain him already from his long walk, up hill most of the way.

So he fired at a small doe that brought up the rear. It sprang into the air as the ball passed through its heart and fell, struggled a minutes and was dead. Jim peeled a few strips of bark, tied its fore and hind feet together, stooped and passed his head through the loop, thus formed and raising up, turned the animal in an easy position on his back, he took up his trusty rifle and started the nearest way for the cabin.

Imagine his surprise on nearing it, to see just outside the open door, the same, gaunt form of a huge bear who thawed out of his winter quarters, had evidently started out in a foraging expedition for something to fill his gaunt sides after his winter's fast, but had met his death instead of a dinner.

Jim hastily approached, his heart filled with apprehensions with regard to the safety of his young friend, threw the deer across the body of the bear, leaned his gun against the logs of the cabin, and entered. A bloody ax first met his astonished gaze, the floor was besmered with blood, and as his snow-blinded eyes became more used to the darkness he discovered Jerry lying on the blankets at the further end of the room, where as the bloody trail indicated he had dragged himself after killing the bear.

His face was ashen in its whiteness, his shirt and pants were torn and covered with blood, his left hand and arm were fearfully lacerated and his bowels were petruding through a frightful gash in his abdomen.

Jim knelt at his side hastily with a world of eager questioning in his glance, and asked, "How is this Jerry? How did this happen?"

Jerry opened his eyes slowly and looked up with a sad smile and made an effort to speak, but his lips seemed dry and parched. Jim placed a spoon to his lips with a little water and he supped it. Then with an effort he said:

"It's all over with me Jim. I am going fast," and then with a shudder, "cover me with the blanket, I am growing—oh so cold." Jim covered him with the blanket, and after a pause, as if to recover his fast failing strength from the effort he continued,

"You see it was this way. When he scratched at the door I thought it was you, and I opened it. He then raised on his hind feet and struck at me as quick as a flash, slashing my breast with his great claws. I sprang for the ax and struck him, splitting his skull, but he got my left hand in his teeth before I had time to withdraw it, and as he sunk down in death he disemboweled me with his claws. I killed him but he has also killed me."

The few last words were gasped out with a great effort and as he ceased speaking a shudder passed over the slight frame, the large blue eyes closed and breathing ceased.

Jim's trembling fingers held his wrist for a moment and then he hastely drew the torn shirt back from over the region of the heart to assertain if its pulsations had ceased, and revealed the torn and lacerated, though fully developed and beautiful *bosom of a woman*.

One quick glance at the dark brown wavy hair falling gracefully over the white neck and shapely shoulders, the long sweep of the dark lashes now shaded the blue eyes, the feminine nose, the petite mouth and beardless, dimpled chin, and with clasped hands and a voice in which was expressed a world of pent-up agony he said. Oh my God, it is Mary!

He seemed for a moment dazed with grief. Then tenderly and reverently he replaced the torn shirt over the beautiful bosom, and leaned over until his lips touched hers in a shower of passionate kisses as he wailed out in heart broken accents. "Oh! Mary, darling why did you come?"

Slowly like awakening from a sweet sleep, she opened her eyes and looked up with a smile. Jim tried hard to speak, but there was only a husky sound in his throat that ended in a whisper, repeating the question. "Oh, darling, why did you come?"

"To tell you Jim that I did not mean it. Oh, Jim, do forgive me," she cried.

Jim placed his fingers gently on her lips. "No, no, Mary, it was my fault, all my fault. I provoked you to do as you did. You served me just right. But when you told me to go, and shut the door in my face, it made me very angry, and I went right home and climbed in at the window of my room, placed

a few things in my valise and in an hour was on the train bound for Denver, and ——

"Jim," she said, interupting him and laying her little hand in his, "Jim I am dying, I feel the chilly embrace, spread the blanket over me—there; now give me a sip of water —thanks; now listen, my time is very short, but I must tell you.

After you left I was heart broken, I knew your temper, and I felt that you would never return to me, and I determined then that sometime I would go and find you, but father was dead and mother was an invalid, and I could not leave her. For five long weary fyears I nursed and cared for her; then she died and I was free. I sold all the property, drew the money from the bank and came west.

I made Denver my head quarters, and for two years I roamed for city to city, from town to town, and from camp to camp.

I scrutinized every face, but coul I not find you. My pale, sad face, earnest eyes and slender form won me many admirers, and scarcely a week passed but what some one wanted me for a wife, and piles and piles of gold were laid at my feet but I refused them and their dust. So finally in this desperation, I donned male attire and cut my hair as you see. This gave me more freedom and I went into the mines.

What attraction brought me towards Wilderness Gulch I knew not, but I came to the camp and you found me just in time to save my life. The gold they thought I had stolen was my own. You took me from them at the imminent price of your life, and brought me here. I knew you from the first but could not recall myself to you for very shame's sake.

To be with you, and know I would be of use, was joy enough for me, and I thought, after a while I would persuade you to return to the states, then I would keep track of you, and meet you some place dressed as I used to, and would not tell you until after we were married that I was once your *boy* 'Jerry.'

I knew you loved me Jim, for you often called my name in your sleep.

But this dream of happiness is all over now Jim, and perhaps it is the best for both of us."

She had talked hurridly and with some animation, but now she seemed exhausted. A spasm of pain again swept over her and a shudder caused Jim to tuck the blankets closer around her slender form.

Her eyes closed for a few seconds, and it was evident her moments of earth life were few, and the end was near; but she once more raised herself, and again asked for water. Jim raised her head tenderly and placed the tin cup to her lips. She drank and seemed refreshed.

Then she gazed up into the tear-stained face bending over her, and said. "Jim promise me before I go that you will do what I wish?"

"I promise," said Jim hoarsely. She smiled and said. "Bury me beneath the big cedar, Jim, and then go home to the old folks.

Your father and mother are both living, and need you sadly. They have long mourned you as dead. I promised when I came west to find you, if alive, and send you home. You have gold enough and mine will help you some. Will you do this, Jim?"

"Yes, darling I will do all you say."

Again she looked up in his face tenderly and murmered, "Kiss me Jim."

The kneeling man bent low over the dying girl, and pressed a long passionate kiss, but she knew it not, nor returned his carress.

Her immortal spirit had returned to the God who gave it, and left only the mortal form to be deposited in the grave he should dig for it beneath the cedar.

Reader, here we might drop the curtain on this sad scene, and close our story, that is already too long, and leave poor sorrow-stricken Jim alone with his dead. And if this was a mere romance we would do so, but if we did you would not still be satisfied for there are some things yet to be told that are so interesting that I am sure you would like to know, but we will hasten.

Sadly and mournfully Jim dug a grave beneath the big cedar, and after wrapping her in a robe of deer skin of his own dressing, and then in another of fur he laid her down to rest on a bed of green cedar boughs, and covered her with the same. Then that the earth might not press on her dear breast he placed two rows of flat stones, one at each side, and let the tops touch each other above her, leaving a space between, these he again covered deep with boughs and moss, and then slowly and sadly filled it up with earth, and rounded it up, and at the head placed a flat stone upon which he scratched the one word "Jerry" with the sharp end of his pick. Then sadly he returned to the lone cabin, tore a leaf from his note book and wrote, "Jerry is dead. I buried him as best I could under the big cedar. I am off for the States. Stranger help yourself to what you see. June 18th, 18— JIM."

This paper he pinned with splinters against the wall near the door. Then he gazed long and lingeringly around the cabin, and with a deep sigh passed out and closed the door after him carefully, saddled his faithful bronco and moved slowly and sadly away.

In his eastern home he found his aged parents sadly needing the help he could give them, and two years later he returned with a party of friends he had brought with him and dug into that lone grave beneath the cedar, removed the stones and then the boughs, then kind hands removed the fur-robed form, and removed the wrappings from the face, and strange to say it was as fair and beautiful as ever. No sign of decay had marred those fair features, and the same sweet peaceful smile rested on her lips. Wheather it was the dressed skins or the cedar boughs, or both, that preserved her, we knew not. He placed her in a beautiful casket and they bore her many a mile on a light frame work made for the purpose, to the nearest "trail," where they took her by wagon until a railroad was reached.

They laid her down to rest by the side of her mother in the beautiful cemetery, and raised a fair marble above her. Jim is a frequent visitor to the sacred spot.

She faithfully kept her promise, and his life is being made holy by her presence, for he is in full "report" with her sweet spirit. Since her death he has become a writing medium, and has got many messages from her through his own hands, and rejoices in the sweet consolations that spirit communion always brings to those who will take the trouble to investigate it.

Selected Articles.

Connecticut Disgraced by an Inhuman Law.

Here is a case to which the attention of all who will read or listen is earnestly called. An act of cruel inhumanity the application of State force to the arrest and imprisonment of a good man, guilty of no crime or offence.

James Sillars and Agnes Guthrie were raised within a stone's throw of each other in Glasgow, Scotland. They grew up together, as children, and took it for granted that at the proper age they would get married. He was a good, honest, hard-working boy, and she a good, loving, neat girl. In 1885 Agnes came to the United States, seeking honest, remunerative employment. A few months later James came. They each went to Newark, New Jersey, where old friends from Scotland procured for each employment in factories. In June, 1887, they were married, when James declared that as he was able to support his wife, whom he dearly loved, that she should work no more in a factory, but be mistress of their own home, three little rooms into which they had moved, at No. 311 Harrison street, Newark. From this place to where James worked the distance was two miles. His salary was nine dollars a week. He left his home in the morning, worked faithfully all the day; returning at eve he was usually met by his wife about half way, and the two walked home together. A babe came to them. The growing scarcity of money in the country shortened the ability of the people to buy and the merchants to pay. The establishment in which he worked was forced to cut down its force of labor. With others, James Sillars was discharged. His income of nine dollars a week suddenly ceased. Then began the eating into what little his loving wife

had saved from his earnings. He tramped in Newark dilligently for two months, seeking employment in and about the city. No vacancies. No men wanted. Discharging men every day. No need for more help. Day after day he walked and enquired, only to be refused. All they had saved went for food and fuel. At last some one told him that in Boston men of his trade were wanted. Bravely he determined to go to Boston. He had no money except forty-eight cents, all of which he left with his wife. He started to work his way to Boston, but did not know the distance. He said he could get along. That he could walk if no one would help him to a ride. That he could do chores on his way for food, and thus reach the city of his hope.

One winter day in February he kissed his weeping wife good-bye and started. He made his way along until he reached the home of Mrs. Ellen Blackmeer, a professed Christian woman living in Putnam, Windam county, Connecticut. At the door of this comfortable two story frame house, on a bitter cold morning in February, James Sillars knocked. Mrs. Blackmeer came to the door. He asked her for a drink of coffee and a bite of any kind of food, offering to pay for the same in any kind of work he could do. All he had to give was labor, and this he offered. But labor is not legal tender. Mrs. Blackmeer asked him his name and where he was from. He told her that his name was James Sillers. That he had a wife and child in New Jersey. That he was lately thrown out of work and was working his way to Boston, where he had been told he could find employment. That he had walked that morning from Willimantic. That he was weary and hungry. That he wished food and would pay it in work.

Then this Christian woman, Mrs. Ellen Blackmeer, in Putnam, Connecticut, told him to call on Mr. Arnold, next door to her house but one, and Mr. Arnold would take care of him. Arnold was a constable, who received fees for arresting tramps and taking them to court and on to prison. Mrs. Blackmeer in a heartless, brutal manner, ran the starving man into the bag of an officer who makes profits from the poverty of others. He at once arrested Sillars, hurried him to jail as a "tramp catch." The next day he cited Mrs. Blackmeer to come to court and testify against Sillers, that he had broken a most damnable, inhuman, monstrous law passed by the State of Connecticut, to the effect that asking for food in that State is a crime, punishable by arrest, fine and imprisonment.

She went into court and testified that James Sillers, the prisoner at the bar, was a criminal. That he had, by his request for food, when he had no money to pay for the same, broken the majestic law of a mighty small-minded State. Sillers was, on her testimony, found guilty, fined and sent to jail. Arnold is a tramp hunter. Mrs. Blackmeer, a New England Christian woman in good circumstances, turned Sillers away as she would have turned Jesus away. She received sixty cents for steering him to Arnold. Judas received thirty pieces for steering Jesus into the clutch of those who found a Son of God a stranger in a country where he had not a place to lay his head—a tramp who was not seeking to wrong any one, but to benefit those who were poor and in need of help, as was the wife and child of James Sillers, as he walked for work.

Arnold pocketed $1 60 for his act of inhumanity to a far better man than himself, but not till he had let Sillars pass on, thus following him so he could appear as a complainant, and bring forward Mrs. Blackmeer as a respectable witness to the offence.

Sillars was arrested by a currency sharp named Park, who got $1 06 profit out of the informer's act. He was dragged before Grand Juror Fly, who had a chance to run his nasty probosis into a little official syrup, and who pocketed $1 06 as his share of the plunder. On the 27th of February, 1889, James Sillars was duly committed to jail for thirty days for vagrancy, by order of Charles H. Cheesbro, Justice of the Peace, who had his fee. The fees charged against the town by the bloodhounds were as follows: Complaint $1; warrant 50 cents; subpœna 25 cents; Grand Juror, $1 06; officers fees, $4 63, which includes Officer Arnold's perquisites for engineering and assisting in the arrest.

Court fees $4 50; witnesses 25 cents; service, $3; $8; two witnesses, $1 20. Total grab out of the tax-payers, $13 75. Justice in Connecticut appears to be a high prized courtezan, but politicians and other bloodhounds must live. The pot is divided between tramp-hunters Arnold and Park, Grand Juror Fly, Justice Cheesebro, and the Jesus, God-loving, heartless woman, Mrs. Ellen Blackmeer, who pocketed SIXTY cents for her share of the skin.

Sillars was taken to jail, there to be kept thirty days as a penalty for his great crime. His jailer was named Sibley, who, as Warden, bossed the ranch. Sillars was put to work in-doors, instead of being made to carry a ten pound iron ball and chain and set to work in the streets for his board. One day, thinking of his wife and child in Newark, seeing the jail door open, he walked out and made his way to Newark, New Jersey, where he had honestly told his captors, the court and his jailer that his wife and babe were destitute and starving for the lack of the food he could earn them. In time he reached his wife and child. He was faint, barefoot in March, ragged, starving. Close upon his heels were officers from Connecticut, to arrest and return him to Brooklyn, the little county seat town where is located the jail in Windam county, in which Putnam is located. The officers tore him away from his grief-stricken wife, whose life had been one of struggle for food and existence. They took him across the State of New York, into the Puritan land, and charged all their fees for travel and incidentals, etc., against the county, as earned in the discharge of their official duty in running down an escaped convict.

By this time the matter in all of its infamous arbritrariness became puplic property, through the press. The State of Connecticut and the little coterie of cormorants nesting like worms in a coffin to suck and fatten on whatever death and disaster sent them, were shamed into opening their trap, and ere March went out James Sillars was at home with his wife and baby, with the Heavenly sinners who are not of Mrs. Ellen Blackmeer's church or ham strung religion, sending in gifts of money sufficient to prove to the deserving people thus benefitted, that there are at least two classes of people in this coun'ry.

And yet, Jesus Christ and all who walked with him on earth were tramps. Were they on earth now, and compelled to journey through Connecticut, the fangs of social serpents would fasten into them; the daughters of the horse-leech would fasten into their veins and prison doors would be opened, they would be incarcerated as long so there were thieves in and around courts to arrest, condemn and imprison—at the expense of tax-payers and of public decency.

In the United States law-makers plunge men and women into poverty, then grind them to the earth because they are poor, yet bravely struggling support themselves.

And yet, we stamp on our coins the mocking, blasphemous legend—"In God we Trust."—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

A book is a bi-metallic friend, it will give you either silver speech or golden silence as you prefer. It is the touch of a vanished soul. Words are immortal because a soul lives in them. A good book is immortal because it is an incarnate soul. Curiosity is a good reader, conscience is a better reader; but love is the best reader of all. And he who reads with neither love, conscience, nor curiosity, does not read at all; he only thinks he reads. —*Light.*

Spiritualism must be taken into business, and make it more honest, into the mart and the workshop, carrying justice and fraternity there. Belief in spiritualism is not the whole, or the most important thing. Science, art, social improvement, all should receive attention, and measures should be taken to reach the children and train them properly for the best usefulness in life.—*Two Worlds.*

Of all the gifts that Nature can give us, the faculty of remaining silent, or of answering *apropos*, is perhaps the most useful.—*Madame Campan.*

THE CARRIER DOVE,

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DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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THE REFORMER.

Spiritualists claim to be reformers. In a certain direction they have made their claim good. Reform means to change—to improve—to make good take the place of what was bad. This is anything but a pleasant, agreeable undertaking. It means that old customs and usages not having the highest and best interest of humanity in their constitution must be defied overcome, and changed to admit of the higher, newer thought of an ever progressing people. All along the highway over which the race has travelled up to its present standpoint are the monuments erected to the memory of its Saviors who lived and taught in advance of their time and gave up their lives for the truth's sake, that generations to follow might walk in the newly-discovered light.

The work of the Spiritualistic reformer in the past has been largely in the domain of theology The old religious superstitions had to be met and combatted with the weapons of truth as revealed by Modern Spiritualism. False ideas concerning God, Heaven, and Hell had to be eliminated from the mind before the seeds of spiritual truth could blossom and bear fruit. For the last forty years Spiritualists have been doing this grand work, and the good work still goes on. The literature of to-day is permeated with Spiritualism, the pulpits are giving utterance to its truths; and the time has past when a real old orthodox sermon would be listened to by an intelligent audience; such teachings now a-days have to be thickly sugar-coated with the new light of Spiritual truth before they would be taken by the average christian.

The work of the reformer does not stop here; it reaches out in every direction and takes into its all-embracing arms every subject pertaining to the material welfare of humanity. It sees the innumerable ills with which the race is burdened, and which it is striving to overcome; and like the tender, loving heart of a mother seeks to succor and save each child of misfortune, and place its feet upon the solid ground out of the mire and dirt of its unfortunate surroundings. As an individual each has a work of self-development to do alone; but as members of one universal family all must work unitedly and harmoniously for the general good. The reign of co-operation must succeed the reign of competition. The time is fast approaching when the hand of Cain will not be against every man, and every man's hand will not be lifted against Cain. True brotherhood must become a reality and cease to be a dream.

THE CHILDREN.

How many parents in our city to-day whose own little ones are well fed, well dressed and sent to school give a thought to the poor little street waifs who have none of these advantages? How many, we wonder, would give of their surplus a small amount for the benefit of these dependent, helpless little ones? Shall we tell you, dear reader, how you may do a great good even if your means are limited and your purse almost empty? It is this way. There is an organization in this city known as the "Elsmere Club" composed of ladies, whose great motherly souls see the needs of their children not theirs perhaps by ties of blood but their poor sister women's children who have need of almost everything pertaining to childhood.

These ladies are supporting a free kindergarten where such ones receive gratuitous training; and, also, in a limited way they supply food for the destitute who could not otherwise attend the school. The rooms occupied by the kindergarten are located on Jessie street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, and are inadequate to meet the demands of the school. Another room in the same building can be procured at a very low rent, and another teacher engaged at a reasonable salary; with such extended accommodations the number of children that could be rescued from the streets would number at least fifty more, and the supply would be forthcoming, as many are turned away daily; but the lack of funds wherewith to provide for their accomodation have tied the hands that would have been extended in their behalf. Who will aid these worthy workers by donations (however small) of money or clothing for the furtherance of such humanitarian work? When our law-makers learn that it is cheaper to protect, educate and care for these little unfortunates, than it will be when they are older grown, to arrest, convict and punish them as criminals, there will be no need of these appeals for individual charity; but, as that time has not yet come, nor is it likely to until the mothers take part in framing the laws, we must do the next best thing towards stemming the constantly increasing tide of crime by doing all we can as individuals to save the babies from becoming street hoodlums a year or two later. Any donations for the above purpose will be received at this office and immediately turned over to the ladies having the work in charge. Let us not feel that we have appealed in vain.

MARIA MITCHELL.

Miss Maria Mitchell, the great astronomer, died at her home in Lynn, Mass., July 3d. Notwithstanding the fact that she was a woman, which, in the estimation of narrow-minded people should have been sufficient reason to have kept her in what they consider woman's sphere —housework—she was one of the greatest scientists of the age. She was also a prominent woman suffragist and bravely advocated the unpopular cause. Her life and its work should be an inspiration and example to the women of the land who are striving to attain higher ground, and larger scope for the divine possibilities of unfolded womanhood. The following brief sketch of her life is taken from Hartford, Connecticut *Times*:

Miss Mitchell was born in Nantucket. She would have been 71 had she lived till the 1st of August. Doubtless she had not the astonishing mathematical powers of her English predecessor, Mrs. Somerville, in the exploration of the starry heavens and their sublime laws. But she was the world's one great living female astronomer, and had been, for more than thirty years. She may have been indebted for her choice of astronomy as her field, to the circumstances of her having been early an assistant of her father, a Nantucket school teacher, in his astronomical studies. However that may be, she became greatly interested in the study, and gave particular attention to nebulæ and comets. For the discovery of a comet in 1847 she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark. Her subsequent work on the United States coast survey, and on the Nautical Almanac, continued for ten years, when in 1865 she resigned it and went to Europe, where she visited all the great observatories and made personal acquaintance of leading European astronomers. Twenty years ago she received the appointment of astronomical professor at Vassar, a position which she held, discharging in an able manner its active duties, until two or three years ago, failing health compelled her to resign. She was a member of the American Association for the advancement of science, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; and in fact was altogether a remarkable woman. A woman who can calculate eclipses, test the question of the parallax of a fixed star, and give us information concerning the nebulæ, may well be celebrated by the advocates of the modern doctrine that women can do some, at least, and a sublime part, too, of the work of men.

Neatly bound in cloth $.50, paper $.25. Hertha, by Elizabeth Hughes.

The ever womanly leads us on.—*Goethe.*

Address E. Hughes, P. O. Box 1772, Los Angeles, Cal.

MR. DAWBARN'S LECTURE.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn's lecture at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was largely attended and a great deal of enthusiasm manifested. The speaker related what he saw at a cotton mill in Willimantic, Conn. What impressed him most was the perfect harmony existing between employer and employed, and he wondered at the cause. He noticed also that every spare corner was devoted to plants which were carefully tended, and for the use and enjoyment of the working people who were allowed to help themselves if they desired any to beautify their own homes with. One thousand five hundred hands were employed and never a strike in its history. The guide showed him the improvements in machinery and said they were obliged to get them in order to hold their own with other factories, and the advantage consisted in doing more work with a less number of hands. This Mr. Dawbarn said meant cheaper labor and harder times for the poor. Speaking of the condition of the working classes in England Mr. Dawbarn said that all efforts for self-protection were useless. The soil of England was of little value to either landlord or tenant as the taxation covered all the profits. The tenant farmer was no important factor in that country where seventy-five per cent of the profits were used for the support of vast armies and navies to protect one christian nation from another christian nation. A cheap loaf, and untaxed beef means lower wages and greater distress among the poor.

Of America the speaker said: Early development presages early death; and that applies to a nation as well as to individuals. It is well known that the worst class multiply most rapidly and in a country where majorities rule what is to be the probable issue? The civilized world declares that the savage has been left behind, and that in the intelligent man of to-day no traces of his savage ancestry exists. The speaker thought, however, that our present civilization was but a veneering which covered up the old savage, as the christian world maintain vast armies for the purpose of wholesale murder, while their crude ancestors of the savage age did but a retail business.

The hope of the world was in the development of a higher manhood; and to Spiritualists who had received the demonstration of immortality the demand was imperative that they begin, individually, to purify themselves by cultivating the higher, nobler attributes, and suppressing and outgrowing the lower or animal tastes, until the Spiritual man should ultimately supersede the savage and the whole world become the home of a regenerated humanity.

We have on hand a number of Doves of various dates from its beginning, six years ago, which we will send postpaid to any address in packages of from five to one hundred, at the rate of two cents per copy. Friends of the cause can do good missionary work with these books, and the price barely pays the postage. Many of them are the beautifully illustrated monthlies that sold at twenty-five cents a copy.

A SPIRIT FINDING HIS UNBURIED BODY.

PORT HURON, January 5. About a month ago little Jimmy Stockford, a newsboy suddenly disappeared and no trace of him could be found.

He was last seen by some of his playmates on the yacht Picket, lying in Black River, behind the second ward bath house.

It was supposed that Jimmy had fallen off the yacht into the river and had drowned.

The boys with him did not see him fall, but heard a splash in the water.

Mr. Stockford visited Mrs. Hamilton, a clairvoyant, who told him that his son was still alive and was all right. Mr. Bartrow, a Spiritualist who has been holding seances here, said that little Jimmy Stockford's spirit appeared three different times and asked him to get him out of the water and told him the exact spot where he would find him.

Mr. Stockford consulted Mrs. Hamilton, a clairvoyant, who told him that his son was still alive and was all right. Mr. Bartrow, a Spiritualist who has been holding seances here, said that little Jimmy Stockford's spirit appeared three different times and asked him to get him out of the water and told him the exact spot where he would find him.

On Monday, Bartrow called on Dan Runnells, and asked him to let him take his diving suit to go down and bring up the boy's body, stating how his spirit had appeared before him. Mr. Runnells did not take much stock in the story. The story was told to diver Chas. Cumphrey, who volunteered to go down and look for the body. Cumphrey sent for his diving suit and was soon in the water. He was not down but a few seconds when a signal was was given to pull him up. When he appeared he held the body of the boy in his arms. He had found it exactly where Bartrow had said it was.

An inquest was held Tuesday, and a verdict was rendered that the boy came to his death by falling off the yacht and drowning. *Detroit Daily Sun.*

CIRCLE OF HARMONY.

Mrs. F. A. Logan has so far recovered from her illness as to be able to resume her meetings in St. George's Hall, 926 Market street.

They had quite a spirited meeting last Sunday at 11 A. M. at which several gentlemen and ladies participated. Mrs. Rutter sang several pieces with piano accompaniment, one of which was "Heaven is My Home."

Mrs. Logan remarked that she agreed to sing it at her funeral, but now that she had been resurrected from her very severe illness by the assistance of the healing guides, it was very acceptable on this occasion. She also said that she realized during the hours that she seemed so near death's door the utter uselessness of gathering together riches or numberless useless toys, bric-a-brac, jewelry, knick-knacks, and unnecessary clothing, etc., which must in a few short years be left to strangers or perhaps to friends who would take no interest in them. Rather shes and let me live and labor for the good time coming as foreshadowed in Edward Bellamy's book, when all would be comfortably fed clothed and housed because governmental affairs would be adjusted on a humanitarian and equitable basis.

The two hours passed pleasantly and we trust profitably, to be continued at the same place every Sunday at 11 o'clock.

REPORTER.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight-page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or $2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

LIFE OF HON. JOHN A. COLLINS.

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 841 Market St., S. F.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt-edges $5.50 The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

DOVE NOTES.

Dr. Schlesinger is meeting with decided success in Washington Ter., and awakening an interest in the cause wherevere he goes.

Circle of Harmony meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, for interchange of thought. Tests and developments. Mrs. F. A. Logan, presiding.

Judge Collins returned from Los Angeles, the early part of the week. He is looking much better than when he left, and feels that the trip has benefitted him very much.

"Re-incarnation; or the Song of Eve," is the title of a poem by Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger. It is considered by many as one of the grandest productions of her pen, and to those who believe in re-incarnation it will seem indeed an inspired verification of their peculiar theories. We have a few copies on sale at five cents apiece.

The Teacher and Examiner for July contains much interesting matter. On first page is presented a portrait and biographical sketch of Joseph Cook. Then follows Civil Service Department, Memory Gems, Editorials, Bulletins from the Battle-field, Examination Department, Notes and Queries. It is a most valuable assistant to teacher and student.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins will occupy the Metropolitan Temple next Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. Lectures and tests at 11 A. M.; Medium's Meeting at 2:30 P. M. Young People's Meeting at 7:30 A. M.

From letters recently received from Miss Valerie Hickethier, of Oakland, it is learned that she has been spending a pleasant time of late at her birth place, Parksburg, West Virginia. She expects to return to California about the middle of August. At Deer Park, Maryland, from which place her last letter is dated, she had the pleasure of meeting at dinner President Harrison and family. She will probably visit the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and other points of interest, before she returns home.

The Jessie-street Kindergarten reopened its session, after the usual midsummer vacation, on last Monday, the 22d inst. Despite the fact that a number of the previous session's pupils had been promoted from the Kindergarten to the public schools, the attendance was larger than ever. It was found impossible to accomodate all the children that applied for admission, and a number had to be returned to their parents owing to the lack of room. Increased accomodations for the constantly growing attendance at this school is an urgent necessity; and it is hoped that the subscriptions in aid of the school may be so increased in a short time as to enable the conductors, the Ladies' Elsmere Club, to provide additional room for the schools.

GOLDEN GLEANINGS.

WISDOM.—The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation. —*Demosthenes.*

Wisdom is only in truth. —*Goethe.*

TO KNOW.—That which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom.
—*Milton.—Paradise Lost.*

REASON.—Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, Lie in three words: Health, Peace and Competence.
—*Pope.—Essay on Man.*

GENTLENESS.—He is gentle that doth gentle deeds. —*Chaucer, Canterbury Tales.*

LEARNING.—Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.
—*Confucius, Analects.*

JUSTICE.—Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency in giving them no offence.
—*Cicero.*

Justice without wisdom is impossible.
—*Froude.*

REASON.—To be rational is so glorious a thing that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title.
—*Locke, Letter to A. Collins, Esq.*

FUTURITY.—But ask not bodies doomed to die,
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy.
It is not safe to know.
—*Dascanal, The Just Italian.*

Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known;
Some day—Some sweet day.
—*Lewis J. Bates, Some Sweet Day.*

Dear Land to which Desire forever flees;
Time doth no present to our grasp allow.
Say in Love found Eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting now?
—*Robert Lytton, Fleet Violets.*

PHILOSOPHY.—A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.
—*Bacon. Essays. Atheism.*

Before philosophy can teach by Experience, philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded.
—*Carlyle, Essays on History.*

REFLECTION.—The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs. —*Cicero.*

The solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself.
—*Froud.*

Women go farther in love than most men, but men go farther in friendship than woman.
—*La Bruyere.*

Fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides. —*Fielding.*

The world has no sympathy with any but positive griefs; it will pity you for what you lose, never for what you lack.
—*Mme. Swetchine.*

A present good may reasonably be parted with upon a probable expectation of a future good which is more excellent.
—*Bishop Wilkins.*

Sympathy is a fellow-feeling with any in trouble, it can only be fully developed where like experience exists. —*A. Kitchie.*

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.
—*J. C. Hare.*

The greatest pleasure of which the human mind is susceptible, are the pleasures of consciousness and sympathy. —*P. Godwin.*

There is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare.

The man who melts with social sympathy, though not allied in blood is worth more than a thousand kinsmen. —*Euripides.*

Remember that the great world is a theatre, your part in the play is determined by the poet; but its performance depends upon yourself.
—*Epictetus.*

We are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the products of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian: "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this, friends—only one journey through this world.—*J. Simpson.*

Just as if the temperature of this northern hemisphere were raised suddenly, and a mighty tropical river were to pour its fertilizing inundation over the country, the result would be the impartation of a vigorous and gigantic growth to the vegetation already in existence, and at the same time the development of life in seeds and germs which had long lain latent in the soil, incapable of vegetation in the unkindly climate of their birth. Exactly in the same way the flood of Divine life poured out suddenly into the souls of men, enlarged and ennobled qualities which had been used already, and at the same time *developed* powers which never could have become apparent in the cold, low temperature of natural life.—*Robertson.*

Our Exchanges.

HASTE AND HEALTH.

BY S. H. PRESTON IN *Hall's Journal of Health*

Now a-days, men begin to die before they learn how to live. There are no more Methuselahs. The race is being railroaded along at steam speed. People are too hurried to think of health—are under too much pressure to pause for physique. They boil their meals, race for the cars, jump for the boat.

Those who live fast do not live well. The steady, moderate, methodical man does more work and better than one who tries to do in a day the work of a week. The racer gives out sooner than the plodding draught-horse. There is nothing which can be won by work in this world that can make amends for shortened and enfeebled lives.

The farmer who hurries to his field by early dawn is a fool. The mechanic who works after dark and seven days in the week is a fool. They are simply wasting nature's reserve fund of force, wasting all that is worth living for in this world. They are not only fools, but sinners. Right-living is the only rewarded righteousness on earth. Disease is the devil of this world.

Now, there is no gain in haste and over-work in the long run. The farmer gets tired and gives out at noon. The mechanic is soon unable to sleep nights, and fails at forty-five. The student who sits up nights ere long becomes disqualified for study. He shakes and walks totteringly. His constitution becomes shattered, and he is obliged to take to his bed. Fret and worry, disease and death, are unprofitable returns for an effort to force nature.

Yet there are people who take things too easy to even keep in good health. There is nothing that shortens life like laziness. A certain amount of nervous stimulus is needful for longevity. A person who leads a peaceful and his cares so few as to vitiate his vitality. He may decay and become prematurely old from sheer lack of employing his energies, while an active, bustling, business man may be in the full plenitude of his strength.

The Pitcairn Islanders, descendents of the mutineers of the Bounty, are an illustration. Living in a land that supplies them all the luxuries of life spontaneously, needing to make no exertion except for enjoyment, free from all anxiety, they begin to age at thirty, and die of natural decay at forty. Among other men similarly situated, those who take part in the government, the architects, astronomers and priests, live almost twice as long as the common people. An extreme of rust is as injurious as one of rush.

THE DANGER NOT PASSED.

Signs of the Times

Those who imagine that the danger of a Sunday law is passed for the present, simply because the Blair bill is dead, should read both the secular and religious newspapers published throughout the length and breadth of the land. This question is being more widely discussed than ever. People everywhere are taking sides, some for and some against Sunday legislation, and for various reasons the tide seems to be running in favor of some such measure as the Blair bill.

With a great majority this is not a matter of conscience but a matter of policy. It is asserted that the railroads are favoring the cessation of Sunday work because they find that they can do all their business in six days and do it at less expense than they can by running on Sunday. It is also urged that other branches of business can also effect a saving in this way. Of course this argument, if true, will prove potent, not only with railroads but with many in other kinds of business, and when one man makes up his mind to rest on Sunday it is only human nature that he should want others to rest likewise, for they are not willing that others should outwind them, and evil days when they are not engaged in it; hence the outlook is not only for Sunday laws, but for exceedingly stringent Sunday laws. It follows that the work of warning the people against the schemes of the National Reformers must be done quickly.

HANGING OF WOMEN.

The Woman's Tribune, Beatrice, Neb.

The frequent recent hanging of women is arousing the nation to the horrors of capital punishment as nothing else could have done. It is a brutal and barbarous way of disposing of a criminal, and civilization will drive such a law from our statute books. Mrs. Whiteling, whose guilt seemed most apparent and atrocious from the newspaper report, was hung in Pennsylvania in June. The readers of the *Tribune* who followed the discussion by the medical women specialists of the responsibility of Mrs. Whiteling, will always feel that her crimes were the result of periodical insanity, due to exciting causes of a temporary nature. The quiet and seclusion of the prison quieted her nerves and restored her reason, and so repenting sincerely for her misdeeds, with courage and composure she welcomed death. To her, personally, it is the kindest fate that partial civilization could have inflicted on her, but that does not lessen the awful disgrace and injustice of it in cool murder. The whole machinery of the proceeding was in the hands of persons who, from the nature of the case, could not understand it, and they all refused to heed the voice of women competent to judge.

TRUE LIBERTY.

American Sentinel, Oakland, Cal.

The man that talks about securing liberty for the multitude by means of a law which shall deprive even a few equally deserving persons of their liberty shows that he does not understand the first principles of liberty and justice, but is at heart a tyrant. True liberty knows no favoritism. It may seem to some of the Sunday-law workers that liberty for the people can be obtained only by a law which will deprive some people of their liberty, but they will find in the end that they are grievously mistaken, as did the Jewish people who crucified Christ, on the theory that by putting one man to death they might retain their nationality. Their ideas of liberty, and of gaining it, are just such as were held by Napoleon, who, in order to gain his ends, which no doubt he forced himself to believe were for the good of the people, heartlessly sacrificed thousands of men. When people find that in their supposed march to liberty they are obliged to trample upon the rights of a single individual, they should halt, and take that as a sure indication that they are on the wrong road.

We are accustomed to see men decide what they do not understand, and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathy.

—*Goethe.*

MEDIUMSHIP

By M A "Oxon" in *Light*, London, Eng.

I have for many years past expressed and publicly acted upon a conviction that it is a duty we owe to ourselves as Spiritualists to make fraud impossible by the conditions on which we insist, I have also said and felt that we ought to be very sure that what bears on its surface an apparent resemblance to fraud is really and truly false and deceptive. I have found it very hard myself to discriminate in some cases that I have personally investigated. And, in more than one, I have revised, on further experience, an unfavorable opinion that I had at first formed. We want, less of the wonderful and more of the demonstrably true. Mr. Crookes has put the case excellently in a passage in his book, from which I have repeatedly quoted. If mediums would cultivate the power of producing simple, convincing phenomena that no fair mind can question they would do much greater service than by startling seldom-people with marvels. That they do not do so is chiefly the fault of those who will have a glut of wonders: *i.e.*, of Spiritualists, gapers, wonder-hunters, more than of themselves.

"As Spiritualists we take much for granted." Assuredly we do. It is only very recently that the average Spiritualist has deigned to look facts in the face; and even now the look is furtive and rather shamefaced. We must avoid this isolation of mind, if we are not to grow cramped. We must not fall into the mistake which has been sarcastically attributed to the Society of Psychical Research, of approaching everything with an "I doubt" on the lips. We must not rest in a mere gazing at phenomena, and wondering if they be false and fraudulent imitations or perhaps genuine work of unseen beings, of whom we know nothing about, and about whom we do not care to inquire. These ways danger lies. There is no subject that needs for its rational investigation more care than that in which we are engaged, and the true *modus* of success is in none of the directions above indicated. May I (in a parenthesis) say the Spiritualists do not "attribute the physical phenomena to the agency of intelligences *other than human*," as the President says in his address to the Society for Psychical Research on January 25th, 1889? The Spiritualist believes the intelligence at work *to be human*. The Theosophist it is who demurs.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS SOCIETY.

This Society held meetings Sunday at 2 P. M. and evening at 8 P. M., and will continue so to do every Sunday. In the afternoon a Conference meeting was held.

Mrs. A. Wiggins was the first speaker taking for her subject, "The Signs of the Times," which was handled very satisfactorily. Other speakers who took part were Prof. Holmes, Mr. Vintner of San Jose, Mrs. M. Miller and Prof. Adrien Ormerod, who was called to the platform and spoke very acceptably.

In the evening Prof. Charles Dawbarn gave another of his interesting lectures, the subject being "Rocks Ahead," he held the attention of the audience for one hour and a half, they showing no weariness, and the Professor himself not realizing the time consumed.

Music was rendered by Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Chapman, and Mrs. Rutter. Next Sunday the subject for evening lecture will be "Men and Animals." Conference and tests at 2 P. M. All invited.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

Correspondence.

YONE SANTO—A CHILD OF JAPAN.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I have read the above work, published by Bedford, Clark & Co. of your city, with a great deal of interest, and for various reasons, one of which is, it illustrates Japanese character in other than from the missionary standpoint, touches the heart of the reader from the broad ground of our universal humanity.

Yone says to the dear friends, a Boston lady and an English physician, who stand by her dying bed, or, rather, says in their presence to the austere missionary ladies who at this last hour have called to excuse their "seeming" harshness in the name of their religion:

"We are taught in our faith that those who are taken away to heaven are permitted to plead for those who are left behind; and, if, hereafter, I am not unworthy to be heard, I shall have no such happiness as to recall all the good;" and again:

"Why should I mind missing those who are gone," she said with a strange expression in her thoughtful eyes, "it is for such a little time. My doctor knows it will soon be their turn to come to Yone's arms, and then *these* will be the absent ones."

And, again, in talking to the Boston lady, who has been loving as well as kind:

"You know what my doctor has done for me ever since I was a little foolish, ignorant child. He alone is nearer to me than you, my dear, and for awhile he must be; but early in the millions of happy years of our next companionship, our affection will become quite the same."

"Is that the belief of your people?" asked Miss Gibson.

"That is what we learn for truth," answered Yone.

"And do you think—forgive me, Yone—do you think that in time your good-will may extend to all you have ever met, even those who have not cared for you; even such as—those ladies?"

"Oh, surely so! how can you ask me?" replied Yone.

"I will ask no more, dear love; your answers shame me."

So replies the Christian to the so-called heathen, and we must remember that in these last hours it is the religion of her people in which Yone finds comfort.

It is to such a people as this that ignorant, bigoted men and women go in their egotism, as teachers, missionaries. And it is because the writer dares to show up another side than what we usually get, that the church element threw its influence against the publication of the story in book form, after having gone through a magazine as a serial, and mark, carried so much power that the publisher dared not put it in book form, even after having made an agreement to do so.

But while recommending the reading of the book to those who oppose church power, there is another point that carries a lesson which should be impressed upon the minds of all, to wit, the condition of the Japanese aristocracy when the change came which deprived them of their incomes. Yone says:

"I cannot describe to you how poor they were. In one day they saw their incomes taken away, and themselves, with their kindred, cast down to ruin. There was no warning for them; no gradual loss. They fell, millions of them, I have been told, from comfort, ease, content, to the lowest depths of despair. Yet they endured their lot patiently, and without much complaining, for they knew that their rulers were not to blame. They hid their griefs, so far as they could, even from the strangers whose coming had brought the disaster upon them, and who, we have always believed, have kept our people in poverty for their own gain."

"Yone, it cannot be," cried Miss Gibson, "it is incredible. Tell her, Doctor, that she is—that they are deceived."

"It is God's truth; the governments of Europe and America are indeed responsible for the woes of this country," was the reply.

Yone says in giving the history of her friend, Shizu:

"Oh, the torture of those days of hunger and sickness and death, for death came to more than one of them. . . . There were other deaths, not slow, like those which I know of, but hasty and violent enough to distract a helpless girl's mind. The fading lives of all who were left depended upon her; they were famishing, and she could rescue them, (by selling herself to a Christian). Knowing what the people of my country are, I dare not judge her, but I may ask, Marion if I have not the right to love her still?"

"Don't ask me," Miss Gibson cried. "I am horrified at everything I have heard. You tell me, Doctor Charwell, that the Christian nations have combined to desolate this feeble and burdened race, and that is bad enough: but the picture which Yone is drawing has a background so hideous, I cannot bear to look at it."

Poor Miss Gibson! It did not need that she should go outside of Boston to find women—young girls, who are forced to sell themselves for bread. True, it is seldom, if ever, those of a reduced aristocracy, for when it is known that one of that class has been unfortunate, they can get aid from the rich when the poorer of the working classes cannot; but suppose the tables were turned, that all the upper classes were brought down, what then?"

Ah, that is the point! And right here I wish every reader of the DOVE could sense as I do the feelings of some who have gone over.

Wendell Phillips when here was always a moutpiece for the poor, the oppressed, but he did not see as clearly as now, that the wrongs which exist are not so much an abuse of our present system of property relations, as they are its natural, inescapable result. Has he, while here, espoused the cause of Spiritualism, how quickly it would have been noted, and how eagerly you would have listened to him. Listen to him now, as almost overwhelmed with the intensity of the feeling we try to shadow forth something of his meaning.

Dred Scott, the poor slave on whose case the Supreme Court of these United States decided that the black man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect, too, is on the other shore, and though the very stars in their courses have reversed that decision in letters of blood that the ages can read, Dred Scott sees that there are still slaves—that though color does not decide, sex and money do, and with the friends of HUMANITY, he, too, is striving for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, for all.

Feeling them both, feeling their soul-beats, as it were, even till the pressure brings out the keenest feeling, I again ask, "What if the tables were turned; what if the upper classes were all brought down?" James G. Clark in his prophetic poem, "The Voice of the People," presages dire destruction to those who "Have stolen the jewels from labor," says: "The heart of the haughty shall be humbled, and a servant be chief in the land."

That idea is the putting the bottom of society at the top as an expression of justice. *That kind of justice we do not want;* but it is certain to come if the present property and government systems are retained, if our declaration of human rights is not carried out, not only in this (which now it is not) but in all lands.

"Until the human race is free,
On every foot breadth of the world."

And what are some of the conditions of "life's lower strata," which when "heaving" will upset the upper classes, bringing them such suffering as the Japanese aristocracy have been subjected to unless Justice is done?

Half a million young men—boys—under twenty-one years of age, in our prisons; one to every forty families, counting four in the family, and an equal number of their sisters selling themselves for bread. If the members of this latter class average but five years of that kind of life before the grave covers them, it gives us a hundred thousand annually of a class for whom Christians tell us there is no hope.

A hundred thousand souls lost and yet, if we question the right of the Vanderbilt family to their four hundred and fifty millions of the nation's wealth, we are counted fanatics; those in the body are, and those who have gone over weep because they cannot find channels to speak through.

Oh, Spiritualists, what are you doing? Will you continue to perpetuate a system that gives the Vanderbilts a sum the interest of which at six per cent would continue to give each of those half million women over five dollars per week, more than many a poor girl gets by working early and late, till wearied out soul and body, she yields to the pressure and goes down.

But words are powerless to express the

vail of soul. We of the spirit life who see all this cannot let it go on for ever. The hundred thousand women of your land who come to us annually are beginning to see the causes which crushed them. The spirit friends of those who tramp your hills and valleys, seeking the chance to toil, are aroused; this thing cannot go on; our souls are in agony as we see what the delicate, the refined must suffer, if your rich men do not act wisely.

The interest, the true welfare, of your wealthy classes lies not in distorting, misrepresenting the ideas promulgated by your ultra economic reformers, but in trying to understand and apply. Oh, ye who hold the world's wealth in your hands! oh, that you would be wise in time, for only in a system that secures enough of labor's products for each and all, lies your safety.

LOIS WAISBROOKER,
for WENDELL PHILLIPS, DORUS SCOTT and others.

P. S. Permit me to say in explanation, when I commenced the above I sensed the influence of those whose names I have attached, slightly; but, as I wrote, the feeling of their presence intensified, even till the control was so entire that in justice to them I dare not simply sign my own name. L. W.

Children's Department.

CHILDREN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What the leaves are to the forest
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children.
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play?" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool and, when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but, when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time climbing at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke, and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

TOMMY'S DREAM.

BY T. H. BOLTON.

Tommy had been to the school treat, away out from the dirty, crowded, hot streets in which he lived, into the beautiful, green, fresh country.

And Tommy had enjoyed the treat, but I am afraid that many of the butterflies and other insects, and some of the birds too, had cause to grieve that Tommy and his little mates had been there to treat—it was none for *them*. A great part of the day Tommy had spent in what he thought good fun. He had chased beautiful butterflies, but when he caught them he could do little with them. They were a source of amusement to him for a short time, and then he would let them flutter away with spoilt and broken wings. He had tried to capture the large bees which he saw flying about; but as he laid hold on one it stung him, so thinking himself badly used, he let it go. Then he had frightened many of the birds by throwing stones at them—only fortunately he aimed badly, and never hit his mark! And when he and some of his companions, wandering through the green fields, had come across a large, scaly beetle, he had siezed it, and in spite of its struggles, had put it in his pocket.

And now Tommy was back from the treat and in bed.

He had not long fallen asleep when he seemed to be again in the fields in which he had played all day. But all the butterflies, and bees, and beetles, and birds seemed to have changed places with him in point of size, for they appeared as large as boys, and he as small as a beetle, and Tommy was terribly frightened.

"Oh," he thought, "I must hide under the sticks, or those great creatures will catch me! Oh dear, I wish I were home!" for Tommy was frightened.

So he hid quickly under some small sticks until all the butterflies and other things should go away; but it was no use. Soon he felt the sticks lifted, and heard something scream out; he did not know what the thing was at first, for he dared not look up.

"Oh, oh! come and look; here's such a funny thing. Four legs! and it only walks on two of them! and such a funny head."

Then Tommy felt himself snatched up and pinched; and screaming and struggling, he looked up at the thing that held him. It was a beetle, of gigantic size it seemed to him.

"Oh!" screamed the beetle again, "come and look what I've caught. Such a funny thing; whatever is it?"

"What have you got?" asked a butterfly, about one hundred times Tommy's size, flying up.

"Why, look here! I don't know what it is."

"Oh!" said the butterfly, "It's only a boy. *They're* common enough. If you didn't live so much under the ground you'd know a boy when you see him. That's only a little one, but I've seen big ones, and I've good cause to remember them, too; they've chased me often enough."

The butterfly spoke very fiercely for such a gentle creature, and Tommy trembled.

"A boy!" shrieked the beetle—"a boy! *I* know sonething about them, only I didn't know this was one. Ugh! you little brute!"—shaking Tommy—"you're a boy, are you? I'll pinch you." And the beetle did, and Tommy screamed and kicked; but the beetle held him tightly.

"What's on here?" asked a passing bee. "What have you got,"

"Oh, only a boy," said the butterfly, *"and we're only going to pinch him to see him kick."*

"Oh, oh!" screamed Tommy, "you cowards! you wouldn't dare to do it if I were not so small;" but the insects took no notice of his cries.

"Here, hand him over to me," said the bee; "I owe boys a grudge; let me sting him."

"Wait a bit," answered the beetle; "let's have some fun with him first. You'll kill him if you sting him."

"Not I. *Besides, boys can't feel.*"

"They can! they can!" shrieked Tommy, but no heed was paid to his words.

Just as the bee was about to sting its shrieking victim a linnet (to Tommy it seemed the size of an eagle) flew up. The butterfly flitted away sharply, and the bee suddenly became impressed with the necessity of going also, and went. Only the beetle remained, holding Tommy tightly still, for the beetle knew that its scaly coat would protect it against the linnet. But the bee and the butterfly had not such protection.

"What have you got?" asked the linnet.

"A boy. I owe boys a grudge, so I'm pinching him;" and the beetle squeezed Tommy again, and again he squealed.

"Will you give him to me? I'd like to take him somewhere," said the linnet.

So the beetle dropped Tommy, who was now quite sore, and the linnet lifted him in his beak.

Dreams are very funny things.

The linnet seemed to be suddenly in the room of a house, and Tommy saw it was his own bedroom.

"What's the matter?" squeaked a funny voice. It was Tommy's white mouse speaking; for Tommy kept a white mouse.

"Why," said the linnet, and it seemed quite friendly with the white mouse, "I've caught a boy. What shall I do with him?"

"A boy? Let me look," said the white mouse, and added fiercely, "Why, it's Tommy!"

"Yes, please, Mr. Mouse," said Tommy, "it's me. You know me, don't you?"

Tommy was afraid of the white mouse, it seemed so big.

"Know you? *You're the boy that fastened me in a cage without any food, and I was hungry. Worse, worse! I was thirsty, and all my water was dried up. My cage has been left unclean for weeks.* Know you? Yes! and now you shall know *me*."

The white mouse rushed fiercely at Tommy.

But suddenly Tommy awoke, and he was lying in bed, and of his natural size.

"Dear me," he murmured, "what an awful dream I've had! I declare I'll never hurt anything ever again. And when I get up I'll feed my white mouse. *I forgot him yesterday.*"

For Tommy had been so full of the treat the day before that the white mouse had been neglected. *In fact, Tommy often neglected it.*

Then he dressed, and went to the cage to attend to the little creature. But the little mouse was dead.

"Oh dear," cried Tommy, "I must have forgotten it for two days! I'll never be so cruel again to anything."

And he kept his word.—*English "Band of Mercy."*

Men are but children of larger growth; our appetites are as apt to change as theirs.

—*Dryden.*

Poetry.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

MEMORY.

BY FLORA D. STOUT.

There's a deep, magnetic river
Winding through the vale of time,
And its waves are ever speaking,
With an utterance sublime.

For within the dell and caverns,
That beneath its waters lie,
Are the lost and buried treasures
Left when life's fierce storms swept by.

Treasures that no more forever
May our yearning spirits grasp;
For the past has borne them from us,
Borne them from our earthly clasp.

Still we must ever remember,
All the bright things that are fled,
Which affection could it clasp them,
Glorious beams would round them shed.

So we stood by this river,
On its dim and shadowy shore,
Where the flickering lights of memory
Flash and gleam forever more.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

TO A FRIEND.

BY EMMA A. FISK.

I wonder if the years gone by,
Have brought you joy or sorrow;
If still you sigh for days long past
Or gladly hail the morrow?

Or have you found that every day
Is worth our best endeavor,
And live each hour that it may prove
A joy and crown forever?

We all may find a golden truth
Within our greatest losses,
And gain a comfort passing sweet,
By bearing heaviest crosses.

The richest treasures of the earth
Are gained by labor weary;
And pearls are gathered far below
The deep waves dark and dreary.

So all that's brightest, sweetest, best,
Within each man or woman,
Is brought to light through toil and pain
And woes that prove us human.

But if through sorrow, pain and tears
We learn the lessons given,
We find our footsteps tending towards
The joy and peace of heaven.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

THE CLOUDS UPON THE SUMMER SKY.

BY LOUISE FARLEY SUDDICK.

O clouds upon the summer sky, that float,
In tranquil majesty and beauty by,
Ye break the ceaseless, fair monotony,
The sapphire hue of heaven; and like a note
That varied oft, makes sweeter melody,
Converging then diverging far remote,
Ye lend a lovelier aspect to the sky,
And thus it must be with all our lives, I thought.
Tame and insipid would they be, did not
The shifting clouds of sadness hover nigh.
O, summer sky! thrice more inspiring thou,
When fleecy clouds begird thy azure brow.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

PAINTER AND POET.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

Yes, Painter, 'tis a work of art,
A grand historic picture;
The touch of genius in every part,
In figure and in fixture.

It is, indeed a masterpiece,
A scene of solemn splendor;
Charles V. there throned, the "Golden Fleece"
Adorning "Faith's Defender."

While all about him nobles sit,
And princes of the nations,
Arrayed and ranged as best befit
Their dignities and stations.

In gorgeous robes of red and blue,
With gold and ermine borders,
Resplendent prelates bear in view
Insignias of their orders.

Adown the brilliant bannered hall
Are rows of royal faces,
Revealed in flashing gleams that fall
From a thousand torch-filled vases.

Ay, Painter, true you have portrayed
The hero of the hour,
Who grandly stands there undismayed,
Confronting Europe's power.

Stands Luther with uplifted fist,
Defying by his gesture,
Great Charles, the august Romanist'
Robed in imperial vesture.

But 'tis a paltry pantomine,
His grandeur only seeming,
Until we hear his words sublime,
And realize their meaning.

Your picture, Painter, would be dead,
Mere scenery without merit,
Were we not told what Luther said,
And as we gaze—fain hear it.

"I neither can nor will retract;"
Those words outlast the ages,
And strew'pte an inspired act
Upon time's printed pages.

Your canvas, Painter, it will stain,
Your masterpiece will moulder,
While History writes those words more plain
As its wrinkled hand grows older

"I neither can nor will retract;"
Brave words whose repetition
Sustained the martyr who was racked
Within the Inquisition.

Nerved men to duty from that day down,
An Emmet and a Perry,
And stirred the soul of old John Brown
To march on Harper's Ferry.

Your canvas, Painter, will fade with time,
To shreds in the years will flutter;
I'll be a Poet and paint in rhyme
The words that heroes utter.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunitie for good actions, but make use of comme situations. A long continued walk is bett than a short flight.—*Goethe.*

When a man is at the foot of the hill in l fortunes, he may stay 'a long while there spite of professional accomplishment.—*Geor Eliot.*

The beauty of all worldly things is but a fair picture drawn upon the ice, that melts aw with it. The fashion of this world passe away.—*Jeremiah Burroughs.*

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To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward.—*Aristotle.*

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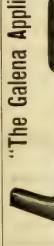

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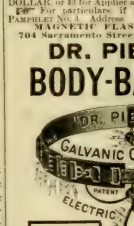

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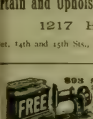

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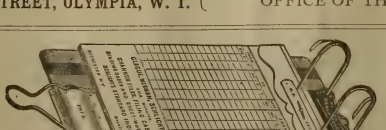

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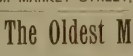

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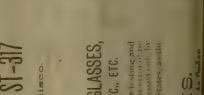

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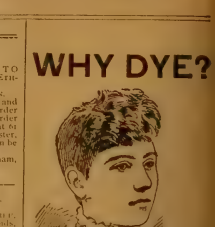

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VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOVEMBER 23, 1889. NUMBER 47.

The Platform.

The Temple of Life, and Those Who Minister Therein.

An Inspirational Address Delivered at Washington Hall, by Minnie P. Drake, of Santa Barbara.

For countless ages of the past, the question as to the future state of man has agitated the minds of good and great men. As the tocsin of time has tolled the knell of the departing centuries, and rang in the advent of a more progressive age, they have hailed each other in passing, with the ever-recurring and momentous query, "What of time, what of eternity, what of the future destiny of man? If he dies shall he live again?" To a large majority of earth's inhabitants the query still remains unanswered.

True, the church has professed to answer it, but to the minds of advanced thinkers of this enlightened age, their answers, founded solely on faith, are not satisfactory.

The aspiring soul of man longs for more direct evidence. I shall not, by any subtle sophistry, seek to answer it, but simply set it aside by the assertion, man dieth not.

He is a part of the grand temple of life, whose foundations are laid in the rocky bottoms of the deepsea waters; where even the tiny coral insects helped to lay the foundation stones thereof, and which rising through three kingdoms—Mineral, Vegetable and Animal, until it culminated in man, whose organization holds some qualities of all grades, of all matter below him, rising to the dignity of a soul, capable of thought, of analyzing matter, of planning, and perfecting his plans.

Thus man as a finality binds all the component parts of organized matter below him into a living structure, and by his personality, becomes the keystone of the great arch of the temple, of which he is the crowning glory.

As all space below man, from the microscopic atom, up to the telescopic glories of the planetary system, is filled with ever progressive grades of life, so is all space beyond him filled with progressive grades of spirit life, glowing and shining up the golden stairway towards Infinity. Thus the round is run from God to man—from man to God again.

As man is the visible form of the temple all below him may, to our finite minds, appear as feeble fragments; to the Infinite they are doubtless essential parts of an eternal plan, necessary in the development of higher orders, sustained by the power that used them, until, the fragrance, beauty and grandeur of human life, was developed as the crown of all life, not only because the keystone, but the dome of the living structure, through evolution and progression.

The grosser forms of earlier ages have disappeared as the scaffolding is removed, when the building is completed. But man, as a race, has never been superseded; he has risen intellectually and spiritually, in proportion to the earth's refinement. Nature seems satisfied in the fulfilling of her laws, humanity has been developed, and future ages will be devoted, as countless ages in the past have been, in perfecting the being chosen to embody the divine principle of immortality, this child of Father God and Mother Nature, who has never been superseded, never will be, as he is the crown of life, the highest order of organized matter ever existing, and is but little below the angels.

This living structure, this temple of life, can it have been the work of chance, or constructed by any law born of chance? So grand in its structure, in all its minute details, its perfect adaptibility in all its parts, so indestructable, including man, with all his glorious gifts, his undying spirit, so far in advance of the races preceding him, and will not those he antedates, be as far in advance of the present age, in the centuries yet to come? Judging of the past, who can prophecy of the future? Matter is indestructable, and all matter must be matured, although this planet has existed for centuries past computation by the mind of man, it is still, according to the declaration of scientific minds, young and immatured! How grand the possibilities of the future! This temple of life has been builded up by a divine architect, planned and executed by one possessed of unlimited foreknowledge, wisdom unbounded, and love beyond degree.

An infinite being possessing in his own nature, both the negative and positive powers, which in the finite being are vested in two sentient forms, male and female. Through this power in the God Head vested, guided by the instinct of parental love, through the unfolding of the life, principles, and attributes that permeate all matter; the great central sun, where infinity most fully reveals itself, became impregnated and imbued with vital force, this life-giving principle, and from its fire mist evolved suns and planets, and rolled them out into celestial space, and these themselves became parents—from its parent sun. Thus was this earth, with its system of planets, born, and when sufficiently matured, through the vivifying, refining influence of the great overruling spirit, progressive life commenced in the bosom of its waters. Then and there were the foundations laid of this grand temple of life.

Science has declared all matter to be indestructable; it may be refined until the physical sight can no longer discern its form, but the same scientific knowledge and power which caused it to become too ethereal to be visible, can again condense it, to its former state.

If gross earthly matter cannot be destroyed, is it to be supposed that the refined etherealized spirit embodied in man, which is a part of the God Head can be annihilated? Ever cease to exist! Is it not proof to the thoughtful mind, of the deathless nature of the soul?

Mankind are born into the earth life, walk in their appointed paths, lay down the physical forms but the living essence, the spirit that moved and controlled that form, and gave to it its power, its excellence and its beauty, dieth not.

It rises to higher, better life, and commences a new experience. Climbing the spiral stairway, toward those realms where all is known, that can be, of those sublime mysteries of life which all aspiring souls, desire to learn; it becomes a part of the spire of the living temple of which in earth life it was a component part of the visible body. This golden spire, with its glorious irradescent light, has risen nearer to the great central sun, the source of all life, whose divine rays reflect back upon the visible body of the temple, in the form of spirit return and communion, and thus become one of those who minister to the inner shrines the soul of man.

But what is the power which, invisible to finite sight, holds planetary systems in their orbits, controls all structural forms, and in unison with nature's law, intervenes between the outer visible forms and the inner life. Which enables the disembodied spirit to return to earth again, and thus become a worker in the temple and minister to its shrine?

It is a portion of the Infinite Spirit, veiled to finite sight, but must be undying, indestructable, enduring and progressive, forever

and ever. Spirits, by returning to earth life, to control mediums, to speak, to write, and in all ways possible strive to help their brother man and sister woman, to a knowledge of the truth, thereby exalt their own spirits. They have drank of the waters of the sweet sparkling fountains of wisdom, love, and truth themselves; their souls have been exhilarated thereby, they have feasted on angel food, and their loved ones have partaken with them, their hearts longing for those dear ones are satisfied, and they ardently desire to bring to the loved ones, still lingering here among earth's shadows, the knowledge that they live and can return, to bless and comfort, guide and guard earth's children. One law of life governs all, both in earth life and in the spirit spheres. Progression and the unfoldment of spiritual attributes, is won by laboring for others in a spirit of love; for those not yet emancipated from error, not only by disembodied spirits, but by those still embodied in the flesh, all may improve their condition in thus laboring for those below them calling down spiritual strength and divine help, causing aspiration and inspiration to be showered down upon themselves. Let us all labor for humanity, striving to raise the fallen, and give light to those who are still in the darkness of ignorance, comfort those who mourn and in all ways possible assist those who need assistance in any sphere.

Many who lived selfish lives on earth, acquiring great wealth by oppressing the humble and lowly, have come back to earth, and are laboring to benefit themselves and improve their condition in spirit life by striving to assist others, thus working out their own redemption.

They come, however, as spirits, to work through earth's mediums. Not as new-born entities, to pass another earthly existence here. I cannot see wherein a spirit could find any benefit to its spiritual life in the hereafter by such a return. What certainty that a second sojourn here, would eventuate in a higher degree of spirituality, if no warning light from momory's "Watch Tower" could point out the pitfalls of their past life—as a dweller upon earth. We are permitted to return as workers in the Temple to guide, guard, and watch over our loved ones, and work for humanity—teaching others the truths of immortality and how to win happiness in a future and more exalted state in the life to come. If life is ever progressive, with angel teachers to lead, those born into spirit life, ever onward and upward; where the disabilities incident to earth life are removed; where the brow is no more crowned with the thorns of sorrow and suffering; the feet no more led astray by the temptations which beset earth's children; why is it necessary to be born again into the physical? Why should any child of our heavenly parent, having passed through the primary schools of earth, and risen to a higher grade in the spheres above, be again returned to the primary class? The facilities for improvement and spiritual growth, for enjoyment, in that land of "Beulah" must be far in advance of those here, in this life. If necessary to commence again on the lower rounds of the golden ladder that leads up from these lowlands of sorrow, to the celestial joys, the unfading beauty and glories of our father land; are there not spheres so near as to be almost a counterpart of this world, can they not, by their experiences there, become fitted for their advancement to the higher spheres?

Some may ask what then? Are these peculiar states of exaltation, a sense of something half-remembered, half forgotten, when thoughts arise, too exalted to be expressed in language? A longing, lingering desire for something higher and better than we now possess; which we feel was once ours, and which we have lost, or drifted away from.

I can only give you my definition, I have thought much, and experienced something of these states.

I have ever believed that life from its inception was, is, and ever must be, progressive; ever tending upward; that spirit partaking of the nature, and attributes of the great infinite spirit—the divine Father—can not retrograde, in their onward march to infinite perfection. But must, at the close of its experience in any grade of life, take a step in vance, when its change shall come.

At the close of one era, it will ever in the next rise higher and draw one step nearer to the fountain of divine life.

I believe these peculiar states arise from the spark of divine life, inherited from the great prescient God Head with whom there is no past, no present, no future; but one vast continuity of consciousness—from whom all life springs through the unfoldment of his attributes. Those who inherit those attributes most fully, who are most spiritually unfolded, are most impressed with those half recalled, sad, sweet memories.

The more favorable the antenatal conditions, the more gifted, the more fire of genius burns in the soul, the more these mysteries grow upon the spirit. The greater share of the divine afflatus inherited before the spirit is born into the material physical life; the more the heart will burn and yearn, with these solemn, mysterious states of feeling. The less inherited the more feeble the ray to show from whence it emanated.

Some strive to prove it is a reflection from a life anterior to their present earthly existence, throwing faint pictures of past scenes on the sensitive soul. I believe it to be a flashing up of the spark of Divinity, inherent it in the spirit—not sufficient to kindle the fires of divine wisdom and knowledge, reaching through past, present and future, the remembrance of past heavenly beatitudes, but sufficient to awaken a faint ideal, a slight shadow backward thrown. In the next life, this ray of divine life, will shine bright and clear, and incite us to aspire to regain that we feel we have lost or wandered away from. Many persons say if spirits can come back to earth, why do they not shield us from sorrow and suffering, forgetting it is the fire that brings out the pure gold and gives it its brightness and beauty.

Would the diamond reflect the irradescent rays of light were it not wrought into prisms and facets by the skill of the artificer? Thus the spirit of man is tried by suffering and misfortune, to bring out the latent strength hidden there, and teach him needed lessons. Our Heavenly Father doeth all things wisely and well, although he may sometimes seem to afflict those whom he loves.

In the sweet morning of that immortal day, when you shall lay off the mortal, and are clothed in immortality, when your spirit eyes shall open upon the light of the higher life; how sweet will the pure life giving atmosphere seem to you, as you inhale its delightful aroma. You will gaze on the lovely scenery with delighted surprise. You will rejoice at the purity, youthful elasticity and perfection of your spirit form; for there is no old age there! When the joyful greetings of the dear ones who have preceded you there, are past; and you are rested, refreshed and invigorated, an aspiration to see more of the beauties of the great beyond, to learn more of the great central power as displayed in those realms of space, the beauties and glories of celestial worlds, will come upon your spirit. Baptized and strengthened in the magnetic streams that roll their musical waves on the golden sands of the Summerland, your guardian spirit will become your guide, an angel band of loved ones, will gather around you, they will pour upon you their own inspiration and aspiration, will enwrap you in a mantle of spirit aura, beautiful as the rosy tints of morn, will clasp it with gems of will-power, and bidding you exert your own power to rise, will bear you to some lovely star or planet, at an infinite distance from earth. Having viewed the beauties and glories of that exalted scene, they will bid you turn your gaze back to this world, the birth place of your spirit. How infinitely small it will then appear to your vision! The remembrance of your aspirations, your struggles, and hopes defeated, will not seem of the same importance then, as now. But pleasant memories of loved ones, faithful till death, and still grieving because of your removal from their side, will sadden you; a realizing scenes of earthly failures, of duties unperformed; of labors for the good of humanity left undone will overwhelm you with regret; causing you to feel how unworthy you are, how little prepared for the state you are enjoying, your desire for further exploration and enjoyment will be dampened. Then it is the soul feels its unworthiness and its littleness; then you will feel as others have. O, that I could return to earth again, and find some medium willing to work for

me, comfort the dear ones who mourn for me, then resume the preparation of my spirit; for the enjoyment of life in the heavenly home, the higher and immortal life, by striving to assist and help the humblest child of our heavenly father, laboring to spread the truths of spiritual philosophy, helping them to keep their lives pure and unblemished, to do good to all earth's children and prepare themselves for the enjoyment of that life, where so many loved ones have preceded them, where the joys are undying, the beauties unfading and life progressive and unending; where the purity and ethereal grandeur of all things is beyond the power of an angel's tongue to express, or the pen of a ready writer to describe.

Spiritualists above all others should rejoice, conscious of the glorious truths that their loved ones can and return to bless and help them to bear life's burdens, even to this world of clouds and shadows; can impress them with their presence; minister to their souls' needs, their hearts' hunger and soothe their sorrow.

Sweet are the ministrations from the congenial loving ones, who are thus ascending and descending on the rounds of the ladder which reaches from the Temple of Life on earth to the heavenly homes on the sunny vales and starry hills of Summerland. Of those who return to the inner shrine to minister therein to the souls of the dwellers there; they have risen to the beatitude of immortal life and can see more clearly than Earth's children, still dwellers here; what the incoming tides of life will bring to you; as they beat with solemnic symphonies on the shores of time.

They come with their beautiful loving ministrations to warn, advise and console you in sorrow and affliction. Bid you do as you would others should do by you, and striving in all ways to prepare you for the last earthly change which cometh to all; which will reunite you to those dear loved ones to part no more.

Where you will clasp again
The earth loves, broken chain,
With pearls pureand bright.
Together roam celestial plain
And stand on starry height.

(Poem given at close of address.)

When morning's radiant rosy light
Pours o'er the mountain's ever height,
Gilding the waves with glittering sheen
Bethrying here the lovely scene;
The ocean in its peaceful rest,
The hillsides mirrored on its breast;
No fairer scene to man is given
This side the golden gates of Heaven.

Nature seems rising grand and great,
To meet the sky in royal state,
Wraps in a glory most divine
Earth's varied beauties grandly shine;
Mid fairer scenes beyond the gleam
Of sunshine o'er life's gliding stream.
Fair and sweet as white-robed truth,
Lovelier than the dreams of youth.

Dwell those we love, they seek to draw
Our souls to theirs through mystic law;
Bid us keep pure the inner shrine.
Where dwells a spark of life divine,
They come in love from their high sphere
To teach us heavenly wisdom here;
Strive to impress, our hearts inspire
Touch mediumistic lips with fire.

Content if some cold hearts are stirred
By listening to their given word,
Thus truth desire that all should learn,
That spirits pure o'er mortals yearn,
That we as children of one Father,
Should seek to raise and help each other.
Strive to lift life's burdens dreary
From Earth's children, sad and weary

In every breast there burns a fire,
In God's own time that will aspire,
It is a spark, though feeble, dim,
Fought by the spirits pure and bright,
It yet will gain immortal height.
Are we not mouhled as the rest?
Stand in our place as God sees best.
Then let us work with head and heart.
It matters not how small a part.

We find to work in, or to fill;
It we but do it with a will;
If ere we reach the gates of Heaven,
I will be by light to others given
Then let us work for suffering Earth
And wake new powers of life to birth
Till all shall learn an angel hand
Will earnest souls walk hand in hand.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 896 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is $3 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt-edges $5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for $5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

A NEW BOOK.

There has just been issued from this office a new book by Dr. Joseph Simms, the celebrated author, lecturer and physiognomist. This little work is an admirable and comprehensive essay upon "Woman," embracing the domestic, social, educational, marital, industrial, mercantile, executive, political, legislative, progressive, civilizing and ethical aspects of the entire subject. It is the result of careful study and observation, and a compilation of facts of great value to all and especially to women, who need the encouragement and stimulation of noble examples. This book will be sent to any address for ten cents.

All who know Dr. Simms will hail with pleasure this tribute to woman from his pen.

Original Contributions.

Policy vs. Principle.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown once called J. M. Peebles a Maypole, and he laughingly retorted that she was his sister lengthwise. When I read your editorial of Nov. 2nd, I felt that I was your sister policywise. I, too, can say "If there is one thing more than another for which I am blamed, it is lack of policy." The question is, "Are we working for ourselves, or for humanity?

If our own comfort is the thing to be considered, then you and I are making a mistake; if not, then the harvest will be our justification. Before the harvest can come the ground must be cleared. A policy ball, a smoothe no cornered course can slip around with but little or no friction, but it takes a grub hoe to dig up roots.

There is plenty of seed being sown, but the ground is not being cleared; the roots are not being dug up, and a smooth policy course does no digging. The consequence is the harvest is not equal to the seed sown.

Perhaps an extract from Jane Gray Swisshelm's "Half a Century," will strengthen your hands by showing what kind of policy our anti-slavery workers used, and the perils they encountered ere the black slave was freed; and our work is as much greater than theirs as is a finale to the preparatory steps. When the seed that we are sowing ripens, all forms of slavery will have perished—wage slavery, sex slavery and religious slavery will be no more. Shall we not do and dare with such an end in view?

When Buchanan was up for President, Mrs. Swisshelm started a paper in St. Cloud, Minn., decidedly anti-slavery in its character, and of course had to meet the opposition of those who deemed slavery a divine institution. She uttered her strong words. There was no mincing of matters, and she so ravaged the opposition that one night, in the small hours thereof, her press was broken, some of her type thrown into the Mississippi, and some scattered along its banks, and the following note left:

"If you ever again attempt to publish a paper in St. Cloud, you will be as summarily dealt with as your office has been.

VIGILANCE."

She says: "The morning brought intense excitement, and the hush of a great fear. Men only spoke in whispers, and stood as if in expectation of some great event, until Judge Gregory arrived and said calmly:

"'Gentlemen, this is an outrage that must be resented. The freedom of the press must be established if we do not want our city to become the centre of a gang of rowdies who will drive all decent people away and cut off

all emigration. I move we call a public meeting at the Stearns House this evening to express the sentiments of the people of St. Cloud.'"

This motion was unanimously carried, for of course those who were sympathizers with the outrage were not there. In the face of what the howling mob might do, Mrs. S. said: "Gentlemen, I will be there and give a history of this affair."

That she apprehended personal danger, perhaps death, is shown by what she did before the meeting. She says: "I began to prepare. James McKelny, a lawyer, and nephew of my husband, drew my will, and I executed it, settled my business, and wrote a statement of the *Visitor* trouble, that it might live if I did not, sent for Miles Brown to come to my room, and saw him alone.

"He was a Pennsylvanian, who had the reputation of being a dead shot, and had a pair of fine revolvers. He pledged himself solemnly that he would go with me, and keep near me, and shoot me square through the brain, if there was no other way of preventing my falling alive into the hands of the mob. My mind was then at ease.

"When it was time to go to the meeting I was dressed by other hands than my own. I knew Harry and my brother-in-law, Henry Swisshelm, had organized for defense, and I asked no questions, but went with them. Elizabeth carried her cauphor bottle as coolly as if mobs and public meetings were things of every-day life, while Mrs. Hyke, a New England woman, held my arm, saying:

"'We'll have a nice time in the river together, for I am going with you. They can't separate us.'

As we approached the Stearns House, the crowd thickened and pressed upon us. Harry stopped, and said:

"'Gentlemen, stand back if you please.'

"The guard closed around me, every man with his hand on his revolver. There were oaths and growls, but the mob gave way.

"The meeting was called to order by Thomas Stearns. The large parlors were packed with women, and every other foot of space, down stairs and even up, was packed with men, while around the house was the crowd. It was a wonder where all the people could have come from. I had no sooner taken my place than there was an ominous murmur outside, and it was discovered that my head made a tempting target for a shot the front door, so he rostrum was moved out of range.

"There was not much excitement till I named General Lowrie and two others as the ones who had destroyed the *Visitor* office. Then there was a perfect howl of oaths and cat-calls. Gen. Lowrie was on the ground leading his forces outside. There was a rush made, stones were hurled against the house, pistols fired, and every woman sprang to her feet, but it was to hear and see, not to shriek. Harry held the doorway into the hall; Henry that into the dining room; Brown had joined Harry, and I said, in a low, concentrated voice: 'Brown.' He turned and pressed up to the rostrum. 'Don't fail me! Don't leave me! Remember!"

"'I remember! Don't be afraid! I'll do it; but I'm going to do some other shooting first.'

"'Save two bullets for me,' I plead, 'and shoot so that I can see you.'

"'I will, I will,' but all the time he was looking to the door. Mrs. Hyke was clinging to me, sobbing:

"'We'll go together; no one can part us. The mob was pressed back, and when I had finished I began to extemporize; and when I sat down I was as astonished as any one to find that I could speak in public. It was determined to re-establish the *Visitor*, and I requested them to get another editor. There can be no peace with me in the chair, for I am an abolitionist, and will fight slavery and woman-whippers to the death, and after it,' I said."

Such were her words of policy, with a mob surrounding the house, and death looking her in the face. It was a policy that was—to-wit., fearless denunciation of the wrong. And now, sister, allow me to say for myself, through your columns:

I am an abolitionist. I fight to the death and after, that system of society which places woman—mothers, prospective mothers, under such conditions that their work in the persons of their children, becomes a life-long agony—will fight to the death, and after that system of Christian marriage which puts the person of the wife in the keeping of the husband—makes it his property.

When in the Portland Convention of the Secular Union, Mrs. Krekel said, in illustrating Christian morality, "Servants, submit yourselves unto your masters," I so wanted to add, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands," for it speaks even worse for the claims of Christians as being the conservators of morality, than does the other.

The brutal outrages that are inflicted upon woman in the name of Christian marriage—the enforced maternity that fills the world with half-made up children—the agony of mothers as they look upon and are powerless to prevent the waywardness of such children—these, all these, and more, cry to heaven and the wail thereof reaches the spirit land, and we will never cease our opposition to this state of things till it is remedied; yes, "to the death and after," is our motto, for we want no heaven of rest while this state of things lasts.

Against this abolition crusade mobs are not as yet used; or, at least, seldom. No the opposition has grown cunning, and works under cover of law, and those who defend wives against the brutality of men called husbands, are arrested for sending obscene literature through the mails. In the case of the Harmans and Walker, the trial has again been postponed. The prosecution knows there is no case against them, but by keeping the question undecided, they are crippled in their business and prevented making such changes as they desire. When court sits again it will have been three years that they have been kept in purgatory. We hope that during the next six months there will be such protests sent in as will lose the grip of the Comstock tiger, and give those brave men their freedom. Christian marriage is said to be in accordance with the command of "Father God;" but Mother Nature speaks through woman's soul, and to her I look to teach us what true purity is.

Oh, the beautiful picture of the independence of woman from masculine dominion that is portrayed in "Looking Backward." Well can I believe that the angels of the higher life inspired the writer.

But I must close, for I know your space is limited, and others have a right to be heard.

Yours for the policy of principle, forever.

Thoughts of the Dying.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

As death closed the door on this life, the greatest anxiety has ever been manifested, to learn what transpired in the mysterious realm beyond. The phenomena was watched by appalled ignorance, eager love and scientific acumen, to catch some glimpse, however faint, which presumably might appear at the supreme moment. The materialist sees nothing but the ordinary manifestations which attend the death of all animate beings. Life goes out as the flame of a lamp when the oil is exhausted. Mind, as the resultant of life, ceases to be, and it would be as rational to expect to hear the song of the bird after it was dead, as any mind after the brain ceased to act.

Those who have found consolation in the last words of the dying, have their staff of support ruthlessly broken by these philosophers. When Goethe cried at the last moment, "Light! more light!" it had been thought he was enraptured by the breaking glory of the supernal spheres, but these materialists plunge us into the depths of their muck philosophy by saying that it was quite natural that as his eyesight failed and the world grew dark, he should cry for light!

The thousands who have died with words of recognition on their lips of those gone before them, labored under hallucination induced by their belief. When we dream of meeting departed friends, it shows a disordered stomach!

What are the thoughts of the dying? We may watch, and when the mind remains clear, there is no diminution of its powers, and to the latest moment it is able to express itself through the body. Beyond that time, of course, we cannot know directly from the

material side. Those who after passing this point, and are resuscitated, cannot be said to have died, and those who have not been revived must relate their experience from the other side. Persons resuscitated from drowning, or hanging, and epileptics, as a rule say that their thoughts were busy with the events of their past lives. In other words, memory becomes intensely active. Few complain of attendant pain, and the sensations are almost invariably described as pleasurable in the extreme. After the suspense and dread, there comes entire unconsciousness of all that lead to the catastrophy, and unmeasured delight.

There is one remarkable fact noted by the now celebrated Brown-Sequard, that persons, who on account of cerebral maladies have been paralyzed for years, when dying recover their lost sensibility and intelligence. Death then intensifies the activity of the mind, and removes the obstructions which press on the paralytic. Physicians, determined to explain everything on a material basis, gravely say that such results indicate intense activity in the cells of the brain; they all break up and become dead, and the process evolves unusual intelligence! They pettifog their way through this mystery, but we demand a theory which shall explain all, and require no special modification.

There are psychical manifestations which are beyond and above the bursting of nerve cells, which can be gathered to an almost unlimited extent. A gentleman in Iowa, related to me his experience when suffering from being frozen in a blizzard which had overtaken him on the prairie. How near he came to death was shown by the loss of all his fingers and a large portion of his feet. He said that until he began to revive under the attention of his friends, when he suffered intensely, he was supremely happy. After the cold, came a feeling of comfort, and flashing pictures of events in his past life. These past and he began to see friends who were long since dead. It was at this point he was aroused, and he felt angry at those who broke the enchantment of the moment.

My personal experience when suffering from an attack of congestion was almost parallel, except that I seemed to sink down, down, and lost consciousness while thus falling, and when again conscious, I saw departed friends, and this state continued for a much longer time, before restoratives brought the blood again into active circulation. I was far over the border line, as the effects on my physical condition afterwards too plainly indicated. The sensations were exactly like those of trance in its profoundest form.

Those who pass into trance need not have any fear of death, for they know what it is to approach and trespass on its domain. We need not wait by the couch of the dying to gather fragments, or catch imperfect glimpses, for the trance reveals everything to us, that may be known on this side, and those who have passed over, can finish the desired record.

The sense of hearing becomes deadened, and earthly sounds no longer are heard. The eyes fail to see the faces of friends. The senses close on material things. But at this moment comes compensations a thousandfold. Then it is that the celestial being, released from the limitations of the mortal body, asserts its independence. With the failure of the physical eyes, the celestial vision becomes clear, and sees the faces of those once mourned as dead. The celestial ears are quickened to notes of harmony floating down from supernal spheres, and feeling becomes intensified to the reception of magnetic waves, which give delight to the simple sense of being. Then it is that they who have suffered sore and long from disease, feel the delightful sense of ease and rest. No more pain, no more suffering, no sleepless nights of long drawn agony; no hunger or thirst, but the one delicious feeling of peace and rest. The features of the mortal body catch the expression from the departing spirit, and are placid or even lit up with a lingering smile, as though reflecting its great happiness.

I have watched the butterfly struggle out of the silken shroud the caterpiller wove around its changing form. There was in that struggle something that suggested pain. It came out with drooping wings and remained a few moments motionless. Then it stretched out its wings which became of wondrous beauty, fanned the air with them slowly as if testing their strength, and was away in the ambient air, as though it were its native element. Then I thought, would I reverse the processes of nature, and I recall the beautiful creature, floating as a leaf, sipping nectar from the flowers, and ask it to return into the broken Shell, and become a bristly worm, feeding on the crude foliage? The worm lives that the butterfly may be evolved.

When we stand by the couch of the dying, and with spiritual perceptipn look beyond the shadows and see above the worn and wasted body the processes of a birth infinitely more beautiful, and fraught with incalculably greater consequences than that of the butterfly, shall we in selfish grief, call back the departing spirit, however sorely our hearts may be wrung, and desire it to again enter the wasted temple, and experience the pangs of earthly pain?

This mortal life is for the purpose of the evolution of the spirit. The end has been attained. We will patiently wait assured as we approach the gate over which is written beneath the skeleton's repulsive, emblematic form "Death," that when we pass through we shall see emblazoned with the light of a thousand stars, on the other side "Eternal Life."

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O.

Fools and Frauds.

W. W. JUDSON

Time will tell who are the fools and frauds of to-day, as sure as history records who were the fools and frauds of the past. A person may hold an exalted position and not necessarily be a fool or a fraud, but no man or woman can exercise authority, simply as such, and be anything but a fraud or a fool. A truly wise man or woman will never hold a fellow being as a serf, slave, vassal or menial, under any circumstances. Mankind move slow, but wisdom and sincerity is the certain heritage of the race. When the dealer in human chattels has been tried in the court of humanity, he has been convicted and convinced that he was a fool. The king and the priest are to-day sitting upon dunce blocks awaiting sentence from their fellow man. The pedagogue may flog his pupil one day and the next the child will convince him that he was an ignorant ass harnessed to a car of education. A court may incarcerate a child eight years old, and torture old age in a dungeon, or force his spirit out of his body, and call it retributive justice, but the day is near at hand when a fearless humanity will pubilcly brand that same court, the champion fool of the age. Take the man who has accumulated a million of money and eagerly strives for more millions, to clothe, house and feed himself, is he not making a buffoon of himself in the sight of that immense court, universal humanity. Look at that seven by nine religious body who teach and believe that its members are working in an earthly channel, which will insure them all the happiness and comfort there is in a future state. They are not natural born fools; they have become so by an injury to their brain, sustained during childhood. A priest or sectarian school teacher, the fraud and curse of human government, has impaired their reason. Turn to the editorial pages of our dailies and you may there read that there is nothing that fraud is so much in dread of, as a fearless newspaper. After this self adulating bombast, you wonder why it is that the eight thousand holy-watered, surpliced, robed, acolyted frauds now in the United States, escape exposure. The present age has no more use for Godism, Bibles and priests, than it has for chattel slavery, the lash, and slave driver.

Our forefathers left the old world, and with it they left the divine right of kings to rule. They make the greatest mistake in their lives in bringing the priest, Godism and slavery with them. A bloody revolution had to settle the second divine right, that of Christians to hold the heathen in bondage. Godism, or divine rights, are human tyrannies every time, and die very hard, have to be killed off, one at a time, like wild beasts. To subdue the world to the will of a God, is the principle duty imposed

upon every sectarian educated child, or religious convert, and as in the past, Godism teaches that the greatest work accomlished for the Lord, consist in acts which bring the direst calamity to man. Every prayer to a personal God is an uplifted dagger to sacrifice man, and every plea for humanity is a stab at Godism. A beginning is the promise of an ending.

Mankind show no signs of ever having been created, while every religious Deity originated with some particular tribe. The immensity of the race forbids of its having a beginning, or of being managed by any power narrowed down to one personal being.

It was a brilliant idea of the ancients, that an unseen and unknown personal God created a tangible entity known as man, and then selected as a personal favor a certain race or tribe, that he might lead them in wars of revenge or conquest against other tribes, which he also created, that he chose a minor tribe to be his priests forever, while to day the same priestly honors are claimed by a score of tribes or cliques with the Mormons, from a Biblical standpoint, having decidedly the best of the contest. As Spiritualists we desire and expect to make radical improvements in the education and freedom of that part of nature called humanity, consequently cannot afford to encourage Godism, or fool factories of any kind or desčription.

The Woman Question.

BY MARY L. BARKER.

The fundamental principle of the woman question is this: Every human being has a right to work out his or her own destiny, subject only to those restraints of society which are applied to all alike. Every individual has a right to do what he or she can do, and do it well; public places not excepted. Some make the excuse that the polls are not decent places for women; at least, I have heard men thus express themselves. The reason is because women do not go there. Such places will continue to be vulgar until husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, go to the polls together, and sit in the same room together, without the man resorting to an anteroom to smoke; to satisy a filty habit which lowers him mentally, morally, and physically. Again some say there are women who do not wish to vote. Agreed; but there are some men who do not care to vote, but that does not deprive their neighbors from voting or take away their right to vote. So if some women do not care to vote, that should not deprive other women from doing so who wish. Honesty, intelligence and ability should be the standard required of man or woman. Some object to women voting because they cannot fight. I was not aware that voting meant mere muscle or strength, but intelligence and conscientious principles regarding the duties of life. As I look at these great principles pertaining to human rights, I see the need of woman's vote and influence to call men and women up higher out of this animal condition that breeds selfishness and greed, and through ignorance of just principles forces war upon us, which is unnecessary as people come into higher conditions.

The growing necessity to remove wrongs under which woman has suffered is demanding public influence and attention. You see this manifest everywhere. There is hardly a paper but has something in favor of these sentiments, proving woman capable of commanding respect upon this very important point. The signs of the times are foretelling our freedom. We see the index finger pointing to the star of hope, and when this hope is realized, it will be through intelligence, not beastly force, and will be the means of helping humanity upward and onward, to higher thoughts and deeds. Then man's higher wisdom will govern his lower self, and we will not hear it said that pants should make the dividing line between our wisdom and man's selfishness. I will relate a true history of a woman's heroism, and the ungenerous and unchristian hearts of some men and women, and we have a few of them left today.

In 1830, Prudence Crandall, a young Quaker lady, was a successful school teacher in Connecticut. She was induced to establish a boarding school for girls in Canterbury. The school answered the expectations of its patrons. About a year after it started, a very worthy and respected colored girl, a daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighborhood, applied to Miss Crandall for admission into the school. Her name was Sarah Harris, an intelligent and high-minded girl; a light mulatto. She very much desired a more advanced education to teach her own race than she could get in her district school. Miss Crandall felt that a person of principle had no choice, and she must admit her to the school or sink forever in her own estimation, although fearing the consequences. Very soon the parents of the pupils began to remonstrate against what she had done. The teacher told them of her great desire for more education, and the noble use she meant to make of it, but all to no purpose; for they would not send their daughters to school where there was a negro girl. They told her to make her choice; dismiss the negro girl, or they would withdraw the white pupils. Did she submit to this gross injustice? No. She notified the neighbors that she should keep Sarah Harris, and advertised in a paper that the next term the school would be opened expressly for young ladies and little misses of color. When she opened the next term, she had several colored girls from Philadelphia, Providence, Boston and New York. The war commenced. The store keepers refused to sell her anything, and whenever she or her pupils appeared in the street they were insulted, her house besmeared with mud, all sorts of abominable stuff thrown into her well. When they found she was determined to stand by her rights, they resorted to the legislature, and procured the passage of a law forbidding the establishment of any school for colored people in the State without the consent of the majority. When this news reached the town, bells were rung, cannons were fired, showing the philanthropy of their great moral souls. Under this law Miss Crandall was arrested; refused to be bailed out until after she was put in jail, for she wanted this thing thoroughly tested. She was put in a murderer's cell from which one had just been taken out and hung. Think of this in a pretended civilized country, where they had churches; and this colored girl belonged to the same kind of a church (the Methodist) that these Christians belonged, or better said, her cruel tormentors belonged She was released on bail, and resumed her teaching until she should be summoned as a culprit into court. This imprisonment of a virtuous and accomplished young lady in a murderer's cell, called forth comment throughout the civilized world, and brought powerful help to the lady's champions. Arthur Tappan of New York, supplied all the money needed for her defense. The trial occurred in August, 1833. Counsel of great reputation were employed on both sides. The jury after several hours stood seven for conviction and five for acquittal. The lady's counsel at once appealed to the Court of Errors, chiefly on the ground of unconstitutionality of the law. The verdict was set aside on technical grounds merely, and the heroic girl still held her position. Legal means failing, the enemy set her house on fire, but it was put out. A few nights after the house was assaulted by a mob with massive clubs and iron bars. Five sashes were destroyed, ninety panes of glass broken, by chivalrous and gallant men who were an insult to the pants they wore even. This heroic young girl was a match for the judges, lawyers, and legislators as long as they used legal means, but when they resorted to clubs, iron bars and midnight mobs, she and her little band of girls were powerless, and she gave it up, conquered by brute force and the passions of unwise men. So brave women have plend and fought all along the line of past history, up to the present time, and will continue to plead and fight with all honorable means until they possess all the rights men now enjoy, or ever may enjoy. Equal suffrage means equal justice, happier homes and a better race of people. When any party or sect, makes laws that are detrimental to others, that brings injustice to others, they are dangerous laws, and will be overthrown, be they made oy the prohibitionists, the W. C. T. U. or the Sunday Rest Blair Bill, or any other power that is dangerous to true freedom. We cannot have religion in politics,

for there would be diverse opinions; each one would insist their religion was the true basis for this Republic to follow, and the great mass of people that profess no religion only to do unto others as you would be done by, who believe when you do a wrong act towards one of God's creatures, they lower themselves, and no Christ can atone for that wrong, but must come through our desire to make reparation, and to thrust all evil from our hearts; then our souls will be purified, and we will have the Christ spirit within us; we have laid a corner stone that leads to glory and to God. When we make the temple pure within we find God without going to any confession, without appealing to any pope or priest, or resorting to any creeds.

Now I stoutly maintain if we want homes of sunshine and harmony, of health and happiness, every person must share alike in the freedom of the country in which they live. I will relate one well-authenticated instance of a shrewd woman, whose husband went wild over the Tennessee coal and iron stock. At their marriage the wife had considerable property and turned it all over to his care. Her judgment was against the buying of the stock in which he had become interested, and on his determination to buy the stock at a high price, she drew out every dollar she had, and sold the stock short. He came home a few nights after with a face as long as the moral law, and a disposition to commit suicide. It was quickly changed when his wife showed him a note from her broker, announcing the closing of her transactions with a profit double the amount which her husband had lost. The husband looked something like a man as he wore pants, but he felt more like an imbecile. I leave you to decide which would be the most apt to use the ballot wisely. Woman has, through long ages of ignorance, been subject to many forms of injustice and tyranny, which have arrested her best thoughts, and dwarfed the beauties of her spiritual nature, until, through the force of this cruel injustice she is obliged to come out from under these oppressing shackles and demand her freedom. Woman has a right to climb the ladder of fame to her perfect unfoldment, even to the President's chair; and any laws to the contrary are tyrannical and unjust. Through the ballot she is armed for the battles of life, and would prove a tower of strength to man. The unfoldment of her divine life is being felt and uttered throughout our fair land. The Father of life, love and sweetness, that speaks through the rose, the lily, the buttercup and the daffodil, will surely give us a perfect unfoldment if we but desire it, and our hearts rejoice in this field which is opened to us so grandly.

The principles of universal brotherhood endorsed by all thinking and well-developed minds are in favor women standing on an equality with man. Women as a class are more intuitive than men. And the time is near at hand when man shall recognize woman in a truer and higher sense than at present. The conditions of humanity at the present time are at low ebb, for the want of woman's power. It is impossible to enforce the universal principles of love and justice, where women are excluded from the rights which the constitution of the country guarantees all citizens. The great thought realm in being broadened upon the material plane; for intuition begins to take the place of egotism and dogmatic creeds. Our lower natures give way to higher aspirations, and grander fields of usefulness. It is in the reach of all to develop God-like powers, to help make a new heaven on earth. We need woman's voice to plead the cause of the hundreds of little pale faces that work in factories, denied all the sweets of childhood. Parents testifying falsely as to the age of their children's for the mere pittance that they may earn. There is more need for women to think now than at any previous time. There is more need for woman's vote now than any time before; there is more corruption, more tyrants to rule over us, more slavery (for unthinking men are slaves) to their political party; and bosses humbug the rest into their votes, by the pretense of the great moral good they are going to do, but always forget to do it. So they have been led on year in and year out, until the iron yoke of despotism in getting unbearable. If men are not capable of making better laws and conditions alone for the human race than at present, why not adopt at once ways and means to remedy this false system by giving the ballot to women.

In many of our cities wives and mothers toil in factories and workshops. Their pale faces and half starved bodies mutely protest against such wrongs. Under these conditions children are gestated and born. There are forty-five thousand working girls and women in Chicago. They work nine, ten, eleven and twelve hours a day, and are so poorly paid as to be compelled to walk to and from their work, even the luxury of over-crowded street cars is denied them through poor pay. They are not the cheery, bright, happy girls of society, but hungry, care-worn, poverty-pinched girls of factory and workshop. We are constantly hearing of the struggles of the working men, and but little of the working women. Who is pleading the eight hour law for these poor working women and girls? In the name of common sense and justice shall we not demand better pay and less hours work for over-taxed women? These Chicago women working are only paid for full weeks' work; if they fail to work a week they lose their pay, and if they complain they are soon discharged. A great swindle on poor helpless women who should have the same pay as men for the same work. This question of female labor is a serious question. Too long have men looked upon women as their inferiors, but finding themselves supplanted by them, causes men to think. They find with the introduction of machinery it takes less muscle, and women are being employed. Under this change women are the recognized competitors with men. Justice demands equal rights for all, and let us have them. The largest and broadest organized body of individuals that are working under manmade laws, and working for the equality of the sexes are the Knights of Labor. To better understand and appreciate the noble work they are trying to do for humanity, one should belong to that order, then they know for themselves. As children of the infinite we have a right to sound the depths of true wisdom. We are willing to travel over waste deserts with little rest, if the higher good can be reached at last.

Selected Articles.

How to be Good Though Godless.

BY HUGH O. PENTECOST.

I am now going to have a plain, familiar talk with you about the reason why we who have no belief in a God do things that we believe are right. It is commonly supposed that if we lose faith in that purely hypothetical person called God and in equally hypothetical personal immortality, that we will have no moral motive power left and will be likely to go to the bad. You know that in Christian circles it is honestly believed that Infidels are almost necessarily bad people. I myself, often get letters from Christians, evidently written in much earnestness and sincerity, who believe that I am leading young men and women to their ruin; who think that it is a calamity that such persons as I should be allowed to talk and write to the people.

I know just how these persons feel, because I once felt that way myself. I used to think that if one would not accept Jesus as a savoir, according to the well known theological plan of salvation, it was because the human heart is naturally bad, the carnal mind is enmity against God, and also because the particular person in question was rebellious against God or bent upon the pleasures of this world. And if these unbelievers happened to be upright persons with fine, strong characters, as some of them were, I thought their goodness was of a different quality from the Christian's goodness; I thought the goodness was "mere morality," that would not avail to save them if they had not been washed with the blood of Jesus Christ, which the Bible says, cleanseth believers from all sins.

As I say, it is commonly believed that Infidels are bad people. Now, some of you are Infidels and so am I, and so, it follows that many of our friends who knew us, perhaps,

when we were Christians think that we have "fallen from grace," that we have suffered moral degeneration by becoming Infidels. But (I know not how it is with you), in my case, I am a much better man than I was when I was a Christian. I have a more serious and earnest mind, a greater desire to do right, a greater abhorrence of doing wrong; I neither love this world nor fear to die as much as I did then. Of course these words will be picked up, and upon the strength of them, it will be said that I am conceited and self-righteous. But that is of no consequence. It is necessary, in order to get out my thoughts to-day that I should talk a little about myself, and I will not be hypocritical enough to say that I think I am a bad man when I *know* I am not. It is necessary to my purpose now to say that my present manner of thought has made me a better man than I was when I was a Christian, and you are at liberty to inquire among all the people who know me to find out whether there are any stains upon my character or not.

Now, how does this come about? How does it happen that infidelity makes at least one man better than Christianity? That is what I am going to try to tell you, in the few words to which I must necessarily confine myself in this address.

I think the secret of it all lies in that I ceased to be a Christan through hunting for what is true; and this is what I am doing yet—hunting for what is true. I think one cannot very long search for the truth upon any subject without finding it. And when you find it, it becomes a great inspirer and purifier. The average Christian does not hunt for the truth; he searches the Scriptures and accepts what they teach without investigation; he reads the creed; he conforms himself to the traditions and authoritative declarations of the Church. It is not necessary that he should develop what he calls his conscience, because the Bible is, in his estimation, above conscience. I have heard an eloquent minister say that Christians should constantly regulate their consciences by the Bible just as we regulade our watches by the electric time-ball.

It is not logically necessary that a Christian should go scrupulously right every time, because pardon for sins is part of his doctrine. Character is nothing like so important in the Church as salvation. It is better, according to Christian orthodox theology, logically carried out, to be "saved" with the blood of a neighbor upon your hands or the price of a slave in your pocket than to be "lost" with a spotless character. I know, of course, that some of the best people on this earth are Christians—better, probably, than any of you; better, certainly, than I. But they are not logical. They are superlatively good *in spite* of their doctrines; and, too, a very good Christian is generally more or less heretical.

On the other hand, an unbeliever has to work out his own salvation with more or less fear and trembling—not because of future torments, but because of the possible loss of his own self-respect and the deterioration of his character. There is no one to help him but himself, and there is no one to suffer in his stead. He has no God and no Devil; no heaven and no hell; no authoritative dogma and no savior.

This seems to a Christian like a very awful kind of life for anyone to lead. It is, to him, a blasphemous, sacrilegious kind of life to lead. But that is where the Christian is mistaken. It is a very true and lofty kind of life.

Most people think that there must be some sort of faith in God and the future life in order to make this life sacred. And yet, if you will only stop to think of it, you will remember that nearly all the beastly drunkards, the burglars, the libertines, the prostitutes and the murderers are believers in God, and many of them are members of the Church. Well, that ought to show that religion does *not necessarily* make life sweet and clean. There are multitudes of sweet and clean people *who are* religious. But their religion does not make them so. They would be so anyhow.

Why, only a little while ago the editor of a Newark Sunday paper told his readers that I was in a deplorable state because I did not believe in God. He said he knew I was not stupid, but there must be something the matter with my mental gearing, and he ended his pious editorial by saying: "God pity him!" There is no knowing whether an editor thinks what he writes or not. The average editor will write almost anything for pay. But I happen to know this man, and he actually is a believer in God, but his life is no better than many of his neighbors who do not believe in God.

Countless instances might be cited to show you that a religious belief does not make nor tend to make people good—that is, noble, generous, unselfish, honest and morally clean. Many a religious colored person down South will go from prayer-meeting to a water-melon patch on felonious deeds intent. Many a Roman Catholic politician will pay for a mass out of the money that he got for doing corrupt things. Many a Protestant churchman will speculate in land, or rob his workmen, or go where he wouldn't like his wife to follow him. The men who murdered Dr. Cronin were too religious to touch the sacred charm he wore about his neck. I do not say that an *absence* of religious belief is any more calculated to make men good. But I do say that an earnest determination to know and do the truth will tend to make you good whether you are religious or not.

Now, let me explain to you as best I can my moral motive power, for, as I have already said, I do not know anything about the inner workings of anyone's else life. I must speak from my own experience if I speak at all.

I do not believe in God. I do not believe there is any God. Neither do I believe there is no God. This is simply because I can have no beliefs upon a subject about which I know nothing and, for the present, can know nothing, and about which no one else knows anything in a manner that enables him to explain what he knows to others.

I think the word God will, in time, go out of serious use just as the words centaur and fairy and phœnix have gone out of serious use, and for the same reason, viz.: because there is nothing in the universe that corresponds to it. Drive the believer in God into a corner and try to force him to tell you one thing that he knows about God, and he cannot do it. But he hangs on to his belief and his word of three letters just as the believer in Jupiter or in witches did until all men came to understand that there are no such beings.

But this non-belief in God is not meant by me to be blasphemous of wicked, and it does not give me a tendency to be bad. It arises from the fact that I wish to be truthful. I actually do not know anything of God. But what of it? Is that any reason why I should defraud my neighbor or beat my wife or live only for the gratification of my present desires? What has a belief in God to do with these things?

Do you say that I should not do these things because God will punish me if I do? I answer that that is no reason at all why I should not do evil. In the first place, only a bad man fears punishment, and in the second place, to punish anybody is precisely what this hypothetical person that you call God never does. There are plenty of frauds abroad—political frauds, commercial frauds and religious frauds—men who lie and steal by every known legal method. But God does not punish them. On the contrary, they are the very people who run God's Church and God's State, and who teach people to believe that Infidels are wicked. If you think that God punishes people, why do you use whipping-posts and prisons and gibbets to punish them yourselves?

Ah, but you say, God punishes mostly in the next world. I answer: that is something you know nothing about, and I, at least, care nothing about. It is enough for me to know that if I do anything that injures myself or my neighbor I make myself unhappy by bringing upon myself perfectly natural evil consequences.

My daily experience is that when two courses of conduct are up before me I know that if I choose one of them I shall suffer loss of self-respect, I shall suffer what we call remorse; but that if I choose the other I shall be at peace with myself, even though I lose money and friends. Money is desirable and friends are delightful. But it is better to have neither than to suffer remorse, than to feel, "I chose the course that is hurtful to my fellow or to myself."

Now, what has God or heaven or hell to do with this? Absolutely nothing. There is that knowledge that this course injures others and myself, and will throw me out of peace with myself and therefore must be avoided. Why I am dissatisfied with myself if I injure my neighbor I do not know. But I know that it is so, and my religious belief, and non-beliefs have nothing to do with the case. I am simply seeking my own *highest* happiness, and this I will naturally do without reference to God or immortality.

Let me illustrate what I mean from personal experience. I was once in the Church. I suppose by being very careful and politic, never displeasing the influential people in the Church, keeping my doubts to myself and preaching *to* the rich and *of* the poor I could have lived very well in the Church. There are ministers doing quite well who have no more brains, nor eloquence nor engaging manners than I have. But instead of all that I was never careful and politic. I discharged my doubts and I preached to the poor and at the rich. The result was that by the time the Church was ready to put me out I was ready to go out.

Many Christian people, of course, believe that I am possessed by the Devil, but, on the other hand, many persons praise me for sticking to my convictions. But as a matter of fact I did nothing praiseworthy. I saw that if I stifled my convictions to save my salary and position I should be more unhappy than if I went out and faced poverty and the odium of the Scribes and Pharisees. I knew that in the long run I would rather look at myself in shabby clothing than to look at myself with a ragged and dirty moral nature. And I simply chose that path which would yield me the most moral happiness. There is nothing praiseworthy in that. It is selfishness.

A person with a highly developed moral nature *must* be a martyr in this world so long as we are governed by thieves, priests, politicians, policemen and soldiers, and it is simply a question of whether he will suffer poverty and loneliness or the loss of self-respect through the consciousness of moral decay. Some persons choose one kind of martyrdom and some the other. For my part I would rather conduct myself so that other people will be ashamed of me than to be ashamed of myself. It is a matter of no moment to me to be called a crank or to go without shoes or potatoes so long as I know I am saying and doing that which is best for others and for myself; that is, so long as I am saying and doing that which is right.

Now, what has a belief in God or the hope of immortality to do with all that? Absolutely nothing. I don't know where this universe came from or is going to. Your life and mine are equal mysteries to me. I don't understand how we can live after death, and if we are not to live, consciously, after death, I don't see any particular reason why we should be living now. I don't see how this world can go on forever just as it is now, capable of sustaining human life, and yet if some day, it is tossed off, like the moon into a dead cinder, I don't see any sense of its being here at all. I don't see how there can be any God, and yet I don't see how things can be what they are unless there is power, purpose and will somewhere, and immeasurably greater than man's. In short, beyond the simple facts of the movements of nature and the daily experiences of man I know nothing, and neither do you, and neither does the pope, nor the cardinals, nor the presbytery, nor the synod, nor the council.

But what of it? That does not alter the fact that if you do what injures others or yourself you wreck your own moral happiness, and if you do what is for the good of others and yourself you build up your own moral happiness. You certainly can know nothing of God and the hereafter, and it is a matter of no consequence what you believe about them. Whatever you believe will not alter the facts. All that is needful is that you should do right, simply because it is right, as you may say if you believe in the abstract right; but I am more and more inclined to say do right because in that way alone can you be at peace with yourself.

Some of you are afraid to do right because it is too expensive; you will lose your business or be looked down upon; but I assure you your happiness will repay you for every loss. I am growing poorer every month. It is as certain as anything can be that my last days will be spent in poverty. If I look into the future I can see much trouble that apparently awaits me. But each month is happier than the last, because to try to be truthful and do that which is right is the highway of peace.

I know that each of you has his daily struggle. You want to do right but the love of money or the fear of men in some cases tempts you to do wrong. You cannot be happy in that way of living. If you want happiness you must be willing to lose all for the sake of gaining it. You cannot be morally happy if you tell or act lies, if you in any way demand your neighbor, if you do things that you have to conceal. But real happiness is worth all it costs. Peace of mind is worth more than money or friends. It is worth all it can possibly cost you. It is a pearl of great price for which we should be willing to give all else that we possess, if necessary. *Twentieth Century.*

Hypnotism in Europe.

The International Congress of Experimental and Therapeutic Hypnotism which met at Paris in the middle of August, was an important occasion, mainly for the reason that it is one of the steps in the slow snail like progress of the medical profession toward larger and more liberal views.

It did not develop anything wonderful, or anything to be compared with the results of what is called magnetic treatment practiced outside of the medical profession, because it is not allowed inside.

The Congress met at the Hotel Dieu, in the amphitheater of Trousseau. It had been proposed by Dr. Berillon of the *Hypnotic Review*, and was presided over by Dr. Dumont Pallier of the Hotel Dieu, who dates the study of Hypnotism from 1876, although it was amply developed and demonstrated in England and the United States near fifty years ago. But doctors have a way of supposing that nothing is done worth notice until it is done by one of their own clique in official position.

Dr Bernheim and his party were disposed to make all the phenomena of hypnotism, a mere matter of suggestion—the control of the subject by the word of the operator—which shows how very limited is their knowledge, as the most marvellous phenomena may be produced without uttering a word. The Congress did not generally accept this idea, neither did they show any broad understanding of the subject.

They resolved that hypnotism as they understand it (which is a very limited understanding should be introduced into medical education, and that its popular practice should be interdicted by law, being liable to lessen and criminal uses. There is considerable truth in this, but the practice of healing by animal magnetism which is not liable to such abuses, and which vastly excels the suggestive business in therapeutic practice was not brought forward in the Congress. The suggestive method requires the patient to be in what may be called an abnormal condition, subject to the dictation of another. It is a condition in which a self-respecting individual would not like to be placed—a condition in which I would be unwilling to see any friend, and in which I have been unwilling to place those on whom I experiment, for I would not subject them to any condition which I would consider degrading to myself.

The dangerous passiveness of those who are controlled by a word, or in other words subject to suggestion, is not a condition that ought to be encouraged or diffused. Its moral dangers would be great. It is an artificial system of falsehood playing upon the patient by false assertions, and seems to me degrading both to operator and subject. Still it may be used for good purposes, and the physicians in the Congress reported a number of cures, but were divided in opinion, those of the *Salpetriere* party including Charcot, regarding hypnotic suggestion as usually exhibited in hysteric constitution and abnormal, while the Nancy school of Bernheim claim a very wide range of application.

Dr. Voisin claimed a slight degree of success in treating the insane, but it had no success in idiocy, and Dr. Berrillon claimed some good results in opposing and reforming the vicious character in children. It was also agreed that hypnotism might be used to procure the commission of crimes.

Two other physicians reported its failure in insanity. But two physicians of Amsterdam reported the use of the suggestive method in 414 cases of disease with 100 cures. The Congress recommended that prisoners of the hysteric or hypnotic temperament should be placed under the control of physicians.

This is all that would interest us in a report that would fill a dozen pages. A Congress of those who do not belong to the medical profession would have made a far better display of therapeutic results. A single good magnetic operator could have achieved more than the whole Congress.

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"IS DIVORCE WRONG?"

The North American Review for the present month contains replies to the above question from the pens of three able men of widely different views, and the questions formulated as a basis for discussion are: 1st "Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances'" 2nd. "Ought divorced people to be allowed to marry under any circumstances?" 3d. "What is the effect of divorce on the integrity of the family?" 4th. "Does the absolute prohibition of divorce where it exists contribute to the moral purity of society?" The introduction to the discussion, to which some of the most eminent leaders of modern thought have contributed their opinions, is furnished by the Rev. L. W. Dike, L. L. D. This gentleman has devoted the last twelve years to the study and investigation of this subject in all its bearings, and compiled some valuable statistics thereupon. After presenting such statistics the writer concludes that the subject needs a thorough and comprehensive study before much legislation is undertaken.

Cardinal Gibbons, of course, takes the extreme Roman Catholic view of the situation against divorce under any circumstances. He says: "God instituted in Paradise the marriage state, and sanctified it. He established its law of unity, and declares its indissolubility. * *

Divorce is now a recognized presence in high life and low; and polygamy, the first-born of divorce, sits shameless in palace and in hovel. Yet the teacher that feared not to speak the words of truth in bygone ages is not silent now. In no uncertain tones the church proclaims to the world to-day the unchangeable law of the strict unity and absolute indissolubility of valid and consummated Christian marriage.

To th: question then, "Can divorce from the bond of marriage ever be allowed?" the Catholic can only answer no. And for this no, his first and last and best reason can be but this: "*Thus saith the Lord.*

This, to the Catholic portion of the civilized world may be a quite sufficient reason for the continuity of the relationship of husband and wife after every vestige of mutual love and respect had died the death; but to those who have thrown off the shackels of priestcraft and superstition and outgrown the dogmatism of "*thus saith the Lord*;" it is no reason whatever—not even the slightest vestige of authority, for the continuation of a relationship more damnable than open prostitution, because it is fraught with the gravest of all responsibilities—parentage. The bringing into existence of unloved, undesired children, by those who hate instead of love each other, is the very greatest crime against nature—against society, and against God (if there be one) that any human being can commit. Some one justly named such homes "hells where little devils are made." From such *unholy* unions comes the great army of criminals who fill our prisons and tax our poverty-cursed people for their support, while throughout the land are broken-hearted mothers who see upon the gallows tree the fruit of hate, born of enforced maternity which is sanctioned by church and state.

The Rev. Henry C. Potter states the position of the Protestant Episcopal Church upon the subject as follows:

"No minister is allowed, as a rule, to solemnize the marriage of any man or woman who has a divorced husband or wife still living. But the person seeking to be married is the innocent party in the divorce for adultery, that person, whether man or woman, may be married by a minister of the church. With the above exception the clergy are forbidden to administer the sacraments to any divorced and remarried person without the express permission of the bishop, unless that person be "penitent" and "imminent danger of death." Any doubts "as to the facts of any case under Section II of this canon" must be referred to the bishop. Of course, where there is no reasonable doubt the minister may proceed. It may be added that the sacraments are to be refused also to persons who may be reasonably supposed to have contracted marriage "otherwise," in any respect, "than as the Word of God and the discipline of this church doth allow."

The law of the church would seem to be that even though a legal divorce may have been obtained, remarriage is absolutely forbidden, excepting to the innocent party, whether man or woman, in a divorce for adultery. The penalty for breach of this law might involve for the officiating clergyman, despotism from the ministry; for the offending man or woman, exclusion from the sacraments, which, in the judgment of a very large number of the clergy, involves *eternal damnation*.

The thought involved in this last sentence seems almost incredible—that of "everlasting damnation"—in the nineteenth century.

Last comes the opinions of Robert G. Ingersoll, which contain so much of good sense that we reproduce a few selections here.

"Marriage is the most important, the most sacred contract that human beings can make. No matter whether we call it a contract, or a sacrament, or both, it remains precisely the same. And no matter whether this contract is entered into in the presence of a magistrate or priest, it is exactly the same. A true marriage is a natural concord and agreement of souls, a harmony in which discords not even imagined; it is a mingling so perfect that only one seems to exist; all other considerations are lost; the present seems to be eternal. In this supreme moment there is no shadow —or the shadow is as luminous as light. And when two beings thus love, thus unite, this is the true marriage of soul and soul. That which is said before the altar, or minister, or magistrate, or in the presence of witnesses, is only the outward evidence of that which has already happened within; it simply testifies to a union that has already taken place—to the uniting of two mornings that hope to reach the night together."

Marriages are made by men and women; not by society; not by state; not by the church; not by supernatural beings. By this time we should know that nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-doing of sentient beings; that nothing is virtuous the result of which is not good. We know now, if we know anything, that all the reasons for doing right, and all the reasons against doing wrong, are here in this world. We should have imagination enough to put ourselves in the place of another. Let a man suppose himself helpless woman bound to a brutal husband—would he advocate divorce then?

Few people have an adequate idea of the sufferings of women and children, of the numbers who endure them. Only when they hear the steps of a returning husband, of the number of children who hide when they hear the voice of a father. Few people know the number of bruises that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day, and few know the nights of terror passed by mothers who hold babes to their breasts. Compared with these, all the hardships of poverty borne by those who love each other are nothing. Men and women have married hear the sufferings of poverty together. They console each other. In the darkest night they see the radiance of a star, and their affection gives to the heart of each perpetual sunshine.

The good home is the unit of the good government. The hearth-stone is the corner-stone of civilization. Society is not interested in the preservation of hateful homes, of homes where husbands and wives are selfish, cold, and cruel. It is not to the interest of society that good women should be enslaved, that they should be one man by day, husbands whom they hate. Homes should be filled with kind and generous fathers, with true and loving mothers, and when they are so filled, the world will be civilized. Intelligence will rock the cradle, justice will sit in the courts, wisdom in the legislative halls; and above all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of liberty.

The real marriage is back of the ceremony, and the real divorce is back of the decree. When love is dead, when husband and wife abhor each other, they are divorced. The c

cree records in a judicial way what has really taken place, just as the ceremony of marriage attests a contract already made.

The true family is the result of the true marriage, and the institution of the family should above all things be preserved. What becomes of the sacredness of the home, if the law compels those who abhor each other to sit at the same hearth? This lowers the standard, and changes the happy haven of home into the prison cell. If we wish to preserve the integrity of the family, we must preserve the democracy of the fireside, the republicanism of the home, the absolute and perfect equality of husband and wife. There must be no exhibition of force, no spectre of fear. The mother must not remain through an order of court, or the command of a priest; or by virtue of the tyranny of society; she must sit in absolute freedom, the queen of herself, the sovereign of her own soul and of her own body. Real homes can never be preserved through force, through slavery, or superstition. Nothing can be more sacred than a home, no altar purer than the hearth.

We must define our terms. What is moral purity? The intelligence of this world seek the well-being of themselves and others. They know that happiness is the only good, and this they strive to attain. To live in accordance with the conditions of well-being is moral in the highest sense. To use the best instrumentalities to attain the attain the highest ends in our highest conception of the moral. In other words, morality is the melody or the perfection of conduct. A man is not moral because he is obedient through fear or ignorance. Morality lives in the realm of perceived obligation and where a being acts in accordance with perceived obligation, that being is moral. Morality is not the child of slavery. Ignorance is not the corner-stone of virtue.

If this be true, upon what principle can a woman continue to sustain the relation of wife after love is dead? Is there some other consideration that can take the place of genuine affection? Can she be bribed with money, or a home, or position, or by public opinion, and still remain a virtuous woman? Is it for the good of society that virtue should be thus crucified between church and state? Can it be said that this contributes to the moral purity of the human race?

Is there a higher standard of virtue in countries where divorce is prohibited than in those where it is granted? Where husbands and wives who have ceased to love cannot be divorced, there are mistresses and lovers. The sacramental view of marriage is the shield of vice.

To me, the tenderest word in our language, the most pathetic fact within our knowledge is maternity. Around this sacred word cluster the joys and sorrows, the agonies and ecstasies, of the human race. The mother walks in the shadow of death that she may give another life. Upon the altar of love she puts her own life in pawn. When the world is civilized, no wife will become a mother against her will. Man will then know that to enslave another is to imprison himself."

Mrs. Dr. Cook, of 224 Post st, the celebrated cancer specialist is still meeting with her accustomed unprecedented success in the treatment and cure of that terrible disease, which, under the old methods of treatment inevitably results in months of suffering and finally death. Mrs. Cook is a regular licensed physician, but her success in curing cancer is entirely the result of her own discovery and something never before applied in such cases. Unless the disease has reached its last stage where a cure would be impossible, it is safe to succumb to Mrs. Dr. Cook's treatment.

DONE FOR COIN.

Maggie Fox Recants Her Confession.—Affirming Her Faith in Spiritualism.—A Strong Denial of All Her Statements of the Frauds of Mediums.

Maggie Fox, one of the leading Spiritualists, who recently recanted and gave a detailed exposure of the tricks of the Fox sisters in Rochester, over forty years ago, and of the devices which she and others afterward practiced in this country and in England, has now made a confession that she was bribed to commit the fraud of exposing Spiritualism by several clergymen.

"Would to God," she said yesterday, "that I could undo the injustice I did the cause of Spiritualism. Under strong psychological influence of a person inimical to Spiritualism, I gave expression to utterances that had no foundation in fact. This retraction and denial have not come about so much from my own sense of what is right as from the silent impulse of the spirits hostile to the treacherous horde who held out promises of wealth and happiness in return for the attack on Spiritualism, and whose hopeful assurances were so deceitful."

"When did you decide to explain the position which you took, or were forced to take, in the alleged exposure?"

"It is not of recent date," she replied. It is months since I was first urged to do this thing. I did my utmost to repress my uncontrollable desire to make a clean breast of the whole treacherous onslaught on Spiritualism, but try as I might an irrepressible spiritual influence urged me to this course with great vigor."

"What cause led up to your exposure of spirit rappings?"

"At that time I was in great need of money, and persons whom for the present I prefer not to name, took advantage of my situation."

"What was the object of the persons who induced you to make the confession that you and all mediums traded on the credulity of people?"

"They had several objects in view. Their first and paramount idea was to crush Spiritualism, to make money for themselves and get up a great excitement, as that was an element in which they flourished."

"Was there any truth in the charges you made against Spiritualism?"

"Those charges were false in every particular. I have no hesitation in saying that.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

Neatly bound in cloth $ 50, paper $ 25, Hertha, by Elizabeth Hughes.

The over womanly leads us on.—*Goethe.*

Address E. Hughes, P. O. Box 1772, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dramatic, Literary and Musical Entertainment to close with a dance, will be tendered Mrs. F. A. Logan, on Saturday Evening, 23rd inst., in St George's Hall, in honor of her efforts in the upbuilding of the harmonial circle.

THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM CORNER.

A Full Session.—Interested Pupils.—Active Measures.—The Approaching Bazaar.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

The wisdom of Love is able to reach humanity, notwithstanding its mistakes and the human spirit feels the prompting of its Maker through all the din of commerce and absorbing care of labor, urging it to steal away from toil some hours for its own refreshment in the blending with its kind in the more congenial atmosphere where its affection is reflected and adds to the gladness of others. Therefore, while the rain was beating on the window-panes last Sunday, and the pupils were somewhat tardy in gathering, the room where the Progressive Lyceum meets, at 909½ Market street, was almost filled with pupils and visitors before it adjourned its session. The usual recitations were not given, but the number of replies upon the adjourned question "What is the Highest Form of Love?" together with the many excellent words of wisdom furnished was satisfactory proof that the pupils had been devoting some of their time to the study of Lyceum topics.

The reward-of-merit cards which were distributed met with great favor among the scholars, and the conductor, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, interested them in retaining the same with the promise that the the cards should be a credit to them with the holiday season. The question for next Sunday will be: "Who was the Originator of the Lyceum and Why was it Founded?"

A topic that is interesting some of the pupils is the formation of a young people's literary society and this may yet prove to be a means of harmonizing many spirits in the congenial exercises of such a gathering.

The leaders meeting was a very large and interesting one. Several topics were taken up for consideration with the view to increasing the Lyceum's usefulness and rendering it a place where the spirit should find repose and pleasure. A committee to draft a constitution and by-laws in harmony with the present Lyceum manual recently adopted, was decided upon and the condutor will appoint the members of the said committee at sometime in the near future.

Not the least interesting subject was that of the bazaar and entertainment to be given by the Lyceum at the hall, 909½ Market street, on Friday and Saturday afternoons and evenings November 29th and 30th.

The Lyceum Aid Society requested that all the pupils and friends should, on next Sunday, bring some small, inexpensive article to be put in the fishing-pond that will be one of the features of the bazaar. The committee on programme reported it was making good progress toward securing talent for both evenings. The members of this committee will meet at 9 o'clock next Sunday morning in the Lyceum room to finish their work as nearly as possible.

The Lyceum Aid Society will hold two sessions at the residence of the president, Mrs. A

E. Fossette, corner Noe and Jersey streets, on Tuesday and Thursday. The interest that all are manifesting in the movement is a fair promise that it will be fully as much a success as any previous entertainment of the kind given elsewhere.

Contributions to the bazaar can be left, as heretofore, with Mrs. J. Schlesinger of the CARRIER DOVE, Mr. J. J. Owen of the *Golden Gate*, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, the Lyceum Treasurer, No. 150 Eddy street, or any person who will ensure their reaching the aid society.

REPORT OF THE DEFENSE COMMITTEE IN THE CASE OF THE UNITED STATES VS WALTER E. REID.

To all Whom it May Concern:

Since the publication of our statement in August, events have transpired to which we deem it proper to call the attention of all who may be interested in the defense of Spiritualism and mediumship as they are involved in the case of the United States vs. Walter E. Reid.

During the pendency of the complaint, and before the action of the Grand Jury, the fact that said Jury might find an indictment materially differing from the complaint, or possibly no case at all, rendered it very uncertain as to what the committee would be called upon to defend. Therefore, little or no preparation was or could be made.

Up to this writing the following action has been had:

The Grand Jury has considered the case, and found the indictment published herewith. Mr. Frank S. Donaldson, and other able counsel has been engaged for the defense. Mr. Reid was arraigned, and a plea of "Not Guilty" entered. A motion to continue over the term until March was made, and contrary to our expectation, the Government Attorney admitted that certain witnesses would testify as set out in the affidavit of Mr. Reid, thus leaving no option to the Court under the rule, and forcing us to trial this present term.

The case will be reached about the 20th or 25th of this month, thus giving us a very limited time for preparation.

A motion to quash the indictment was made and argued (press notices of which can be found elsewhere) which was denied.

A motion is now pending asking for a bill of particulars, which, if granted, will tend to further define the issue, which, we must meet, and then we must prepare as quickly as possible. [This motion has since been granted.—ED.

At this writing, it is clear to your committee, that Spiritualism and mediumship are on trial, in so far as they are embodied and represented by the respondent in this case.

That his professions of mediumship or ability to procure communications from spirits, is to be made the subject of thorough inquiry, and in so far as he resembles other Spiritualists in his belief and other mediums in his practices, it becomes a test case in which all such Spiritualists and mediums are interested and practially on trial.

Of course no unfairness can be predicated of the court and jury in this trial, but they are largely dependent upon the evidence, especially in a case of this kind, involving an entirely new field of inquiry.

The prosecution will, of course, put in only such evidence as they may find to sustain the indictment. It therefore becomes necessary, if the truth is to be proven and justice done, that whatever contrary evidence there may be should be presented. It is the business of the defense to do this, and unless they do the court and jury will not be able to know the truth or do justice. The Government has unlimited resources, and its officers and detectives have ransacked the country, and will have all the evidence that money and effort can procure to sustain their side.

It is already well settled that the indictment limits and defines the issue, and cannot be changed in any material part upon the trial. Any person can safely limit it for herself by its perusal upon which side they are interested, and if it affirms what they are disposed to deny, this committee desires to hear from them at once in the form of either oral or evidence or a cash contribution in aid of the fund.

Again we appeal for assistance in the matter of funds, as they are necessarily to pay attorneys, witness fees, and other necessary expenses for a proper defense.

We believe this to be an excellent opportunity for the first time to place upon record in the Federal Court the evidence of spirit communion, and establish the facts upon which Spiritualism is based. If this case prevails, and conviction is had, we believe it will tend to establish the idea that all mediumship is criminal and fraudulent, and should be forbidden and suppressed by law. These opinions are warranted by the allegations set up in the indictment in this case. Do not misunderstand the position of this committee. We are primarily interested in the defense of Spiritualism and mediumship, and incidentally in the respondent. Mr. Reid, in just so much as he represents the belief of a Spiritualist, and the practices of a medium. As such we are appointed to defend him, and not otherwise. As such he is assailed by this indictment.

But little has been contributed thus far, owing to the uncertainty of what the Grand Jury would do, and the committee have had to make advances to the fund. Now the issue is clear and definite, and we shall expect and need a prompt any liberal response. The time is so short that this is our only way of reaching individuals, so do not wait for further notice, but write and remit at once.

All funds intended for this committee should be sent to L. H. Austin, Secretary and Treasurer, 31 and 33 Huron street, Grand Rapids, Mich. The committee will be responsible for the proper use of all moneys received for the defense fund by any member thereof, and for none other. If possible, send express or posta money order or bank exchange. Direct to the committee. L. V. MOULTON, Chairman.

L. H. AUSTIN, Sec. & Treas.
RICHARD A. ROUNDS,
Defense Committee.

STATUTE UNDER WHICH THE SUIT IS BROUGHT.

SEC. 5480.—If any person having devised or intending to devise any scheme or artifice to defraud or be effected by either opening or intending to open correspondence or communication with any other person, whether resident within or outside the United States, by means of the Post Office establishment of the United States, or by inciting such other person to open communication with the person so devising or intending, shall in and for executing such scheme or artifice, or attempting so to do, place any letter or packet in any post office of the United States, or take or receive any therefrom, such person so misusing the Post Office establishment shall be punishable by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment for not more than eighteen months, or by both such punishments.

The indictment, information or complaint may severally charge offenses to the number of three when committed within the same six calendar months, but the court thereupon shall give a single sentence, and shall proportion the punishment specially to the degree in which the abuse of the Post Office establishment enters as an instrument into such fraudulent scheme and device.

BAZAAR IN AID OF THE ELSMERE FREE KINDERGARTEN.

A BAZAAR, for the purpose of raising funds to provide Christmas presents for the children of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, will be held at the residence of Mrs. I. B. Rider, 2513 Folsom street, on Saturday evening, December 7, next. A number of beautiful and tasty articles, including many suitable for holiday presents, will be for sale at very reasonable prices, lower than similar articles can be purchased for at the stores in the city. The handsome display will embrace articles both of use and of *virtu*. Donations of additional articles will be acceptable; and any of the friends of the good work being done by the Ladies' Elsmere Club, who may desire to aid in making the Bazaar a big success, are requested to leave such articles as they may wish to donate for exhibition and sale, on that occasion, at the residence of the Secretary, Miss Libbie Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, or with any lady of the Club. All such will be most thankfully received.

As quite a large sum will be required to fill the big Christmas tree with suitable gifts for the kindergarten, it is hoped, first, that the donations of suitable articles for the Bazaar will be many and varied; and secondly, that the attendance upon the Bazaar will be numerous and the sales extensive and lively.

An excellent mental feast will be served up during the evening, a most enjoyable literary and musical programme, of more than usual

excellence, having been prepared. The ready dialect humorist, Dr. Thos. L. Hill, has promised to be on hand and favor the guests with some of his highly diverting readings. The physical man—and woman—will also be looked after in the shape of sundry toothsome comestibles and potables, which will be liberally provided for all attendants.

It is desired that this Bazaar evening may be a "star" occasion in the progress of the kindergarten work of the Ladies' Club. Let no one fail to remember the time and place, and let the hearts of the ladies be made glad, with the presence of a thronged attendance that evening and a speedy sale of the lovely gifts that will then gladden the eyes and tempt the pockets of the generously disposed.

BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT AT WASINGTON HALL.

Next Sunday evening the usual exercises of the Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, 38 Eddy street, will give place to an attractive entertainment for the benefit of Mr. Edward Fair, a well-known and popular speaker at spiritual meetings, who is very ill and in need of assistance on account of long suffering and confinement with cancer and of recent surgical operations.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the popular California test medium, has volunteered to appear on this occasion. Also Dr. Louis Schlesinger the well-known medium will give private tests to skeptics in the anteroom during the evening. The veteran spirit postmaster, Dr. J. V. Mansfield will address the audience. Miss Alice Henshall the inspirational piano player is expected to give us some of her wonderful music. Miss Clothilde Wiegand (aged 13) the Little Flower Girl will also exhibit her magical power in making beautiful paper flowers while entranced and blindfolded.

It is hoped, also, that a noted and popular California humorist will add his attractive recitations. This is a most worthy entertainment and deserves the patronage of all benevolent people. Admission only the usual ten cents. Let the hall be crowded and give the sufferer a much needed assistance in his hour of trial. Good vocal and instrumental music. T.

Victor Hugo, if the greatest poet of his time, was equally great as an egotist. A French contemporary tells a good story, which shows the poet's unbounded self-esteem.

One evening, towards the latter part of the siege of Paris, Hugo was sitting with his family and a few friends deploring the unhappy state of city, girt round with a ring of steel and iron. Hugo was moved to tears, and exclaimed:

Alas! I fear there is no hope. Only one thing remains to be done. I, Victor Hugo, will go out upon the ramparts. I will expose my breast to the Prussian bullet. The Prussians will have then killed Victor Hugo, and the war will be at an end!"

"Yes, so far as you are concerned," said Ulbach, the novelist, whom Hugo bitterly hated ever afterwards.

Correspondence.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The DOVE winged their way from your office and alighted at our door one day last week; many thanks for the same. I have had so little time for writing, as I have been from place to place, "first here then there," but I want to tell you I have been to the *Banner of Light* circle one afternoon when the medium gave communications; it was very pleasant. I passed two Sundays in Lynn with friends. Visited the Lynn Lyceum, a small one 'tis true, but struggling along to do greater things in the future. Heard Frank Elgerton, the "boy medium;" he was very earnest and enthusiastic over a question sent up, "Is the world growing better?" The following Sunday I went to mediums' meeting and received a very fine reading of Mrs. Thayer's character, and quite a good communication from her through a ring I laid on the desk.

In the evening I heard Mrs. Kate Styles. Her short lecture was beautiful, and her tests perfectly grand. She is a very quiet, ladylike person, and aims "to be true rather than great;" her own words. I was glad we braved the storm clouds both Sundays to get a little of the spiritual element.

Such dreary weather as we have had late. The sun seems to have gotten discouraging trying to shine, and the clouds are dark and heavy. I shall soon retrace my steps toward the Western Slope. It does one good sometimes to wander away from home to know how good our home is, even if it is a rough cabin in the mountains. With kind remembrances to the many loved ones, I remain as ever Yours truly,

MRS. M. A. [illegible]

In proportion as we love truth more and victory less shall we become anxious to know what it is which lead our opponents to think they do. We shall begin to suspect that the pertinacity of belief exhibited by them must result from a perception of something we have not perceived. And we shall aim to supplement the portion of truth we have found with the portion found by them.—*First Principles.*—HERBERT SPENCER.

There are many good things in our columns this week which cannot fail to interest the thoughtful reader.

If health and strength ever return, we hope to put more *soul* into our work than we can while laboring under present physical weakness.

The friends of Mrs. F. A. Logan are determined to express their appreciation of her work in their midst by a testimonial benefit to be tendered her this evening at St. George's Hall, 909½ Market Street. An unusually attractive programme will be presented, after which dancing will be the order of the evening.

Spiritual Meetings.

OAKLAND.

OAKLAND, [illegible]

Grand Army Hall was crowded on Sunday afternoon last to listen to the words that come from the trance lipped Mrs. Emma F. R. Nickless.

Questions were proposed to the audience. The nature of the questions asked showed an audience of more than the ordinary growths of intellect.

Mrs. Nickless' engagement with this new departure comes to an end this month. We have many regrets that she cannot remain with us longer, as there is need of just such a spiritual worker in our city, which the meetings of the last few weeks show. Lyceum is well attended by good workers, and is growing in number from Sunday to Sunday. In a short time a hall in place for meeting would be necessary. We regret very much the departure of Mrs. Nickless and hope the interest aroused by her and her guides will be taken up by others. Let the good work go on. The cause is in need of just such workers as Dr. and Mrs. Nickless.

R.

SAN FRANCISCO

MRS. HENDEE'S MEETING.

On Sunday last at 10 A. M. in St. George's Hall 909½ Market street, the hall was well filled to overflowing by the people.

After the music and invocation Prof. Ewens of 338 Market street opened. Then Ben Adhem and Jedediah each gave short tests which were quite convincing.

Our Leader the permanent circle Progressive Spiritual Society, gave a fine address pertaining to Spiritualism, attending it [illegible] years before the Rochester knockings, but more fully comprehended at the present time.

Mrs. Hendee, whose mature years and long experience [illegible] gives her the dignity of position in this new dispensation, deeply interested the audience for [illegible] minutes, giving many messages of consolation, and also encouragement to the entire audience. Her strong looks and spiritual nature indicate a rapid preparation for the beautiful home "over there" where a great [illegible] her in response to all she can [illegible] all she has done and all she has aspired to.

Mrs. Miller spoke with her usual earnestness and very appropriately assisted the management of the meeting, and all could come with such a heart-to-heart interchange of ideas of our beautiful gospel of Spiritualism. She also heartily commended the use of the benefit social in behalf of our co-worker which would be had next week in the same building, Saturday evening the 23d inst. and invited every body to come.

Mrs. White, dear little medium, was entranced by Mrs. Eliza McKinly and spoke beautifully.

Mr. Dean, who has not long been a medium, did nobly. Mrs. Logan's appropriate remarks and sweet music by Mesdames Cook and Rutter closed the meeting until next Sunday.

Reporter.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless' meeting at St. George's Hall last Sunday evening was well attended.

The guides took for their subject: "The Wages of Sin is Death!" After the lecture many mental questions were answered and spirits described. It was a grand meeting. The increasing numbers in attendance is conclusive evidence that Dr. and Mrs. Nickless' work for the cause of truth is appreciated. We learn that in December, Mrs. Nickless goes to Santa Cruz, where she will continue her labor for one or more months. There will be two more meetings at St. George's Hall.

Respecfully,

DR. J. R. NICKLESS.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding Sunday was a rainy day the most interesting of any of the afternoon meetings was held.

After Judge Collins had opened the meeting by a few remarks and given notices of mediums' cards and the different meetings held in the city Dr. J. M. Temple took the platform and surpassed all his former efforts in giving most tangible evidence of the presence of spirit friends to many in the audience. We predict that this young gentleman will become one of the first of platform test mediums in the near future.

Mr. Jennings a stranger to this society, made his first effort in public, being forced to the platform against his will to give a test to a lady present which was recognized. Mrs. Miller made the closing speech and was, as usual applauded.

In the evening Prof. Dawbarn gave one of the best lectures he has ever given before this society. The subject was handled in such a logical and forcible manner that many expressed a wish to have it repeated, the ideas were so new to most persons present. After the lecture Mrs. M. J. Hendee gave some tests as did also Mrs. Miller.

Dr. Schlesinger was present and gave private sittings in the anteroom to a great may persons, all of whom expressed themselves as astonished and convinced through the Doctor's wonderful powers.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

The officers in charge of the Bazaar for the benefit of the lyceum request the people to meet as early as 7.30 P. M. in order to permit the parties taking part in the entertainment to be on the floor later.

Children's Department.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

MISS C. B. THAYER.

Och! me Katie's a rogue, it is thrue,
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
Shure she dazed an' bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride, by me side
Like a darlint she sat.
Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath a purty girl's chin ever iver tied.

An, me heart, nerah, thin how it bate!
For me Kate looked so temptin' and swate.
With cheeks like the roses
An' all the red posies
Ye'd see in her gardin so nate.

But I sat jist as mute as the dead,
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
"If I'd known that to-day
Ye'd have nothing to say,
I'd have gone wid me cousin instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld;
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
Ye the love at me heart,
That nil niver depart
Though I live to be wrinkled and owld.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
I'd be.go of the basis an' I'd throw
Both me arms round yer waist,
An' be stalin' a taste
Uv thim lips that are so can nin me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigant red,
As she said, without raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath their lashes so brown,
"Did ye like me to dhraw Mother Ird?"

SALLIE AND OTHERS.

BY JULIA ADAMS HOWELL.

Over in London at the great Zoological Gardens there are some very remarkable animals. But the funniest and most amusing of all, I think, are the monkeys, and the chimpanzee, Sallie. Sallie is very much smaller than Mr. Crowley, the chimpanzee which died several months ago at Central Park, New York, but not one bit handsomer. But "handsome is that handsome does," and if all children could see Sallie, I know they would think her very charming and wonderful.

Her keeper is kind to her, and Sallie, in return, shows her love by minding every word he speaks. The day that I visited the Zoo., her keeper told Sallie to give him a straw through the keyhole of the door of her cage. The little lady carefully picked up a slender, unbroken straw from the floor and passed it through the keyhole to her master. He then told her to take another straw and told her to pass it through a smaller hole beneath the keyhole. The little creature did so, and for a reward received a piece of an orange. Sallie loved oranges, but when her master cut the orange into two pieces, a large and a small piece, Sallie, unlike many boys and girls, took the smaller piece. After a while, Miss Sallie Chimpanzee sang us a song. Her keeper led, and Sallie carroled forth a melody of her own. The prettiest trick performed by this wonderful little animal was making a bouquet. Her master asked, "Sallie, can't you give me a bouquet for my buttonhole?" She picked up several pieces of straw and carefully arranged them with the heads all turned the same way. Then she bit off the long ends, and leaning over through the bars placed the bouquet in the man's buttonhole.

There were many monkeys, and very amusing they were too. Some one had dropped an eyeglass into the monkeys' cage, and one old fellow had found it. He held it to his eye, and strutting up and down the floor of the cage looked very much like one of those two-legged individuals sometimes seen on Broadway. He then threw the glass on the floor and tried to use it as a mirror, but failing in that, he ran off to the top of a tree and sat gazing upon those below like some grim schoolmaster. And so we left him, and all the others of the Zoo.

Since I have been at home I have heard of several wonderful animals living quite near me. One is a horse, which eats and drinks at the same time. That is, he will take a mouthful of hay or oats, and then put his nose into the waterpail for a drink of water. I fear he will have dyspepsia if he makes a practice of it.

One of our chickens has left his family and taken up his abode with the horses. He eats the oats the horses drop and at night, instead of roosting, sits down on the floor of the little mare Katie's stall.

If our kind editor will allow me, I may tell another story sometime about other wise animals. *—For our Dumb Animals.*

A CLEVER CAT.

Over at the West End, Boston, there lives a colored family which is noted for possessing a breed of cats which it seems to have a monopoly of – remarkably intelligent animals they are, if not always sleek and handsome. Not long ago a lady on Beacon Hill who was in need of a servant, and to whom a daughter of this colored household had been recommended, called one evening at the little house up an alley where the people lived. A stout black woman came to the door.

"Does Eliza Orange-blossom live here!" the lady asked.

"Yes, she do, ma'am; but she ain't in jes' dis minute," said the stout colored woman. "But ef you'll step in, I'll sen' out arter her."

She led the way in an I seated the lady in the living room of the house. There were several cats present, one of which, a scrawny, but alert-looking Maltese with green eyes, rubbed up amiably and inquiringly against the visitor's dress.

"You come 'way from dar, you Malty!" exclaimed the colored woman to the cat. "You

hyah me? Now you go-bber t' de ch'ch and git 'Lizy, and bring her home. You go fetch 'Lizy," she repeated, holding the door open.

The cat, after sidling and wavering on the threshold a moment, as cats always do in order not to appear too obedient, disappeared through the door.

"Will—will the cat bring your daughter?" the the lady asked in astonishment.

"Laws bless ye, ma'am, you wait an' see," said the colored woman.

Some minutes went by, and the lady began to think that the mission was quite forgotten when the door opened, and a strapping colored girl entered with the Maltese cat at her heels. The girl had hardly got in when she broke out

"Mammy, did you send that 'ar Maltz to fetch me?"

"Co'se I did."

"Wal now, I'm tire-do' bax'n' dat cat s'ter me up wherever I go. Seems like I can' go nowhere but you send her after me. Dere I was in de pra'r meetin' sittin' quiet in de pew listenin' to Matildy Johnson relatin' her spe'ri ces wid grace, an' all 't once in walks dat cat right up de aisle, and begins meowin' and yowlin' at the pew door! Oh, dey was all lookin' and laughin' and nothin for me ter do 'o co'se, but ter went right out. I hope you'll 'scuse me, ma'am, but I reckon you wouldn't like ter be fotched home way from de pra'r meetin' by a shore-nuff Maltese cat neither!"

The visitor could not help inwardly reckoning that she wouldn't. But her admiration for the cat was so great that she made a point afterwards to get one of her kittens.—*Our Home Animals.*

CARLO IN TEARS.

"He had been owned by Rev. B. C. Phelps, a Methodist preacher, stationed at Danielsonville, Conn. When Mr. Phelps was removed to another charge he made me a present of him. The dog took kindly enough to me, as yellow dogs always do to small boys, and we struck a great friendship, and had glorious old times hunting woodchucks and rabbits. It was 'hunting without a gun,' but with Carlo's help I captured lots of game, such as it was. The dog had not appeared to mind parting from his former owner, and as time went by I took it for granted that he had forgotten that he ever owned any other master than myself. One day, it must have been a year afterward, we had been out on a hard campaign against the wood chucks, and I reached home just at sundown. As we went into the house by one door Mr. Phelps entered by another, he had been an intimate friend of my father's and now walked right in without any ceremony. After greetings by my father and mother, and just as Phelps was seating himself, Carlo came running in without noticing that he was there. 'Why, Carlo!' said Mr. Phelps. The dog stopped, looked, and with a bound was in his old master's lap, and lay across his knees motionless, with his head hanging down, while tears rolled down from his eyes and dropped on the floor. Well, sir, at seeing the dog weep, Phelps himself choked, and the tears came into his eyes. Father followed suit, and I heard something that sounded like a sob from mother."

DOVE NOTES.

The encouraging letter from Col. C. A. Reed, of Portland, Or., entitled, "Spiritualism Struggle," echoes the sentiments of many of our co-peace workers who are weary of the distractions that have afflicted our cause during the last few years to a great extent. Pure, unadulterated spiritualism is the demand; let the exponents of theosophy, re-incarnation, and kindred subjects have a rest. Give us Spiritualism straight.

There are not two standards of right and wrong one for men and one for women. Nor are there two standards of morality. It is as wrong for a man to be intemperate and unchaste as for a woman, no matter what public sentiment may declare to the contrary. And this we must teach our children, that there is but one law of right for both man and woman, which is supreme, and from which there is no appeal. *Hail! Imperial of Health!*

The *Woman's Journal* commenting on the fact that every adult male Indian who takes land in severalty is a voter, asks with exquisite sarcasm, if there is not something a little inconsistent in letting in Red Dog and Spotted Tail and keeping out Julia Ward Howe and Mary A. Livermore.

Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has announced his opinion that not only should murderers be hanged by way of punishment for their crimes, but that the judicial killing should be accomplished as quickly after the illegal killing as possible. Thus do the representatives of Jesus encourage the practice of the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount! How long will it be before all the world discovers that Jesus taught many things which his modern professed followers directly and boldly traverse. They worship a man whose precepts, according to their views of what is expedient, are not worthy to be followed. It is not a failure to live up to his ideal of goodness, which would be impossible, considering the weakness of human nature, but a flagrant and brazen rejection of it, setting as unworthy of attention or imperceptible. And yet, when I say the Church is a colossal humbug it is thought that I am uncharitable, condemning. If the cardinals and bishops and ministers do not believe in the teachings of Jesus why do they not come out, manly-like, and say so. Way do they insist that he was God but that he did not tell the truth?—*Lucinda Chandler.*

We are not concerned with the subject of taxation. The Government has plenty of sheriffs, policeman and soldiers and can, doubtless, take care of itself as long as the people think it necessary to maintain government by force. We do not feel called upon to turn from a measure that is right because the practice of that measure would leave the government without resources. We say that every person on this earth has a right to as much land as he needs that is not already in productive use by someone else, and that the persons who are conspiring to prevent the landless from taking possession of their own are thieves and murderers, who should turn from their wicked ways and restore to their outraged brothers their inheritance. If they will not do this there is no right thing to do but to go on preaching the truth to them until they finally receive it and act upon it.—*Twentieth Century.*

Some of the sweetest songs of the centuries, some of the richest gems of literature, some of the most inspiring thoughts ever written, are but the children of sorrow. Out of affliction's dark night David sung his immortal Psalms. Tasso, Dante, Milton, Bunyan, Cowper, Longfellow, and hundreds of others, have brought forth from the dark night of affliction and sorrow their grandest productions.

The ladies who are working so industriously to make the coming bazaar to the benefit of the lyceum a success, need the aid of every one who is interested in their noble enterprise. Funds are needed to purchase material, and articles for sale are earnestly solicited. In sending contributions, such articles as would be most salable are desired. As Christmas is approaching anything that would make a suitable gift for that time would be specially prized. We hope the friends will move at once and help the ladies during the remaining few days to make the first lyceum bazaar, a grand success.

An excellent cosmetic for pimples is composed of the following harmless materials: Borax, powdered alum, flour of sulphur and powdered sugar; equal parts of the first three and two parts of sugar to be dusted over the skin. Salts of tartar is excellent for cleansing the hair. One receipe is to one ounce of salt of tartar add one quart of water, put a tablespoonful of the solution in a quart of water. Wash the hair and scalp thouroughly; rub dry with a soft towel. When the hair is inclined to fall out clip the ends and bathe the head regularly with strong sage tea, containing a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of tea. Vigorous brushing should be regularly attended to. Half an hour at a time with a good bristle brush is not too much. The difference between hair that is only combed and that which is well brushed is very perceptible. The washes or bleaches which turn dark hair golden are very injurious, causing it to break and in many instances become prematurely gray. The most harmless wash is Bicarbonate of Soda, and it should not be used too strong or too often.—*The Woman's News.*

The entertainment to-morrow, Sunday evening, at Washington Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Fair, is one of those deserving charities that should receive the generous patronage of every one. Mr. Fair has been a great sufferer for a long time past and needs the assistance of his friends during this trying time. Let the dimes flow freely.

The most contemptable specimen of humanity conceivable is one who, after having been lifted from the slums of misery and want, and partaken of the hospitality of another, will turn like a venomous serpent and strike his poisonous fangs into the hand that fed him. Heaven be praised there are but few such vile creatures, yet they are met with occasionally.

There is within the human breast that which will lift us each and all above the pass of our enemies to do us harm. It is the inward consciousness of having done our best at all times and under all circumstances. Thus prompted we can meet the darts of calumny and hate with composure, and even ask the angels of love and wisdom to bless and forgive our enemies and give them strength to overcome the evil passions which would prompt them to injure another human being. Life at best is a struggle for all, then why war with individuals? better oppose the conditions which made them what they are.

THE MINISTRY OF SLEEP.

A good sound sleep is, in the best and truest sense, what we may call re-creation. In our active and troubled day, the books tell us, the pulse beats faster and faster, and the torrents of life increase hour by hour in volume and intensity. Action, conflict, thought, labour, and care, demand fresh efforts, and through all this, and by it all, as when with life and energy wheel you work at some delicate piece of mechanism, so all day long, through this process, the fine tissue of life is worn away.

I use my hands and eyes, my brain and muscle, my nerve, and that wonder within the nerve no man can reach, and whatever I use is wasted, or, shall we say, passes into other forms. So the words which are spirit and life when they reach you, are in some sense material substances when they leave the speaker. The finest ideals of the painter reach back into the finest organisms, and draw on these for the pictures as well as on some higher power. And the immortal numbers of the poet, also, are born of a mortal body. Yes; and as the body is, so are the numbers, so that Pope could no more write like Tennyson, or Byron like Wordsworth, or Herrick like George Herbert, than grapes can grow on thorns, or figs on thistles.

Here, then, is the worker, but within the worker stands the watcher. All day long there is a guardian angel berding over these fine tissues and substances of life, to see that they shall not be wasted beyond the line at which they can be made good again, when "God giveth His beloved sleep." So when the true time comes, if we are wise to heed the angel, he whispers his word and weaves his spell, and we enter, not into the shadows of death, for that is a wretched mistake, but into the portals of a new life. Then these exhausted and wasted powers, fevered and feeble by the long day's work, feel the touch of renovation. If our sleep is that which Nature has ordained, there are workers we know nothing of, so shy that they stop instantly and hide themselves when we do know. These restore the balance for us, weave new tissue for every wasted nerve and fibre, tone down the pulse again to its healthy beat, store new treasures of spiritual force and fire within the brain, transform us into new men and women; and then when all this is done, the bells can ring and call us to our labour or our prayers; but then ring before this at our peril. It is not in the service of God we wake before our time, except there be some clear needy which will not be said nay for such waking; and no good man will try to save his soul even at the cost of so badgering and injuring his body. He may well do that for others when the need comes, but not for himself.

ROBERT COLLYER.

HOW LONG?

How long will the Star Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the bold and the home of the knave?

"Men and women, ye err in not knowing the stuff you are made of. Every act of your life is an insult to your unconquerableness. What! Lay down and die because this haphazard thing called Government has thrown vile men to the front, and left you to perish in the mire of their making? Starve because society bids you starve? See your children beggars because that unholy thing called Law bids them be beggars? Look here! Are you not men, with the same brains and the same hands as those other men who dwarf every privilege of manhood for you, except the one privilege of furnishing future slaves for them in the bodies of your children? I swear the mothers of those children are beginning to blush for your poltroonry. How can you help but hold yourself responsible—you voters—for the inequality of privilege that has turned this country into Tophet? There is only one excuse that you can give. You do not know your own ability. You exaggerate the ability of the men who rob you of your money, and with it build walls of exclusion between themselves and you that you dare not cross, because of your undeveloped self-esteem. The constant effort of capital is to belittle the men it beggars so that they may never know their own worth, and never attempt restitution. But capital has been a liar as well as a thief, from the first. And I now declare that you who read these lines, though your dress be of the vilest stuff devised for the disguise of your manhood, you have all the capacity of the men who dress in broadcloth at your expense, and sit high in places devising laws for your further impoverishment. Yes, and numerically you have the power to prove it, if you will."

GIORDANO BRUNO.

[Giordano Bruno was burned in the Campo de Fiori (Field of Flowers), Feb. 17th, 1600. On the same spot, June 9th, 1889, a monument to his memory was dedicated in the presence of the King of Italy, and thousands who gathered to do honor to the memory of the martyr.]

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Posthumous Justice! We have lived to see
How unforgetting thou canst sometimes be;
How strongly patient thou canst Wrong confront
And bring thy worthy heroes to the front.
Wrenching their names from time-beclouding Fate,
To share the glory of the truly great.

Rome had a dark transaction years ago,
(Almost three hundred—less ten years or so)
When, in her Field of Flowers, by orders dire,
Great Giordano Bruno died by fire;
The "Holy Inquisition" did decree,
For heresy; he burned alive should be.

What heresies? Th' infinity of space;
More worlds than this, which is our dwelling place;
The earth's rotation, to its orbit true.
These were his heresies—old truths to you!
His rankest heresy was nothing worse
Than this, "Our Earth is not the Universe!"

Christains! in cool, premeditating mood
You murdered one who longed to do you good,
Creed-mad tormentors! though you tore his tongue
With pincers, still to spotless Truth he clung;
Clad in her valor, when he went to die,
He met his fate without a moan, or cry.

You dreamed that fire and death had ended all;
That Bruno slept beneath Oblivion's pall;
You even dared his cruel fate deny.
And crown your hatred with a coward lie
As dark years rolled it, But, alack, in vain!
The ages have writ out your record plain!

Shout! Rome held festival this year in June
When flowers were bountiful, and birds in tune;
The Nineteenth Century awoke, at last,
To honor Bruno, martyr of the past.
In Campo de Fiori, where he burned,
Lo! a grand monument his greatness earned.

Builded by men of thought, of many lands,
A fine rebuke to Bigotry it stands;
His noble likeness, towering grand and high
With hand uplifted toward th' infinite sky,
A mighty preacher, standing there to say
How surely wrong and darkness flee away!

And Rome was full of souls a-throb with light,
Full thirty thousand, rapturous with delight;
One hundred bands of music entered there,
And nineteen hundred banners kissed the air;
Italy's king among the throng appeared,
Saw Bruno's monument, admired and cheered.

O, grand and righteous triumph! come at last!
The age and wisdom Bruno's mind forecast.
Are with us! But the Pope—oh—where was he?
Locked in his palace's grim security!
And not a priest was seen that day in Rome!
Shame hidden they beneath such day had come!

Berlin Height, Ohio.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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The vicar in a Scotch parish was waited upon by a committee of his parishioners. "We came to ask whether ye ken any Greek or Latin?" "Certainly." "An wad ye mind pitting a bit o'Latin yer sermons?" "But you would not understand it," exclaimed the astonished vicar. "Naw, naw; but we pay for the best, and we might as well hae the best."

There is humor in all things, and the truest philosophy is that which teaches us to find it, and make the most of it.—*Gilbert.*

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend. "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

Somebody once remarked that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable, the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad, and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

As the late Professor H——was walking near Edinburgh he met one of those beings usually called fools. "Pray," says the professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head; "how long have you lived yourse, sir?"

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VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.

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"Only a Thin Veil Between Us."
"There are Homes Over There."
"Mother's Love Purest and Best."
"Open those Pearly Gates of Light."
"They'll Welcome Us Home To-morrow."
"All are Waiting Over There."
"On the Mountains of Light."
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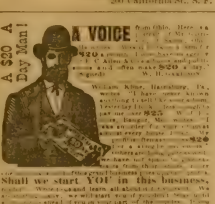

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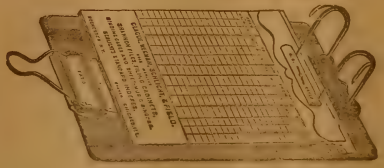

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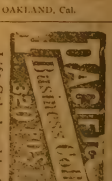

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The Carrier Dove.

"Behold! I Bring You Glad Tidings of Great Joy!"

VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOVEMBER 9, 1884. NUMBER 45.

The Platform.

Grains of Gold.

Extracts from a Lecture Delivered by Robert G. Ingersoll, in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sept. 21st 1884. Reported for the Carrier Dove by George H. Hess.

For thousands of years ignorance has been the refuge of the soul. For thousands of years superstition has has been a dagger which has assassinated the mind of man. Fear is a dungeon; superstition is the jailer. Men have been told that it is dangerous to think, to follow where the torch of reason leads the way. And even ministers, those shepherds who are taking care of the sheep, tell the sheep that all the highways are filled with ravening wolves of heresy and infidelity. They walk in front and beat the hedges, and the poor followers, seeing no wild beasts, thank the shepherds with all their hearts.

They have been content through all these years to shiver in the cold for the privilege of seeing their shepherds warmly clad. They told them the great ocean of liberty is covered with the buccaneers of heresy, with the pirates of the human mind.

Keep close to the shore; stay with us, because there is a God in heaven, a God of infinite love, who will wreak eternal vengeance upon any one of his children who has the hardihood to express his honest thought.

Why do we think? Because we cannot help it. Nature, through the media of the senses, makes certain impressions upon the brain. Those impressions are thoughts; they are the raw material of which thought is made, and the mind weaves its theories. No brain can help thinking, any more than you can stop your heart beating.

No man is responsible for his thoughts; it is an absolute necessity, something entirely beyond his control. What you think depends upon the qualities of your brain—upon the impressions made by nature. Every brain is like a field, where nature sows with careless hand the seeds of thought.

Most brains are barren, bare and hard, producing only orthodox sage brush and mullein. And others are like a tropic world, where towers the palm, where runs the vine that bursts into the blossoms of heaven.

Whatever is produced is necessarily produced, and yet priests have invented a crime that they call blasphemy. You can blaspheme the Infinite God with a thought, you can convulse the Infinite with hatred by giving an opinion.

There can be no such thing as blaspheming God; there is only one blasphemy, and that is injustice to your fellowmen. There is but one real worship, and that is the practice of kindness—to do justice. And yet priests have been frightening the world with their crime of blasphemy. There is no such a crime. A God who is not willing that his poor children should have their own opinions and give their best ideas as to the origin and destiny of things, is unfit to sit upon the throne of this universe. He ought to resign and let us elect a successor—one in favor of absolute intellectual liberty.

As long as man stands in fear of the gods so long as he supposes a thought is liable to produce the eternal wrath what are his thoughts worth? A man crouching all the time in fear of summary vengeance—what are his opinions good for? You must have liberty; you must have courage. Good thoughts come from the red lips of courage; superstitious lies crawl like snakes from the white lips of fear. Let us have courage.

There was a Jewish gentleman who went into a restaurant, and the devil whispered in his ear, "eat some bacon." He knew it was wrong; he knew that there was nothing so apt to incite the wrath of Jehovah, nothing better calculated to corrugate the brows of the infinite, than to see a Jew eat bacon. He knew, too, that the Infinite eavesdropper was nowhere. But his appetite got the better of his conscience, as it often has with most of us, and he ate that bacon. When he went into that restaurant the sky was as blue as the heart of June, and when he came out the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and the earth trembled beneath the voice of the thunder, he rushed back, his face white with alarm, and, leaning over the counter, said, "My God! did you ever see such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?"

Now, as long as men have such opinions of the Deity, what are their conclusions worth? Let us have courage! * * *

This frightful declaration, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," has filled this world with agony and crime. Every letter in this interpolated passage has been a dagger, a sword, a chain, a dungeon, a faggot, a flame. It has changed the religion of deed and duty into the religion of superstition and cruelty. It travesties the Lord's Prayer and contradicts the Sermon on the Mount. They have been written by cunning, written by priests, by a church that wished to strangle every sentiment of liberty in the human brain.

If Christ was in fact God, he must have known all the future. Before him, like a panorama, rolled the history yet to be. If he was God, he knew exactly the interpolations that would be made, the construction that would be put upon his words, that commentaries would be written upon the verses of the New Testament. He knew the controversies that would arise about baptism and the Trinity; he knew that the horizon of a thousand years would be lurid with the flames; he knew that the sweat of persecution would drip with blood; he knew that for this the banner of strife would rise and fall over fields of carnage. Why did he not explain his doctrine? Why did he not tell what he believed and wanted others to believe? Why did he not tell what manner of baptism was pleasing to him? what books of the Old Testament were inspired? See to it that his were not interpolated? Tell somebody something positive about another life? Why did he not enrage the entertained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of eternal joy? Why did he go dumbly to his death, leaving his followers in doubt and darkness? Leaving his followers to cover the world with blood?

I will tell you: Because he was a man and not a God; because he could not see into the future; because he did not know. There is nothing explained. * * *

It is, according to the orthodox religion, the gem above all others in the crown of Christ that he forgave even his murderers. That was when he was upon the earth. When he was half human he would forgive his murderers, and did. Now that he is all God, he will damn a man for an honest thought.

Is he not as good now as when he lived in Jerusalem? Is he now King of the Universe and has office changed his character?

When here, he forgave those who drove the nails into his hands and feet, the soldier who thrust the spear in his side; but now, being God of the universe, he will send to eternal pain a good, honest, conscientious

man, who expresses what he honestly believes. Some mistake here; something wrong! Now I have told you every word, substantially in Matthew, Mark and Luke, and they all agree in saying that it is not necessary to believe in anything. "If you will forgive others, I will forgive you." I want every one of you to ask your preacher, if you have any, how it is they did not understand the scheme of salvation? How is it they were not aware that it is not necessary to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ in order to have eternal life? and let him answer. But he won't, he'll dodge.

Why need there be more than one true account of anything? If you want to spread that around copy it. Why should there have been four gospels? Why not one faithful account? Why should they not agree? But they say in this world it is an evidence of truthfulness if the witnesses do not agree on the details, and on the minor points. It is true, that when five or six witnesses tell substantially the same thing, differing only in minor matters, it is the badge of truth rather than fraud, because no two human beings see the same transaction exactly alike; they they are not in the same position and one little thing may attract the attention more than another, so when they come to tell the story, there will be the diffference in the story that there is in them.

But suppose each witness absolutely perfect; suppose each knew exactly what happened, then they ought exactly to agree; the reason they disagree is because they differ. If the witnesses were inspired by God, it is the same as if God wrote each of the accounts, and God has no right to differ; he remembers it exactly the same all the time. The fact that they do differ shows that it was written by uninspired, not by inspired men. There is the distinction, and you ask your minister about that.

So far as we know, the first church to make a creed was the Catholic. It was the first church that had any power. It is the church that preserved the books for us; that preserved miracles for us. It is only by the Catholic Church that we can prove that the books are genuine.

No Protestant would believe what that church said now. When the witnesses are on the stand, Protestants cannot believe a single word, but can rely on what that witness said fifteen hundred years ago. We have to rely on the honesty of that church for the genuineness of the scriptures. The church is only witness, and the only one that keeps up a correspondence with heaven. It is the agent of God, and the Pope attends to God's business on this earth, or he stands in the place of Deity. Let me say right here, that it is better to have an infallible pope than an infallible book, because you cannot change the book, but you may not have a fool for a pope always; he is liable to change.

The Catholic Church has persecuted to the exact extent of her power, and always will. And so will every other orthodox church. If a man assaults your son to take his life, the law says you have a right to kill him; if an infidel attacks the soul of your child, and as a consequence your child is liable to be sent to hell, why not kill him? If you have a right to kill another who would slay the body of your child. As long as the orthodox church remains orthodox, whenever it has the power, it will destroy every heretic and infidel.

The churches teach us that we can make God happy by making ourselves miserable, and that a nun is better than a mother; that a monk is better than a father. If there is anything holy on this earth it is a mother with a child in her arms. That church tells a girl sixteen or eighteen years of age, with eyes like dawn, to go into a nunnery and take a veil woven of night and death; to throw away the light of love, and enter the service of God. These girls caught in webs woven by priests, are sacrificed upon the altar of superstition. I would like to see a law in force, that commissioners should visit every one of these institutions at least twice a year and release every girl expressing the least desire to be free. And they do this to make God happy. Let the Gods take care of themselves. No doubt they are honest about it; I am not questioning their honesty. But I want to tell them for their sakes, as well as for the sake of the mothers and fathers, and brothers and sisters, that there is no God in the universe who demands any sacrifice of any human being, except for the good of other human beings.

This church is the same the world over; that is, its objects are the same. In Spain, in Portugal, the Catholic Church stands erect; it is arrogant impudent and cruel. In the United States it cringes and crawls. Its object is the same in both countries—the destruction of intellectual liberty. It has already declared war in the United States against the common school and secular education.

I am in favor of the schoolhouse. I believe in men teaching something thas they know, and leaving religion to each individual conscience and to the family. And yet that church would tear down the free school, because they say it is a godless school. All science is necessarily godless; there is no God in the multiplication table; no God in anything we know. God is what we don't know. A man puts all his ignorance in a pile and says, "That's God." Let him teach his ignorance at home, and not at the public expense.

That church made a creed which is the foundation of all orthodox creeds. Let me read it to you; you want to understand this:

"Whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith, except one do keep without doubt, he shall everlastingly perish; that they worship one God in trinity and the trinity in unity."

That is quoted from Matthew. Of course you understand how this is done. When ever you think of one you must say three, and whenever you think of three you must say one.

"Neither confounding the person or dividing the substance; for one is the person of the Father, another of the son, and another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost; but the Godhead is of one."

You know what I mean by Godhead.

"Such is the Father, such is the Son," etc.

[The speaker read at some length till he came to the passage:]

"There is one Father, not three Father's."

But why should there be three Fathers with only one Son? In order to be saved it is necessary to *believe* this creed; what a blessing that you don't have to *understand* it!

In order to compel human intellect to get upon its knees before that infinite absurdity, thousands and millions have suffered all the agonies that human nature can endure. Millions have perished in dungeons and in fire, and if all the bones of all the victims of the Catholic Church could be gathered in one place, a mountain would rise in the presence of which the eyes of even the priests would be suffused with tears. That church covered Europe with cathedrals and dungeons. Between these two vultures—the altar and the throne—the heart of man was almost devoured.

I think there are thousands of good Catholics and thousands of bad Protestants. It is not their honesty I am attacking, but their principles. Catholicism teaches man to trample reason under foot, and that is why I object to that church. In some respects it is better than Protestantism. It has a purgatory; that is better than nothing; it gives a fellow a chance to make a motion for a new trial. But with sword and fear, with rack and chain, with dungeon and whips has she endeavored to convert the world. In weakness, always a beggar; in power, a highwayman—a tramp or tyrant. Such is, such has been, such ever will be the Holy Catholic Church. Go to the countries where she has power, and just in proportion that the nation is Catholic, that nation is behind the civilization of this age. Catholicism, as I have said a hundred times, reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to an exile. Italy has risen from the dust, but the torch of her nationality was not lighted by Catholicism.

* * * * *

There is another church something like the Catholic, only less. If it had a few more ceremonies it would be Catholic; if a few less, nothing. Henry the VIII. now in heaven cast off Queen Catherine and took Anne Boleyn and Episcopalianism. This church is substanially the same as Catholicism, and when-

ever it has had the power it has persecuted. Our forefathers, the Puritans, that fled from England, did not fly from the Catholic storm, but Episcopal persecution. Read the persecutions of that church in Scotland and Ireland. Remember that this church has persecuted whenever it has had the power, and would to-day if it had the power. In England the creed is made as we pass laws in the United States. When a man dies in England whether he goes to hell or heaven is a question of law, and sometimes a very nice question. I have no doubt thousands have been damned on demurrer and great numbers lost on technicality.

They believe in the eternal blessedness of the righteous and the eternal pain of the wicked; and they call this the "Glad Tidings." They believe in the sacrifice of innocence as an atonement for the guilty.

And yet they say to me, "What do you propose in place of this religion?" You have tried to put out the fires of hell; what have you given in place of it?"

Well, I don't think that I have tried to tear down anything that was good; I have only endeavored to destroy that which is injurious.

If there be a God, He will be merciful. Every human being will have an eternal opportunity of doing right. I would not put out the smallest star that shines in the horizon of human despair.

"But," say they, "what do you propose?" "Well, in the first place, good-fellowship; good friends all around. I propose that we stop fighting for God's sake. I propose that we have enough humanity to say, "I will have my opinion, you may have yours. If you don't agree with me, it only proves that I don't agree with you that's all. Let's shake hands all round and be good friends."

Let us allow every other human being to have every right we claim for ourselves. I say actions are important; deeds are the things by which to judge of a man, not creeds.

Let us have some sense of the humorous; we have got too many solemn people. If there is any God, let us believe in one that relishes a good point. Let us believe in a God capable of smiling; not this eternal solemn cruelty.

A God who could enjoy a joke would be a blessing to this universe. Only solemn people have started a religion; a man with a sense of the humorous and ridiculous never did it. Reason may be the pilot of the soul, but humor carries the lantern. A man without it always makes himself absurd. Humor sees both sides. Superstition was born of solemn stupidity.

I like a man who has got some good feeling; not one of these terrific solemn gentlemen that will have nothing to do with his fellowmen.

One man said to another, "Will you take a glass of wine?"

"I don't drink."

"Will you smoke a cigar?"

"I don't smoke."

"Maybe you will chew something?"

"I don't chew."

"Well," he says, "let us eat some hay." He said, "I don't eat hay."

"Good by," said the other; "you are no company for man or beast."

I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness; the religion of good nature, the religion of good health. I believe in the religion of the body. take care of the body and the soul will take care of itself. I believe the time will come when it will be considered a crime for a man to propagate disease; for a man to leave children and grandchildren tainted with insanity and with other hereditary diseases.

I believe the time will come when a man will regard it as his religious duty to leave the flags of health flying in the cheeks of his children. I believe in a religion that will do away with deformity and destroy superstition. I believe in the religion of good food; a good cook is of more importance to mankind than all the theologians that ever lived. I believe in the religion of good clothes; in the religion of cleanliness; in the gospel of soap and water. I believe, also, in the gospel of intelligence, in the religion of education. The schoolhouse is my cathedral. My Bible is the universe and every fact that can be grasped by the intellect of man. I believe in forgiveness, but not the forgiveness taught by the church. I believe, also, in inexorable, eternal justice; that "whatever ye sow, ye must reap." I don't believe in the sentimental forgiveness taught by the church; you must answer to the one injured, you must answer to yourself.

I believe above all things in the gospel of liberty; in giving others what we claim ourselves. I believe there is room everywhere for thought, and the more liberty you give away the more you will have for yourself. In liberty extravagance is economy.

Let us be just; let us be generous to each other. Again, I mention the gospel of education; it is the lever that will raise mankind. Intelligence is the Savior of this world.

I believe in the religion of humanity. I don't believe in a God who created man for eternal pain. Humanity, that word embraces all the religion there is.

Give us good food, good clothes, good education; it will give us liberty; it will give us all the joy that humanity is capable of experiencing.

That is my religion. Do good, here, now, to day, to-night, and not wait to get in some other world, no matter what you believe. When we get a little more sense, man will find that he cannot steal from another without robbing himself. He will find that even intelligent selfishness takes with wide arms the whole world in.

"But, oh!" they say, "You take away immortality."

No, I do not. One world at a time is my doctrine. It is recorded that Christ said, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." One world at a time.

But suppose after all that death does end all. Next to eternal joy, next to living with those we love and those who love us, is not to be. Next to eternal joy, is to be wrapped in the dreamless drapery of everlasting peace. Upon the shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by everlasting dark will never know again the burning touch of tears; lips that have been sealed by the finger of silence will never speak again the broken words of grief. The dead do not weep, hearts of dust do not break. I would rather think of those I have loved and lost as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world; as murmuring in streams, floating in clouds, bursting into blossom, breaking in a foam of light upon the shores of other worlds; would remember them as the half-forgotten dreams of a vanished night, rather than to have the slightest suspicion that their naked souls had been clutched by an orthodox God. I will leave the dead where nature leaves them, and whatever flower of hope springs in my heart I will give it breath of sighs and rain of tears.

Sunday Laws—Sabbaths, and by Whom They Are Sacred.

J. M. KELLOGG.

Sunday, Christians; Monday, Greeks; Tuesday, Persians; Wednesday, Assyrians; Thursday, Egyptians; Friday, Turks; Saturday, Jews

How can one of these days be forced upon people, to be observed as sacred, without infringing upon others. We have a nation composed of all nationalities of the earth, and a declaration and constitution giving to each the right to worship according to their own conscience, therefore, any person or persons wishing to combine or organize against those laws set forth, would themselves be a Constantine to make all others believe or be damned, and their God would prompt them to institute the guillotine to make Christians, as of old; but thanks be to our martyred heroes for the light they bring us to-day—such as Bruno, should we all look up too, as our saviors and Gods who give us evidence of their powers to control and help bring enlightenment to the world of hungry souls who were starved on Sunday husks given through the fingers of theology. These are a few facts I thought might not come amiss to rehearse in times like these; although they are old to the students who are our teachers; but the young scholars who are banding together for the protection of their national rights must be acquainted with the knowledge gained from older students while we are in their class.

Original Contributions.

Inspirational Teachings Through the Mediumship of L. C. Ashworth.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

Children may be described as the chosen spirits of God, that is, destined to blossom out as outward manifestations of the condition of the inward principle. They are chosen as receptacles of the precious treasure which is the heritage of every being coming on the earth. There are various forms colors and dispositions, yet all are one with the universal Father. Perhaps it may be useful here to illustrate our ideas of the true office of children by a recital of the different modes by which children are developed in the second sphere.

First they are cleansed from such impurities as they have gathered or been in contact with in their earth life, then they are taken to a place which is set apart specially for the purpose and are mixed with a group of children with whom they have strong affinities of birth, parentage, disposition, etc ; these children are spirit children; that is, children who have little or no experience in earth life, and are especially well qualified to assist by their atmospheres the progress of the young earth blossoms. The latter are kept in this society for a long period, during which they are frequently separated for varying periods of time and brought down to mingle with the atmospheres of earth-children, for their life in the spirit world is not a similar kind to that they would have experienced if they had remained on earth and it is necessary that certain hereditary propensities should be utilized in their development; that is, they should be enabled by their development to gain certain experience which they would not obtain in spirit life.

Then there are many different methods whereby an infant boy or girl in spirit life is assited in developing and expanding the innate faculties; ways which are undreamt of in earth schools, but which are very much more efficacious. We can mention one. When children reach a certain age they are transferred to a different and altogether novel kind of life and experience to them, life among people who are as foreign to their tastes and ideas as can be found. This is a kind of training which finds some analogy in the custom of sending young men to complete their education by making a tour of the civilized countries for the sake of obtaining a certain refinement and polish which it is supposed that that method alone will procure. But in spirit life young people are taught to mingle with people who have little in common with them in ideas or manners not for the purpose of refinement or any educational advantages in the generally accepted meaning of the term, but for the purpose of finding out how they are modelled, what particular purpose is discoverable in their organization, this applies especially to the study of those races who are much lower in the scale of humanity. Each particular race has its own peculiar features, and it is the object of the student to find out their particular use in the economy of nature; why they live as they do, why they have certain manners and customs which to him may appear contemptible, useless and, perhaps, wicked. This is found out by a study of the laws of development through their practical operation and results. Under the guidance of competent teachers there is every opportunity to find out why men must be as they are and could not possibly have been otherwise, harmoniously with the laws of nature.

Thus the Hottentot is an illustration of firmness in his religious ceremonies, betraying the utmost hardihood in enduring the penalties which he or others inflict for misdeeds. This seems a ridiculous thing in earth life, but it is a fact that those conditions are inevitable, under the circumstances, and that the virtues of firmness, endurance, and self abnegation could not exist without these and similar customs. If there were no Hottentots, there would have been no Christian martyrs, and without Christian martyrs there could have been little courage or any of the stronger spiritual graces in the churches now.

But we might be asked at once if there are any Hottentots in the spirit world. We reply decidedly yes, although they are decidedly in advance of those now in Africa. They have progressed with all the other races, but they still possess some of the characteristics of their race. Indeed the more essential ones such as physical endurance and fidelity to their own institutions are found more developed among them than among many other savage nations.

It is difficult to realize that all these people exist because men are unable to form any conception of the vastness of the universe. Looking back on the ages that have passed and computing the millions that have passed away in obscurity, unknown, making no mark in the world, the human mind is fairly staggered at the conception that they are all living and doing something in the spheres. But this is evidently a mere expression of incapacity, because it is quite as reasonable to suppose that all those men and women are still alive, as it is to imagine that all they labored and suffered for here is of no practical benefit to them, and, in the majority of cases, apparently none to posterity. But his subject will be further elucidated hereafter.

Children, then, being permitted such uncommon privileges, rapidly gain wisdom and become thoughtful and agreeable companions to each other and to the communities. They are not prematurely developed nor in any sense what the world calls precocious for the simple reason that their faculties are allowed to expand naturally, and they look, admire, and learn just as their taste directs them.

This, however, is subject to many restrictions which, however, are not very explicable just now. Children cannot see nor take part in conditions which are unchildlike because the law of affinities prevents it. They can only see and feel conditions in proportion as they have capacity and inclination for them.

We intended to draw some lesson as to the management of earth-children and perhaps a little may be added which will practically apply to the above.

Children should, as far as possible, be allowed a natural expansion. This has become a trite axiom now, but it is still very imperfectly understood. For instance a child has little taste for books—the parents are perhaps anxious for it to become clever as a scholar. Now here is a difficulty, a jolting, as it were, to the natural progress of the parent and child. The latter feels itself increasingly repelled by nature, but the father thinks that school discipline ought to overcome hereditary obstructions.

Here is where the step has to be taken and the father or mother in the majority of cases trusts to artificial means against natural predispositions. Well, something is done in this way, but the boy loses his advancement in another direction, and if he gains it in one he must expect a corresponding loss in the other. Therefore, it might be said, why care which way he commences? It is important which way he commences, because he has certain natural propensities which cannot find better expression than in the particular direction his inclinations lead him. For instance, if a boy wants to be fighting and drilling, he has undeniably propensities to that life which are a part of his individuality, and if they are checked altogether his individuality is proportionately weakened.

Therefore there should be always a medium course the boy should be allowed a small portion of his time for idleness and the gratification of certain dispositions which may be considered but not reformations, and then a time appointed where opposing influences are brought to bear and he is not urged to use his growing powers to better advantage. As with girls—they cannot be compelled to like daily-life accomplishments, and it is better for some to have some masculine characteristics than to be victims of a stereotyped kind of training which tends to destroy all originality and vim. This must not however be led to a teaching of the doctrine that natural development is best in all cases, but men and women should try to endow their offspring with such attributes that they strive the harsh measures of restriction are unnecessary. This can be done and will be in the future.

Children in spirit life have great advantages in many respects over those of earth life, yet they can be materially affected for good or evil by their surroundings, and we find here as well as on earth that children have all the opportunities afforded them to develop propensities both for good and for evil. The design of nature in regard to the use of so much evil, as it is called, is still somewhat vague; but it is unquestionable that every one can, as he longs for it, find all the goodness, the loveliest expressions of every virtue among the sons and daughters of God as he yearns and seeks for them and strives in his own career to live them.

Secret Society Authority versus Republican Government

BY W. W. JUDSON

The presence of large secret societies in any country is evidence on its face that the government does not fulfill the demands of all of its citizens. Hence these secret governments are inaugurated with their highbinder officers, to carry out the designs of the dissatisfied parties.

It is a fundamental principle with the Catholic Church, that a minor government or secret society, is a standing menace to the superior government under which its exists. If the Pope had full authority in America, every secret society therein would promptly report in full to that functionary, or its members, as a precautionary measure, would be condemned to prison or death; but under the existing state of affairs it become necessary for this same Catholic power to perform its functions as a secret government, with numerous minor societies, or satellites, working exclusively in the interest of Catholic church authority. Thus it will be seen that Popery practices precisely what it condemns and abhors in others. Further, these minor orders, composed wholly of Catholics, may be working in defiance of state and government al law and order stirring up strife and violence at home, and causing enmity and wars between ours and other friendly nations. In the case of the recent Clan-na-gael troubles, the superior secret society, the church, has not uttered a word of condemnation against that society, one of its own hatchings, ostensibly outside, but in reality inside the church, working against its old enemy, Protestant England. If this country could be embroiled In a sauguinary conflict with England, liberal Protertantism and free speech would receive a terrible set back, if not its death blow. A powerful secret order like the Church of Rome wields a tremendous political influence over our Government, and as it is discovered that the members of one secret society are gaining control of the government, and thereby reaping political rewards through cunning schemes and hidden motives, other secret societies spring into existence for self protection, thus, we now have anti-catholic societies forming all over the United States for the purpose of preventing the election of Catholics to any office of public trust.

The last administration fastened a lasting disgrace upon this nation by grossly insulting the most intelligent and powerful non-catholic nation on the face of the earth, and the present incumbents, not to be outdone in the way of folly and perfidy, have just accomplished a scheme that will naturally have a tendency to alienate the friendship of the most advanced people in the world.

The so-called Pan American Congress, is simply the United States as a center figure, surrounded by a number of lesser light from the southern part of this continent These comparatively petty governments principally represent, in the New World, the superstition, poverty, ignorance and indolence of the Catholic, priest-ridden countries of the south of Europe, while the Dominion of Canada, totally ignored in the call represents all along our northern border, from ocean to ocean, the most enlightened, the greatest business enterprise, and the broadest ideas of thought and scientific investigation of all Europe. Old England has always stood firm for human rights and liberty of speech, and proved herself a solid wall against the tyrannical encroachments of Popery. If it had not been for practical level-headed English men, all that part of the world called Christendom would today be at the mercy of a Catholic hierarchy, and its people cowed, miserable serfs, only a step in advance of chattel slaves. If the truth was known, there would probably appear no more business enterprise about the Pan American affair, than there was in the Restriction Act which is daily destroying our commerce with China. Two large steamships are soon to be withdrawn from the line between San Francisco and Chinese ports, for want of patronage which has been transferred to English and Canadian ports; in addition that sensible government receives fifty dollars revenue from every Chinaman landing, while our government, in the hands of bigots is playing the fool, losing business and revenue, and getting the non catholic Chinese emigrant all the same across our northern border

SMOKING IN PRESENCE OF WOMEN

It was a wise father who said to his son, "Beware of the woman who allows you to kiss her." The woman who does not require of a man the form of respect, invites him to discard the substance. And there is one violation of the form which is recent and gross, and might be well cited as a striking illustration of the decay of manners. It is the practice of smoking in the society of ladies in public places, whether driving, or walking, or sailing, or sitting.

There are *prima facie* cases where would be honestly amazed if they were told they did not behave like gentlemen, who, sitting with a lady on a hotel *piazza*, or strolling in a public park, whip out a cigarette, light it, and puff as tranquilly as if they were alone in their rooms. Or a young man comes alone upon the deck of a steamer, where throngs of ladies are sitting, and blows clouds of tobacco smoke in their faces without even remarking that tobacco is disagreeable to some people.

This is not indeed, one of the deadly sins, but a man who unconcernedly sings false, betrays that he has no ear for music, and the man who smokes in this way shows that he is not quite a gentleman. — *Harper's Magazine.*

Selected Articles.

How She Kept Her Promise

It was at the close of a day in early June, the still air was charged with the perfume of flowering shrubs, and the hour, that pleasant one of friendly gossip and confidence left by the margin an early table d'hote dinner gives to frequenters of the theaters. This was the reason all the young people were in the salon, which opened into an unusually large garden for that part of Paris, or sipping Russian tea on the terrace and their laugh ter sounded pleasantly to those who preferred the half light within; among these a lady of distinguished presence fanned herself on a low sofa in a corner, attracting to her side a little group of bright girls. "Yes," said a young man who joined them, "Miss Maria looked just like a ghost glimmering under the trees. Madam made me promise to take this wrap to her, but she fled at my approach." "Perhaps Dr. C—— didn't choose to interrupt his tete-a-tete, you stupid boy, so he carried her off to the other end of the garden. Men never seem to have any wits until they fall in love, and then they lose them altogether," said Mrs. E——, her merry laugh echoing through the apartment. "But Maria's role of a ghost reminds me of a real one I once saw a few years ago in this very house; you might as well sit down; though my story is not very long, I shall be glad if I can keep you away from the opera, however this warm night." The girls drew nearer to Mrs. E——, for the glitter in her black eyes promised something interesting. This was in the year 187—, and it would be impossible for me to give the story as it fell from the lips of Mrs. E—— in her own piquant language. She had the advantage of the ground, the walls could testify to her words, the atmosphere had helped shape the unearthly vision, and a ghost seen in Paris must lose a little of her artistic drapery when introduced into America, *vela ua sans dire.* But I can give you the facts, for they were of a nature to strongly impress me at the time, besides of late my thoughts have been called to this class of subjects by some recent works of fiction in which the characters found so much more difficulty than this spirit did in putting themselves in communication with those still on earth.

"The room," continued Mrs. E——, "in which my ghost found me as the large front chamber on the second stage, opening on to the street by two casement windows. Aimee, you can show these girls the room, for you moved into it yesterday, with your sister." "Marie's room and mine, oh, horrors!" said the girl with red night in her face. "Marie is a coward now, and is always afraid of finding some one in her chamber; don't tell her that ghosts can enter whenever they

like or she will make my life miserable." "Never fear, my child, my ghost could neither harm nor frighten you; it was I she wanted, and I fear she never will come again." "I hope she never will, Mrs. E——; but excuse my interruption." The face of the narrator grew serious, as she continued: "For two weeks before the event I am about to tell you happened, I had been annoyed in a singular manner; walking or driving, in doors, or on the streets, it was all the same, the odor of a newly opened tomb was always about me. I constantly changed my dress, sprinkled the air with cologne, used strong perfumes; it was useless—the smell or mold, of freshly turned sod, pursued me as an atmospheric curse. The landlady prepared all sorts of delicacies to tempt my appetite, but everything I ate or drank had the same nauseous odor. My husband insisted that it was all imagination; he could smell nothing disagreeable, I was growing nervous, had sat up too late, I must keep out in the fresh air; he contrived pleasant drives, but failed to divert my mind, for all the carriages seemed like tombs shut up for months, and I was stifled in them. Each day my misery was renewed, and I really became nervous and irritable, and grew more and more unbearable. One evening my husband and I left the salon somewhat earlier than usual. It was in December and our chamber was flooded with moonlight; an hour had passed and Mr. E—— had retired, but was still wide awake; the candles were all out, and I was sitting near him on the bed, when I heard a knock; the sound seemed to come from my daughter's room, which connected with mine by a door near the window. "What do you want, Ethel; are you ill?' I said half rising. 'No, mamma, I did not speak,' she replied, and supposing the noise came from the street, I seated myself on the bed again and forgot all about it. And I heard a knock, louder this time; I went to the door and said, 'Ethel, I am not mistaken now; what do you wish?' The child, somewhat irritated, said she was almost asleep, and and had neither knocked or spoken, and she wished I would let her alone. Astonished, I listened a moment, when my quickened senses distinguished a clear, sharp sound; I started back from the casement, not because it opened—its clasp was not unfastened—but because a figure glided through it draped in white satin and approached me with extended hand. I took it fearlessly forgetting that what I saw seemed to violate all the laws of nature, for the woman's features were those of a very dear friend, and in the joy of seeing her face to face all the impossibilities of such a meeting faded and became as plausible as a dream. The eyes I knew so well looked into mine, the lips parted with their own sweet smile, her forehead was shaded by wavy hair in which I noticed a knot of white ribbon. Yes, my friend was here, and in her old familiar voice, she said:

"'I have been dead two week, and have been searching for you everywhere. I have been near you for some time, but until now I have had no power to make you see me or speak to you.'

"'And you are in heaven.' I said, and you have come to tell me what it is like?"

"'No, I am not yet in heaven; I have been trying to find you. I promised I would come and tell you if I died, and so I am here. I have a request to make of you; will you grant it?"

"Yes, gladly; tell me what I can do for you.'

"'Tell my husband,' the said said, 'to remember always what I told him when I was dying. Tell him to take care of little H——. Now I have finished, I can stay no longer; farewell.'

"She held out her hand naturally and I grasped it firmly between my own. 'And you will come again to me?' I said. 'If you are happy, you will tell me of heaven?"

"'I will come if I am permitted. Remember my message, and farewell.'

"Her hand seemed to fade in mine, and the sweeping figure disappeared as it had come, through the closed window, and I stood in the middle of the room gazing at its emptiness. I was alone with my bewildered husband; he had heard my conversation, had asked what it all meant, and when I turned, his eyes were fastened on me with that kind of pity with which one regards an insane person."

"'Why, didn't you see her?" I exclaimed.

"'See whom?' he replied, with staring eyes.

"'Why, Mrs. R——, who was here a moment, just where I am now standing; you must have seen her; she was talking to me, couldn't you hear what she said?"

"'Why, Emma,' the poor man cried, now excited, 'you are crazy. Mrs. R—— is in America, and it is almost midnight. A woman isn't usually out alone at this hour, nor is it the time she would choose to call upon you. You are demented.

"I couldn't blame him for his conclusions and it was some time before I could prevail upon him to listen to what Mrs. R—— had said to me, and convince him that I was in possession of all my faculties. The vision haunted me. And then I remembered an incident which had escaped my memory. It was at this friend's house that we passed our last evening in America. Mr. R—— had been talking of Spiritualism with my husband, a subject that considerably interested him at that time, while his wife and I sat near by laughing, and I must confess very incredulous. By a sudden impulse she turned to me smiling; and I remember the very words she uttered: "Emma, if I die before you return, no matter where you are; if it is possible I will come and tell you about the other life. Will you promise to do the same if you die first?' 'Yes,' I said in mock earnestness, and we shook hands promising. She came to the steamer the next day, and said, 'I shall come, now remember; don't be frightened.' And her waving white handkerchief was the last thing on wharf.

"Well to make my story brief as possible, let me tell you that all this happened on Monday. The day following we received our American mail, my husband coming from the bank, brought my letters to our salon, where I was taking a late breakfast; my daughter was with me, but knew nothing of the night's experience; in fact I was trying to forget it myself, since it filled me with foreboding. Selecting from the package which bore the familiar handwriting of home she cried, 'Oh, let me read this,' and hastily tore off the envelope. In a second her quick eye had taken in the contents, and she exclaimed:

"'Why, mamma, who do you think is dead?"

"Mrs. R——,' I said; 'I am sure it is she. When did she die?'

"'Two weeks ago, mamma, and here are the particulars,' my daughter added."

There was a pause, and Mrs. E—— uttered a deep sigh thinking of the past.

"But tell us, did you carry the wife's message to her husband?" asked Aimee.

"Certainly. I was faithful to my promise," she replied. Some months after I had occasion to go to America, so I sent for Mr. R—— at once, and before beginning my story, drew him on to speak of his wife's illness, of her funeral, and how she was dressed. 'I will explain later why I ask you.' 'There was nothing very unusual in her appearance,' he replied; 'I wanted her to be dressed in white; white satin we chose, and remembering that before our marriage she wore a white bow in her hair, her sister fastened a knot of satin in her curls '

"Then I told Mr. R—— how his wife had redeemed her promise by appearing to me, and what passed between us. He was very much astonished, and touched at her thought of him and said mournfully, 'Oh! why can she not come to me? Did she ever visit you again?'

"'No, never,' I replied, 'I have so often longed to see her, it would be such a comfort; we cannot doubt she is happy, but her joy may be too deep for our comprehension.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I believe she is happy, and that we shall soon meet. This is one of those unaccountable visitations for which there is no explanation.'"

DEAR HANDS.

Roughen'd and worn with ceaseless toil and care,
No perfumed graces, no dainty skill had these;
They earned for waiter hands, a pencilled rose,
And kept the seats unbroken for their skates.
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear
The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize
The dying joys of life, the gifts that please,
The gold and gems that others find so fair.
Dear hands, where bridal jewels never shone,
Where on no lover's kiss was ever press'd,

"I Can And I Will."

HELEN WILMANS

When you arise in the morning, if you will steadily ignore that belief of headache and weakness that seems to be so persistently fixed in your mind, and will say to yourself, "I live in the spirit and not in the flesh," the headache and the weakness will soon pass. If you are tired and you hear a voice saying, "I can't go any farther," remember quickly that this voice does not belong to your true self; and then turn your gaze deep down within you, and wait for the evidence of that mighty and inexhaustible fountain—that living, never-resting God-power, and you will see and know that you are not tired, because in deep truth you *are the power, and it is you*, and therefore you are tireless.

To some persons these truths come like the healing breath of Paradise, and they are cured by them almost instantly. To others of a more leaden temperament like myself, it requires constant effort to make it flesh and bone in the external organism. The intelligence accepts them but the body refuses to adapt itself to them; but even these cases yield in time, though the struggle is great. In my own effort to co-operate with the living fountain within me, my alternate growth and retardation have been marked by a strange external feature. My hair was gray when I came into the science; almost snow white. One week of vigorous determination to take sides with the living voice within would put a showing of color in it. Another week of relaxation would take every particle of the color out. This curious phenomenon was first noticed about one year ago. By slow degrees and with many a backward slide—I became more positive, until the color at this time is a regular golden, with not the faintest suggestion of gray, and with an evident tendency toward a darker color still. It is now the color it was in my girlhood; but because I want it to be darker, I feel very confident that it will be.

In my investigation of the truths of Mental Science, my own experience has been my constant guide. I have discovered that our disabilities do not hold us, but that we hold them. I have found it to be a fact that it is easier to recover from some long settled disease—provided that disease is concealed from view—and free from public attention and from the power to chide our own pride, than it is to get rid of a mole on the nose, or a scar on the cheek, or a cast in the eye, or anything else that hurts our self-esteem and militates with our sense of beauty. A visible defect is something we hold close to us out of the very intensity of our desire to get rid of.

But by constant effort each one of you can heal yourself. The thing to be done is to become vitally conscious of the living power within you, and to realize the real you, and that its voice is your voice; this on the one side; on the other side you are to deliberately ignore or cease to listen to the external voice that would perpetuate your weaknesses and defects. But the more we listen to the voice within—which is the voice of God—the fainter and more far away will the sound of the other voice become, until it ceases altogether, lost in the vitalizing rush of life-giving thought that goes on and on in the projection of fresh hopes, fresh plans and fresh powers of execution for the new and wonderful, diseaseless and deathless era now opening to us.

What Is Spiritualism?

An Address Delivered in Des Moines Iowa, by Moses Hull.

Spiritualism, Mr. Hull said, when taken in all its phases is a vast subject, it cannot be presented in one discourse, yet I will try in this discourse to give you enough of an outline of Spiritualism so that you can get an idea of its general features. I shall consider 1 Its religion; 2 Its philosophy. 3 Its morals; 4. I will try to take a glance at its history.

Let us first consider the religion of Spiritualism. I confess I do not like the term religion; it is a bad word; it was invented for a bad purpose. The word itself, though seldom used with its original significance, implies all the evils there are in orthodoxy; it is composed of two Latin words, *re* and *ligo*, and signifies to bind back. The idea is that we fell—fell away from God, and religion comes in to take up the broken threads and bind us back to the place from which we had fallen. I fear that thing called religion sometimes holds people back in a different sense from what was intended. I know it holds many back from progress. If the world will accept of the Spiritualistic definition of religion then Spiritualists are the most religious people in the world. One of our late writers, Epes Sargent, defines religion to be, "The sentiment of reverence or of appeal growing out of the sense of the possibility that there may be in the universe a power or powers unseen, able to take cognizance of our thoughts and our needs and to help us spiritually and physically."

With the above explanation I proceed to discuss the theology and the ethics, sometimes called the religion of Spiritualism.

The first article in my Spiritualistic creed is: God is a spirit. Individually, I think very little of the term God; it has been used to signify a kind of a boss, tyrannical, ignorant, mechanic, who has his location somewhere above the earth, and whose principal business now is to keep one eye on sinners to see that they do not escape all the punishment their sins deserve; with the other he is watching sparrows, lest one should fall, and numbering the hairs of bald-headed saints!

Now, if this is God, put me down as being without God in the world. But, if by the term God you signify the great fountain or spirit from which all intelligence springs and a great spiritual energy filling and moving all life, then Spiritualists believe in God. The text I read would suit me just as well if it said spirit as as God; it would suit me better if that indefinite article was taken out of it and it read, God is spirit.

The point with Spiritualists is that God is the great fountain of spirituality—is, in a sense, the ocean of spirit and to which all spirit goes—that as much of spirit as we have in us, so much of God have we in us; that in proportion as spirituality is developed in us so much of God acts through us. This paves the way for our second proposition; that man is a spiritual being, and as such comes en rapport with God or spirit. Remember we do not believe man becomes a spiritual being at death or when the spirit leaves the body. He is now a spirit as much as he ever will, be; On this point of spirituality the churches hold about as we do. I am convinced that on this point our real opponents are to be found among the materialists. These people can bother the shallow Spiritualist with hard questions and yet I never heard an argument from one yet that was not specious. They want you to show them a spirit to bring one within the purview of one or another of their five physical senses.

I always in my replies, go at them with as many questions as they ask me. I have never found one who could come as near answering my questions as I could to answering his. They ask, "How do you know of the existence of spirit?" I answer them and then ask them, "How do you know of the existence of matter." They usually answer, they see it, hear it, feel it, etc. I deny it all. To illustrate, I hold up this book and ask what it is. I am answered it is a book. I ask, "How do you know?"

"I see it," is the response. But I deny that you see the book. You see the color—the color that the book is not. It reflects back into your eyes the color it refuses to absorb. You say you see shape as well as color; I answer, neither color nor shape is book. You say this is a book, how do you know? You answer, "I feel it." I deny that. You feel hardness, softness or thickness, but neither of those, nor all combined are books—nor either of these matter. You find out its specific quantity, but that is not a book nor is it matter. You answer, these are all properties belonging to matter; I admit it when you judge of matter by its properties. I judge of spirit in exactly the same way.

I reject what is commonly known as materialism, because it does not account for anything; every one of its postulates and conclusions are superficial. For instance, if there are no existences except material existences, if there is no seeing and no hearing

except through the eyes and ears, how is the well-proved phenomenon of mesmerism, clairvoyance and clairaudience accounted for?

If the materialist believes only that of which the sense can take cognizance, how does he account for the mind itself? He never yet, with either of his five senses reached his own existence.

Materialism teaches that matter and its functions, is all there is in the universe. In which one of these does the ego, the I, the me, myself reside? Is it in matter, is it in all matter? If not, why not? If the individuality is only a function of matter, how came it there? Individuality and sovereignity reside neither in matter nor function how came they in the combination?

I told you that materialists assert that they get all their knowledge through their five senses, now I am led to ask, who gets knowledge through these senses? Who remembers this knowledge? Who reflects on it? Who uses these senses as tools through which to get knowledge?

I asked a materialist not long since, to prove the existence of matter; he answered, it is self-evident. Then I said, "self-evident to what? to be born? to its own function? Or is there an intelligence behind the thing you call function? What is the me anybody? What is the not me? Are they different entities? Does the matter which is apprehended by the me, include the knowing me? The agent which uses the senses as tools is the me; the senses are the tools used by the me. Now will the materialist separate the me and the senses?

A noted materialist said to me, "all the knowledge I get comes through the senses." I said, "who is the I that obtains knowledge through the senses? Who remembers and reflects on the knowledge?"

The arguments for Spiritualism need not here be presented, it is enough that I refute the materialistic arguments.

Spiritualists having established the fact that man is a spiritual being, next adapt the doctrine that spirit can commune with spirit. Hence they believe in a continuous revelation.

They can but accept the Bible and all other inspired books for what they are. They believe that Daniel, Isaiah and Paul were men; so are we. God or spirit spake to them; so are we inspired to-day.

Spiritualists do not believe in any plenarily inspired men or books. An infallible revelation cannot be made to fallible man. The Bible is proof that men were once inspired, but we can no more live by the inspiration they had than we can grow fat on reading about the manna they ate. The charge that Spiritualists treat the Bible as a last year's almanac is partly true. Christians treat it in the same way. They no longer follow the Old Testament; it is rejected for the New. We do not tie ourselves to either one. They were adapted to their age. This age needs and must have its own inspiration.

All inspiration partakes of the nature of that through which it comes; inspiration, therefore, like everything else, must be fallible. Light always partakes of the color of the glass through which it shines; water tastes of the vessel in which it is carried; so of spirit communion. It must partake somewhat of the medium. Christians all believe this. No one believes the Bible to be all alike, true and inspired. If they were compelled to give up certain portions of it, there are portions they had rather see go than others. This could be illustrated by comparing different portions of the Bible. David's cursing prayer in psalm 109 you would relinquish before you would the "give us this day our daily bread."

Spiritualism is not all affirmative; it denies some of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. It denies the fall of man; that death came by sin; an angry God; an almighty devil; an endless hell; a blood atonement; or any damnation of revelation.

On the contrary it believes in the rise or evolution of man, that death is a progressive step in life; that no God can be angry with that natural development that brings all things from the lower to the higher; that God or good being all and in all, there can be no such almighty fiend as the devil; that as everything tends upward there can be no endless hell, but instead there is endless progress; that there can be no precarious atonement; that man is never saved, but eternally progresses.

I have lately met many persons calling themselves liberal Christians, who do believe the doctrines I have described as Christianity. Then all I have to say is, they are not Christians. There are no liberal Christians, there can be no such thing as a liberal Christian. The idea itself is solecism. That which is Christian is not liberal, and that which is liberal is not Christian.

Just think, if you can, of a man who believes in Christianity, and yet who does not believe in Christ; who believes in salvation but in nothing to be saved from; no fall, no hell, no atonement. I tell you such Christianity is the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. It is not Christianity. Christianity starts with the idea of original sin and total depravity. I have quotations from Drs. Clark, Benson, Buck and the catechisms, all basing the whole theory of death, hell and the plan of salvation on Adam's fall. Death, spiritual, temporal and eternal, all came from that one event, and Christianity came as a remedial scheme to redeem the soul of the world from the effects of this. Spiritualism believes none of it.

Spiritualism believes all worship to be in the spirit; it, therefore, ignores ceremonial and formal worship. While it believes in ablutions for the benefit of both flesh and spirit, it does not believe in going down into the water just once in a life time and being baptized in the name of a trinity of male gods. It knows that every human being has over one million of thirsty mouths to every square inch of their surface, and that every one of these mouths should have water as often as once in every twenty-four hours. It religiously believes in the divine use of soap with pure soft water. These ablutions cleanse the body and render it a fit abode for a holy spirit.

Spiritualism finds a Bible written on every soul and body—that Bible must be read, interpreted and obeyed. You will find in your tired feelings God's holy command to keep the Sabbath. Your tired feelings are God's commands to sabbathize or rest. In fact, man's natural demands are God's only commands. Believing this we never regard Moses' command to rest on the seventh day nor the papal command to rest on the pagan Sunday.

We see no more reason why a blessing should be asked at the table, over every meal than we do why it should be asked at the work bench or in the fields. Indeed we think good food, properly cooked and properly eaten at proper times and in proper quantities always is blessed—no words need be said over them. Badly cooked and hastily eaten food is seldom blessed; no God would dare to bless it. The cook who has fried a piece of steak has damned it. No God can make it fit to eat.

Nobody believes that God blesses bad food, nor that good food needs blessing. There is not a life insurance company on earth that will take a greater risk against dyspepsia or liver complaint because the owner of the stomach and liver puts none but God blest food into the stomach.

Spiritualists do not believe that God answers prayers. they do not believe that he can answer prayers and remain good. When you ask God to do a thing you ask him to do either right or wrong. We can not be so inconsistent as to ask God to do right. The very asking of such a thing implies that we do not believe that God would do right unless we posted him as to what is right and stirred him up with regard to his duty in the matter. We could no ask God to do wrong for we could not imply that God could be coaxed or cajoled into doing wrong.

Yet there is a *rationale* of worship. There are times when the soul seems drawn out to the great oversoul; when the spiritual nature of man calls for the unseen and seems to come *en rapport* with that which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." This worship cannot be put into words. The only thing to do when this spirit of worship comes on you is to cultivate it; retire into your secret closet and there pray to your father who heareth in secret.

Jesus was right when he said: "When thou prayest be not as the hypocrites are

they love to pray on the street corners and in the synagogues that they may be heard of men." Spiritualism believes in the brotherhood of man.

This means a great deal. It not only means "flesh of our flesh" but spirit of our spirit. Yes, it means that we are brothers and sisters of kings and queens—it means still more—we are brothers and sisters of the lowest prostitute, of the most drunken debauchee. There is a practical side to this, too. How am I to treat my brother? Would I rob or cheat my brother? Would I go to law with him? Would I lead my younger brother into a saloon and cultivate in him the appetite for that which will rob him of money, honor and reason? Every man is my brother! Where is the man who would ruin his own sister? Where is the man who would not protect and defend, even with his own life if need be, the virtue of his sister? Then if every young girl on earth is your younger sister, your religion, if you are a true Spiritualist, will protect and care for her.

When a real sister or a real brother has fallen, you will still, as long as there is life, try to save them. So Spiritualism will teach you inasmuch as all are brothers and sisters to work for all.

"This life's a play where each human heart,
To make the denouement must act its part
If all men like sheep would follow one way,
Then life would indeed be a very poor play.
'Tis the law of our being must positively stream,
That each soul must free our a bread its own
Oh; be not too rash to judge of another,
But ever remember that man is your brother.
God make the owl see where man's sight is dim
And the light that guides thee may be darkness to him
'Tis a great truth to learn a grain of you want it,
There's room in the world for I there is in it."

The next great article in the Spiritualistic faith is endless progress.

Spiritualism believes that men commenced as low in the scale of development as the granite rock, and has come up and up to where he now is. According to Spiritualism he has been in one school which has taken him successfully through every form of being before him. He will continue in this school to all eternity. Eternity will be spent not in singing psalms, but in exploring the fields of knowledge.

The lamented Wm. Denton said: "Here, too, is a sermon on progress. From fluid fire to solid rock, from shapeless stone to symmetrical crystal, from crystal to polyp, from this sluggish stomach at the sea bottom to the active fish, thence to the ground-treading reptile, first tenant of the soil; then life soars in the bird advances toward man in the brute, and reaches him only to urge him on to higher and nobler positions. We are here with this infinite past beneath us, and an illimitable future above us and ability within us to climb the heights apparently forever. All to drop at death back to the dust from which life has ascended only by slow steps for millions of years? We are that we may be. All the past was that we may be in the present; and the present is that the future may be superior to it. Progress is not dead, nor God asleep. The ages have not sown that death or the devil might reap; neither hell nor the grave is the granary of humanity. The everlasting arms are around us, even the streams of death they shall bear us, and land us in a summer clime."

The thought of eternal progress is to me one of the most happifying thoughts it is possible to enjoy. On this subject Dr. Lyman Beecher said:

"Except freedom from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the mind's highest pleasure. I would not wish to go to heaven did I believe its inhabitants were to sit inactive by purling streams, to be fanned into indolent slumberby balmy breezes. Heaven to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton rested from his profound investigations? Have Duval and Isaiah hung up their harps useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased illustrating the universe of God? Are Peter and Cyprian and Luther and Edwards, idling away eternity in mere psalm singing? Heaven is a place of activity—of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep noble and lofty strains in eternity, and the minds of such unclogged by cumbrous clay, forever feast on a banquet of thought. Young gentlemen, press on; you will never get through. An eternity of untiring thought is before, and the universe of thought your field."

One more article in our Spiritualistic creed I would like to consider, that is the good old Catholic and Protestant doctrine of the communion of saints.

This may be called the keystone of the Spiritualistic arch. I say we believe, yet wherever have had so many communications as hundreds of us have our faith has changed to positive knowledge. The consolation of this knowledge is worth more than all the world would be without it

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

On this subject I must be brief—too brief, I fear, to be explicit. Remembering the spiritual philosophy is one thing, the philosophy of Spiritualism is another. By the former of these phrases is meant the general laws and principles underlying the spiritual phenomena; by the other the general laws and principles taught in or drawn out of Spiritualism.

It would take a long time, if even I were able, to give you the philosophy of all the various forms of spiritual phenomena. All power inheres in spirit. I move the book I now hold in my hand by moving the bones of my hand; these bones are moved by the muscles; the muscles are moved by the blood; the blood is driven by the electric currents which pass from the brain through the nerves; these currents are set in motion by spirit; thus the lifting of this book, and, in fact, every motion of any voluntary part of the body is a physical manifestation of spirit power; so common we do not wonder at it, yet as mysteriousas any spirit manifestation. Spiritean operate directly on nothing but spirit, or that which is to it, electricity. When spirits move chairs or tables, or report answers to questions, they use only natural powers, they get control of certain electrical currents, and through them move certain movable substances. The brain is a strong battery and congress of nerves assembled to transact the business of the body; every nerve is a wire, running from the brain and through which spirit, which has its business office in the brain, drives the electric currents.

The philosophy of entrancement is much the same; the brain is a battery through which spirits, when they get it well charged, can approach mortals and hand their thoughts, though imperfect, to the world. Spirit control is the same, whether affected by a spirit out of the body or in the body.

Ladies and gentleman, my hour is gone and the remains of my discourse—the morals of Spiritualism and the history of Spiritualism I will be compelled to reserve for another lecture. *Des Moines Daily News.*

The Nation's Pensioners.

The *National Tribune* has made a careful study of the report of the commissioner of pensions, the results of which are shown in the following analysis of 329,875 disabled men on the pension roll.

250 get $1 a month or 4 cents a day.
2 get $1.87 a month or 6 cents a day.
1,722 get $2 a month or 6½ a day.
9 get $2.12 a month or 7 cents a day.
1 gets $2.25 a month or 7½ cents a day.
3 get $2.50 a month or 8 cents a day.
1 gets $2.62 a month or 8½ cents a day.
7 get $2.66 a month or 9 cents a day.
5 get $2.75 a month.
1,928 get $3 a month or 10 cents a day.
1 gets $3.12 a month or 10 cents a day.
3 get $3.75 a month or 12½ cents a day.
1,214 get $4 a month or 13 cents a day.
1 gets $4.25 a month or 14 cents a day.
1,042 get $5 a month or 16½ cents a day.
2 get $5.50 a month or 18 cents a day.
14 get $5.62 a month or 18½ cents a day.
5 get $5.66 a month.
6 get $5.75 a month or 19 cents a day.
16 get $6.25 a month or 20½ cents a day.
17,603 get $6 a month or 20 cents a day.
56 get $6.25 a month or 21 cents a day.
2 get $6.50 a month or 21 cents a day.
2 get $6.66 a month or 22 cents a day.
2 get $6.75 a month or 22½ cents a day.
2 get $6.87½ a month or 23 cents a day.
21 get $7 a month or 23 cents a day.
1 gets $7.25 a month or 24 cents a day.
1 gets $7.50 a month or 25 cents a day.
1 gets $7.66 a month or 25½ cents a day.
21 get $7.75 a month.
62,112 get $8 a month or 26 cents a day.

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SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER - - - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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JOHN B. WOLFF.

The subject of this notice, whose name inspires an interest in the hearts of the Spiritualists of the world, has passed on to a realm of immortal life. The last years of this strange man were principally devoted to the promulgation of the Spiritualists' cause. In this he was an indefatigable worker, ceasing not in his tireless labors till the summons of transition palsied the energy of his mortal frame, and laid his territory in a vaster world than this. To this zeal and intelligence the liberal thought of the present day is indebted for a powerful impulse, the effects of which promise to be equally lasting and beneficial.

Mr. Wolff's career was a checkered one all along the crooked journey of life from the cradle to the grave. Fortune had shed her sunny smiles upon him more than once, and when, in his later experiences the vicissitudes of life beset him he was still rich in the ardors which characterized his early and more prosperous days. His name was synonymous with integrity in many cities and towns, and in his public and energetic advocacy of questionable principles which the strides of time proved were correct, he was frequently set upon by ignorant crowds of listeners, with great violence and danger to his life. But each time a mighty force of character seems to have inspired him, for he rallied with the mobs, and his eloquence and learning, and absolute fearlessness evoked admiration and amazement in the midst of his persecutors, and their violent intents were stayed by his masterly bearing.

Mr. Wolff, though not endowed with the highest attributes of genius, possessed a large share of the qualities which form the essential conditions of scientific eminence. He had remarkable clearness of insight, the power of accurate observation, and a keen, patient, and discriminating judgment in directions where he so willed it. He was a profound thinker on abstract subjects, and he had the force and versatility of experience so necessary to a lucid exposition of that thought.

He was a man of fine education and of great natural abilities in a literary way. He had read everything that was published, and it is said, was born with a book in his hand.

His greatest power was in his oratory. In days gone by, crowded congregations hung upon his lips, listening to his impassioned appeals. He possessed not the usual arts of rhetoric that win the admiration of the multitudes, but he challenged attention by his earnestness and sincerity. His manner was natural, his enunciation clear and distinct, and his action now grave, now vehement, but always graceful and appropriate, varied with the character of his subject. There was a sweetness in his manner before which levity shrank abashed; an occasional vehemence, which swept all obstacles before; a pathos and tenderness which opened in a moment the fountain of tears; and a command which silenced for time the mutterings of unbelief. His mortal labors are ended at last, and his last hours were like the last serene moments of all good men, hallowed by the remembrance of early days and activities, the old friends, the tender ties, the sympathies, joys and sorrows, that have made the world dear and sacred. Over his demise many a sad thought will rise that may not find expression, in the minds of his friends, like tears that fall without a sob.

The above extract from an article in a New York spiritual contemporary is but a just tribute to our friend and brother, John B. Wolff, late President of the Washington, D. C. Society of Spiritualists.

Although not personally acquainted with Mr. Wolff except through a correspondence of several years past, and from hearing his praises sounded by one who knew him intimately, and for whose opinions we have the greatest respect, yet we feel that in his death Spiritualism has lost an able, fearless champion and defender, and genuine mediums, a true and noble friend. The following tribute to his worth comes from one who knew him well, and as it expresses our own sentiments, we give it here.

"He was a man of notably excellent and strong characteries. Among them were great magnanimity of character and strict integrity. He hated a lie and the maker of it. He dealt with principles, not with men. He was singularly free from prejudice, and never stooped to attack those who could not defend themselves. In all his public career, which extended over fifty years, he was never known on any occasion to use rostrum or platform for personal ends. He was as brave as a lion, as staunch as oak, as true as steel, and at the same time he was as tender hearted as a woman. He was a century in advance of his time. He was in the vanguard of reform always, and he never fossilized but kept in the lead on all great public questions. To no man's memory do the Spiritualists of the world owe greater respect. Only jackals, curs and cowards will venture to snarl at the dead lion."

A TRIP SOUTH.

The following letter from Mrs. Scott Briggs is given space here as we are personally acquainted with the lady and know her to be an earnest, enthusiastic worker. The description of her visit to San Diego and Summerland may prove interesting to our readers as it gives a different cast to the picture heretofore presented by as equally reliable, conscientious people. It only proves that no two see the same thing alike and what looks beautiful to one might look unsightly to another. The physical, mental, and spiritual influences surrounding each individual give shape and color in a large measure to their views on any subject.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I have just returned from a hasty trip to San Diego and Summerland. I was entertained most hospitably by Dr. and Mrs. W. H. King of San Diego. They gave me a fine opportunity of seeing their city with its thirty thousand inhabitants, forty miles of sewerage, sixty miles of distributing water pipes, a cable road to be five miles long on Sixth and Fourth streets, or University Heights, to be done and in running order next January. The Government has made appropriation for two light houses which are contracted for to be placed, soon, on Ballast Point and the opposite shore. The harbor is different, but no less beautiful than that of San Francisco. They have five large schoolhouses, three of which cost $50,000 each, and many smaller ones costing from $1,000 up.

We went to the far-famed Hotel Coronado, there we met Mr. Bonnell, a lecturer and phrenologist, and Mr. Lovet, old workers in the cause of reform. Sunday evening they, Mr. and Mrs. King, Dr. Goss and myself spent a most enjoyable time with Dr. Harvey, Mrs. King's control, and others who have laid off mortality.

Soon after 9 P. M. Dr. King escorted me to the boat as it was to leave very early Monday morning. I went on the Santa Rosa, and returned on her to Santa Barbara. Captain J. S. Ingalls, Purser J. F. Luttrell and all were very attentive to the passengers. I had a most enjoyable trip, not at all sea sick. We arrived at Santa Barbara about 10 P. M. Monday night. Tuesday morning at 10:30 o'clock, I left for Summerland, was there three days. Mr. Williams was there with team to take me over the place. We drove first to Ortego hill. I need not detail the beautiful sight therefrom. So much has been said of the view. I found no "salt marsh;" there is a small one near Santa Barbara, but what of the 1000 acres around this city, Oakland and Alameda? Yet none thinks of ignoring them on that account. People see from their standpoint and very much according to their feelings. Those who have reported so adversely were there before there was any accomodations; it was a cold unpleasant time. Some were sick, and saw as they felt. I was well and happy, well cared for by new and old friends. To me all was beautiful. The rolling land, ravines, the garden of the gods (which not one of that company visited) more wonderful than many places that people go thousands of miles to see, to my eye far surpasseses in loveliness an even, unbroken plain.

MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS.

SPIRITUALISM.

Rev. Dr Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, being interviewed April 5th by a reporter for the *Eagle*, uttered this positive testimony:

"I believe that the spirit exists independent of the body, and goes on existing without any interruption whatever at death."

This is the belief of every Spiritualist in the country. That the spirit goes on existing without any interruption whatever at death. To this add: Each of us who are here on earth are directly descended from the one great spirit, Our Father who art in heaven. We each have more or less of spirit power according as we have lived to develop it. As all times and seasons are alike God's to move and to do, so are all times and seasons man's to go and come as will and inclination dictate, and as conditions open the way. Nothing is impossible with God, and in proportion as His children live up to the inheritance which millions of them neglect, they, too, are powerful to accomplish good works while in this life, and absolute return and make their presence known whenever there is good reason to do so as God nor his fully intelligent children do anything without a good reason therefor. Man's power begins to come to him at birth, on his establishment as an entity, but it comes not to him in its fullest and complete measure till after the change we call death, that is, death to the body. To the spirit there is no death. Life once established is eternal. There is an accountability but no death. The spirit even has power to communicate with spirit, and is more material. This is Spiritualism.—*Pioneer's Advance Thought.*

SUPERSTITION AND SORCERY IN NEW GUINEA.

In the report to the Colonial Office of the Special Commissioner for British New Guinea during the past year, there is a long and very interesting account of some of the superstitions of the natives of that country, written by Mr. H. H. Romily. One of the most sacred obligations, he says, on the relatives of a deceased man is to place in his grave, and in his accustomed haunts, food and water for the spirit of the departed. It is thought that this spirit is all that remains of the deceased, and the human appetites take possession of it, or, rather remain in existence, just as if the body had not died. If, however, he is killed in battle, there is not the same necessity of constantly feeding his spirit; the head of one of the tribe or race who killed him is sufficient. If the slayer is a white man the angry spirit can be laid by a large payment of goods to the relatives of the deceased, and this constantly happens.

Dreams are, to them, voices from the land of spirits, telling them what to do, for whom to work, from whom to steal, and what to plunder. Whitemen are always attended by a familiar spirit, which is blamed for any mischief that befalls the natives in a locality where a white man happens to be. If the white man is a friend of theirs, they merely demand compensation, which he will pay, says Mr Romily, if he is a wise man; if he is untriendly to them, the unfortunate white man may prepare for the worst. His attendant spirit will not help him, for it flies at the sound of a gun.

On the death of a relative, there is a great drumming and burning of torches to send the spirit safely and pleasantly on its travels. In some parts of the country, certain trees have spirits, and on least days a portion of the food is set apart for these spirits. It is worthy of remark that all their spirits are malignant, and these have to be overcome by force of arms, by blessings, or by cursings.

Sorcerers are implicitly believed in, and they generally do a good trade in the sale of charms, which are made, not on any fixed principal, but according to the freaks of fancy of the sorcerer or the purchaser. Sometimes it is a bit of bark, sometimes a crab's claw worked in the most fantastic way. These are protectors against all injuries or accidents that may happen to a man. A sailor will wear one as a protection against shipwreck, another charm saves its wearer from wounds in battle, another from disease, and so on. Besides being a sorcerer that personage is also a physician and surgeon, and usually the astrologer and weather prophet of his district. It can hardly be said that he is skilled in these professions. An unnerving mode of treatment of a patient who is suffering pain from any cause whatever is to make a long, and sometimes a deep, incision over the abdomen. As may be imagined, this is not a very safe remedy. In one instance Mr Romily mentions a woman, who was suffering severely from severe spear wounds, was thus treated by the native sorcerer, who, in pursuit of his profession as surgeon, inflicted by far the most severe wound the poor woman received, thus destroying the chance of life which she had before he attended her. Many of the tribes are, through the influence of the missionaries, shaking off these superstitutions. "But even these people," says Mr. Romily, "the most civilized in New Guinea, and many of them professed Christians, in times of great excitement revert to their old habits. This was shown during the autumn of 1886. At that time a severe epidemic raged along the south coast. The people were dying by hundreds, of pneumonia, and were beside themselves with fear. The usual remedies for driving away spirits at night were tried, remedies which have been in disuse for years; torches were burnt, horns were blown, and the hereditary sorcerers sat up all night cursing; but still the people died. Then it was decided that the land spirits were working this harm, and the whole population moved their canoes out in the bay and slept in them at night, but still the people died. Then they returned to their villages, and fired arrows at every moving object they saw. . . . In course of time the epidemic wore itself out; but while it lasted the civilized Motuans were as superstitious as any of their neighbors could have been."—*Nature.*

WHAT ARE THE THOUGHTS OF THE DYING.

In the Societe de Biologie, Fere affirmed that a dying person in his last moments thinks of the chief events of his life. Persons resuscitated from drowning, epileptics with grave attacks, persons dying and already unconscious, but momentarily brought back to consciousness by ether injection to utter their last thoughts, all acknowledge that their last thoughts revert to momentous events of their life. Such an ether injection revives once more the normal disposition of cerebral activity, already nearly extinguished, and it might be possible at this moment to learn of certain important events of the past life. Brown-Sequard mentions the remarkable fact that persons who, in consequence of grave cerebral affections, have been paralyzed for years, get back at once when dying their sensibility, mobility, and intelligence. All such facts clearly show that at the moment of dissolution important changes take place, reacting upon the composition of the blood and the functions of the organs.

TALENTS.

Another talent, often little though of, is the power of making others happy. All have this more or less, and he who has it, in however small a measure, will have to give account for his use of it. None are so poor, or so desolate, or so much alone, that others are not in some measure dependent upon them for their daily happiness. . . . Every day, sometimes every hour of the day, we may drop a little seed of pleasure or good along their path, and it will spring up and grow, and sweet flowers will blossom by the way, one flower will bring another. Or, on the other hand, the seed may be scattered from which thorns grow; and one thorn will bring another, and that another, and so on till the way is strewed with thorns, when it might just as easily have been strewn with flowers.

A self-important young man called with a letter of introduction upon Rufus Choate, the well-known New York solicitor. Mr. Choate being engaged, the young man had to wait much longer than he thought consistent with his importance. When Mr. Choate finally came in the young man said, "Mr. Choate, I don't think you know who I am. My father is the Bishop of ——." "Have a chair, Mr. W.," said Choate, very politely. "And my father-in-law," continued the young man, "is president of the — - Railway," "Have two chairs, Mr. W." said Choate.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

AN AIM AT LOOKING FORWARD MORE WISELY.

BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D.

An intelligent writer, by the name of Mr. S. H. Preston, has an article in the September number of *Hall's Journal* entitled "Looking Forward. The writer brings up an array of figures to show that the world will in a few centuries become vastly overcrowded, so that the people must inevitably starve to death and all things come to a common ruin. My aim shall be to show that this horrible result is entirely imaginary and founded on false reasoning.

The writer says that population increases in geometrical progression, doubling every twenty-five years, and shows that this rate of increase will place over 35,000 times the population of the globe in our country alone in fifteen centuries. Of course such a population could scarcely find standing room, much less room to support themselves by agriculture or manufactures. Supposing the population to double only three times in a century, he has correctly figured out a population of more than twenty-six billions, which is about twenty-two times the present population of the globe. Of course such a number would eat one another up, and all that the land could raise besides. If this is true, and if our destruction shall be accomplished in two or three centuries, then there is poor encouragement for building up any institutions or working for humanity, for the whole constitution of things is a miserable failure and the world should blown up as soon as possible before this fearful starvation scene commences.

But let us see how this theory harmonizes with the facts of the world's history. The truth is that no such rate of progress, or the tenth part of it, rules among nations as a whole. With such a rate of progress the world would be crowded to death in about two centuries, and the great continents and islands would have been left to silence thousands of years ago. Henry George has brought up quite an array of facts to show that population as a whole does not increase at all. In this Mr. George is no doubt mistaken. To be sure, there are many nations and cities in their early history that may increase rapidly for a while, but not geometrically, except for a limited time. When overcrowding takes place the increase is checked. Malthusianism is one of the most absurd pieces of sophistry that the world has ever seen. The Rev. Mr. Malthus wrote nearly a century ago, and according to his theory of populations doubling every twenty-five years the world should be nearly destroyed by this time. His theory has been shrewdly knocked to pieces by an application to the family and descendants of Confucius. On the supposition that population doubles every twenty-five years, these descendants of the revered Chinese sage should have amounted to 859,559,193,106,709,670,198,710,528 souls in 2,150 years after the death of Confucius, a number large enough to people millions of solar systems! So much for theory. What are the facts? History says that in the reign of Kanghi, 2,150 years after the death of Confucius, his male descendants were 11,000, which would show that 20,000 persons would cover the whole number. Theory thus overleaps the truth of things by being nearly forty septillion times too much.

Those sensational Malthusian theories were an outgrowth from Adam Smith's teachings, and were swallowed whole by such eminent writers as Mill, Buckle, Carlyle, and a host of others.

But our writer goes on to show the fearful dangers of "over population," and declares that "the number of workers already far exceeds the demand for work," there being a million idlers. But here again is a mistake. The densest population in the United States is in Massachusetts, which according to the census of 1880 was 220 to a square mile. In this very State, however, which is so crowded, the average wealth to each individual has always been before been greater than that of any other State and may be so still, although I have not the statistics of the last census by me. It is high time that the world should understand the fact that *the basis of wages is labor, not capital*, for which reason there will be no danger of having too many laborers for a thousand years to come, *it is an only thing about a righteous division and distribution of the results of labor.* Our present system allows the strong the cunning, and the rapacious to devour those who are weak or who are engaged in some noble work than mere money making, and hence can not cope with the tricks of trade. Let us look at causes, not forever skim the surface of things. With our vast new machinery which is more and more crowding out human labor, the people must be driven to ruin unless they organize and employ themselves, in other words, co-operate. It can be demonstrated that laborers do not get one-fifth of what they earn even in America. Two or three years since the Labor Bureau showed that each laborer earned, directly or indirectly, $10 a day, but received only $1.15. Keep the laborer down, house him in a kind of pig-sty without means for ennoblement or happiness, and it will make him lose self-respect and can drive him into drinking and animalism. In Europe thousands of co-operative societies have sprung into being and are working with marvelous efficiency for human good. The Nationalist party, founded on that grand work of Mr. Bellamy called "Looking Backward," has sprung swiftly into being in various parts of the United States and proclaims a gospel of glad tidings to the suffering people. Is it right to call such movements utopian and visionary? No, from the fact that these same principles have been tested by the the Familistere of Guise, France, for twenty-seven years, with a harmonizing, happifying and beautifying effect upon all its members, now nearly two thousand in number, which is simply marvelous. Outside of their sacred precincts the laboring people are apt to live in hovels, sometimes in windowless rooms, with squalid surroundings and ragged, uneducated children, while inside the people live in their palace, of which they rapidly becoming owners, have park-like surroundings, a theater, a wonderful system of schools and nurseries, and baths and festivals, and those co-operative arrangements which lift so many burdens of life. Among all these happy people there never has been a pauper or a criminal, and the drunkenness which so often marks the discouraged laborer in the present perverted system of life, has disappeared. Let the croakers then, who are always crying out "visionary," "unpractical," hold their peace in the light of such facts, and let our writers cease to advocate the impending ruin that is coming upon us, becoming enkindled with the grander facts of the living present, which shall prevent all ruinous tendencies and lift man to his true and glorious destiny. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

N. Y. College of Magnetics, 50 Union Square.

Interesting as has been the past history of our race, imposing as must ever be the present—the future more exacting still, mingles itself with every thought and sentiment, and casts its beam of hope, or shadow of fear, over the stage both of active and contemplative life. In youth we scarce descry it in the distance. To the stripling it appears and disappears, like a visible star, showing in painful succession its spots of light and shade. In age it looms gigantic to the eye; full of chastened love and glorious anticipation; and at the great transition, when the outward eye is dim, the image of the future is the last picture which is effaced from the retina of the mind.

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—Dean Ramsey tells a story of a Scotch beadle, who had taken a fancy to the manse housemaid. At a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said, "Mary, wad ye tak a turn, Mary?" He led her to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger, got out, "My fowk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife.

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W. J. KIRKWOOD.

The whisper of Love within and around us, that there is something more pleasant than the world of care and of toil, naturally leads the spirit to seek pleasure as the element of its greatest enjoyment and in this pursuit we find almost everything pertaining to the Progressive Lyceum attracts large numbers to its proceedings.

On Saturday evening last, St. George's Hall was crowded on the occasion of the Lyceum's monthly social, and fine programme arranged by the committee consisting of Messrs. Robert H. Ely, W. F. Muhlner, W. J. Kirkwood, Mrs. F. A Robinson, Mrs. A. E. Fossette and Miss Margie Kohn was presented as follows: march by the Lyceum pupils, who entered wearing badges and carrying flags, and also sang "America," after they had taken their seats; club exercises; Lizzie Pfeiffer and Emma Plang, vocal solo, "Looking Backward, or the Waltz of Love," Alice Anderson; roundelay, "Robin's Nest," six little pupils, Ida Gilbert, Ethel Craig, Violet Holmes, Clara Anderson, Mabel Ward, Simpkin, and conducted by Mrs. A. E. Fossette; Highland fling, in full Scottish costume, Lottie, Hattie and Joanne Wilson; recitation, medley, "Mary's Little Lamb," Eva Peck, encore "Pat's Blessings;" song (banjo accompaniment), "Why Daddy's Always Poor," Daisy May Cressey; vocal solo, "Mottoes Framed Upon the Wall," Carrie Easting, encore Charming Little Quaker Girl," vocal solo, "The Sailor Boy," Lizzie Kelley. The beautiful Delzarte movements were then executed by some young ladies in the lovely Grecian costume; these were Grace Beecher, Susie Purnell, Christola Morrell, Mary L. Lantz, Alice Anderson, Margie Kohn and Mabel Morrell, who was the conductor. The same young ladies, constituted a floor committee with Susie Purnell as floor manager, assisted by Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, and others. Mrs. Albert Cressy acted as a reception committee; Mr. C. H. Gilman as a door committee, and the following ladies constituted a committee on refreshments: Mrs. N. Churchill, Mrs. F. A. Robinson, Mrs. E. A. Nichols, Mrs. P. Pamperim, Mrs. E. W. Briggs, and Mrs. A. E. Fossette. The ladies who presided at the piano were Mrs. J. W. Gonther, Mrs. M. D. Morris, Mrs. Clayse, Mrs. Albert Cressey, and Miss Annie Kelley.

The late hour to which the previous evening's entertainment had been continued did not detain many at home on Sunday, and the Lyceum had a very interesting meeting. The seats had been arranged openly and this permitted a target and flag march, which were carried out for the first time since the pupils have been in their present location. These maneuvres, with some remarks upon a few contributions to the museum, with a short address from the conductor, and responses to the question "What should we do to increase the Lyceum's usefulness," occupied all its time, and with the selection of the question: "What is the highest expression of Love," to furnish a topic for more thought during the present week, an adjournment was had. The Lyceum is assuming more systematic form, and the interest growing. Last Sunday found several new scholars present and the reconstruction of the groups is now necessary, so that new teachers are required, who, yielding to their natural spirit, will be willing to give their time and thought to a class, assumed that the reward in the affection of their pupils and the knowledge that is promoting the good of all humanity, will be ample satisfaction to them for any exertion they may make in this direction. The leaders and friends who met on the conclusion of the session, formed a large circle, and transacted some business that will secure more effective movement of the Lyceum. Mr. A. A. Stout was elected as watchman, and the Lyceum Manual was selected as a reference book for the guidance of its movement. The ladies and society are pushing measures vigorously to have the Bazaar, set for November 30th and 30th, a successful one, and that it will prove so there can scarcely be any doubt. Contributions both of time, ability and material continue to be furnished, and as at present any future contributions can be left with Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, 155 Eddy street, or Mrs. J. Sellenger at the CARRIER DOVE office and with L. J. Owen Golden Gate office. The old society meets on Tuesday of this week at the house of the president, Mrs. A. E. Fossette, on Noe street.

THE SOCIAL OF THE LADIES' ELSMERE CLUB

A goodly number of the friends of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten assembled at the residence of Mrs. Mary Irwin, 1143 Valencia street, last Saturday evening, the 2d inst. The parlor library, stairway, nitches and alcoves, were elaborately and handsomely decorated with a variety of trailing vines, evergreens, etc.; and, with the smiling, happy faces of the host and hostesses, and the numerous guests of the evening, it was a bower of beauty seemed enshrined in this hospitable mansion.

A programme of exceeding excellence was successfully carried through, under the direction of Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, President of the Club. The exercises were opened with a piano solo by Mrs. Hohfeld, which was followed by a recitation, "Jerry, the Newsboy," by Master Ray Irvin. A duet, guitar and banjo, by Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. McKenzie, was next finely rendered. Mrs. Amos Adams recited "It We Knew," in good style, and later on she gave an amusing dialect recitation.

Mrs. Eugenia Clark sang "Tit for Tat," and Miss Libbie Hill recited "The Courtin'," each in her customary excellent manner. The beautiful ballad of "Love's Old Sweet Song," was sung by Mrs. Wallis and Master Albert Dodge sang Charlie Reed's popular "Tomale Song." A piano solo by Miss Beghle closed the musicale.

After refreshments had been served, the usual collection was taken up, a substantial sum being netted. Chess and other games were in vogue during the evening and at a late hour the festivities closed with a rattling dance.

DOVE NOTES.

If any of our readers have copies of the DOVE of Sept. 15th that they do not wish to preserve we will pay ten cents each for a few copies of that issue.

The social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, held at the residence of C. W. Irvin, last Saturday evening, was a most enjoyable affair. The rooms were beautifully decorated and presented an attractive appearance. The guests entered heartily into the pleasures of the occasion, and enjoyment for the time banished care.

"Looking Forward," a journal devoted to Nationalism, published at San Diego, is to be issued hereafter as an eight-page weekly newspaper. It is an excellent journal, and being devoted to the grandest movement of the age for removing the curse of poverty, it should be supported by those who is laboring to benefit, which includes the whole human race.

We have noticed that some of our orthodox exchanges who copy entire editorials from spiritual journals simply credit them "Ex." They are doubtless afraid to let their readers know that they exchange with such publications, and think that the best way to give them the truth is to serve them as doctors do their patients—give the medicine but call it by a pleasing name.

"We are purely and simply Catholic," says the *Catholic World*, and professes an unreserved allegiance to the church, which takes precedence of and gives the rule to our allegiance to the state. If Catholics choose to own allegiance to the church that is, the papacy before all other powers, they of course have that right, but they ought not to become citizens of any state. A man cannot serve two masters.—*Freethought*.

The unhappy are never pleasing, and all naturally avoid the contagion of misery. To hear complaints is wearisome alike to the wretched and the happy. . . . Who that is struggling under his own evils will add to them the miser ies of another?—*Dr. Johnson*.

The outward form is the index to the inner man. It was ere to believe Lavater, this (says a writer in the *Arg*) is to a great extent true. We mould our own characters, just as we choose our own friends. A habitual living of the higher life will bring forth the higher type. The tendency is progressive in this as in all other things, if we allow nature her free and healthy course.

He is most powerful who has himself in his powor.—*Seneca.*

An exchange announces on the death of a lady, that "she lived fifty years with her husband, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the ndependence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

A shepherd was asked what he was. He answered that he was a king. Over whom do you reign? Over my subjects. And who are your subjects? My inclinations. This shepherd was quite right in saying that he was a king.—*Vianney.*

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who had quarrelled with it, but it was he, and not it that was in the wrong.—*Thackeray.*

If you have good, steady work, that earns you even the proverbial half loaf, do that cheerfully. Keep up courage and that will help you to meet difficulties, and no doubt in after days you would not exchange the lessons learned in hard times for a great deal of money.

To seem not to hear remarks which are intended to annoy you in a species of negative insincerity which is in many cases commendable. It disappoints and baffles the insulter, and prevents a profitless war of words. Such dissimulation may be the means of preventing a breach of the peace—and the "easier way is the best" when the other way is not imperative.

You are not more holy because you are praised; neither are you more vile because you are blamed. For you are what you are, neither can you be made better by what others say than what God sees you to be. If you take good heed to what in yourself you are inwardly, you will not care what men may say about you.—*Thos. A. Kempis.*

The rich are not to be envied, for truly "there is no purchase in money" of any real happiness. When used for our own gratification, it injures us; when used ostentatiously, it brings care; when hoarded; it narrows the soul. There is only one source of true blessedness in wealth, and that comes from giving it away for ends that tend to elevate our brothers, and enable them to share it with us. . . . The secret of happiness is renunciation.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

Every good act is a flower which will beautify our final existence. Every good deed is an evergreen which will mark our resting place. Every good intention an angel which will sing the harmony of love over our graves. Every pure motive will be a screen to beat back the hot sun of calumny, and every friend we are true to will be a witness for us when the hour comes when we may need them.—*Mark M. Pomeroy.*

1,356 people died of delirium tremens in England last year.

The Lyceum Entertainment at St. George's hall, on Saturday evening last was very successful socially and financially. The managers are determined to make their socials pleasant and profitable to young and old, and succeed admirably. All have a good time and look forward with pleasurable anticipations to the next one. The bazar, to be held on the last of the month, will be the first enterprise of the kind they have undertaken, and all who can do so should assist it in every possible way. Donations of fancy articles solicited, as their sale will greatly assist the work.

Where responsibility begins will always be of intricate and often impossible solution. But if there be such a point at all, it is fatal to fatalism, and man is what he has hitherto been supposed to be—an exception in the order of Nature, with a power not differing in degree, but in kind, from those of other creatures. Moral life, like all life, is a mystery: and as to anatomize, the body will not reveal the secret of animation, so with the actions of the moral man. The spiritual life, which alone gives them meaning and being, glides away before the logical dissecting knife, and leaves it but a corpse to work upon. —*Froude.*

Dramatic, Literary and Musical entertainment to close with a dance, will be tendered Mrs. F. A. Logan on Saturday evening, 23rd inst., in St. George's Hall, in honor of her efforts in the upbuilding of the harmonial circle.

"Dear God, make our family more stylish," said a little girl after the conclusion of her evening prayer the other night. There was sense in that prayer. It is a prayer I have been praying for a long time; not only for my own family, but for the families of all the world's workers. Neither have I been praying to God for this blessing, but to the spirit and pride of the people. Dear souls, I say, arise in the consciousness of your own worth and ability, and make your families more stylish. Why should you wear beggar's rags when the money of your making is used to polish up and render stylish the families of that select class of paupers who never in their lives earned an honest dollar. Why should Ethel and Gladys and Gwendolin wear velvet, while Sallie and Lib and little Jen have scarcely enough of the coarsest material to keep them warm? And all the more so when the father of the first named children has robbed the father of the others of all that draws the distinguishing line between them. Dear God, make our families more stylish.—*Helen Wilmans.*

A correspondent writes that Bellamy's ideas are most excellent, but that he does not point out the ways and methods to be used in accomplishing the nationalization of industries. We believe an intuitive reader will grasp the ideas embraced in *Looking Backward*, and materialize in his own brain the outcome of the righteous crusade against the primary causes of want and suffering, a conflict which will continue until the glorious end sought is accomplished. Before the abolition of African serfdom it was a vexed question with many anti-slavery leaders how it was to be accomplished, and we all have knowledge of the events and necessities which brought about the erazure of that damning blot upon American civilization. It was a war measure, and public opinion was ripe for its enforcement. In the course of human events it may become necessary as a war measure in the abolition of wage slavery and poverty to confiscate and nationalize industries representing millions of dollars, massed through class legislation—a legalized robbery from the toilers. When such a course becomes necessary, public opinion will sanction the means for the desired ends. These ideas are revolutionary in sentiment, viewed from our present state of society, but as the vast amount of crime, desolation, and suffering that has been created in the past thirty years (through gross ignorance on the part of the masses, allowing the greed and cunning of a few individuals to acquire, "by ways that were dark" nearly all the wealth of the country) become fully realized by the people, public opinion will be ripe on the question, the war measure applied, and the beginning of the greatest era of prosperity, for common humanity will then be realized. That dawn is almost here!—*Looking Forward.*

There is a man who lives in Rome of the name of Pecci. This man is the pope of the Roman Catholic Church, a large religious body that pretends to take for its Lord and master a humble peasant of Galilee who lived on earth nearly two thousand years ago. This peasant was a preacher, and among other things that he said we find this: "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." We should naturally expect to find a person who claimed to be a follower of Jesus, meek and lowly, living in plain manner, without ostentation or pomp, asking for no honor and treating his fellow-man like an equal and a brother. Is the pope meek and lowly? Does the pope live in humble manner, without pomp or show? Does he ask for no honor? Does he treat his fellow-man like an equal? Not a bit of it. The pope of the Roman Catholic church claims to be infallible; he is surrounded with more pomp than any monarch on earth; he asks for honor and demands that all men shall acknowledge his right to rule them. He treats his fellow-man as a tyrant does a slave; he must be approached with the utmost obsequiousness, and he considers that he bestows a divine favor if he allows an individual to kiss his toe. What mockery for this man to pretend to represent him who said: "I am meek and lowly in heart." The Pope demands that the whole world shall kneel to him. There is another man who lives in Rome. He is the king of Italy. This man sits upon a throne, and the trappings of royalty become his station. We should expect him to e proud and haughty, to look upon his fellow-

men as tools of power, and to demand that they pay him undue homage. But we read that "the other day, at Spezia, as King Humbert was reentering his hotel after a naval review, he was met by an individual, who, kneeling down, presented a petition. 'Why on your knees,' said his majesty, reprovingly; 'Don't you know that a man ought never to kneel to another man?' What a difference in the two men! The pope demanding that men kneel in his presence; the king raising a man from his knees, and telling him that one man should never kneel to another. What a noble lesson has the king taught the pope!—*Boston Investigator.*

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise
What glorious odds 'my suffering brother
Would they unite
In love and fight
And cease their scorn of one another.

Oppression's heart might be unbound
With kindly deeds dropped loving kindness
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore
Light on the eyes of mortal blindness.

All slavery warfare lies not wrong
All vice and crime might die together,
And fruit and corn,
To each man born,
Be freely warmth in summer weather.

The saddest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow
Might stand erect,
In self respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done
And more than this, my suffering brother;
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung
If men were wise and loved each other.

—*Gerrit Mackie.*

A DREAM

CLARA HOLBROOK SMITH.

I dreamed a dream. In the midst of it there passed a great procession of well-favored folk, even to rotundity, and as they passed they smiled, an unconscious, uplifted smile. On and on they came, even a great host, and all seemed intent on reaching a box, which, as I gazed at it, suddenly was labelled, "For the Lord." I drew near to learn the meaning of the uplifted hands as they passed it, and lo! an angel was on the other side, and his face grew luminous or sad as he gladly or sadly noted the givers.

Then in my dream I counted the coins—Widow I. with her penny, and so on wrapt with her beatific inward thought she took no note of the angel's smile. Old, lank, sour-visaged Deacon B. came next—he who scolded the church through Bible verses, and said, like St. Paul, we must bear with him in his folly. His ten-dollar gold piece rang among the pennies, and his face and form broadened as he moved on under the angel's benediction. Then little Miss C., school teacher, laid in her silver dollar lovingly, and Teddy D.'s nickel, saved from peanuts, slipped it. Little Deacon E. came next, so plump and self-satisfied, holding up his gold piece, and looking around to see who took note of it; but under the sad smile of the watching angel, he passed on, shrivelled and shrunken. On, on, on they came until one portly millionaire threw carelessly in his offering, but shrunken in soul under the angel's sad gaze he, too, passed on, and was lost with the rest.

I thought I turned with indignation to my heavenly companion, and with burning words denounced his offering. I thought I uttered the wish, "Oh! that I had a million! I would show him how to give to the Lord." With unspeakable sadness, at which I wondered, he replied: "Your wish is granted."

The years passed. I built a beautiful church. I fitted up an elegant hall, supplied it with a library, and opened it for a reading-room. I furnished a temperance hall with elegant upholstery, putting funds and literature at the society's disposal. I built a beautiful chapel for the poor that they might have, at least once a week, as beautiful a home as their richer brothers. I grew portly in form, with a broad, benignant face, as I planned and worked and spent my means, not beholden to another for a penny. But—

My beautiful church had but a few weekly worshipers; my chapel was shunned by the poor, my temperance hall could not secure a quorum of workers.

And I dreamed, heartsick and weary, I went to my church to be comforted, to be fed with the Bread of Life. My pastor took for his text: "And the tongs thereof and the snuff dishes shall be of pure gold." Then he said: "This beautiful edifice so magnificently furnished, the gift of our esteemed brother"—he bowed to me profoundly—"I find lacks one thing; or, rather, two, to make it complete. I see our furnaces are ungainly in form and color, and we use but an old iron poker to stir up the coals. We find, on studying the construction of the tabernacle whose pattern was given direct from God, that even these seemingly insignificant things, the snuff dishes and tongs, were to be made beautiful that all might correspond; so I ask you to-day, brethren, who is willing to remedy this defect, and subscribe toward having the furnaces plated with silver and tongs with gold."

Something impelled me to turn and face the worshipers assembled. My heart grew cold and clammy, and a great fear fell upon me. Shrivelled and shrunken faces and forms, and cold staring eyes met mine with ghastly smiles, and the angel stood beside me again, and pointing toward them said: "Behold thy work, the result of thy misspent millions. Thou hast robbed this people; thou hast taken from them their means of growth; thou hast famished their hearts; thou hast robbed their bodies; for is it not written, "The liberal soul shall be made fat?" Thou hast been their stumbling block. Because of thy munificence they have withheld their dues from the Lord. Woe! woe? woe!"

"But I did it to honor my Lord."

"Thou presumedst to judge thy fellowmen, and in thy folly thought to *show them how*; but thou tookest from them the Lord's plan of their growth. They sinned in their meager giving; thou more, in that thou gavest unwisely, of that too, upon which thou hadst bestowed no labor. Thou contentedst thyself in doing the greatest things to be seen of men. Inast much as thou hast defrauded these thy brethren, inasmuch as thou did it not unto the least of these thy brethren, depart from me, I never knew thee!"

And I—awoke.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. LOGAN'S MEETING.

It was our good fortune to attend the Circle of Harmony in St. George's hall, 909½ Market street, at 11 A. M. Sunday.

Every seat was occupied by intelligent people who maintained order and harmony throughout. Mrs. Hare rendered very fine music on the piano. Mrs. Logan read a poem and gave an invocation. Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Rutter sang "He Knows," with harmonizing effect. Judge Collins was called to the platform and gave a very fine address.

Dr. Temple's experience was listened to with attention. Mr. Patton spoke of national affairs, which called forth remarks by Mrs. Logan, concerning the Nationalists' organization of this city, founded on the principles set forth in Edward Bellamy's book, whereupon Mr. Ashton, one of its founders, distributed invitation cards to all who would like to attend the semi-monthly meetings held Monday evenings in Union Square Hall.

Master Frudenthal, entranced, gave quite a discourse pertaining to the brotherhood of man. Mrs. Elliot, of Oakland, was only a private medium, nevertheless, realized the freedom of the platform.

Prof. J. P. Ewens, of Chicago, was called for, and gave many tests, to which Judge Collins testified, said that the Professor was an entire stranger to him, but that he had accurately described his wife and mother, besides giving their names.

An Italian lady came to the platform, she did not know what for, but being assured by the President that she was quite welcome and that all would be well. She turned to the audience and sang in a clear Italian voice and accent. She stated that it was her first public appearance before an audience, but hoped to do better next time.

Mr. Dean became entranced by Willie Pruden who felt quite at home, as here was where he first manifested several months ago, thanked

the President for instituting and keeping up these meetings; said his mother often wished herself with us. Mrs. Hendee made an excellent speech, and gave words of cheer, besides improvising beautiful poetry. The flower medium was under influence much of the time, her exquisite paper flowers which she made the previous evening, entranced, decorated the platform.

The deceased Madam DeRoth's beautiful little daughter, four years of age, came to the platform by invitation of the President, who placed her on the table, where she presented a lovely tableau with a pure, white dress, black sash and large, black eyes, and dark, flowing ringlets, the pride of her mother's heart, who now watches over her with the same tender solicitude that she ever manifested in the form.

Mrs. Logan stated that she had received fifty pamphlets from Lower California from Mrs. Kellogg and John Brown, mediums, which she would bring next Sunday to sell for the benefit of the dear little orphan. Meetings next Sunday at 11 A. M.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

The afternoon meeting was opened by the president, J. A. Collins. After singing by the audience Dr. Mead made some remarks which caused several mediums to respond. A duet was rendered by Mesdames Cook an Rutter with fine effect, entitled "I'm Sailing O'er Life's Summer Sea." Mrs. Miller then gave the most interesting remarks she has ever given and right to the point and received well merited applause; she also gave many satisfactory platform tests. This phase of her mediumship is improving wonderfully.

Mr. Temple, one our most promising young mediums and earnest workers, gave many remarkable tests, some of which we know personally were correct. Mrs. Kohn also made a few remarks and gave tests. This medium having located in Oakland at the Henry House, Ninth street, we would recommend her to the public as an excellent test and prophetic medium; we believe in giving all reliable mediums a good word. Our meeting was also favored by the presence of the young Miss who, blindfolded and as she claims entranced, selects her materials and makes all kinds of artificial flowers which she did on this occasion; these flowers she sells for herself and widowed mother's support and we are glad to record that the audience responded to her appeal.

In the evening the hall was packed to listen to the interesting exercises presented.

Prof. Dawbarn's lecture was enjoyed by all present many thinking it the best he has delivered. The subject was, "Unborn Man." It is hoped a continuation of the subject may be given at some future time.

After the lecture Mrs. J. J. Whitney gave another of her platform test seances.

Beautiful solos were sung by Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Eugenia Clark. The subject of Prof. Dawbarn's lecture on next Sunday evening will be "The Republic of Spiritualism" and Mrs. Whitney, it is expected, will hold a seance at its close. Come early to secure seats.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The Sunday evening meetings at St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street, with lecture and test by Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, are meeting the approval of our citizens which is apparent by the large attendance, on Sunday evening last.

Questions were submitted by the audience, *viz*: "Do not spirits departed return to earth through media for their own benefit as well as for the benefit of the world? "Why the direct contradiction of spirits' advice through different mediums?" Is not a pure and unselfish life requisite for the best mediumship?"

After the answering of these questions, in which good advice was given to those wishing to become mediums as well as those patronizing them. Mental questions were answered and tests given. These meetings will be continued during the present months

OAKLAND.

The meeting established in this city by a few enterprising Spiritualists are meeting with great success. The Oakland *Morning Times* speaking of them says:

"An hundred and fifty persons, the greater number of them ladies, attended the Spiritualistic meeting in Grand Army Hall, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless inaugurated a series of addresses and open meetings, with a success that was exceedingly gratifying from a Spiritualist point of view.

Mrs. Nickless is a woman of good presence, and is an elocutionist of power; on the whole, a personage of very clever abilities, versatile in her language, a fair student of human nature and well-drilled in the school of incorporal phenomena.

In her remarks she contended that, contrary to the teachings of the churches of to-day, humanity would not be saved through the blood of the Saviour, and that the wise precepts of Jesus Christ were not his own, but the injunctions of the Divine Spirit put in practice by him, and thus given as through a medium, to mankind. She branded as false the claim that men are to be saved through the passion on the cross at Calvary, and declared absurd the doctrine of repentance, which assures salvation to the penitent, if he come with a contrite heart and beg mercy even at the eleventh hour.

"Such a doctrine," she maintained, "is rather an incentive to crime than a discouragement to sin; for the reward to the man whose life has been one of error till near its close, would be the same as that of him who had led a life of perfect purity and goodness."

The doctrine of Spiritualism was built on truths which the Scriptures contained, and was in conformity to right and reason. It asserts that man is rewarded according to his good works, and punished according to the depth of his iniquities. If a man repent his misdeeds early in life he must by doing good endeavor to efface the stain, and if he shall thus succeed, he will be elevated to a blissful sphere in the intellectual life beyond. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," was the truism of Spiritualism, and "he who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind," and "whosoever soweth tares shall harvest thistles," were according to its injunctions. Its motto, too, was the divine admonition, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

Spiritual questions were then asked by members of the audience and answered by Mrs. Nickless. The answers were of a very general character, and the medium was assisted by spirit friends, who materially answered interrogatories. The most remarkable experiences of the afternoon was that of an Oakland young lady—a handsomely dressed and beautiful hazel-eyed blonde.

This young lady arose to signify that in her mind she had a question which she desired the medium to answer.

"You are not a Spiritualist," said Mrs. Nickless, "and you have doubts as to my power to obtain for you the information you seek, but I shall try."

The fair questioner admitted her doubts.

"You have a sister and a cousin in the realm of the spirits, and they are near you now. The sister passed out of the flesh at a tender age, but the cousin was longer your playmate."

There was a rising inflection on the last word, and the young lady murmured eagerly, "Yes."

"They are both most deeply concerned in your welfare, and the cousin tells you, through me, that you are doing wrong. You are on the wrong path."

All eyes were now turned on the questioner; whose face was flushed with a crimson hue.

"Your association with——well, you understand what I mean—," continued the medium. "Your intercourse with that one is causing grief to those loved ones. You are planning a further step. Your future is at stake."

"Why, she's going to marry the fellow, I guess!" whispered an interested woman at the reporter beside.

The medium continued: "they beg of me to tell you for them to beware—never to take the steps to get rid of that associate, and something better will be assured you. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I understand it" said the young lady.

"You know who is meant?"

"Fully."

Nothing of a nature to question the young lady's mental character is intended," concluded the medium. "I dislike to say many things that the spirits put in my mouth."

Then the audience drew a long breath of relief, and sat back in their seats to await other developments in other cases, but the answers after that were comparatively uninteresting."

These meetings will be continued every Sunday afternoon for the present. N.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

THE FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY AND READING-Room of Progressive Spiritualists is open every day from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 9 P.M., Assembly Days excepted. All are invited to avail themselves of its privileges. All the spiritual papers and books are kept on file for the benefit of those who wish to spend a pleasant hour in reading. Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, Librarian. Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Asst. Librarian.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 7 30 P. M. at Washington hall, 34 Fifth st. Charles Dawbarn, speaker. Admission free.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Good speakers and mediums at each meeting. Admission free. Conference at 7 P. M.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHILDRENS' PROGRESSIVE Lyceum meets every Sunday for their usual exercises, at Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, No 909½ and 909 Market Street, near Fifth, at 10 30 A. M. New Hall, with new benches and new arrangements. A general attendance of children and friends is solicited. Come one and all, see for yourselves and help us along.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING 7.30 P. M., 111 Larkin St., Songs, Recitations and instrumental music by volunteer talent. Lectures on all questions pertaining to the cause of Spiritualism. Platform tests by Mrs. Perkins and others.

RUPTURE
DR PIERCE'S
MAGNETIC ELASTIC
TRUSS Using Electric Truss
is the world. No Iron Upper Steel
Spring to rust or wear. Thousands
Trusses radically cured thousands
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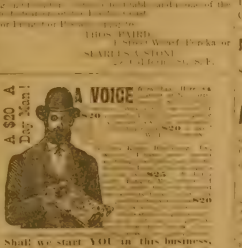

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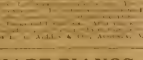

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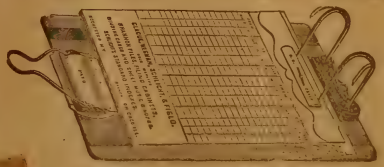

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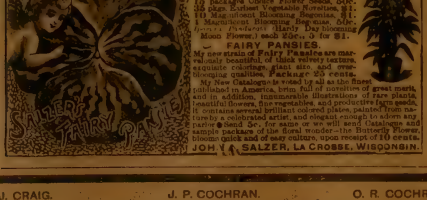
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VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH, 1891. NUMBER 3.

Original Articles.

Al Koran.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

When the life of Mohammed is carefully studied without prejudice, it becomes clearly apparent that he was a medium, and that in his state of ecstasy or trance he was the mouthpiece of spiritual intelligence, not the highest, but far superior to the development of his countrymen, and fully acquainted with their wants and necessities for their advancement.

Still as the Koran as the Christian may, it has been a source of spiritual life to a great race, and has assisted in bringing it out of barbarism. Al Koran means "The Reading"—that which ought to be read—and is applied to the book delivered by Mohammed in a trance-like state during the years of his prophetship, and is regarded as sacred by the Mohammedans. Neither Mohammed himself nor any of his followers entertained the thought that he was its author. He repeatedly and most emphatically refers it to a supernatural origin. It is a production of the high heavens delivered, as occasion required, to and through him. If it has a fault or blemish, it is because of his own earthly, clarded state preventing the transmission of the superior light.

The angel charged with this mission he calls Gabriel, a being prominent in Oriental theology. This is regarded by his detractors as an artful subterfuge, for had it been revealed at one time, and as a whole, it would not have possessed the elasticity by which it is adapted to all occasions and wants. It being held back by the angels, and only given in passages as the exigencies of the moment required, allowed unlimited freedom. But this supposition is of as little worth as the ridiculous fables invented to account for the sources from which he, an illiterate man, gained his information. It is true the method was most admirable, and also true that there is every evidence that the prophet was sincere in his claims.

In this matter to attack the claim itself is puerile, and would condemn the author; in that age truth gained little hearing unless it appealed to superstition. The words of a camel-driver would be scorned, the voice of an angel, repeated in sweet measured passages from a book brought from heaven, would at once excite attention.

In this respect he resembled Buddha, who forbade his disciples becoming wonder workers. When challenged by the multitudes demanding a sign, this is the miracle he commanded: "Hide your good deeds, and confess before the world the sins you have committed."

Mohammed would not work miracles. He scorned to descend to the rank of mountebank, and triumphantly pointed, when asked by the unbelievers to create a garden in the desert, bring the rains or stay the tempest, to the Divine Book he had spoken, and challenged the combined wit and eloquence of Arabia to equal its beauty of composition. He appealed to the great works of Allah, constantly transpiring before their eyes—the rising and setting of the sun, the revolution of the seasons, the rain that gave the harvest, the birth of living souls—as signs and wonders sufficient for a true believer.

A revelation like the Koran should not be judged as an ideal infallible authority. They who expect such a treasure, infinite in conception, taking in the past, and presciently interpreting the future, will ever be disappointed. The signet of man, not of God, must be stamped on every page. And yet it must be acknowledged that the style of the Koran is a model for the people for whom it was designed. The translation may be obscure, and the language florid, but it cannot be so in the original. There can be no reasonable doubt but Mohammed wrote the Koran. Christian writers have constantly attempted to prove him a villainous impostor, having invented fables beyond number to account for an illiterate man composing such an important work. He, himself, denies its authorship, claiming to be but an humble instrument through whom it was delivered during the space of twenty-three years. Few of the 114 chapters were delivered entire, being given in detached paragraphs, and written down in such chapters as the angel dictated. They wrote on palm-leaves, flat stones, leather, and the shoulder-blades of sheep, the only material they then possessed. The more devout committing to memory.

The originals were thrown into a chest, and remained undisturbed until two years after Mohammed's death, when Abubekr, considering the great number of passages committed to memory, and the confusion existing and growing greater every day, had a perfect transcript made of the whole. He is said to have been the compiler of the Koran, but he did not change it in the least, such was the great reverence borne for the name of the apostle.

In the time of Othman the versions became so numerous and conflicting that he decreed in council that all copies which did not agree with the genuine one in the hands of Hafsa, the widow of Mohammed, should be burnt, and this is remained unchanged to the present.

"And they say, we will by no means believe on thee, until thou cause a spring of water to gush forth out of the earth; or thou have a garden of palm trees and vines, and thou cause rivers to spring forth from the midst thereof in abundance; or thou cause the heaven to fall down upon us, as thou hast given out in prophecies, or thou bring down God and the angels to vouch for thee."

Answer: "Am I other than a man sent as an apostle?"

"Has God sent a man for his apostle?"

Answer: "If the angels hold walked on the earth as familiar inhabitants thereof, we would surely send down unto them an angel for an apostle."

"But we will oppose truth to vanity, and it shall confound the same, and behold it shall vanish away. Every soul shall taste death."

The magnanimity of character that was impressed upon them by the precepts of the Koran is illustrated by the by-out the chieftains who upheld its banner.

When Derar was brought a captive before the Emperor Heraclius, and was commanded to bow down in reverence to him, he replied, though death depended on his answer:—

"We bow to no created being, the apostle bids us to yield adoration to God alone."

The Christian patriarch of Antioch would convert them

"What hinders ye from turning Christian?"

"The truth of our religion."

Heraclius, being at the main altar of the Caliph Omar, asked why he did not go richly clad like a prince?

"Because he cares not for this world, but for the world to come, and seeketh favor in the eyes of God alone."

"In what kind of a palace does he reside?"

"In a house built of mud."

"Who are his attendants?"

"Beggars and the poor."

"What tapestry does he sit upon?"

"Justice and equity."

"What is his throne?"

"Abstinence and true knowledge."

"What is his true treasure?"

"Trust in God."

When Mohammed, soon after the hegira, sent a letter to the Russian monarch, that ruler in rage tore it in pieces. Mohammed said to the messenger on his return, "Even so shall Allah rend his empire." The devout Moslems recalled this famous prophesy when they entered the deserted palace of the great king on their career of conquest exclaiming! "Behold the white palace of Khosm; this is the fulfillment of the prophesy of the apostle of God."

How beautiful the simplicity of that faith we learn by the decision of Omar, when a poor pilgrim, in making the circuit of the Ooaba, trod on the scarf of Jabalah who ranked as king. This so incensed the latter he bufleted and struck the pilgrim, who referred his suit to Omar. Said the latter to Jabalah, unless forgiven by thy adversary you must submit to the law of retaliation,—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." "I am a king," haughtily said Jabalah, "he a peasant." "Ye are both Moslems, and in the sight of Allah, who is no respecter of persons, ye are equal."

Mohammed believed and taught that from the beginning to the end of the world, there is one true religion, which is revealed by God through apostles he sends from time to time as required, to teach mankind the great and immutable law of their being, in form and manner as the various wants of the age demanded. To this religion he gave the name of *Islam* which means resignation or submission to the will of God. It began with Adam, and Moses and the patriarchs, prophets and Christ were its exponents. It had become corrupted, and Mohammed was sent as the latest apostle to revivify it with new life, and cleanse it of idolatry and idle forms of worship by which its crystal stream had become polluted. He did not claim to introduce a new system. It was the world-old belief explained by the last apostle. It was the same broad and beautiful stream a few leagues lower down in its course. He comprehended the entire system in one brief proposition which formed the basis of the superstructure. There is but one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God. As he was the latest apostle, he had the power to abrogate, modify or establish anew on divine authority.

Islam is divided into faith and practice; on these rest five fundamental points. The first rests on faith, and is its confession: "There is but one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God." This is subdivided into belief in God, in his angels, in his scriptures, in his prophets, in the resurrection judgment day, and his absolute decree and pre-determination both of good and evil.

The points of practice are prayer, alms, fasting, and pilgrimage to Mecca.

Mohammed accepted both the Old and New Testaments, but claimed that the copies in the hands of Christians had been so corrupted as to become useless, and hence must yield the preference to the Koran, which God had taken care to preserve in its purity. The Mohammedans regard these books even in their complete forms as of divine authority, and often quote from them, finding various passages foretelling the coming of the apostle of Islam under the name of the Paraclete or Comforter.

The Koran says: "He hath sent down unto the book of the Koran with truth confirming what was revealed before it; for he had formerly sent down the law and the gospel, a direction unto men; and he had also sent down the distinction between good and evil."

There is quite as much diversity among Mohammedans as among Christians, some holding that the spirit at death departs immediately to its future abode, while others maintain that it remains in the grave until the great resurrection day. The time that event shall transpire is known only to God. It will be heralded by wonderful signs, but none will know the awful hour until the "blast of consternation" shall strike terror in the hearts of all. The second "blast of examination," will annihilate all creatures except those exempted from the common fate by the will of God.

Forty years thereafter Israel will again sound the "blast of resurrection," which will restore these to life.

Mohammed accepted predestination, the doctrine of absolute election and reprobation, the unshrinking logic of Calvinism, and it has exerted a great influence on the oriental mind, destroying the incentives to exertion in those who are not at best noted for energy.

The Koran says: "O true believers, surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows, are an abomination of the work of Satan; therefore avoid them that ye may prosper." "They will ask thee concerning wine and lots, answer, in both there is great sin, and also some things of use to men, but their sinfulness is greater than their use." The influence of this commandment to abstain from wine, which includes all inebriating beverages, has been very great, and when Christian communities exist side by side with Mohammedan, the contrast is in nothing more marked than in the sobriety of the latter, with the drunkenness of the former. [*By* "lots" is meant games of chance.]

The judgment day will last a thousand years. The balance in which every soul is weighed is held by Gabriel, and exact justice meted out to all; after it is finished, those who are to be admitted into paradise take the right hand way, those who are destined for hell take the left.

There are seven hells, and seven heavens, and of the paradise of the true believers, it differs not from the picture drawn by the ardent imagination of the Christian of the new Jerusalem, except the addition of great sensuous delights.

While this belief made them heroes in the ages of their wild enthusiasm and upheld the ensign of Islamism in its desperate war conquest, it has proved a powerful narcotic in the period of their maturing, and exercised a highly deleterious influence over their advancement.

If what must come will come, to struggle against adverse fate or court fortune by effort is useless. Man is a puppet to dance to the decrees of destiny which cannot be averted.

To show the high moral grounds taken by the Koran, and how it has been maligned by its bigoted enemies, a few passages are here introduced. While reading them the reader must remember that they were written by an ignorant camel-driver, surrounded by a horde of Bedouins.

"Woe be unto those who give short measure or weight; who, when they receive by measure from other men, take the full; but when they measure unto them, or weigh unto them, defraud! Do not these think they shall be raised again at the great day, the day whereon mankind shall stand before the Lord of all creatures."

"Verily the righteous shall dwell among delights; seated on couches they shall behold objects of pleasure, thou shalt see in their faces the brightness of joy."

"The just shall have a place of delight, the wicked shall surely be in hell."

There is no want of the element of fear in the Koran. If it holds out a sensual paradise, its hell is sufficiently horrible to satisfy the most Orthodox Christian, and it delights in menacing the unbeliever with an awful doom.

"Now are the true believers happy, who humble themselves in

their prayers, and who eschew all vain discourse, and who are doers of alms-deeds; who keep themselves from lust . . . and who acquit themselves faithfully of their trust, and justly perform their covenant; and who observe their appointed times of prayer, these shall be the heirs who shall inherit paradise."

"Turn aside evil with that which is better, and say, O Lord, I fly unto thee for refuge, against the suggestion of the devils, and I have recourse unto thee, O Lord, to drive them away that they be not present."

The unbelievers, "when death overtakes any of them, then he saith, O Lord, suffer me to return to life, that I may do that which is right . . . but behind them there shall be a bar until the day of resurrection." Then "they whose balance shall be heavy with good works shall be happy, but they whose balance shall be light, are those who shall lose their souls, and shall remain in hell forever."

"No soul knoweth the complete satisfaction which is secretly prepared for them as a reward for that which they have wrought."

"Worship not the sun, neither the moon, but worship God, who has created them, if you serve him."

"Who so chooseth the tillage of the life to come, unto him will be given increase in his tillage, and whoso chooseth the tillage of this world, we will give him the first thereof, but he shall have no part in the life to come."

"Neither defame one another, nor call one another opprobrious appellations . . . . . Carefully avoid entertaining a suspicion of one another, for some suspicions are a crime. Inquire not too curiously into other men's failings; neither let one of you speak ill of another in his absence."

"If ye lend unto God an acceptable loan, he will double the same unto you."

"Woe unto every slanderer and backbiter, who heapeth up riches and prepareth the same for the time to come! He thinketh his riches will render him immortal. By no means. He shall surely be cast into Al Hotamah."

"And whatever alms ye shall give, and whatsoever vow ye shall vow, verily God knoweth it."

"If ye make your alms appear it is well; but if you conceal them and give them unto the poor, this will be better for you, and will atone for your sins. And what good thing ye shall give in alms shall be repaid you. They who distribute alms of their substance night and day, in private and in public, shall have their reward with the Lord."

"Deal not unjustly with others and you shall not be dealt with unjustly."

"If there be any debtor unable without difficulty to pay his debts, let his creditor wait until it be easy for him to do it; but if he remit it as alms, it will be better for you."

"Human life is no more than a cheerful enjoyment."

"O Lord forgive us therefore our sins, and expiate our evil deeds from us, and make us to die with the righteous."

"Covet not that which God has bestowed on some of you preferable to others."

Miss Alice Ward, an educated young woman of Vermont, this summer mowed an entire lot of grass (fifty acres) on her father's farm with a mowing machine. She will graduate from the high school next year.—*Springfield Union.*

It is an impressive truth that sometimes in the lowest forms of duty, less than what would rank a man as a villain, there is, nevertheless, the sublimest assent of self-sacrifice. To do less would class you as an object to scorn, to do so much presumes the grandeur of heroism.—*Thomas De Quincy.*

Miss Grace King, the new novel writer of the South, is said to be steady of figure and striking in features. The South is quite proud of her and hopes she will be a credit to that section.

Hints from a Stranger.

There is much said and written at the present time concerning the hostility of the Church toward Spiritualism, and the social ostracism of Spiritualists who openly avow their belief.

The desultory manner of worship is one drawback to good standing. The obscure position which spiritual societies occupy in a community of church going people, is not conducive to the spread of the truth they enjoy. Their meetings are too apt to be associated with cheap amusements; and the inappropriateness of the music, as a rule, adds not a little to the impression that they are lacking in reverence and cultivation. Is there any sufficient reason why they should be satisfied with inferior surroundings, or any wisdom in defying good taste, thereby subjecting themselves and their religion to unnecessary criticism? We think not. If Spiritualists ever expect to reform the world, they must come out of their hiding places into the light of modern ways, and take the lead in architecture, music and oratory.

Have they not the best religion on earth? And why should they not have the finest places of worship and the grandest anthems? All these things have an influence for good. We have not yet outgrown material things. We may be spiritual without losing our love of the beautiful. Why should the wicked flourish like a green bay tree and the seekers after the truth make no effort to obtain their share of worldly blessings. It is true that the angels compensate for such privations many who seek and acknowledge spiritual direction. Especially is this true of those of elevated mind who are capable of receiving instruction from the higher spheres; but if the desire is to bring converts into the knowledge of truth, new ways must be adopted to enlist attention.

It is most unpleasant to be ostracised by Christian (?) sects, and none more than the angels regret this unfriendliness. It has greatly retarded angelic work, and it is the duty of every Spiritualist to make an effort to raise the standard of Spiritualism in the estimation of the world.

Are all mediums acting in the Christ spirit, and should they be upheld by Spiritualists when they depart from good to do evil? Common sense will answer this question. Thorough organization would prevent much of the mischief that is done by mercenary and immoral self-styled leaders. Oftentimes those the least suited to direct are the most anxious to be conspicuous, and the most desirable men and women are crowded out, or are too careful of their reputation to be closely associated or identified with incompetent or questionable characters. Everyone who desires to elevate the cause, and uplift humanity, will live honestly. Spiritualists should not wink at deception, nor should they hesitate to express displeasure toward corrupt methods of gaining a livelihood.

The Church is powerful enough to conceal the faults of its teachers, but spiritual societies cannot afford, even were they strong enough, to do so. There is too much independence and indifference manifested by the believers in this great truth for the common good of all. They fail to realize that in union there is strength. They struggle along with little system, and are not alive to the demands of the hour. Would it not be better to be considered as a solid body than to be looked upon as spiritual tramps? Selfishness and greed may cause some to pull the wrong way, and conceit will probably thrust itself in the path of progress. If obstructionists cannot be convinced of their sin, leave them for the present and convert them later.

"A depth of philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion." We may apply this old quotation to advanced Spiritualists. Those who have drunk at the well-spring of life are qualified to guide those on the lower plane of thought. When men realize how little they know, then they may become more teachable. Verily conceit is the foe of Progression. The phe-

nomena appears to satisfy fully one half of the believers in Spiritualism. They do not understand that the knowledge of spirit return is almost valueless without the philosophy; that the phenomena is merely to arouse the attention, and that the teachings are intended to follow in proper manner, for the benefit of the investigator.

It is those who have listened to the teachings that have been brought about to a religion that surpasses in beauty and purity any heretofore known. We must be instructed by the angel world. It is not necessary, nor is it taught by advanced minds in spirit life, that we search in the far east for our daily lessons. Why should we? If progression is our aim, why retrace our steps? Why not seek knowledge of our kindred on the spirit side of life? If they were truthful here, why distrust them now?

In examining ancient books we can learn much perhaps that will stimulate us to live holily; but ancient writings are not one whit better than modern for a sound mind to review. An intelligent and unprejudiced thinker can detect the flaws and accept the truths regardless of the age of the writing. The antiquity of the Bible adds greatly to its value in shallow minds. There is much of truth and much of priestcraft between its covers. It has been so often made over that its original usefulness has been well-nigh destroyed by its foolish tinkers, who sought to conceal its spiritual light; but fortunately, enough was left of the phenomena of Spiritualism to make the book more valuable to-day to Spiritualists than to priests; and it is pleasant to contemplate, when reading this old book, that in that far off time angels were known to men. But modern testimony is quite as important to the progressionist, although entirely rejected by Christian sects.

Jesus was a Spiritualist pure and lovely, and all Spiritualists should be like Jesus; and when they copy after his life, then will the truth for which they are now ostracised lift its bruised head and wipe its tearful eyes.

Inconsistent and thoughtless Spiritualists cast reproach upon the cause they profess to follow; and it requires more than ordinary courage and honesty to openly avow and identity one's self with the scattering groups of Spiritualists who meet in the by ways and hedges for amusement or instruction as the desire may be. It has been said, and with truth we think, that if Jesus were to come again upon earth that he would be despised as of yore. But Spiritualists must not comfort themselves with this thought. They must make themselves heard in the land, and by their superior example of every day life, demand social recognition. Individually they may receive it; but not collectively are they honored. Only those who have been reared in the church, and been accustomed to its refining influences, can imagine the loneliness of one who has left its shelter to stand alone and unaided upon the ragged edge of Spiritualism, subject to the censure of old friends and finding little consolation in new associations. Were it not for angel sympathy, surely such could not long remain true to their convictions. Those who have not walked with churchmen may ridicule my words, but those who have will understand them.

The Church is greatly opposed to Spiritualism; but Spiritualists should not, by lack of proper steps, separate themselves from church goers. The great truth that has been received by them is too precious to be kept from others. Many reason that it is better to retain their church membership, doing what they can to enlighten their brethren, than to terminate their relationship and thereby curtail their usefulness. There are others, however, who longer refuse to subscribe to that which they do not believe, and these are they who are entitled to the most sympathy when they go forth alone. It is quite an easy thing to change from Methodism to any other Christian denomination, because there are so many doors open to receive converts; but to turn from any Christian creed to Spiritualism is to turn yourself out of doors altogether. This should not be so, but it is, and will be, until there are spiritual temples or churches in every city and hamlet in Christendom officered by men of the highest respectability, assisted by women whose purity of character will be refining, and a moral support to the cause they espouse.

There are, I am informed, several small societies in San Francisco, each owning considerable property, but without unity of purpose, which if united could lay the foundation of a People's Church that would be a power for good on this coast. Call it the Temple of Truth, if Church is displeasing, but let the edifice be worthy the cause, if the aim is to reach the multitudes. The reason so many cling to the church is because of the refinement of surroundings and the sweet music. The grand organ tones and harmony of cultivated voices appeal to the heart and make us better. It requires fortitude to deny the mind these pleasures, which are so generously offered by the various denominations, and seek some obscure hall to worship God according to honest conviction, to say nothing of severing pleasant associations and to be called either very wicked or demented.

The admiration of the beautiful is inherent in some natures. How well religious leaders understand this and strive to please. The best houses and the best music are none too good, reason they, to attract the wealthy families who are able and willing to put a hand deep into the pocket to meet the expense; and how soon societies grow strong when such methods are adopted. We are not commanded to entirely outgrow external things, nor ought we to, and Spiritualists will do well to consider these hints. The angels do not ask them to wear the garb of poverty. The dullness of a discourse is often overlooked if the organist and choir render their selections artistically, within dedicated walls. To be sure the cost of good music is considerable; but when Spiritualists or progressionists,—call them what you will,—combine, and erect a Temple for the worship of God, then will their numbers increase, and the treasury be filled to meet the demands; for then will those who have outgrown the *teachings* of the orthodox church know where to go for consolation, edification and instruction. There are liberal churches with open doors and free seats where many have gone who would gladly, we know, enter the Spiritual ranks were it considered equally respectable. And why is it that Spiritualists are, as a body, content to be ridiculed and pushed into the background, when their religion or philosophy is more beautiful than all other teachings?

Possibly it would be well, to proselyte as do Christian organizations, and it could well be done if there were any temples wherein to invite inquirers. Do not erect Spiritual edifices in business centres, nor in unsavory neighborhoods, but seek choice and quiet avenues where the services will not be disturbed by unseemly noise. Dedicate the structures to God and the education of humanity. Keep all traffic from the doors. Do not be satisfied to meet over stores or saloons any longer. You may say you are too poor to do otherwise; you will remain poor if you do not change your ways. Spiritualism needs the social and monetary support of the wealthy class; it is foolish to ignore this fact; and it will obtain it when the surroundings are in keeping with its beauty and importance. Let the phenomena be sought outside the temples, that the cry of fraud and trick may not be heard from the enemy. Remember that those unacquainted with the "workings of the spirits" are oftener offended than enlightened in public places. Let the lessons taught therein be instructive rather than denunciatory: the music grand and inspiring; then that worshipful feeling so dear to the lover of the beautiful and holy will fill the mind with love for all God's children and harmony shall prevail.

These are important suggestions for Spiritualists to consider if they really desire to lift the truth out of the mire into which

it has been trampled by the unscrupulous and selfish. Prepare a place for worshippers, and you will attract them. Spiritualism is old enough to occupy a leading position. Rid it of the immoralities and absurdities with which it has so long been burdened, and place the truth upon a solid and dignified basis, and mark the change. Its present defamers will become its future advocates. Some may think this view of the situation puerile, but others, who still move in the conventional world will agree, as they realize, that until becoming places of worship are erected by Spiritual societies the church will retain its hold upon the people. Many believe in the religion of the spheres, who, although they love truth and righteousness, have not courage to defy public opinion and bear the slurs that are heaped upon a dissenter. No one welcomes them, nor do they desire to be without a house of worship.

Shall this great reformatory religion spread from organized Christian bodies, who are involuntarily absorbing the truth so long scoffed at by them, or shall Spiritualism stand upon its own merits and lead the people into higher channels of thought? Will clergymen who believe the Spiritual philosophy accomplish more good by keeping within the church fold, liberalizing and unfolding the minds of their flocks, than by severing their connection and losing leadership? This is a question that must be individually answered according to the light each one receives, and until there are Spiritual temples wherein to welcome these professional teachers, should we censure too severely? To organize now upon broad and liberal platforms would certainly make Spiritualists a power for good in resisting attempts to wrest from the people their mental liberty, and they owe this duty to present and future generations. Therefore let them exert themselves in this direction now, and lay the corner-stone of the mighty structure wherein the coming man may build unto Heaven. The angel world has entrusted them with a great and holy mission.

It is well if it be said at last to everyone who accepts this religion that was taught by Jesus: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Let Spiritualists do their earth work faithfully and seek their reward in the hereafter.

Brave Words

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

The following brave words are a part of the defense prepared by Moses Harman to be made before Judge Phillips as to why sentence should not be passed upon him under a charge of sending obscene literature through the mails, but he was not accorded the opportunity, so he publishes the same in Lucifer:

"If I had a hundred lives, a thousand lives, a million lives, and these lives were all in the heyday of youth or prime of manhood, instead of having but one life, and that life now rapidly falling into the sere and yellow leaf, *all these* lives should be freely spent, in prison or out of prison, in defense of the right of freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of discussion and of honest investigation, and for the defense of woman's right to ownership and control of her person—in defense of the right of the millions of the unborn to a purer heredity, a purer fatherhood and motherhood, so that there may be in the years to come, fewer born imbeciles to fill asylums and poor-houses, fewer born criminals to fill prisons and furnish employment at high salaries for prosecuting attorneys, sheriffs, hangmen, keepers of jails and of penitentiaries." * * * "If it is the will of the man who now holds my liberty, and probably my life, in his hands, that I shall go to prison, so be it. I would much rather pass my remaining days, weeks or years, as the case may be, outside of prison walls, but while not seeking a martyr's fate, I solemnly and earnestly believe that I can much better afford to go to prison and end my days there, than you, Judge Phillips, or any other man, can afford to send me there."

He was sentenced to one year's hard labor in prison, and what for? For using the language necessary to make known to the general public the existence of a disgusting and health-destroying habit which is known to be common in cities and towns all over the country, and sending the same through the U. S. mails, that parents may be warned in time to give to their children such information as will protect them from contracting habits that not only will wreck their own lives, but transmits the weakness thus engendered to coming generations.

Not half of our honest country people know that such things exist, and their children are continually liable to be entrapped because of lack of knowledge, but Mother Grundy and Christian Comstock have such delicate ears, and said ears are of such transcendent value, that our United States courts send an honest man to prison for trying to warn the people against a terrible evil, lest those same ears should be hurt.

American Justice Verses Religious Anarchy

A. W. HUDSON.

The object of governmental laws is to protect those who are mentally or physically too weak to protect themselves. In order to meet the growing demands for such protection, we find it necessary not only to change the old, but to form new codes to regulate the actions of mankind, as well as societies towards each other. Its children, who must naturally take the places of their parents, are not provided with better facilities for development than their fathers and mothers possessed, individual progress must cease, and human government never become any wiser or better. Relics of barbarism in the form of religious observances and customs will continue to hang upon the wings of reform, and the natural child of progress will be sacrificed that the so-called sacred relic may be preserved. Among the thousands of cases where the Roman Catholic church has seen fit to defiantly exercise its functions as an educator of American children and ruler of republican freemen, occasionally an echo comes to the surface as a reminder that sectarian liberty invites tyranny. A case of this kind is now attracting the attention of the people of San Francisco:

It appears that Charles Pennington Tolor fell, or rather permitted his little daughter, Lena H., to fall, into one of the many Roman Catholic traps set and baited for human game in every nook and corner of this country. In other words, Lena was entered as a scholar at the Presentation Convent day school on the corner of Taylor and Ellis streets, San Francisco, when about 15 years of age. This was in spring, and unknown to either of the young lady's parents, she was baptized a member of the Catholic Church. By this act, Lena's confidence and trust in a loving mother and kind father were assassinated, stabbed to death with a sacredotal dagger, and cremated in the furnace fires of popery. Through the sacred smoke, dust and ashes, she could only see a Catholic confessional box and the forms of holy priests. Mrs. Tolor, in an interview, said: "My daughter, Lena, did not inform me when she was baptized into the Catholic faith, and I only discovered the fact by chance, when the matter was brought to Mr. Tolor's knowledge." The young lady was taken away from the school, and peace was arranged by the daughter discontinuing going to school. But it was afterwards discovered that Lena arose at 4 o'clock mornings, and with the connivance of the servant girls in the house, attended early convent services. One morning she left home to accompany her little sister to school, and two hours later Mrs. Tolor found a letter in her room stating that she had gone never to return. She was 15 years of age and became a member of the convent. Both sisters remain there for three years, afterwards becoming a nun.

At first sight, it may appear to some that there is no cause for complaint or need of protection in cases like the above, that Cath-

olics, as their religious right, simply maintain various religious institutions, whose doors swing open only at the voluntary request of non-catholics. But we contend that every man, woman and child in the United States need to be, and ought to be, protected, as far as possible, from all and every authority, religious or otherwise, which in any way injures them by disturbing their temporary comfort and happiness. · Mr. Tolor was a merchant of high standing in San Francisco for over forty years, and in a business way, by aid of the law, was perfectly capable of protecting himself and family. But, from all account, when it came to protection from educational and religious sharks, he found himself all at sea, without rudder, sail, or compass. He found no government back of him in the unequal struggle against a secret and extensive confederation of robbers known as a Roman Catholic heirarchy

Mr. Tolor had accumulated a fortune, and being a man of nerve, he did not propose to tamely submit to having a large part of his accumulation drawn into the embrace of the same octopus which had already robbed him (as given in his own words of his daughter's loving company, kindness and attention, consequently, he, in true western style, constituted himself a vigilance committee of one, to protect himself and family as best he could under the circumstances. He made a will devising $55,000 to his daughter, Ella, $10,000 to friends and charitable institutions, cutting off the convent daughter, Lena, with $2,500, the residue of his estate, estimated at over $250,000, to go to his wife. The sequel to the above is the cause of the whole matter being made public Mr. Tolor died during the month of December, and it is reported that he never saw his daughter after she entered the convent. Speaking of her a short time before his death, he said, "Lena's leaving home has been the greatest sorrow of my life." As might have been expected, this Romish octopus was not content sucking the life blood of an American girl in the solitude of its cloister-den, but through its hypnotized victim, is now grasping after the full share of her father's estate. A suit has been commenced to nullify the will.

It is a disgrace to every Catholic and non-catholic rational citizen of the United States that this government, after over a hundred years of Republican legislation, is yet conducted upon principles that make it possible for a church organization to legally steal children from their parents, and for parents to seek justice through robbing their own children. If we would prevent the spread of the above mentioned anarchy, the law must not only protect every child in its just and equal share of an estate, but must also protect every American family from the snares and wiles of religious organizations; against hypnotic, mesmeric, or other influences which in any way tend to alienate children from parents, or parents from children. The same Spartan justice which would break a prejudiced will, would likewise break up, and level to the ground, every mischievous nunnery existing under the same government. In view of all the facts in the above, and hosts of similar cases, and the danger to our country, which must, necessarily, become greater, as religious anarchy secures a firmer foothold upon American soil, we would suggest that sometime during the Columbian exhibition at Chicago, there be held in that city a national convention for the purpose of adopting ways and means to secure national and State legislation for the better protection of American private citizens, as against corporate, religious bodies.

The First Female Preachsr.

Mrs. Ella May Bennett was ordained a universalist preacher at Stony Brook September 25, and she is the first woman preacher ordained on Long Island. She is the mother of seven children, add is a hardworking housewife, yet she contrives to find leisure for study and the writing of sermons. The advent of women in the pulpit nowadays is not as startling as was the first appearance of women on the dramatic stage a few centuries ago.—*New York Telegram.*

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

N. B.—The principal Spiritualistic and Occultic journals will be for the most part designated by the following named abbreviations: B. L., Banner of Light; R. P. J., Religio-Philosophical Journal; Sp., Spiritualist; Sp. Sc., Spiritual Scientist; Lt., Light; T. W., Two Worlds; M. and D., Medium and Daybreak, Theos., Theosophist, Luc., Lucifer; T. S., Theosophical Siftings

CHAPTER I.

During the year 1874 there were published in a number of the secular journals of America, from time to time, accounts of alleged wonderful manifestations of disembodied human spirits, occurring nightly at the residence of the Eddy family in Chittenden, Vermont. The phenomena were described as taking place during both light and dark seances, and were of the following character: (1) Full-form materializations of spirits in a dim light, through the mediumship of Wm. H. Eddy, the forms making their appearance from a cabinet, into which the medium had entered, and in which it was supposed that he was sitting entranced during the progress of the manifestations; (2) phenomena, in a light circle, through Horatio G. Eddy, consisting of the appearance of materialized hands, writing of the names of spirits on cards by these hands, playing of musical instruments, the so-called ring-test, etc., the medium being seated behind a shawl, his whole body except the head being concealed thereby, and (3) a dark seance of the two mediums, in the course of which were heard voices, the sound of heavy dancing, the noise of struggles and sword combats between two combatants, concert of musical instruments alone and in conjunction, improvisations of rhyme by a voice, upon subjects selected by the audience, the imitation of a storm at sea, etc. In addition, there occurred at the dark seances the moving of ponderous bodies, the floating of musical instruments through the air, the floating of phosphorescent lights, and the touching and patting of those present by alleged spirit hands. (See *People from the Other World*, by Henry S. Olcott, pp. 108-111.)

In the latter part of 1874 there was published in *The Daily Graphic*, of New York City, a series of illustrated articles by Col. H. S. Olcott, as reporter for that paper, descriptive of his experience at the H. H. homestead in Chittenden, including detailed descriptions of the remarkable phenomena said to have been witnessed by him. These articles, with some additional matter, pertaining to other alleged spiritualistic manifestations, were subsequently collected into a volume, issued early in 1875 by Col. Olcott, under the title of *People from the Other World*. According to published press statements, this work was not a financial success. From it we learn that Col. Olcott reached Chittenden Sept. 17, 1874, and attended the first seance thereat that evening. In all, he says, he attended about fifty of Wm. Eddy's materialization seances, and as one of these was held each evening except Sunday, Col. Olcott must have been at Chittenden about two months,—certainly a sufficient time to have made a thorough test of the true character of the phenomena seen and heard, had he been competent for the task.

On October 14, 1874, there occurred one of the most important events of the Colonel's life,—one that led to the changing of the current of his entire existence; for on that day he first met Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, with whom he has been ever since continuously associated. On the date stated this lady arrived at Chittenden, and that evening she and Col. Olcott attended their first seance together; and on that and succeeding evenings of her stay at the Eddys' home, a number of the most astounding manifestations were made by "spirits" associated with the Madame, if we can believe the statements thereanent of herself and the Colonel. An account of a number of these asserted extraordinary phenomena will be found in a letter of Mme. B. printed below. This letter, however, omits the most remarkable of the alleged spirit performances at Chittenden connected with herself, details of which were published by Col. Olcott in the *Graphic*, and in his book on pages 355-359. During the usual dark circle, on the evening of October

24, the controlling spirit of the dark *Source*, "George Dix," is said to have placed in the hands of Mme Blavatsky the buckle of a medal of honor worn by her father in '48, and buried with his body in Slavropol, Russia,—that is, the spirits had gone to the grave of the father of Mme. B. in Russia, taken from the decayed body the buckle of the medal (why did they not take the whole medal, instead of detaching the buckle the action and leaving the remainder of the medal in the grave?), and brought it to Chittenden, and there given it to the lady in the dark. As Col. Olcott remarks, "Was there ever a manifestation more wonderful than this?" If it was genuine and not a trick.

It appears that Dr George M Beard, a sturdy opponent of the reality of alleged spiritual manifestations and other psychical psychic phenomena, had paid a visit to the Eddy mediums; and on his return to New York, he published in a leading daily of October 23, 1874, a statement of his experiences at Chittenden in which he denounced the phenomena as fraudulent. By this time Mme Blavatsky had also got back to New York, and in the *Graphic* of October 30, 1874, p 854, she published the following reply to Dr Beard. Particular attention is invited to this letter, especially to those parts in which the writer treats the genuine character of the manifestations of the deceased relatives of the many visitants to the Eddy seances, and to her emphatic abasement of mediumship and of Spiritualism, as well as to her self-constituted as a "Spiritualist of many years' standing."

MARVELLOUS SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—A SECOND DEAL WITH THE EDDY MANIFESTATIONS.—GHOSTS, NOT SPIRITS.—KURDS, CIRCASSIANS, AFRICANS, AND RUSSIANS—WHAT A RUSSIAN LADY THINKS OF DR. BEARD.

The following letter was addressed to a gentlemanly contributor by Mme. Blavatsky, and was handed to us for publication in the *Daily Graphic*, as we have been taking the lead in the discussion of the curious subject of Spiritualism:

"Aware in the past of your learned practice and fair play, I most earnestly solicit the use of your columns to reply to an article on Dr. G. M. Beard in relation to the Eddy family in Vermont. He, in denouncing them and their pretended manifestations in a most sweeping declaration, would aim a blow at the entire spiritual world of to-day. His letter appeared this morning (October 23). Dr. George M. Beard has, for the last few weeks, assumed the part of the "roaring lion" seeking for a medium to devour. It appears that to-day the learned gentleman is more hungry than ever. No wonder, after the failure he has experienced with Mr Beman the "mind-reader," at New Haven.

"I do not know Dr. Beard personally nor do I care to know how far he is entitled to wear the laurels of his profession as M. D., but what I do know is, that he may never hope to equal, much less to surpass, such men and savans as Crookes, Wallace, and even Flammarion, the French astronomer, all of whom have devoted years to the investigation of Spiritualism. All of them came to the conclusion that, supposing even the well-known phenomenon of materialization of spirits did not prove the identity of the persons whom they purported to represent, it was not, at all events, the work of mortal hands; still less was it a *fraud*.

"Now to the Eddys. Dozens of various lawyers manned them for weeks, and even for months not a single sentence has taken place but some of them realized the personal presence of a friend, a relative, a mother, father, or dear departed child. But let here comes Dr Beard, steps in on two days, applies his powerful electrical battery, under which the spirit does not even wink or flinch, closely examines the cabinet (in which he finds nothing), and then turns his back and declares most emphatically, "that he wishes it to be perfectly understood that it has scientific name ever appears in connection with the Eddy family it must be only to suppose them as the greatest frauds who cannot do even good trickery." "Consummatum est!" Spiritualism is defunct "Requiescat in pace!" Dr Beard has killed it with one word. Scatter ashes over your venerable but silly heads, O Crookes, Wallace, and Varley! Henceforth you must be considered as demented, poor bedeviled souls! Learn, and we must it be with the many thousands of Spiritualists who have seen and talked with their friends and relatives in pectoral recognizing them at Moravia, at the Eddys, and elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of this continent. But is there no escape from the horns of this dilemma? Yea, verily. Dr. Beard writes thus: "When your correspondent returned to New York I will teach him on my convenient evening how all that the Eddys do." Pray, why should a *Daily Graphic* reporter be the only one selected by G. M. Beard, M. D., for instruction in the knowledge of so clever a "trick"? In such a case why not publicly denounce this universal trickery, and so benefit the whole world? But Dr Beard seems to be as partial in his confidence as he is loose in deserting said tricks. Didn't the learned doctor say to Colonel Olcott while at the Eddys, that the table-rapping, at second hand chapters would be enough for him to show how to materialize all the spirits that visit the Eddy manifestations?

"I repeat, I repeat, backed as I am by the testimony of hundreds of reliable witnesses, that all the wardrobe of Nobles' Theatre would not suffice to attire the numbers of spirit-that emerge night after night from a single little cabinet.

"Let Dr. Beard come and explain the following fact if he can. I requested spiritually, at the Eddys'. In that short time I saw and conversed with several apparitions *en rapport*. I admit that I was the only one to recognize them as the rest of the audience not having been with me in my numerous travels throughout the East, Asia, Africa, Russia, &c., and costume were plainly seen and evenly examined on me.

"First came a Circassian, dressed in the historical Circassian attire, the picture of whom will shortly appear in the *Daily Graphic*. I recognized and questioned him in Georgian upon circumstances known only to myself. I was understood and answered by me in his mother tongue upon the whispered suggestion of Colonel Olcott to play the "Lesginka," a Circassian dance, he did so immediately upon the guitar.

"Second. A little old man appears. He is dressed as Persian merchants generally are. His dress is perfect as a national costume. Everything in its right place, down to the "babouches" that are left outside, slipping out in his stockings. He speaks to me in a loud whisper. It is "Hassan Aga," an old man whom I and my family have known for twenty years at Tiflis. He was sent to Georgian cadet-hall in Persian, that he has got a "big secret to tell me," and I must see him either at midnight, or early seeing to finish his sentence.

"Third. A mounted Circassian emerges forth, dressed in the picturesque attire of the warriors of Kurdistan. He does not speak, but bows in the Oriental fashion, and lifts up his spear ornamented with gold and colored feathers, shaking it in token of welcome. I recognize him immediately as Saffar Ali Bek, a young chief of a tribe of Kurds who used to accompany me in my trips around Ararat in Armenia, on horseback, and I who on one occasion saved his life.

"Fourth. Mme. Blavatsky bends to the ground as though picking up a handful of mould and scattering it around, presses his hand to his bosom—a gesture familiar only to the tribes of Kurdistan

"Fifth. A Circassian comes out. I can imagine myself at Tiflis in person in fine-coming of "matter." A man who either runs before or behind me on horseback. This one speaks Mingrelian, my foster-mother tongue, which I pronounced wrong on two or three occasions, and when I repeat it he bows, smiling, and says, in the purest guttural Tartar, which sounds so familiar to my ear, "Tchoch wardish" all right, and goes away.

"Sixth. An old woman appears with a Russian headgear. She comes out and addresses me in Russian, calling me by an endearing term that she used in my childhood. I recognize an old servant of my family, a nurse of my sister.

"Seventh. A large, powerful negro next appears on the platform. He head is ornamented with a wonderful coiffure, something like

horns wound about with white and gold. His looks are familiar to me, but I do not at first recollect where I have seen him. Very soon he begins to make some vivacious gestures, and his mimic helps me to recognize him at a glance. It is a conjurer from Central Africa. He grins and disappears.

"*Seventh and last.* A large gray-haired gentleman comes out attired in the conventional suit of black. The Russian decoration of Saint Ann hangs suspended by a large red moire ribbon—with two black stripes as every Russian will know, belonging to said decoration. This ribbon is worn around his neck. I feel faint, for I think of recognizing my father. But the latter was a great deal taller. In my excitement I address him in English, and ask him, "Are you my father?" He shakes his head in the negative, and answers as plainly as any mortal man can speak, and in Russian, "No; I am your uncle." The word "diadia" has been heard and remembered by all the audience. It means "uncle."

But what of that? Dr. Beard knows it to be but a pitiful trick, and we must submit in silence. People that know me, know that I am far from being credulous. Though a Spiritualist of many years' standing, I am more sceptical in receiving evidence from paid mediums than many unbelievers. But when I receive such evidences as I received at the Eddys', I feel bound on my honor, and under the penalty of confessing myself a moral coward, to defend the mediums, as well as the thousands of my brother and sister Spiritualists, against the conceit and slander of one man who has nothing and no one to back him in his assertions. I now hereby finally and publicly challenge Dr. Beard to the amount of $500 to produce before a public audience and under the same conditions, the manifestations herein attested, or, failing this, to fear the ignominious consequences of his proposed *exposé*.

H. P. BLAVATSKY

124 East Sixteenth street, October 27.

It should be noted that, according to Col. Olcott, Mme. Blavatsky arrived at Chittenden October 14, and that, according to her own statement in this letter, she stayed there fourteen days,—that is, to October 28. We find her on October 27 in New York City, instead of at Chittenden. Evidently one or both of the two chroniclers has blundered or falsified. Again, although Col. Olcott tells us that he arrived at Chittenden Sept. 17, 1874 (*People from the Other World*, p. 132), he also informs us (p. 289) of certain phenomena that he saw performed there by Wm. Eddy August 31, 1874. The inaccuracy and misrepresentation that has permeated the writings of both from that time to the present attach themselves to these two from the very beginning of their association with each other.

To be Continued.

The Christ Plane a Failure.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

The Christ plane is the plane of effects. It is sacrificing ourselves by devoting our efforts to the saving of humanity's wrecks, while leaving the real cause of their being wrecked untouched, consequently it has ever been and ever must be a failure.

Our asylums for the deaf, blind, idiotic, insane,—our homes for "fallen women,"—these are all pointed to as evidences of the superiority of the Christian religion over all other religions, as evidence of the spirit of Christ working to save humanity.

If this is so, if these things are the result of the teachings of him they call Christ, are the effect of his love acting through those who call themselves by his name, then he had better never have been born, for he is thus holding the race back from the path of genuine progress.

"The love of Jesus," instead of arousing woman to seek for the causes which have destroyed her physical health, and forced her out of life, has reconciled her to death, to the leaving of her little ones to the care of others, because she was going to Jesus, and her companion has stood by her cold clay and comforted himself with the thought that she was "in the arms of Jesus," perfectly unconscious that he had *claimed* his rights till her poor body could no longer endure. A love that makes a mother willing to leave her babes for Jesus, or any other man, is, to say the least, an unwise love, and unwise love ever proves a curse.

But this is on the Christ plane, is the result of a reliance upon love as a saving power. True, love is life, but it is life in the dark; it is the life of the unborn; a life that destroys both itself and mother unless it can come forth to light. Yes, love is life, but love without wisdom—knowledge rightly applied—becomes a stench in the nostrils, an unsavory odor which poisons the atmosphere of human life. Wisdom is the light that the race needs to direct its life aright, and wisdom is above the Christ plane; she dwells in the sphere of causes.

The Christian world glories in its asylums, retreats, places of refuge for the crushed and broken ones, but they make no effort to stop the crusher. They don't know how, have no idea it can be done, and so they glory in what is the result of their ignorance, consequently is their shame.

"We, as Christians, take care of our poor. We are a Christian nation, we are."

"Our poor." What business have we to have any poor? A just economic system, handled by a wise as well as a loving people, would secure to each and all not only the comforts but the luxuries of life; so it is because of our ignorance in this direction that there are any poor to be taken care of.

In a recent number of the *Woman's Tribune* we have a fine illustration of the Christ plane. An English lady becomes heir to a vast estate. Beside having large possessions in the heart of London,—that London from the slums of which Gen. Booth of Salvation Army fame is trying to save a few of the wrecks for "Christ Sake," that is to recruit the church army—beside having large possessions in that great city, she has nearly 100,000 tenants on her landed estate. Nearly 100,000 men with families stand so related to her that they are forced through the law of self preservation to put a portion of the results of their toil into her coffers annually.

A writer in the *Tribune* speaks of this woman as being "filled with the Christ spirit." She is called "a deeply taught Christian who received her election to the presidency of the British Woman's Temperance Association as a divine call into a higher sphere."

Now, please keep the 100,000 tenants in mind while we reason together. First, we will take the Christian's estimate of God—a personal being; one who created us and gave his son to die for us. We will now quote another paragraph from the article which extols "Lady Somerset:"

"The duty lying nearest was the care of her large tenantry." Indeed! The writer further says: "Her clarified vision recognized her responsibility." Indeed! Did she create them? "No, God did." Why then does he not take care of them? Can he shift his responsibilities upon a weak woman's shoulders? Only a coward would do that.

No, if God created them, he alone is the responsible party. What business has he to give this woman their land and then leave them for her to look after? Yes, *their* land, for even a God has no right to bring men and women into existence and then leave them without a place on which to stay unless they pay some other man or woman for the privilege, and support them in luxury by doing so. When she visited the West London Mission (mission in the place of justice) she said: "I will gladly receive some of the destitute poor of the slums of Soho into my country home."

Very kind of her. Her heart intent is all right, but suppose those 100,000 tenants should refuse to work for her, what then? Suppose God should give them back their land, what then? She would be more helpless than they. She is so thankful. She talks of loving one another as "*he has loved us.*" Has her God loved the people all alike, and if so, why so much difference in their conditions? Have I, has she, a right to thank God because she has so much more than they? She can do so if it is Christian, or

Christ-like, but as for me, I will never thank any being in the universe because he has done better by me than he has by my sisters. She calls those she girls, sisters, and has she a right to accept injustice because exercised in her favor?

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Not till they flow to all alike. If I had a father who was so unjust, instead of dying to save the creatures of his will, I would live for the purpose of wresting the sceptre from his hands, and then restore to the wronged ones the rights that were theirs by the law of being. Again we quote:

"Her responsibility concerning them in regard not only to physical, but to spiritual interest"—

So, so; God has not only put their maternal, but their spiritual welfare into the hands of this one woman—not only their present but their eternal interests. To use an expressive but inelegant phrase, "It makes me tired,"—tired to think that such nonsensical ideas prevail, when sense and reason should teach those who are willing to think, that there is not one element of genuine help for the race in any such sentimental, emotional efforts. Men and women who have grasped the earth as theirs, standing forth as God's representatives, talking in their sublime egotism of their responsibility to "God's poor." Again I must say: "It makes me tired," so I will turn to another phase of the Christ plane. I will look for a moment at Gen. Booth as he exemplifies the "Master's" love by going down into the slums of London to try to save a few of those who have paid rent and been cared for (?) by the rich till, worn out by toil, they and their children have gone deeper and still deeper into the earth-hells produced by a false economic system. He, too, is on the Christ plane. He, too, is looking after souls as well as bodies. He too is dealing with effects instead of causes, and so far as any permanent good is concerned he might as well try to dip the ocean dry with a spoon.

If I could find in Gen. Booth's plan, or in the article that so extols Lady Somerset because of her consecration to "Christ and his work," any intimation that this concentration of wealth in the hands of the few is not right—any intimation that it works evil to the masses—I should see some reason to hope that the true method that of dealing with causes, might in time be perceived and acted upon, but not a word.

The author of *Cæsar's Column*, horrid as is the picture he paints, seems to have a glimmer of the truth, but only a glimmer, and that is distorted in the lens of previous teaching. He says: "The many are plundered to enrich the few," that "vast combinations depress the price of labor and increase the cost of the necessities of existence."

Very true, but does he plead for an understanding of the underlying law of a just economic system? Not at all. He appeals only to the emotions—to love and fear. He pleads for "wider love and ampler *charity*." He says: "The world today clamors for deeds, not creeds; for bread, not dogma; for charity, not ceremony; for love not *intellect*." Mark, he does not name justice, but that is the principal thing for which the world is clamoring—justice in the sphere of bread and butter. We do not decry love, but we certainly need that the light of the intellect be turned upon the causes which have so often hitherto made love a failure and a torture. When justice is done we shall have no more need for "charity" than for "ceremony."

The writer paints a heartless intellectual age to show that the intellect will not do the needed work. It is not the intellect, but its Christ plane misdirection which is at fault. The writer makes one of his characters, under the influence of strong emotion, rush into an assemblage of plotters, and beg of them "for the sake of Christ Jesus" to forego their plans. A great deal of intellect in that appeal. As well appeal to the flames that are lapping up our dwellings to desist for Christ's sake. The *law* that governs in both cases is immutable. The love of power which has been fanned from age to age by just such laws as give to Lady Somerset the control of the land of a hundred thousand men, forcing them to pay her for its use, has been at intervals aroused to destroy what evil stands in its way, or else it will yield unless forced to do so by something stronger than "for Christ's sake."

Church intellect has stultified itself by bearing against the unknowable, by talking of and trying to understand the how of a God, instead of studying the laws of mind, and the inevitable result of a state of society in which there exist both lord and serf, king and subject. Hitherto, God has been the great attracting center. Get God out of the way and people will begin to analyze things nearer home.

One of the most repulsive, even to the point of being sickening, exhibitions of the God-dependent spirit is found on page 366 of the *Cæsar's Column*." The writer makes the narrator say:

"We ate our dinner at six, and then Mr Phillips suggested that we should all join in family prayers. We might never have another opportunity, he said. He prayed long and earnestly to God to save the world and to protect his dear ones, and we all joined fervently in his supplications to the throne of grace."

Bosh! The "throne of grace" is an adjunct of the Christ plane. According to Christian teaching it had then stood 2,000 years (in the 20th century). Millions of prayers had been offered up to it during each succeeding generation, and the result, as portrayed by the writer—the destruction of civilization. If one thing more than another could show the insufficiency of the "throne of grace," could show the utter failure of acting on the "Christ plane," surely this ought to, but alas! such is the stupefying effect of the God-idea, of "God knows best," of "God's will be done," of "the saving power of God's grace," that then and there in the midst of a condition in which at least 250,000 dead citizens and soldiers were lying about unburied, some of the streets being impassable therefrom, and the work of destruction still going on; this man who has just been freed from a 20 years' unjust imprisonment, from which his God did not save him, and while waiting for the air ship that *"intellect"* has provided to take him and his out of danger, out of the reach of carnage, this man, this just escaped prisoner, prays for God's *protection*, and the man who has just chained and barred one man at the stake, and hurled four more into the roaring vortex to avenge his father's wrongs, joins fervently in the petition. God heard them, of course.

True, this is but a word painting, the writer's ideal of what must result unless there is a stop put to the centralizing of wealth in the hands of the few, but none the less does it show the stultifying effects of religious teaching upon the writer's mind. It is an exhibition of the "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him" spirit.

Pray to an axiom in mathematics to reverse its action; to bring about a result in your favor, pray to cold that it may not freeze, or to fire that it will not burn, pray to acorns that they will change to peaches, or potatoes that they will become strawberries, but cease, oh mortal, the folly of praying to a God, for none but a personal being can hear and answer you. A spirit friend, could he control conditions, might grant your petition, but he could only act from a knowledge of the law involved; in a word, he must know how. If that to which you pray is a personal being, it is less than infinite and bound by as fixed laws as you are, and these fixed, these immutable laws are the only methods of the infinite manifestation. They are unerring, axiomatic, everywhere present, and all that we can know of God. Study to understand and apply these laws in all departments of your being, in the spheres of matter, mind and spirit, and all need for the Christ plane will disappear.

If we build a house, and in doing so, violate the law of mechanics, it will not stand solidly upon the earth; we must prop it to keep it from falling. The Christ plane is the plane of propping. It is relied on to save a falsely constructed system of society. It cannot do it. The only salvation lies in reconstruction upon a solid basis, even as the only remedy for a badly constructed house lies in taking it down and rebuilding it upon correct principles.

There is, there can be, no salvation, either here or hereafter from efforts made upon the Christ plane. Even the author of *Cc. sar's Column*, Christian as he is, paints the final results of the propping in colors as vivid as the judgment day. Jesus, with the priesthood to represent him, is the prop for the soul and the interests of the soul as involved in the structure of society. The priest seems to think that if the spiritual is well propped, it matters but little for the rest, but he wants plenty of the good things of this life all the same. The doctors, healers, etc., are the props for our diseased bodies, and the lawyers for our false economic system.

It is sometimes said that doctors kill more than they cure. I believe it to be true. That lawyers create more poverty than they prevent is certainly true, and the priest weakens if he does not destroy diseased spiritual natures by telling them to lean on Jesus. How can we grow strong by leaning on another? Tear out the props; obliterate the Christ plane; let that which cannot stand tall; then rebuild upon natural law, upon the rock of immutable principles, if you would have society well and strong instead of the limping, hobbling thing it now is.

A Dream and Prediction Fulfilled.

According to accounts published in the papers, Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes, of Helena, Ark., a lady of intellectual attainments and religious life, arose one morning recently in her usual health and spirits and summoned her children to come to her

One son was residing in Topeka, Kan., one in New Orleans, two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but, obedient to their mother's call, they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of their summons. When all were about her the lady informed them that she had had a dream, in which her husband, who had been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only ten days more of life. She sent for her children to bid them good-by, which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying. Her friends attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream, but all to no purpose, for the lady persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour. Her pastor remonstrated with her, and even brought the severest censure to bear upon her alleged credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family had begun to think that she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health and pursued her usual daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted would be that of her death, she sought her children and bade them good-by; then, seating herself quietly in an arm-chair, expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination, but this seems to be a very superficial and inadequate explanation of the case. She was in health, and apparently in a normal condition mentally. She was intelligent, educated, respected and devoted to her family. She had a dream that she would die at a certain time, and she departed this life on the day and at the hour predicted. Many similar cases are on record. An investigator of psychical science is not obliged to accept as a finality the dictum of the doctors and be content with the explanation that imagination killed the woman. He is at liberty to pursue the subject further and to consider first whether there did not come to her ordinary consciousness a revelation from her deeper nature, from her "sub-consciousness," which actually foresaw the event, or the investigator may inquire whether the dream was not an impression actually produced by the husband in spirit life, who took this method of forewarning his beloved wife and preparing her for the impending change by which she would soon be restored to companionship with him. There is the credulity of superstition, which is bad, and the credulity that accepts as a valid explanation any statement, however insufficient, in regard to phenomena when it has on its side professional authority. Both extremes are to be avoided.—*Religio Philosophical Journal*

Startled by a Ghost.

The Chicago daily papers have contained detailed reports of an occurrence over which it is said that the people of Carthage, Ill., and of the countryside east of that city, are considerably excited. The following account is taken from the *Inter Ocean* of January 28th:

On Thanksgiving Day, Louis C. Boston, an exemplary young man, died, and on his death-bed made a most startling profession of faith, and declared that he yet hoped to see a number of young men of the neighborhood turn into better paths. Last Wednesday night as August Wright was feeding his horses at the barn an apparition stood before him which looked like a man. Wright hallooed at the object and it disappeared.

Sunday night young Wright was returning from church and while passing a lonely strip of road a form dressed in long white robes stepped out of the hedge fence in front of the horses. The animals reared and plunged with fright but the spook caught each one by the bridle rein saying "whoa Charlie, whoa Frank." The animals seemed to recognize their names, for they sank down on their haunches and trembled with fear. The ghost then climbed up on the buggy tongue and walked along it until the dashboard was reached; then it said: "Why, Aug, don't you know Louis Boston? shake hands with me." Wright, though terribly frightened, took the proffered hand and said it was as cold and clammy as that of a corpse. Wright then attempted to drive his team along but the spook said: "Wait, I want to talk to you, and if you will only listen to me a moment I will never bother you again."

Young Wright says he sat alongside of the horrible apparition which he swears was the wraith body of Louis Boston, while the spook delivered messages to loved ones and friends mostly of a religious nature. Wright has so far refused to repeat what Boston's spook told him.

Finally the spook said: "But I must go back; I am called; oh, I must go back; don't you hear the angels calling; good-by," and the spirit vanished.

Last night, while young Wright was doing chores around the barn, the same apparition appeared. "Go away," cried Wright, "I don't want to see you; go away I tell you."

"I want to say just one more word," said Boston.

"I don't want to see you," cried Wright, and in desperation threw a singletree at the object, which passed through it as though the object were mist. The long, white-robed thing moved away weeping bitterly and saying, "I want to say one more word."

It is now revealed that Mrs. Andrew Wright, mother of August Wright, who has been quite ill for some weeks, was the first victim of the apparition. She was in the barnyard, one evening about three weeks ago, when she was heard to utter piercing screams. She was found prostrate in an insensible condition and removed to the house. Delirium followed, in which she muttered the name of "Louis, Louis Boston," repeatedly. The lady is still quite sick.

The appearance of the spooter has caused intense excitement through all the eastern portion of the country.

Reuben Boston, father of the dead boy, was seen by a reporter this evening. He is a well-to-do and intelligent farmer. "Do you believe this to be your boy," Mr. Boston?"

"I believe it is Louis; he was a good boy and had the welfare of his young friends at heart. I wish Aug. Wright would tell you what Louis told him, so you can print it. I believe he has wonderful things to tell."

"Have you ever seen the apparition?,'

"No; but I believe it must be Louis."

To-day the strange affair is the topic of conversation in Carthage, and future visitations from the spook are awaited with great interest.

Early Life in California.

BY LEON M. BOWDOIN.

NUMBER TWENTY.

After the news of the California fire that burned up all my property I was not long in making up my mind to tear myself away from my friends and go through another campaign on the Pacific Coast.

Wages then were the same as when I left the spring before—$50 per day, while in Cambridgeport, where I was working, $1.75 was the figure, and board in San Francisco about double what it was in the East. This left a good margin in favor of California, and hoping by coming to collect some of the debts due me, I was soon on the way to New York to take the steamer. Arriving there I found all the second-class tickets sold for the next steamer and concluded to lie over a fortnight.

In those two weeks I did New York up completely, and was glad when steamer day came. This time I decided to take the Nicaragua route, as I had taken in the Isthmus of Panama by crossing it twice. Vanderbilt was then an opposition man and the "Pacific Mail S. S. Co." the "old monopoly," and we looked to the Commodore for relief. He put on some very good steamers, but they didn't run with the regularity of the old company, and we found plenty to grumble at before getting through, as passengers always will. We wished to see the country to be able to compare it with the Isthmus of Panama, and the transit across gave us a fine opportunity, not being hurried over as we are on the cars.

The voyage from New York to Greytown was but little shorter than to Chagres or Aspinwall, but we found Nicaragua a much pleasanter country to cross than from Chagres to Panama. We found it more in a state of nature, nothing having disturbed the primeval forests. No ruins of old roads as at Panama, where for hundreds of years the treasures of South America had been transported. And we found no such ruins of old cathedrals and other buildings as at Panama—neither commerce nor agriculture.

There was much in the scenery that was interesting, and had we known that it would so soon be the scene of Walker's filibustering expeditions and of the death of that "grey eyed man of destiny" as he was called, it would have added new interest to the country. And still more, had we known that the United States was sometime to be instrumental in digging a ship canal over the ground where we travelled.

We can now see how much easier is the accomplishment of such a job there than De Lessep's scheme across the Isthmus of Panama with its death-dealing miasma swamps and granite mountains. In Nicaragua nature has done the greater part of the job, as you will see if you follow us from the time we leave the steamer on the Atlantic side at Greytown till we get aboard the Pacific steamer on the west. First we took a small steamboat up the San Juan river, which divides Costa Rica from Nicaragua, till we come to Castillo Rapids, where we take another steamer for the balance of the river route to Lake Nicaragua, and across the southern end of the lake.

We were huddled together like sheep on those little steamers, and were lucky to find a place to stretch out anywhere on deck during the one night we were on board. I had charge of a lady and two little girls, and found a chance for the little ones to lie down, and using my pea jacket for a pillow they slept on the deck quite comfortably while we older children sat on our baggage nearly through the night, gazing at the forests, the stars, the banks of the river, the lake, and the crater of an extinct volcano which rises abruptly out of the lake, apparently in its centre. Towards morning tired nature gave out, and pulling off my boots for a pillow I hunted a place where there was room for just one more sleepy head, and was soon in sound sleep, dreaming of the "Golden West."

When the steamer came to her landing I awoke and found we were on the western side of the lake, twelve Spanish miles from the Pacific, and in the darkness of the night it seemed like "confusion worse confounded" to get ourselves untangled. At last I got my little charge awake and we waited till daylight to disembark. Then came the scramble for breakfast as they called it. One dollar each for poor coffee, ham and eggs, (some of them stale), and dry bread. Next, mules to ride to the Pacific.

We found the road not so mountainous as at Panama, only a slight elevation, and reached the Pacific Coast about noon, and by night were all aboard the steamer bound for San Francisco.

When that ship canal is done there must be quite a commerce grow up there from the natural products of the country. There are gigantic forests, and it is said there are over 100 varieties of trees grow there, among which the most valuable for commerce are Brazil wood, ebony, rosewood, mahogany and logwood. Ginger, ipecac, sarsaparilla, copal and gum arabic also grow there.

In the northern part the mines are rich with precious metals, but the unsettled state of the country has prevented their development.

Lake Nicaragua is a fine body of water. In it are numerous islands, some of which are volcanic, though not now in a state of eruption. The present capital of the country is Managua, with a population of 10,000. St. Leon, the former capital, is the largest town, with a population of 35,000.

Our voyage from Nicaragua to San Francisco was made without any unusual incidents, and occupied about twelve days. My first pleasure at leaving us port was to find the husband and father of the family I had been escorting from New York. I found him at the lumber trade, living at the Oriental Hotel, and saw him and his family united. Soon after I lost track of them and have never seen them since. That was in 1853. Their names were Johnson; the name of one of the little girls who was my especial charge was "Blanche." She was then three years old, and if living now is probably the mother of a family of native sons and daughters of the Golden West, and has forgotten how, when I carried her about in my arms amongst the Jamaica negroes, who were helping us "wood up" in the San Juan river; she made one of them wild with laughter by telling him he was a "drat brl monkey with a shawl on." He had on a red shirt, and I had just been showing her some monkeys hopping about on the bank of the river.

I had no trouble in getting work with my old partner, Samuel Bean, at $6 per day. On getting out of work I paid a visit to my old mining camp at Ophir, but after the fire it was never fully rebuilt, and I left my lot unimproved, and went back to the city and went to work. On getting to my boarding house I found myself the victim of a practical joke. We always carried our blankets with us in those days, and as mine were being rolled up, "the boys" remembering my temperance proclivities, managed to roll in a bottle of whiskey with my blankets! They were unrolled before the whole house, and much to my astonishment and that of my fellow boarders, out rolled the bottle of whiskey! I never heard the last of it and never shall till I am done meeting any of the boys of our old mining camp at Ophir. Wm. Milliken, who furnished the whiskey, is now a prosperous merchant in Portland, Maine, and still fond of a drink.

The seven months that I had been away had shown quite an improvement in San Francisco in some respects, but political corruption had grown beyond all else, and it was mostly attributed to the foreign element from Sydney—English convicts, but New York and other large cities furnished them leaders. The outcome was the "know nothing" movement of 53, 54, which checked abuses for a while. It was during this time that Harry Meiggs ran off leaving everyone that loaned him money in the lurch. I was lucky enough to take $500 out of his hands and send home with $500 more by Adams & Co., two weeks before he failed and fled. He owed $90,000 to all classes, who had let it be "Honest Harry" at 3 per cent per month. The next steamer after the one that carried my draft for $500, Adams & Co's drafts were protested, and about that time Page, Bacon & Co. failed. Adams and Co's. failure was for two million dollars, scattered all over the State. Wells Fargo & Co. date their existence from the time of Adams & Co's failure, and have survived all the changes of almost forty years, and with an apparent lease of forty years longer.

My stay in California after my return was one year, during which time, though wages were lower, (six dollars per day,) I saved more than in any previous year, as I met with no losses and expenses were less. There was more comfort in living here than at any time before, but the attractions of home and friends were too much, and in the fall of 1854 I took my departure from the State and did not return till twenty years after, though the California fever used to get hold of me every winter when the thermometer reached zero and twenty degrees below. Now after a stay of fifteen years more I should find it still harder to stand that zero weather and adapt myself to Eastern ways of life, and here, I expect, on this Pacific Coast that the bones of myself and children will find their last resting place, and from these shores will the spirit take its flight to its last home, which will be a haven of rest where so many of the loved ones have gone since the time that my "Early Life in California" commenced.

The "Native Sons and Daughters" of the Golden West" can not prize too highly the blessings of their heritage, and should see to it that when we old pioneers have all disappeared, they give a good account of themselves and uphold the honor of the State.

And thus closes my "Early Life in California," forty-one years ago to a day since first arriving in the "Golden State."

STOCKTON, Feb. 1891.

Order of the Magi.

The *Progressive Thinker* (Chicago) has a department devoted to a new vagary called the "Order of the Magi," something akin to and yet greatly differing from the "Sun Angels Order of Light," the weekly drivel of whose "divine Sadie" nauseated the readers of the *Golden Gate*, thereby assisting in the suspension of that journal. It is not probable that a similar fate awaits the *Thinker*, because the articles published are of a very different character, and far less prolix. They consist mainly of bulletins concerning the progress of the Order. The one published February 7th opens as follows:

"Work at the Temple has been very satisfactory since our last report. Many pilgrims have knocked at the door of Libra; some of them from long distances. We had the pleasure of welcoming Bro. Clark Rose, of Cavalier, North Dakota, who not only saw the light of the seventh house, but remained long enough to take a higher step as a true Mystic."

Bully for Bro. Rose! May he have no difficulty in finding in Dakota plenty of "light-seekers" to join the "neophytes" already secured by him for the formation of a "Court" wherein the mystic degrees will be conferred upon aspirants for occult knowledge, and the light-seekers may become light-bearers for the transmission to others of the sacred secrets and divine wisdom concerning which Brother Rose received an inkling when he took that "higher step as a true mystic" after seeing "the light of the seventh house."

A friend asking me if I knew anything of the "Order of the Magi," I was forced to acknowledge I did not, excepting what I infer from the name, and have learned through the *Thinker*. The name implies that the Order is composed of spiritually-minded people—progressive thinkers, seekers after divine wisdom, investigators of the occult, and aspirants for the realization of the "higher life" on earth. They appear to think that human virtues can be best inculcated when represented in symbols, or by words and ceremonies often repeated; consequently there are in the "secret work" of the Order many forms and emblems—external signs significant of esoteric realties, or what are supposed to be such. People who delight in formalities may be pleased to join the Magi, but it does not follow that such are further advanced, or really have any higher aspirations than the average. On the contrary, it is a fact that those most given to outward observances—most attracted by forms and ceremonies—are deficient in the qualities with which the external signs are supposed to correspond. The virtues are *supplanted* by the forms instead of being represented by them.

I do not see any use for the Magi in this age of the world. By consulting an encyclopedia I learn that the ancient Order of the Magi was instituted (in Media) for the preservation of traditional knowledge and the management of the sacred rights. Subsequently the institution extended into Persia, and the Magi there became not only the keepers of sacred things, but the directors of civil affairs. The Order was composed of the most learned of the people—philosophers, doctors, priests and other "servants of God," besides diviners, astrologers, etc. Their civil power did not last long; they rapidly lost influence, and finally dwindled down to a few wandering jugglers, fortune-tellers and sooth-sayers.

In this era of printing presses "traditional knowledge" don't amount to much, and "sacred things" science long since consigned to the tomb. Hence, what occasion can there be for the Magi? But the new Order does not seem to lack material for its growth. Applicants are numerous. It appears, however, that some have been denied admission to the Order on account of lax moral character, discovered I presume when the light from the upper story of the "Temple" fell upon the "light-seeker" as he or she advanced to knock upon the "door of Libra." The report (signed by Olney H. Richmond) says:

"We are sorry to say that some few persons, some of whom are mediums, have been kept from joining [he means have been rejected] on account of not having good reputations. These persons cannot be expected to speak well of the Order under the circumstances; it would not be human nature; but we must warn all light-seekers against being led astray by remarks made by such parties. They know nothing whatever about the Order one way or the other."

Of course not. They have never seen the sacred light shining from the chamber window of the seventh house, nor have they ever tasted the consecrated wine kept in the cellar thereof. In fact they know nothing about the house, from basement to garret; and where there is such dense ignorance there should be a respectful silence. For the same reason I say no more. Let those who are interested investigate.

W. N. SLOCUM.

Social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club.

A social, for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, was held at the residence of Mrs. Mary Irvin, 1143 Valencia street, on Thursday evening, January 29. As usual, a very enjoyable time was had by the many ladies and gentlemen present. Various amusements were indulged in during the evening. One of the most prominent features of the occasion was the telling of fortunes by Mrs. Morse in one of the anterooms, the proceeds therefrom derived being added to the Kindergarten fund. The secress was kept busy all the evening. Another favorite pastime was parlor target practice, prizes being awarded to the best marksman of each sex,—the lady's prize being won by Mrs. Wheelock, President of the Club, and the gentleman's prize, by Master Ray Irwin. Mrs. Wm. Munn tied Mrs. Wheelock in the lady's competition, and the contest was decided by a cut at cards. The proceeds accruing from the payment for participation in the target practice were also turned into the treasury of the Club.

The regular collection was taken up toward the close of the social, with a good financial result. The company was favored with some excellent singing by Miss Gordon, Mrs. Rogers, and Mr. Titcomb; and a piano solo was well rendered by Master Ray Irvin.

At about 11:30 the happy party dispersed, the general expression being that a most delightful evening had been spent.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?

The Fourth Book of the Chronicles

BY LUPA.

CHAPTER V.

1 Now when Susan had heard some what of the words and the acts of Elizabeth, she had laughed aloud saying,

2. What manner of woman is this? Give unto me, I pray thee, the parchment whereon are written the words of the scribe concerning her, that I may learn more of this matter. And they gave it to her till she had read every word.

3. And she returned unto the house of her father and inquired yet further concerning this new doctrine.

4. Then they all, with one accord, told what great things Elizabeth had done and how the power of the Lord went with her that she spoke no false word nor foolish thing.

5 And they said, We declare unto you that she hath called together the brethren and sisters, and expounded unto them her purpose that she hath nourished in her heart, namely; that hereafter and forever all women ought to be free even as men are free, and she hath made a vow that she will not dare to speak of this thing until she shall be gathered unto her fathers and laid by the side of her mothers, if so be that the people of the nation hearken not unto her and grant her petition

6. And she and her friends have written their grievances upon a parchment that may be readed all men, and it declareth that even as afore time the fathers rebelled against the King saying that they would have none of him because he had ruled unjustly, so do they, the mothers and the daughters of this nation rebel against the unjust rule which man hath set up over them, and as men have said, "Break the bonds of the slave and he the oppressed go free," so now they say, Let us, even the women of this land, be free to make laws unto ourselv

7 For now may the sons of men take from us all our goods, our sheckels of gold and of silver, all that we have, even the child in our arms, and naught can we say that it may not be so.

8 They have said that in many things if we commit a sin, to us it is not a sin, if so be that our husbands have looked upon the act, and they shall answer for it unto the law, thereby making it manifest that we be weak in understanding and ignorant in our conscience

9. When they do take a woman unto themselves in marriage, one of them giveth her unto another as a possession and a third declareth that she shall be his when he hath compelled her to promise that she will be obedient unto him; then is she his, even as the children of that marriage are his, and when she obeyeth him not, he may chastise her until that she do

10. If she marrieth not, the law taketh a tithe of all her possessions for the building of such things as seem good unto the sons of men, and she may not say that it shall not be so.

11. All these things hath man said and done unto woman: yea, and more also,

12. He hath said that she may not work with her hands at that work wherein man toileth and receive gold thereof, lest peradventure he be by that means driven to want, and woman learn to be no more submissive unto man

13. He hath said that in the courts, in the Sanhedrin and in the Synagogue, she may not open her mouth, even though it be in defense of her life

14. He hath also declared that as concerning the relations between man and woman, that which is wrong for her may seem righteous in his eyes; and he may despise her and laugh at her calamity saying, Let her look to herself! Who hath made me her keeper? Forgetting that by the strength of his arm and the power of his will hath he made himself her keeper, and that inasmuch as he hath withheld from her this freedom which she now desires and which is her birthright, giving it unto the alien and the stranger, and to him that is short of understanding, hath he taken the bread from the childrens' mouths and given it unto the dogs, as the Scriptures have commanded that they should not do.

15. All this matter was shown unto Susan while in the house of her fathers, and when she had considered she said, Yea, verily, it is the truth. Henceforth shall my life be given unto this work.

A' Lunatic's Narrative.

BY WM HARRISON RILEY.

I am a native of Luna—a thoroughbred Lunatic. By what means I reached this earth I shall not, in this brief narrative, explain. It is evident that I *am* here, this writing being sufficient witness thereof.

In the ancient, powerful, and glorious Kingdom of Dementia (whose Flag has braved, a million years, the battle and the breeze,) I was introduced, as a native-born citizen, by my parents, (and by sanction of the Royal Clerics,) in the year of Sanctity 721,948. One year previous to my birth, my parents had purchased a license to become parents, therefore I was legally introduced into Luna. I was a legal person, with a legal body and a legal soul, and I had a legal right to keep my soul and body together—if I *could*. But I had no legal name, such as would suffice to distinguish me from other male infants. It was, however, only during the first three weeks of my existence that I was nameless, as I was taken before I was one month old, to one of the branches of the Royal Clerical Emporium, where my parents purchased the right to confer upon me the name TCHVEI BUSA. The Cleries performed a solemn ceremony suitable and essential to the occasion. They lubricated my nose with oil, and publicly informed Jupiter, Saturn and Mars, that I was a legal person, with a legal name, and that the regular fees required to establish any person in such a legal position had been duly paid to and pocketed by the only genuine agents of the only genuine Emporium

Jupiter, Saturn and Mars are, as all true Lunatics maintain and profess to believe, three Persons, of one substance, power and eternity. Saturn is the breath of Jupiter, and Mars is the breath of Jupiter and Saturn. Mars is of one substance, majesty and glory with Jupiter and Saturn, very and eternal Sol. There is but one living and true Sol, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions, and this one Sol—having no body or parts—is composed of three Persons—Jupiter, Saturn and Mars. Such is the foundation of the simple, logical and sublime belief of which the King of Dementia is the Protector.

Now, although Sol cannot err, and when he created mankind he declared the work to be good, yet mankind are born physically imperfect. Of course that is not Sol's fault, but is caused by mankind, who, without exception, obstinately and malevolently assume imperfect forms previous to their birth. I was no exception to the lamentable rule, for I had stubbornly caused myself to be born with two ears. Like all other persons, I was "born in sin and shapen in iniquity." I alone was to blame, for the marriage of my parents was sanctified by the Royal Clerics, and, therefore, my parents were blameless, and Sol, our Creator, cannot err. (*Absolvo illum? nescio! nescio! pellitheus.*)

When I was six weeks old, an order was issued by the King of Dementia, and delivered by one of his detective agents, commanding my parents to employ a Royal Amputator to cut off my left ear. * They submitted, as they were not members of the "small, silly, but troublesome clique" of anti-amputators, but were true and loyal Lunatics, and orthodoxy subjects of the King of Dementia.

My left ear having been (successfully) removed from my head, I had, by that operation, surmounted the third step of legal subjection—as a loyal Lunatic. I was a legal inhabitant of Luna, I had a legal name; I had a legal constitution. If I died before arriving at the age of discretion, I should be transformed into a *MIPURFHC*—and I could not die of boils.

When I was six years old, I was sent to school, where I was taught to spell and cipher. I learned how to spell my name, but was never told what I was, or where I came from. After a time, however, I was told by a woman that I was found in a cabbage field, and my mother confirmed the statement. When I ventured to question my Sunday-school teacher on the subject, he told me I was made of dust. When I asked him who made me, he said it

was Sol. Then I asked who Sol was, and was told he was the creator of Luna. When I asked *where* Sol was, my teacher first said, "in heaven," and then "everywhere." So, being a little philosopher, I decided that as everywhere was heaven, therefore *I* was in heaven, but, much to my confusion, I was told I was extremely wrong.

Again I questioned, and was answered:—

"Is Sol alive?"

"Yes; he is the ever-living Sol."

"But he—he—he cannot *move*? If he is *everywhere* there is no place to move *to*."

Then I was told that something dreadful would happen to me, and was warned that I must not ask such questions. And I was told I must pray, but as I had no idea of the being I was told to address, I could not understand how I could pray. Praying to the air seemed like praying to nothing. I tried to think of some *form* of being to pray to, but failed. Then I began to reason—for, alas! I was an unregenerate boy, and was tempted by the omnipresent, everlasting serpent. I argued thus to myself:—If Sol is *everywhere*, he cannot move and cannot have any *shape*. If he has no shape, I cannot get any idea of such a being. If he has any shape, he cannot be everywhere. There must be something wrong. Then I tried to pray, in something like the following manner:—"Help me, oh Sol, of whom I know nothing—of whom I cannot even think."

* It is necessary to explain that a learned Royal Amputator, named Jenkins, had discovered that cutting off the left ear was a certain preventative of boils. The amputated person might suffer intensely from poison, or from an accumulation of waste matter, and might even die in consequence thereof, but no boils or pimples could appear on the skin after the left ear had been amputated successfully. By this wonderful and beneficent discovery it became possible to effectually counteract nature in all her ordinary and extraordinary efforts to expel poison from a human body by means of boils, pimples, or other eruptions. Jenkins is regarded as the chief benefactor of his species—by all true Lunatics. Many statues are erected, and many persons have been fined and imprisoned in his honor.

Sexual Ethics.

Sexual ethics is the very core of all ethics. It is the most important sphere of human conduct, the tenderest, holiest, and most delicate realm of moral aspirations. When speaking of morality, we first of all think of sexual purity. So much is sexual ethics regarded as the very essence of morality! And no wonder that it is so. Consider but for a moment the importance of sexual relations. The future of our race depends upon them. The generations to come are shaped, they are created through sexual relations. The sexual relation is a natural want produced through the necessity of self-preservation. The human soul yearns to live; it yearns to grow and multiply. In the face of death it longs for immortality, but immortality is not granted to the individual, and in order to become immortal an individual must grow beyond the limits of individuality. The natural consequence of these conditions is that immortality can spring from love only. Immortality must be gained by sacrifice, it must be taken by conquest, and there is but one power that can gain immortality. It is that power of which the Song of Songs says, "it is stronger than death." That one power is the holiness of the sexual relation, it is matrimonial love.

If we deprive sex-relation of its sanctity, it sinks down far below the most brutish acts of lowest animal life. Human sex-relation in which the spiritual elements of love and an exchange of soul are lacking degrades man and more so woman; it deprives them of their sanctity and sullies the holiest emotions they are capable of—the longing for immortal life.

The sexual instinct of man serves a most important and sacred purpose; it is the preservation of human soul-life, it is the attainment of immortality. If it is led into other channels, it decoys man into dangerous aberrations. Woe to those who find pleasure in depriving it of its sanctity! The curse that falls upon them will outlive them, for it will go down to their children and the children of their children.

It is not ethereal prudery that nature demands of us, not an extirpation or suppression of nature but an elevation and purification, that the noblest features of nature's living and moving and being may be developed. A cynical attitude towards the mysteries of sexual life besmirches the soul of man with moral filth.—*The Open Court.*

IMMORTALITY.

Brief Synopsis of Debate between Elder Miles Grant of Boston and Dr. N. F. Ravlin of this city. Reported by Mrs. Julia Schlesinger

The discussion of immortality between two prominent representatives of antagonistic beliefs naturally attracted large audiences at Metropolitan Temple on the evenings of Jan. 27th, 28th, 30th and 31st. The proposition discussed read as follows:

"*Resolved*:—That the Bible, Science and Reason teach that Man is Wholly Mortal and is Unconscious between Death and the Resurrection, therefore cannot Communicate with the Living on Earth."

Mr. Grant took the affirmative and Mr. Ravlin the negative side of the resolution. Mr. Strother was chosen as chairman, and introduced the speakers. The debate was opened by Mr. Grant, who read some Scripture texts and quoted the statements of some scientific men in support of the proposition. He made the following statements as the bases of his argument:

Any creed or system contradicted by a SINGLE FACT, CANNOT BE TRUE.

Whatever is sustained by one fact is sustained by all other correlative facts.

Whatever is supported by a LIE cannot be true.

No fact in science is contradicted by a single fact in the Bible.

There is no truth in the Bible, in science or reason, that any thing else leaves man at death but life.

It is an unthinkable, unimaginable, unsupposable, impossible thing to conceive a living, intelligent being without any material body.

The Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground. My opponent cannot bring a single *fact* against it.

Life cannot be defined by science. The Bible tells us where it came from.

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is of satanic origin.

It is impossible for an intelligent being to exist without a material organism.

[Time called.]

Mr. Ravlin:—In his opening speech Mr. Ravlin replied to the above by taking up the first proposition that "Any creed or system contradicted by a *single fact* cannot be true." He said that his opponent took the ground that the Bible meant just what it said—should be literally interpreted, and upon that basis many *facts* could be produced that would "contradict" Bible testimony. The speaker referred to the text in the book of Joshua, 10th chapter and 12 verse, where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still until he had won a battle and destroyed his enemies. This statement was disproved by both science and reason.

Astronomical science demonstrates that the earth is spherical in form; that it revolves upon its axis every twenty-four hours, and makes its journey around the sun once a year; that the sun is stationary and does not revolve round the earth, but that the daily revolutions of the earth produce the phenomenon of day and night. Hence in order to have had the command of Joshua fulfilled, it would be necessary to stop the earth in its revolutions, while moving at the rate of 1000 miles an hour. Does my opponent believe this actually occurred? There is no limit to the credulity that could take that in. It is opposed alike to SCIENCE and to REASON.

Mr. Ravlin asked his opponent from whence came the four distinct races of people upon the earth, if God made but one man—Adam—and he was a white man. It was contrary to nature and science for white parents to beget black children, or negroes to beget white children, and if,—as Mr. Grant claimed—the whole human family decended from the one man and woman how could the different races be accounted for? The truth is, man was evolved from primordial human germs, and

hence it is contrary to science and reason to suppose he was made a full grown man out of the dust; the laws of nature are harmonious and unbroken, and any statement, whether in the Bible, or out of it, which is in conflict with the uniform order of Nature cannot be true.

Neither the Bible statement, nor the Darwinian theory of man's origin are true. It is not reasonable to suppose nature capable of producing a multiplicity of vegetable and animal germs, and yet unable to produce only one type of human germs. And if God made Adam a full grown man out of the dust then why did he not keep on in the way of well doing, and people the world in that manner as he had a plenty of dirt to make any number of people out of it.

In reply to the statement that "It is an unthinkable, unimaginable, unsupposable, impossible thing to conceive of a living, intelligent being without a material body," Mr Ravlin asked how angels existed. They certainly had not physical bodies and yet the Bible contained numerous accounts of the ministrations of angels and of their communicating with the inhabitants of earth.

Why did God allow the devil to do as he did, and gobble up a majority of the race?

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 28th, the discussion was resumed, and Mr. Grant made the opening address. The speaker said that the prominent point made by Mr. Ravlin to which he would reply first was the question "whence came the black man, the red man and the Chinese if God created but one pair in the beginning?" This, said Mr. Grant, was no more strange than that in a flock of sheep we frequently see black sheep of white parents. Scripture texts were introduced supposed to refer to the subject. "Why did God allow the devil to do as he did?" Because the devil was a free agent; men are free agents and can choose between good and evil. The speaker then introduced the subject of Christ's resurrection. He said if Jesus was not literally raised from the dead then was Christianity overthrown. The texts of scripture cited in proof were Matt. 28 chap., 29 verse; John 20:25, Luke 7:12 and 24:39. The resurrection of Lazarus was also cited as proof of the resurrection of the physical body: "He that was dead came forth." Not a word about a spiritual resurrection. In illustration of the possibility of the resurrection of the physical body that had mouldered into dust or been destroyed in any manner, the speaker related an experiment in chemistry whereby a silver cup was reduced to solution and again precipitated into its original form. If the Creator could produce such wonders in chemistry could He not also call together the atoms of which our bodies had been composed?

The Bible teaches the resurrection of the dead: "What is the use of raising the dead?" How can I be a man without a body? Spiritualism stands opposed to science and the Bible. It is impossible to exist without a physical organism. The *soul* of man is the life of man as taught in the Bible. Isaiah 7:15, Job 30:15. Soul is used 758 times and has a meaning, translated in fifty different ways. It first means life—used 120 times—and is also applied to beasts. [Here the speaker's argument was cut short by the Chairman's call—"Time."]

Mr. Ravlin said: "I do not see that I have anything special to reply to. There are one or two things that were passed over that I wish to refer to. "It is an unthinkable, impossible thing to conceive of an intelligent being to exist without a material organism." On that hypothesis I deny that angels or devils or even God exist. It is said God is a spirit, angels are spirits, and certainly they are not in material form. Now if it is impossible for an intelligent being to exist without a material organism, we say neither angels or devils exist. If they exist in material form we can see them. Either spirits can exist without a material body or the devil *cannot* exist without a body. Who tempted Christ? Was the devil in a material body when he took Jesus up into the high mountain, and when he placed him on the pinnacle of the temple? Jesus and the devil could have been seen on the top of that temple if he was a material, physical being. Now, the devil is a myth or he has a physical organism, according to my friend's philosophy. Such a wonderful phenomenon would have been published in the daily papers of Jerusalem. Why did not Jesus shake him off, for fear he would drop him while being taken from the top of the mountain to the pinnacle of the temple? I am going to have it that angels and devils cannot exist without a physical body, or if they can then spirits can also exist.

Concerning the resurrection of Jesus Mr. Grant says the same body that was laid in the tomb was the same that was resurrected. Mary Magdalene was an intimate friend of Jesus and he appeared to her in a materialized body, but not the body that was laid in the tomb. She did not know him; she thought it was the gardener. He meets two disciples and enters into conversation with them. They did not recognize him, until the breaking of bread and then he vanished from their sight dematerialized as we Spiritualists say. He met eleven disciples on the first day of the week and after having talked with *them* he vanished. How did he get out? On another occasion when Thomas was present he appeared in such a body as the crucified body and said to Thomas: "Reach forth thy hand and thrust it into my side."

Time was called, and the argument was resumed by Mr. Grant who said:

"I suppose you have all been interested. I have been. Mr. Ravlin says he will prove that devils cannot exist without a body. Mr Ravlin knows enough about mesmerism to know that a mesmeriser can render himself invisible to his subjects. I have seen Prof. Carpenter of Boston, before a large audience make his subjects think he had disappeared, and they would stand looking up at the ceiling, where they supposed he had gone, while he stood on the platform beside them, in full view of the audience. Jesus could do the same thing. Angels have power to render themselves invisible as men can do by mesmerism. The Bible account of Balaam was used in illustration. The ass saw the angel but Balaam did not.

Human logic cannot stand against facts. It is impossible to have an existence without a physical body. Eminent authorities were quoted that the Bible does not teach the immortality of the soul. Bible texts were read bearing upon this point. "The dead know not anything." "There is no knowledge or device in the grave whither thou goest." "As man dieth so die the beasts also." The word spirit was explained. Four different words rendered spirit; twice in the New Testament it means fantasm phantom, an unreal thing. Texts were cited in proof of different interpretations of the word spirit, state of feeling breath of life spirit of life. When a man is dead, and his spirit, soul, life, has gone out he cannot communicate with mortals. They die and return to dust. (Time called).

Mr. Ravlin said: "I do not speak to amuse this audience—I speak to defend what I *know* to be true. I take the living realties of the present in preference to the theories and suppositions of the past. The Bible contains many beautiful moral lessons, and I practice the Golden Rule as nearly as I can. I do not throw away the Bible, but I interpret it in the light of reason and science. Facts disprove theories; and *facts* prove that the Bible is not infallible.

Mr. Grant's explanation of the appearance and disappearance of men, angels and devils on the mesmeric theory is too thin. I cannot accept it, and am astonished that any one should attempt to explain phenomena on such grounds. The theory that anyone can render himself visible or invisible at will is contrary to science and reason. However, we will see how it works when applied to certain scripture statements. It is recorded that Jesus and his disciples went up to Mount Olivet and after giving his last parting counsel he ascended into

heaven and was lost to their sight. Now if this mesmeric theory is true, the disciples were only mesmerized and Jesus did not ascend into heaven at all; they only thought he ascended. If he did *not* ascend, he cannot come again, and our friend here will have to sleep in the grave forever, as everything, according to his doctrine, depends on the second coming of Jesus in person from the clouds of heaven. My friend believes in the literal interpretation of the Bible. Let us consider some of its statements. Take the account of the deluge. Noah builds an ark and gathers in the animals—two of each kind. It could not have been a literal fact. Figure up the amount of food necessary to supply all those animals. The ark was three stories high with but one window and one door and they were at the top. If that story is literally true they could not have lived three days. How did the animals get air in the stories below? The rainfall was seven hundred feet every twenty-four hours for forty days, if the Bible story is to be taken literally. I do not believe that statement because it is contray to reason and science, and nothing can be inspired of God contrary to these, for he is the author of both. Take the first eleven chapters of Genesis as allegorical and they convey beautiful spiritual truths, otherwise they are absurd.

Friday evening the discussion was resumed. Mr. Grant's reply to Mr. Ravlin's statement concerning the first eleven chapters of the Bible was that if one part was allegorical all the rest was. That all the doctrine of the Bible is expressed in literal language.

The speaker then introduced the Bible account of the communication from Samuel to Saul through the woman of Endor, and stated that it was *not* Samuel who "came up" *for he was dead*; and queried, "did Samuel's mantle really come up or was it hanging in some closet?" The speaker explained that it was not the spirit of Samuel but the same "Father of Lies"—the devil—who tempted Eve. He also stated that the prophecy purporting to come from Samuel was not true. The appearance of angels to Abraham was cited and explained upon the mesmeric theory.

Mr. Grant said we have reached the conclusion sustained by science, reason, and the Bible that only *life* leaves man at death, and that as the *soul is the life of man* it ceases to exist after the death of the physical body. The immaterial has no power of self motion, cannot think, has no sight, hearing, speech or character; has no body, never can be anybody. It is unthinkable, unreasonable and unscriptural to believe otherwise. This scripture was quoted: "In the latter days some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to doctrines of devils." Time was called and Mr. Ravlin resumed his part of the discussion.

Mr. Ravlin said that as Mr. Grant believed in the literal interpretation of the scriptures, he should insist that the account of Saul's interview with Samuel through the mediumship of the woman of Endor be taken exactly as it reads. The quotation: "And Samuel said to Saul, Why has thou disquieted me" etc. was read, and the speaker stated that "Samuel either said it or the Bible tells an untruth," and I shall object to having it explained away. If a demon said it what right has the word of demons to be in the holy word of God? The sum and substance of Samuel's prophecy was true and literally fulfilled. All attempts to explain it away are futile; it remains a historic fact. Daniel saw a man—Gabriel—the most distinguished angel referred to in the Bible. If men are not called angels in the Bible, why did Daniel call Gabriel a man? The Bible supports Spiritualism. Take the record of spiritual manifestations out of the Bible and nothing worthy of preservation or record remains. Jesus preached to "spirits in prison" after he was crucified and before the resurrection. They were antediluvian spirits.

Mr. Grant replied to Mr. Ravlin's remarks about Samuel with the text: "The dead know not *anything*." It is impossible for a dead man to communicate. He then declared that *all* dark-circle performances, rope-tying and materializations are frauds every one of them are frauds—and the mediums know they are frauds." Mr. Grant stated that he knew how most of them were done, and explained a ring test performance as being done with two rings, one being concealed in the medium's sleeve. Gave an account of a materializing seance of Mrs. Robert J. Hull of Maine, who confessed the fraud. Said "they were all the same—would stake my eternal life on it." The speaker related how Margaret Fox Kane had confessed that she had practiced the deception all her life which was commenced in her childhood, when she and her little sister Katie tied an apple to a string and with it produced the wonderful raps that were heard at Hydesville forty-three years ago. When they could not use an apple to produce the raps they did it by cracking their toe joints. Other illustrations of the deception practiced by mediums were given and the argument was resumed by Mr. Ravlin.

The next testimony introduced by Mr. Ravlin was the transfiguration seance where Moses and Elias appeared and conversed with Jesus in the presence of his disciples. The speaker says "if Mr. Grant attempts to explain away this record he is guilty of handling the plainest text in the New Testament deceitfully. If Moses and Elias did not appear and speak who did?" Saul's conversion was related, and also the vision of John on the Isle of Patmos as recorded in Revelations, in support of the statement that men are called angels and angels are called men.

Mr. Ravlin referred to the silver cup spoken of by Mr. Grant and said: "The silver cup illustration used by my opponent, I cannot accept. I deny the truth of the statement, and demand proof. I readily concede that a silver cup can be reduced to solution by chemical action, but I deny that it can be or ever was, restored to its original form by the operation of chemical law. If the theory of the resurrection of these physical bodies contains no more truth than that statement, then certainly there will be no literal resurrection. My friend is unfortunate in his illustrations. They prove too much or else not enough to be of any use in the support of his theories."

Mr. Grant said in regard to the transfiguration scene that if Moses really was there he must have been raised from the dead, and Elias having been translated bodily to heaven did not see death; but the truth was that neither of them was there; it was a vision. They *appeared* to be there but were *not* there. The speaker said: "I believe there are spiritual forces or powers who can communicate with men, but they are demons who resemble men and are frequently called men in the Bible. They are spirits of devils going forth to the kings of the earth and stirring up strife. These demons claim they are the spirits of our friends, but are seducing spirits. Mesmerism is the key to unlock the whole system. The mesmerizer produces a mental picture in his own mind and immediately the subject sees the same thing. In all cases where mediums see their friends they see them mentally."

Mr. Ravlin said that the scriptures speak of the body as the veil of the flesh which conceals the spirit. Jesus said "spirit hath not flesh and bones," and flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. "How then can people ascend into heaven with physical bodies? It is a scientific fact that our bodies change every seven years; then each individual will have a number of bodies during a life-time; which *one* of these bodies will be resurrected? God is everywhere; if confined in a material form he ceases to be God." Mr. Ravlin closed his speech with a recital of his experience with a slate-writing medium, and the statement that Maggie Fox had retracted her confession of fraud.

Saturday evening being the closing night but little new evidence

was introduced, the speakers confining themselves to a summing up and recapitulation of the facts presented on both sides. Mr Grant denied that we had a new body every seven years. "If so, why do the eyes grow dim and the frame weak, and the step falter ing, and why are the bones of an old man more easily broken than those of a young man? I have the same scars on my hands now that I had when a boy."

In reply to Mr. Ravlin's question, "How can we ascend into heaven with our physical bodies?" Mr. Grant said that Jesus ascended bodily; so did Elijah. Why? Because they could not go any other way. There is no such thing as a *bodiless* beings.

Mr. Grant declared Spiritualism opposed to science, reason, the Bible, and everything true. He related a seance with Mrs. Blair, the medium who paints flowers blindfolded, and said it was a deception; that the medium looked down under the bandage, and *saw* what she was doing.

[This statement was known to be untrue as Mrs Blair allows the investigator to apply the bandage, which consists of a narrow strip of muslin folded several times, forming a pad which completely hides the eyes, tacked over which is tied another bandage of pocket handkerchief, which effectually renders the eyes entirely blind and renders it impossible for the medium to see anything she is doing. Under such conditions she paints with great rapidity and leaves behind the wet paint. The work is done with one hand, as the medium wishes to talk with the other.—ED. CARRIER DOVE.]

Mr. Grant read an extract from the writings of P. B. Randolph, in which Spiritualists were charged with all the vices and immoralities known to the race, and the whole business denounced as a delusion and a snare of the devil.

[Mr. Randolph was always strange and erratic, almost into insanity, and finally ended a misspent life by committing suicide.—ED. CARRIER DOVE.]

Mr. Grant said that he did not deny any of the phenomena of Spiritualism, but that it was the work of demons whom the Bible declared should go forth unto the kings of the earth and deceive many. He denounced the works of Spiritualists as immoral, low, vile and sensual. The visions of Andrew Jackson Davis and Emanuel Swedenborg were all declared deceptions.

In reply to this arraignment of Spiritualism and spiritualists, Mr. Ravlin said there was one text of scripture which says: "By their fruits ye shall know them. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, neither can a good tree bring forth evil fruit." If this be true, then Spiritualism and Spiritualists had nothing to fear. Their teachings were all love for humanity, peace on earth and good will to men. On the other hand, the "fruits" of Christianity were recorded in the history of the "dark ages" when the whole civilized world was drenched in blood and millions of innocent men and women slaughtered in the name of God. The wheels of science were blocked by the church, and men of intellect and reason who dared to advance new truths and new discoveries were put to torture and burned at the stake by the minions of the church, all in the name of God and Christianity. Mr Ravlin said that the scientists quoted by his opponent as having declared against Spiritualism were Agnostics, and as much opposed to Mr. Grant's theories as they were to Spiritualism. The speaker read a long list of names of men of letters and renown who believed in Spiritualism. Among these he quoted Dr. Samuel Johnson of dictionary fame, who said:

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and universal testimony of all ages and of all nations.

There are no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion could become universal only by its truth. Those who never heard of one another, would not have agreed on a tale which nothing but experience could render credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, acknowledged one of the most scientific men on earth to-day, in his book entitled "Proof Palpable of Immortality," says: "I have seen the faces of spirits within three feet of me, about whose identity I could no more mistake than I could fail to recognize the members of my own family who are still in the material form."

Mr. Ravlin related his experience with Dr. Schlesinger, and how through the doctor's mediumship he became a convert to Spiritualism. The account of that wonderful seance was extremely interesting, and many in the audience were moved to tears by its recital, but we have not time nor space to reproduce it here. At the close the audience manifested the general feeling of approbation by enthusiastic applause. Mr. Ravlin was presented with a beautiful floral horseshoe and wreath by the members of his musical and dramatic club. Mrs. Ravlin was the recipient of an exquisitely arranged basket of choice flowers. Excellent vocal music by a choir of Mr. Grant's friends closed the interesting series of meetings.

New Movement In Spiritualism.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1891.

EDITOR DOVE:—Sunday, Feb. 1st, 1891, is a day which should long be remembered by the Spiritualists of the United States, and particularly by those of New York City, for then was held the first of a series of meetings which promise to herald what some are pleased to call a "new movement in Spiritualism." The following clipping from the New York *Tribune*, one of the leading dailies in this city, will show that if we are willing to advance the ideas of Spiritualism, *pure* and undefiled, the world is ready to extend to us the hand of respect, instead of derision, as we have had done so many times in the past.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Several hundred people attended two meetings yesterday at the Knickerbocker Conservatory, No. 44 West Fourteenth street, and assisted in beginning what is called a new movement in Spiritualism. It is not, however, a movement in which new doctrines are to be promulgated, but rather one in which more conservative methods will be used in teaching views already familiar to those who call themselves Spiritualists. No formal organization has yet been effected, but it is the intention of those who have taken the lead in the matter to hold services each Sunday, and to form a permanent organization within a few weeks.

The chief speaker yesterday was Mrs Helen T. Brigham, but ex-Judge A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, Mrs Rathbun and Dr. Silsbee also spoke at the morning service, while George H. Jones, Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth and George P. Colby assisted in the evening. Mrs. Brigham was for many years the lecturer for the First Society of Spiritualists, and although it is asserted that no hostility is felt toward that body, the new society is really the result of a secession from it.

* * * * *

The new organization will be called "The New Society of Ethical Spiritualists," and it will have services in form not unlike those which are held in the more radical Unitarian churches.

With the substantial aid afforded by those interested, which comprise the best element in our ranks, the organization is an assured success. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham is our regularly engaged speaker, with occasional exchanges, and for the month of May we will have the pleasure of listening to Geo. P. Colby, of Florida, and Mrs. Hyzer. Hoping the DOVE will always occupy the proud place it now does, as one of the exponents of *True Spiritualism*, I am,

Yours Fraternally,

C. T. E.

Mysteries of Nature.

The telescope enables us to gaze through the boundaries of the stellar universe; the microscope enables us to look through the stratum of living forms and see the expanse of unappropriated mineral elements. Life even in its minutest forms is superimposed on matter. Strange life! The animalcule a million times smaller than the finest point that can be broken from a cambric needle manifests instincts as remarkable as are observed in higher animals. * * No words can describe, no pencil paint the wonders revealed in a single drop of stagnant water.—*Hudson Tuttle in Banner of Light.*

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

A "No-Name Paper," in the *Arena*, says if one could have the privilege of living one's life over again, that to have the advantage of the experience already gained, would avail nothing, because:

"The inborn, inherent, irreversible tendency with which we come into the world, would hold its imperious course a second time, as it did the first."

It is true that inherited tendencies in great measure shape our course, but it is also true that many die just when they have learned how to live. Such, could they live again, or continue to live with full mental and physical vigor, would certainly make better use of their opportunities after than before acquiring experience, even on the supposition that the general condition of mankind remains unchanged.

But when this pessimistic philosopher goes on to assert that we might be born into a new civilization, and still life would be the same, he is certainly at fault. He says:

"We are the sheer shuttlecocks between the battledores of Organization and Circumstance, and we would be knocked about, in a fresh mask of flesh, a thousand years hence, not very differently from what we are knocked about A. D. 1890."

Not so. A thousand years hence this will be a new world. Even one century hence, if we may judge by the changes of the century past, many of the disabilities under which we labor will be removed. Mankind will become one great brotherhood. Human nature will be the same, but the better, not the worser, part will have opportunity for expression. In that coming era something akin to justice will prevail; equal rights will be established; poverty will be unknown, and life will have a new meaning.

The same writer goes on to say: 'Life may be an obligation, certes, it is not a delight, nor an advantage." No; it is not an "advantage" if we look upon it as a finality. If this life were all the best thing each of us could do would be to end it at once; but if it is a preparation, we would do well to wait until we graduate. Progress can be made only through experience; refinement comes only by suffering. We do not live merely to be happy, but to develop that which makes life worth living. It is a mistake to suppose that the object of life is happiness. The real use of earthly existence is development. Aside from growth life is useless, and without the future which growth fits us for it is meaningless. Through experience we get refinement, love, harmony, and finally happiness—this last not as the object of life, but as the result.

The editor of *Light* (London) translates a portion of the proceedings of the last annual meeting of French Spiritists. The following is an extract from the annual address by M. Leymarie:

"At each new terrestrial existence what does our spirit do? After having made an unconditional choice of the brain of a child, prepared by a father and mother according to the spirit's wish, it arranges the images acquired during its former lives in the cells of this brain. Together with these images it arranges other conditions, so that, when incarnated, it may better control its manner of living and thinking."

This is asserted as if it were fact instead of fancy. Theosophists, who are also Reincarnationists, do not believe the spirit has any "choice;" they assert that Karma decides what sort of a body the spirit must have in its next reincarnation. In another portion of his address, M. Leymarie says of departed spirits:

"They are waiting for the members of their families to evoke them, * * for they want so much to know what has become of the beloved little ones—of father, mother and old friends."

If spirits of their own volition have the power to arrange in the brain cells of infants in embryo the images acquired during former lives, it is strange they have to be "evoked" before they have power to return and re-certain what has become of their old friends. Here too the French Reincarnationists do not agree with the Theosophists, who hold that spirits do *not* return to communicate,—that the "thing" that comes back is a mere "shell," not the real person. The ego is on its way, through numerous transformations, towards Nirvana.

An unknown writer in the *Standard* (New York) says:

"Science, art, philosophy, religion and civilization will have failed of their use until they establish on earth the law of human brotherhood, whose first principle is violated when one of its members is forced to become a supplicant for charity."

Charity (in the sense of alms-giving) will live while our present unjust social system lives, for it is an integral part of it. When the system dies charity (of this vile sort) will no longer be called into being. It is the fruit of injustice; and when the tree of evil is dead the fruit thereof cannot mature.

Helen Gardner tells of an old soldier of her acquaintance who, after the war, was made a judge, with a good salary. Not satisfied with this, he applied for a pension from Government on the ground of incurable disease contracted in the service. He was examined by a doctor who certified to his physical disability. At the same time he had pending an application for life insurance, the examining physician of the company confirming his statement that he was a perfectly sound and healthy man. He succeeded in getting both the insurance and the pension. This is a fair illustration of the common dishonesty of our time. The "Judge" was shrewder than the majority, but no more untruthful, no less unscrupulous. He was an outgrowth of the competitive system, an average specimen of the fruit of our tree of semi-civilization. It will be a happy day when that tree is blasted, and a new growth starts up from fresh roots. The soil is good; human nature is not at fault; the germ of justice is planted in the human heart, and sometime, if not in our time, it will sprout and grow, and flower and fruit, and then will come the millennium. What a glorious world this will be though. Then man may say, with Festus: "Not he would go to heaven, even though he might that moment."

One of the results of being honest may be that we suffer, yet we can better afford to suffer than to be dishonest. I do not mean by this that we must always act in accordance with the *conventional* idea of honesty. I mean that we must be true to ourselves in thought and act, and true to the best interests of others. Justice to ourselves may sometimes require us to take that which is claimed by another. The ethics of a transfer of property from the possession of one to another depends wholly upon the circumstances. That may be justice which the law forbids; that may be robbery which the law protects. Although it is the right and duty of an individual to decide for himself what is robbery and what justice, it may not be advisable to attempt to carry out one's own idea. Each man should endeavor to so live that he may safely be "a law unto himself," but as yet very few, if any, have reached that high standard of excellence; meantime the concurrent judgment of the people, as expressed in statute law, is undoubtedly more conducive to the public welfare than is the judgment or conscience of the vicious, who never stop to consider the ethics of an act, but solely their own interests. When the darkey was robbing a hen-roost, and doubt was expressed by his companion as to the justice of the proceeding, he said: "That is a great moral question; no time to discuss it now; hand out another chicken." Our railroad robbers, land thieves and monopolists generally, do not appear to consider that any question of morals is involved; they simply take advantage of opportunities which the law provides for them. The result is, the robbers are very rich, the mass of the people very poor; and I see no possible way to secure justice for mankind until the oppressed, either under the law or in defiance of it, take from their oppressors their share of the bounties of the earth which Nature provided for all, but which the few unjustly

withhold from the many. That is Nationalism. Some people call it robbery. But Nationalists retort that our present system is robbery.

W. W. Judson says: "The law must protect every child in a just and equal share of an estate." I say the law must do nothing of the kind. What it *should* do is to protect every human being in the enjoyment of an equal share of the bounties of nature and the products of industry. It will be a long time before we have justice like that—meanwhile, the law should permit each and every holder of property to dispose of it as he sees fit.

To talk of an impersonal God is to use terms that contradict each other, and to speak of a spiritual body is like talking of a mental cooking stove.—*Hugh O. Pentecost.*

If "*impersonal* God" is a contradiction of terms "personal God" is certainly more so. A person cannot have the attributes supposed to belong to a "God." To quote from an address made by me twenty-two years ago: "A person must have form, and if form, dimensions; and if dimensions, he must have limits; and if limits, he cannot be omnipresent, and if not omnipresent, he is not God." And omnipresence is only one of the "divine attributes" which a personal God cannot by any possibility possess.

Strictly speaking, there can be no such thing as a "spiritual body;" but, by common consent, the term has a definite meaning. (See 15th Ch. Cor.) Spiritualists generally consider man as possessing a three-fold nature—matter, soul and spirit—or, material body (the physical), spiritual body (the soul), and spirit (the ego). Spiritualists do not say we *shall* be spirits, but we *are* spirits, not we *shall* have souls, but we *have* souls. When the physical body dies the spirit leaves it, taking with it the soul as its new body. This idea seems wholly reasonable to Spiritualists. It is not a mere conjecture. The "spiritual body" has been seen, felt, weighed, measured and photographed, not merely by common people, but by scientists like Wm. Crooks; and its existence demonstrated by close observers like Alfred Russell Wallace. It is not a mere hypothesis, but a fact, the truth of which has been as satisfactorily proved as has any other fact which depends upon human testimony for its vindication. It isn't worth while to dispute about mere terms. It is the soul of things that we want to get at.

The man who believes in hell will pay the priest to assist him in shouldering his sins off on the "Savior," but convince him that he is in no danger, and he will refuse to pay one cent for the good news. I mean the average man—of course, there are exceptions. Unfortunately the exceptions are not numerous enough to furnish fair support to reform speakers and writers. This is the reason why Liberal lecturers and publishers of spiritualistic and freethought journals have such a hard time. In saving their fellow men from the fear of hell after death they get themselves into hell this side the grave; for what worse hell can there be than the struggle with poverty which nearly every preacher must make who ceases to frighten and tries to enlighten his fellow man? Recall to mind the clergyman of your acquaintance who have graduated out of the pulpit on to the reform platform—how many are there who have not found the new road a hard one to travel?

I am reminded of this by an address "To the Liberal Public," and published in *Freethought* of February 28. Mr. Putnam is an ex-clergyman—one of the publishers of the only organ the Freethinkers have or ever had on this Coast. He says he must have help, or he will be forced to abandon the paper. His partner, Geo. E. Macdonald, has already resigned. In his "Observations," a department of the paper which has given wit and humor, life and variety to its columns, Mr. Macdonald says:

"I might sleep peacefully knowing that some enemy would not permit me to awake, but if I expected a ball to be presented the next day, when I could not pay it, there would be no rest for me. This has been my state of mind for the greater part of the past three years. For six months I have not enjoyed a full night's sleep, or a full day's wakefulness. Darkness has found me staring and open-eyed; daylight has been full of vertiginous periods when my whereabouts were unknown to myself. Potions to bring sleep at night, and potions to keep my eyelids lifted by day, have been equally methodical. It is seemingly a choice between a change in my work and that other change that settles everything. I may be unreasonable for preferring the former, but such is my choice."

> Angels may weep o'er sorrow unavenged,
> And then, again, it may rival joy reveal.

Mr. Macdonald has secured a divorce from the financial troubles of *Freethought*, and possibly like the woman who separated from her husband, he will hereafter be more jolly than ever; and when friends say they always thought him happy, he can reply as she did: "Then I smiled to conceal my misery; now I laugh because I can't help it." Mac has escaped from hell; but he is too kind-hearted to ask anyone to fill the gap.

Children's Progressive Lyceum Corner.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Love, as the designer of every spirit, has many methods of securing happiness to each, but none more ample in satisfaction, than unselfish labor for the welfare of others. In seeing others happy, is all the reward that the true lyceum worker could desire, hence those who engage in the dissemination of spiritual truth by means of the lyceum system, or the preparing of the human spirit for the more ready entertainment of such beautiful thoughts, by educating it in the knowledge of the material universe and the sweeter relations of every individual as members of a great family, must lay aside all personal ambitions and imperfect desires for honor, or their labors fall far short of the fruition they might attain with disinterested effort.

In reviewing the winter just closing, it is occasion for some little regret that the vigorous plan inaugurated about two years ago, whereby the lyceum hall was crowded beyond its capacity for group arrangement, during the winter of 1889-90, could not have been pursued so that our numbers would have increased instead of falling away as has been markedly the case during the past few months. But the future lies all before us in which to correct our mistakes, and wiser council may prevail during the less than last year.

The supply of leaders has been and continues to be almost equal to the requirement, and it can at least be said of the pupils and members that if they were fewer than they ought to have been, those who did attend were more generally regular than usual. One of the reassuring things to many of the lyceum workers is the interest that has finally been awakened in the youth, who have been so long overlooked, by the establishment of the Musical and Literary Society several weeks ago. That which interests the human family in its members, will eventually interest them in turn in the broader truths of existence that are grouped under the term Spirituality, i. e. immortality, spirit return, etc. Our library has been quite active, and the eagerness in selecting subjects for general discussion, indicates a healthful spirit of inquiry with the smaller members at least. Regular entertainments each month have been so long established that their announcement is sufficient to bring a large attendance, where sociability is a marked feature. We shall always hope for the best and find pleasure in whatever we realize.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 1891.

It was not till 1790 that girls were admitted to the public schools of Boston. What changes time has worked in equalizing the rights and privileges of the sexes!—*Boston Globe.*

Selected Articles.

Deplorable Social Conditions.

[From "Editorial Notes" in the *Arena* for February.]

SOCIAL problems are assuming giant proportions. The relations existing between capital and labor are daily growing more strained. The stream of misery grows broader as colossal fortunes rise skyward. The poverty in all our great centres of civilization, as well as throughout the landlord and mortgage-cursed frontiers, is, year by year, growing more terrible and more general. There have been two thousand six hundred and fifty foreclosures of farm mortgages in Kansas during the past six months. In the city of New York there are over one hundred and fifty thousand people who earn less than sixty cents a day. Thousands of this number are poor girls who work from eleven to sixteen hours a day. Last year there were over twenty-three thousand families forcibly evicted in that city, owing to their inability to pay their rent. One person in every ten who died in New York in 1889 was buried in the Potter's Field. These are facts which may well give rise to anxious thoughts.

UNINVITED POVERTY.

The prime factors in producing the crime, misery, and degradation which mark the lives of untold millions are summed up in that trinity of evil: poverty, rum, and masculine immorality. By poverty as here used I mean uninvited want. If we except the lot of the poor factory and sewing girls, whose fate is often so grimly tragic that it is only their splendid moral strength which keeps them from the abyss of vice, there are few sadder spectacles in life today than the poor who cry for work, who pace the pavements from dawn to dark, hunting employment and finding none. In his valuable work, "How the Other Half Lives," Mr. Riis cites the following case, typical of thousands of lives in New York City: "A young woman employed in a manufacturing house in New York; she averages three dollars a week, pays one dollar and a half for her room. For breakfast she has a cup of coffee; lunch she cannot afford. One meal a day is her allowance." According to Mr. Riis, the sweater of the East Side pays his white slaves from twenty to thirty five cents a dozen for making flannel shirts. During the great shirt-makers' strike in New York, many tales of infinite misery were recited. The pathos of some of these simple narrations eclipses the finest touches of the masters in fiction. One poor woman testified that she worked eleven hours in the shop and four hours at home, in all fifteen hours every day, and never made more than six dollars a week. "I commence work," said another, "at four in the morning, and do not leave off until eleven at night." They had to find their own thread and pay the rent of their machines out of the beggarly pittance they received. Nor is New York an exception, although poverty is doubtless more terrible there than in our other populous centres. All the great cities, however, have a large army of honest toilers who are heroically battling for the bare necessities of life; many struggle to hide their true condition, and it is only to those they know and in whom they can confide that the depth of life's bitterness is revealed. Many instances of this character are constantly coming to my ear.

A few weeks since a friend met a poor woman in the Institute Fair of this city. She was making four dollars a week; of this two dollars were spent for rent; one dollar and a half for food for herself and child, leaving fifty cents for light, heat, clothing, and extras. She lived a great distance from the Fair building, but could not afford to ride either way. She did not complain, however, of her condition so long as the Fair continued, but expressed dismay at the outlook after it closed, as winter was before her and she knew not what she could do. This case typifies hundreds in Boston. The Rev. Walter J. Swaffield of the Baptist Bethel in this city has recorded the following suggestive facts which he compiled for *The Arena*,—facts which have been forced upon his attention in visiting the very poor in his parish in Boston.

On the fifth floor of an over-crowded tenement house in the north end of Boston, a sick man, wife, and six children were found, huddled together in two dingy, smoky rooms, neither of them larger than 8x8, for which they had to pay one dollar and a half per week. The only means of support they had was the uncertain revenue derived by the woman for making pants. She could seldom earn more than two dollars and a quarter per week, leaving but seventy-five cents with which to clothe and support the family. For six years that woman had worn the same dress, while the children had but one or a part of one garment apiece.

Another family of seven persons, invalid husband, wife, and five children, were crowded in a room hardly large enough for two persons. All the furniture in the room was an old borrowed stove, one broken chair, and a bare bedstead, no cooking utensils. The children had scarcely a rag on them, and for their dinner were eating sliced raw potatoes. They had not tasted bread for three days, nor meat for weeks. One week after our visit another child was born into the family, only to die of starvation and cold, for the poor mother had no nourishment to give it, no fuel nor fire for two days, and was dependent upon the kindness of a widow in the next room for a warm place beside her fire.

In another house was an American family of six persons living in two rooms rented at one dollar and a half a week. The man out of work, not a morsel of food in the place, no fuel or fire, the only articles of furniture being a stove, a small trunk, a dry goods box, and on the floor in the corner of the room a heap of seaweed which was their only bed. It had been gathered from the beach the day before.

Not far from this family was found another room full of poor and suffering ones without food or fire, in the depth of winter. The four eldest children huddled together in bed at noontime to keep each other warm, while the hungry and crying baby was blue with cold in the bosom of its starving mother.

A widow, left with five little children, has to support herself and family, and pay one dollar and a half per week rent for two small rooms. Her only hope is in securing pants enough to make at fourteen cents a pair. In order to keep body and soul together, she must teach the two little girls, "Constance" and "Maggie," aged five and three, how to sew, and thus do their part in keeping the wolf from the door. These two babies work early and late, the five-year-old seamstress overcasting the long seams of four pairs of pants a day, and the three-year old not managing to overcast two pairs. They handle the needle like professionals. Mother and two daughters together thus earn from two dollars and a quarter to two dollars and a half a week, after paying rent, having but a single dollar left to feed and clothe the whole family.

The time of my visit was near the dinner hour, but all the preparation for the principal meal of the day was the stirring of corn meal into boiling water.

Mr. Swaffield declares that these are not exceptional cases, that there are scores if not hundreds of little ones, who are from three years old upwards, who are thus compelled to work or starve. These very poor persons, he observes, live on the very refuse of the market; they harden themselves against the bitter cry of hungry children. The army of the honest unemployed! Pathetic beyond words is their fate: hunger, cold, and humiliation their common lot. If they sink into vice or crime, no mercy is accorded them, and yet everything conspires to drag them down.

THE RUM CURSE.

No one who gives personal attention to the problems of poverty and crime can fail to be impressed with the power of the saloon as a factor in the degradation and misery of humanity. Rum is criminalizing the poverty-stricken world. This great deadly shadow, which rests so heavily over the teeming, seething, struggling millions, is the despair of the philanthropist. Take, for example, New York. In this city alone we find nearly eight thousand saloons. Below Fourteenth Street we find one hundred and eleven Protestant churches, and over *four thousand saloons!* And these four thousand rum shops are turning the political wheel of the Empire City, while they are glutting the criminal courts, and overshadowing with misery, degradation, and nameless dread the lives of tens of thousands of the half million dwellers in tenement houses who are huddled in this section of the city. "In Ireland," says Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, "intemperance leads to nineteen twentieths of the crime; but," he adds, "no one proposes a coercion act." English and American judges, who are not the proteges of the rum power, all agree that this is the giant feeder of crime. But aside from the crime that blazes forth in our criminal courts,

the saloon is one of the greatest feeders of the immorality that flourishes under cover, and which is probably more than any other one thing undermining society and enervating manhood and womanhood to-day. In his valuable work recently published in Paris, entitled "Anthropometric Study of Prostitutes and Thieves," Dr. Tarnowski informs us that both parents, in fifty cases out of one hundred and twenty-four prostitutes, whose cases he exhaustively examined, were drunkards, and ninety-five out of one hundred and fifty cases freely admitted that they used liquor to excess — in other words, they could ply their terrible trade only by drowning all their nobler impulses and unnaturally firing their bestial instincts. These are only hints of facts which are known to every one who stops to think. In vain do men lecture, in vain cite statistics, in vain prove that rum is filling our jails, peopling our persons, and the prime consumer of millions upon millions of dollars for maintenance of criminal courts to inflict punishment on those who, through its deadly influence, have committed crime. We all know the facts. The very hopelessness of the case seems to lie in the indifference of society,—the conscience of civilization is so paralyzed that the appalling truth makes but little impression. Until this condition can be changed, until the moral death spell can be broken and the higher impulses quickened, we may continue to pass laws, continue to experiment with wealth which is proved itself to be the most unmitigated curse that has ever cursed the earth; but little good will result. In olden times, when Christianity *firmly meant something*, the great apostle of the Gentiles thundered forth these words, "If the eating of meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." At the present time, in the presence of a Christian civilization that is disgraced and dishonored by a curse which all admit is the most frightful source of crime and misery, the clergy of the Christian church is not imitating the apostle; on the contrary, many ministers are indulging moderately in wine, in brutal disregard of the weak brothers who are stumbling; while, with a few honorable exceptions, the clergy is not thundering against this curse. If with the vast influence which it wields it was filled with the conviction of common justice, lit by divine love for humanity, and fired by the spirit of truth, it could, in a few weeks, enthuse the civilized world; it could create public sentiment that would sweep this curse from the face of civilization. So deeply, however, has the rum power embedded itself in many of the churches, so powerfully do its leaders grasp the woof and web of fashionable Christianity, and so loudly does the cry, "Prophesy to us smooth things," come from the richly-cushioned pews on the one hand, while some unselfishness have grown the grand ethical impulses of Christendom on the other, that we cannot expect such action from the church as a unit. Yet this direct appeal to the conscience of the people must be made. This positive and energetic agitation must be inaugurated. It is idle to make laws and leave the public impulse dormant. Arouse the people, and the evil will disappear. Make men see and feel that the rumseller is a greater curse to the community than a professional thief, that a saloon is a more pestilential evil to a neighborhood than a shanty filled with smallpox patients, and a fire will be kindled which will purge the country of its greatest curse and misery breeder, whose colossal shadow envelopes Christendom and carries a thrill of misery, pollution or even a funeral degradation wherever it falls.

MASCULINE IMMORALITY.

There is another fruitful source of anguish and degradation, an evil whose cancer-like roots are stretching in every direction on the breast of civilization; an evil that has assumed enormous proportions, owing to the fatal mistake which conservative thought has made in uniting with the votaries of vice in attempting to crush all those who call public attention to the extent of the ravages of vice, morality, and create a general sentiment for reform in the only manner which has ever proved successful in accomplishing great revolutions—agitation—public, persistent, and determined agitation. If the true facts of masculine immorality in life to-day were forced home upon the people, a social revolution would follow as positive and beneficent as any which has marked the progress of humanity. We are constantly receiving hints in the papers, and in our contact with others in everyday life, which reveals the frightful degradation of manhood owing to the double standard of morality. Mr. Stead's *Pall Mall Gazette* exposures, and the Cleveland Street scandal of London, the horrible truths which come out constantly in divorce trials, such as were exhibited in the recent O'Shea suit, merely give us hints of the social ulcer that is eating into the heart of civilization. Those most conversant with college life know how frightful is the condition of morals in our colleges, but, save a hint now and then which escapes into the newspapers, the world is ignorant of the facts. The following news item, published recently in the court notes in our Boston papers, is typical of conditions as they exist in society to-day. It was apparently considered of too little importance, or of too common occurrence to call forth editorial comment from the daily press. The facts published were substantially as follows: A poor girl was attested for stealing, in court she was accused, and exhibited the fact. "I had to steal or starve," she said. "But you stole clothing." "I have to wear something." "How do you pay your room rent?" "Oh, one of the Technology boys pays that." "Do you know of other girls who have their rent paid by Technology boys?" "Oh, yes, several; but they won't give it, declaring more than our room rent, and we have to eat and dress." Another hint of a condition far too common in collegiate life, especially in our great cities, was brought out in the recent suicide of Arthur Caldwell in Baltimore. Briefly stated, the facts that bear on the question under consideration as reported in the daily press, are as follows: Eighteen months ago this young man, then only eighteen years of age, went from Cincinnati to Baltimore, to attend the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Before long he became one of the "fast set" in the college, spending large sums sent him by his father and mother, chiefly on wine and women. Once or twice, stricken by remorse, he made feeble attempts to reform, but in the midst of his good resolves he soon relapsed into his fast life. During a portion of his career, Arthur Caldwell roomed with a fellow student, on the corner of Green and Mulberry Streets. One day, during this period, his roommate brought home a companion, whom he introduced as Harry Eel. This young person wore knee breeches and a light coat, and was said to be very prepossessing. The three roomed together for some time. At last a quarrel arose between them, and Harry Eel and the roommate left Caldwell. During this time the police were searching far and wide for the eighteen-year-old daughter of a well-known citizen, who had suddenly disappeared. No traces of the girl could be discovered until Caldwell, out of pique, informed the police that Harry Eel was the young lady they were searching for. She was accordingly arrested, and proved to be in truth the missing girl. Nor was this by any means the only romance in which young Caldwell figured. On finding that his mother had been made acquainted with his habit of life, and that she was on her way to take him home, young Caldwell committed suicide. Such facts are typical of an appalling social condition, due largely to the fact that to bring the agitation of the condition of man's degradation and its direful results has been "forbidden." "Oh, we all know these things exist, but we must not publish them!" exclaimed a timid friend, voicing the shallow cry of two classes,—the unwisely conservative, and the positively vicious." "Why?" It would not do for our girls to know of such things," came the prompt reply. In the name of sacred womanhood, why not? Why should they not know, that they may be forewarned? Why should they be kept in ignorance of the presence of vipers when they need the bucket, until the fatal fangs enter their innocent flesh, and their cry proclaims their ruin? No duty confronts civilization that is more pressing than the enlightenment of our daughters on this most vital point—the dangers that beset them. We have long paid the tribute of silence which lust has demanded, and the result has been an ever increasing army of ruined girls—ruined because they were not properly warned; ruined because

they were not armed with the priceless knowledge that would have made them invulnerable; ruined because Mrs. Grundy has united with superficial prudes and lecherous hypocrites in crying down every effort to create a healthy agitation of this vital problem. The result of this fatal silence is as terrible to man as woman; it is ever lowering his standard of morality, sinking him in the depths of degradation, turning out armies of libertines who prey on innocence and beauty.

General Booth, in his "Darkest England," well observes: "The lot of a negress in equatorial Africa is not perhaps a very happy one, but is it worse than that of a pretty orphan girl in our Christian capital? A young, penniless girl, if she be pretty, is often hunted from pillar to post by her employers, confronted always by the alternative, starve or sin, and when once the poor girl has consented to buy the right to earn her living by the sacrifice of her virtue, then she is treated as a slave and an outcast by the very man who had ruined her: her word becomes unbelievable; her life ignominy, and she is swept downward into the bottomless perdition of prostitution." A report of one hundred cases taken as they were entered on the registry of one of the Salvation Army rescue stations, showed that the cause that led to the ruin of thirty-three out of the one hundred young women was seduction. One-third of the girls who fall in that life, which is far worse than death, meet their ruin by listening to the seductive voice of men, and when they have no adequate picture before their mental vision of the terrible results of yielding to their tempters; while it is certainly safe to add at least one third of the poor girls in the great cities who become outcasts would have at least lived lives of self respect, were it not for the immorality of men, who, taking advantage of their greatness, have hounded them until they have accomplished their diabolical purpose, and then spurned them in their misery. *The ethical standard for man must be raised, or the degradation of woman will follow.* An equal standard should be the slogan cry of the rising generation, and that standard absolute purity. The triumph of love over lust, the mental over the animal, the soul over the body.

THE AGE OF CONSENT.

The degradation of manhood at the present time is evinced on every hand, but nowhere is it more vividly illustrated than in what are known as the "age of consent" laws, by which legal statutes define the age at which a girl may consent to her own ruin. Up to the time when Mr. Stead tore away the mask of hypocrisy that enveloped the lordly legislative despoilers of womanhood in England, and revealed the awful picture of an army of little girls being literally sacrificed every day of every week of every month to the lusts of rich men, the legal age of consent in between twenty and thirty States and Territories of the United States ranged between seven and ten years, and today in thirty-six of our States and Territories the legal age of consent is under fifteen years. Let us sound the import of this terrible truth. If a government has any legitimate function it is that of defending the weak from the outrages of the strong and securing as far as possible equal justice for her citizens. When a government legislates in the interest of one class and to the injury of another, it has clearly exceeded its functions, but when it goes beyond this and deliberately legislates in the interest of the lust of men, and against the most defenceless of its citizens, legislates to place little children whose lives have not yet opened into the flower of maturity, in the hands of moral lepers to be despoiled and forever ruined, it inaugurates a policy as suicidal as it is unjust, as destructive as it is infamous, a policy that vividly reminds us of the age of Agrippina and Nero, yet that is precisely the present status of our laws in every State excepting Kansas, where the age of consent is eighteen, or the same age as entitles a woman to marry and transact business in her own right. In thirty-six States and Territories the age of consent to her ruin is less than fifteen, notwithstanding she cannot marry without her parent's consent, nor can she transfer property until she reaches eighteen. Here for example is a poor girl: she has a little property left her, but she is only fourteen. The State, to protect her from being unduly influenced, because she is a frail child,—a minor,—steps in and forbids her handling her property. She wishes to make a contract; the State declares that owing to her minority the contract shall not be binding. She falls in love with a man, and wishes to enter the bonds of holy matrimony. Again the State interposes: her consent is no value. Again we find another girl struggling to sustain her failing strength on meagre wages. It is winter; she may have a helpless mother dependent on her, her employer takes advantage of her extremity, and makes the price of her virtue the condition of her continued wages. Does the law step in here where the poor child most needs protection, declaring in the name of justice that he who pollutes and degrades this defenceless minor shall suffer a punishment commensurate with the terrible crime? Oh, no! the fathers, husbands, and brothers who make laws for women and children, have stamped their own degradation on our statutes, for here the law comes forward and says, though the child shall be protected in her property, though her contracts in business affairs shall not be binding, though she shall not be allowed honorable marriage where parents or guardian object, she may consent to her spiritual, moral, and physical ruin, and the arch fiend who has thus robbed her of the crown of womanhood—her virtue—is protected behind these infamous laws, enacted by fathers, husbands, and brothers for the furtherance of animal lust and moral degradation in men, and the destruction of maidenhood. Such are the statutes which today blister the brow of justice in thirty-six states and Territories. Nor does this begin to express the horror of the situation. In the States of Minnesota, Colorado, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Texas, Idaho, and South Dakota, the age of consent is only TEN YEARS; while Delaware has long retained a statute making the age seven years, and this statute of seven years in case of rape is unrepealed, although, through the persistent agitation of noble hearted men and women last year, an act was passed fixing the age in cases of seduction at fifteen years. Think of the infamous laws passed to protect libertines, who pollute innocent little girls ten years old! Was ever travesty on justice greater, or has law ever touched a lower depth of degradation?

MORE FACTS AND WHAT THEY REVEAL.

I do not believe that such laws would be tolerated if the facts were generally known; but the fact is, the hypocrites have so stifled free discussion, and have so persistently cried down every effort to awaken and inform the public that comparatively few of the great mass of honest, earnest, home-loving people of the land know the awful truth. And we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the delusive hope that man is growing more moral, high-minded, and humane, from the fact that during the last few years the age of consent has been raised in a score or more of States, from seven and ten, to from twelve to sixteen. There is a reason for these changes; a reason as significant as it is well-known to students of this problem. The *Pall Mall Gazette* revelation wrought this tremendous reaction. As Mr. A. M. Powell well observes: "It is encouraging to note the fact that nearly, if not quite, all the States which have raised the age of legal protection at all above twelve years, have done so since the agitation of the question by Mr. Stead, when he made his startling revelation in London." And this is true. That episode which cost Mr. Stead two years' imprisonment (be it said to the everlasting shame of England), saved millions of girls from ruin, and, in my judgment, was the grandest single act that has marked our epoch in recent years. What were the facts? A bill had been introduced to raise the age of consent in England from thirteen to sixteen years, but it had been pigeon-holed. There was no prospect of its passage, unless the people could be aroused. Thousands of persons knew the frightful condition of affairs, but were afraid to speak lest they be called "indelicate." Rather than risk public opprobrium they were willing that year by year thousands and tens of thousands of girls should be sacrificed on the altar of masculine lust. Mr. Stead, with the heroism of a high-

minded soul, tore aside the mask of hypocrisy. The world was amazed, horrified, sickened. In bold dramatic pictures the truth was brought home to the firesides of civilization as never before. Then, for the first time, men saw the enormity of the crimes, the existence of which they had before known but never given due thought. What was the result? Mr. Stead was sent to prison, but he had so aroused England that the people demanded the passage of the pigeon-holed bill, and the age of consent was raised from thirteen to sixteen years. Nor was this all. America felt the thrill of horror that the *Pall Mall Gazette* had awakened. Enormous editions of that journal containing the revelations were sold in the eastern cities. The press was full of it. In vain did conservatism endeavor to suppress the discussion and the details of the revelation on the ground that it was dangerous to let the people, and especially young people, to know the truth. *The revelations were dangerous to the moral type.* They awakened parents to the perils before their daughters, and revealed to girls the snares that confronted them. They did more. They created that healthy public sentiment for right and justice that is always evinced when agitation unmasks a great wrong. New York was the first State to raise the age of consent from ten to sixteen years. Other States followed her example, but only after hard-fought battles, and in many instances the age has been only increased to twelve or thirteen years. Now, however, since the excitement of those revelations has died away, and under the fostering influences of that false sentiment which condemns all brave efforts to rouse the public by picturing the awful truth as it is, year by year, in secret sessions, strenuous efforts are being put forth to again reduce the age of consent. As for example, in New York last year, where Senator McNaughton introduced into the State Senate a bill to reduce the age of consent from sixteen to fourteen years. The judiciary committee reported favorably, and had it not been discovered just as its framers were preparing to crowd it through in the closing hours it would doubtless have been passed. A few papers were courageous enough to denounce the bill in unmeasured terms, and it was killed. On the very day that Senator McNaughton introduced his bill to reduce the age of consent to fourteen years, an elderly man was convicted in the court of General Sessions in New York City, for abducting a fourteen-year-old school girl. This man was a trustee of one of the Hoboken churches, had for years been employed in a Sixth Avenue hardware store. He took the girl first to a house of ill-repute, but was refused entrance because the child was not the legal age, sixteen. He then went to a hotel, went upstairs alone, registered, and returned to take the girl with him, but the porter refused to let them go upstairs, as the child was so small. On leaving the house, he was arrested. In the interest of this army of moral lepers and the proprietors of houses of ill repute, these efforts are being annually made to reduce the legal age of consent. It is worthy of note that these sessions are always secret, as it is said the matter is not fit for women to hear, and it would be highly demoralizing for young girls to know what is said. Was sophistry ever more blatant or hypocrisy more ludicrous? Mothers and maidens must not hear arguments advanced in favor of laws that protect blacklegs and libertines in their pastime of despoiling maidenhood. It is the laws, not the arguments advanced, that tend to pollute womanhood. It is the laws, not the exposure that leads to crime, that are dangerous, and this is the one fact that must ever be kept in view. Dark as the outlook is I have strong hopes for the future. We have all seen what a policy of silence has produced. On the other hand the results that followed Mr. Stead's exposure have demonstrated what a fearless unmasking of the truth will accomplish. Then at present need of the present is the united influence of the press, the pulpit, the novel, and the drama in *acquainting people with the terrible facts as they exist.* Then justice will follow.

Judge and Preacher

During the Sunday-law discussion last night, Judge Carpenter questioned the constitutionality of a law that allows privileges to some that it denies to others. This remark stirred up the Rev. Thomson, who in a sneering and insulting manner retorted that he was amazed at the dense ignorance of a man who was called "Judge," and who should raise such a question.

Now the veteran lawyer is anything but ignorant, and he is a bad man to trifle with as Thomson subsequently discovered to his discomfiture. When the judge was leaving the capitol with some friends of the Law and Order Committee meeting, Thompson, to Carpenter's unwelcome approached him in a rough and familiar way and instead of the same time taken, the Senator by the arm. The fulness of God's wrath was not in a moment, and shaking off the preacher he turned upon him the withering power of his scorn.

"If you have ever heard and make a man a Christian," he exclaimed. "Blank, blank, a gentleman first, or I'd kill him."

Thomson retired, came quickly to his senses, and he asked to know why he had said that could be objected to. He got the information, and in a way that he will probably not forget

"You talked like a blackguard, sir," replied the Senator, "and were right to control that foul mouth of yours. You not only demonstrated the large assumption that the interests of the country are beyond you."

Thomson had enough, and as soon as he could, parted company and went [illegible]

No Sunday Law Needed

This has been a day of debate. Texas has chosen spot to which the oppressed of all nations may flee and find a haven of freedom. Illiterate Americans should the shackles be taken from the mind as well as from the body. Here, if anywhere, should that independence of action and of intellect, denied in the old world, be not only permitted, but sacredly guarded as a right.

The [illegible] to Sunday law that will in any manner restrict the freedom of the individual. For that reason, it is proper and necessary that in a case which a few people desire to try Legislature shall not abrogate the threats of the citizens. The state has no more moral right to pass a Sunday law than it has to pass a Saturday law for Saturday is the Sabbath of the seventh day Seventh Day Adventists. To the law-giving power all religions should be equally sacred, and all should be kept [illegible] and not allowed to blanket over the constitution.

The [illegible] as one day's rest out of seven, but it does not believe that the churches should be permitted to crack their whips over the shoulders of the people. Those who do not go to church and they are fully two-thirds of the population, certainly have equality as much right to the comfort who do attend. Laws which aim to enforce a proper, respectful and orderly treatment of the sacredly accepted Sabbath Day are well enough, and to those we could have no objection. But we certainly do protest against any such assumption as exists in Texas before the Legislature—a measure redolent of slavery and of the crushing out of individual liberty.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Mrs. Mitchell of Monrovia has a rose bush from Indiana called the Confederate or the Lost Cause. Its peculiarity is that the roses change color three times a day. In the morning a pure white, at noon a beautiful pink and last night a dark purple. It is a beautiful flower and quite a curiosity.

Idleness standing in the midst of unattempted tasks is always proud. Work as always leading to humility. Work touches the keys of endless activity, opens the infinite, and stands awe-struck before the immensity of what there is to do. —*Phillips Brooks.*

Correspondence.

Doings at the Capitol.

SACRAMENTO, Feb. 23d, 1891.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—When the present legislature became seated, we all hoped for advanced opportunities and recognition in a general way, as the majority in both houses are largely of the supposed more progressive party—but as yet, with only a few more days in which to conclude the work of legislature, but little has transpired to verify the hopes of those who have had faith to believe that out of any wholly masculine chamber of law-makers may come even a semblance of equity and justice. It is the same waste of time and the same cataract of words presumptively called oratory, the same contested ground in English torn to tatters—the same ego that has consumed the time and wasted the treasury of the people over and over again.

The Bill introduced for me by Mr. Dibble—Assembly Bill, No. 52, which provides for the appointment of women as Notaries Public in California—passed the Assembly with a large majority, and will pass the Senate without any doubt if ever that tediously slow body shall advance so far as to bring it uppermost on the file. The same is hoped for the Woman's Suffrage Bill which was introduced simultaneously in both chambers. At the time of its consideration by the Judiciary Committee, the women were granted a hearing, and the constitutional argument in its favor was ably made by Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon. The committees of both houses reported in favor of its passage. By a canvas of the members who at this session favor the passage of the Bill, there is a pretty sure indication that it will go through should it ever come to a vote, but like many another good bill, it may be so obstructed by the *special* orders and the never ending talk of members who have a chronic flow of words, and who fondly imagine they are as valuable as they are voluable, and continue to impede the work for which they are sent here by their constituents and taxpayers.

The famous Sunday Bill which seeks to revise the old code which was but recently repealed, and which makes it criminal to keep open places of business or amusement on Sunday under penalty has its many advocates about the lobby to say the least, and every effort to gain public sentiment in its favor is being pressed. To-day several churches are making it the theme of discourse, and its friends are faithfully pressing its claims. The Senate chamber was allowed for use in a joint committee consideration a few evenings ago, and discussion allowed for and against its merits, a report of which I send you with this from the *Sacramento Bee*. Notwithstanding all the efforts of its friends in the church, it will be pretty sure to be defeated as the Bill is discritionary and unconstitutional even if it were meritonous and what the people want. But as it now reads, it is among the most improbable of legislative acceptance.

The same cannot be safely said of the Mediums' Bill—since it had already gone to its third reading in one house some days ago; and may have already been passed; am not quite certain if the rumor to that effect is sustained by the fact. Is it not a little strange, therefore, that considering the number that will be effected by that "*Act*" should it pass that in California there is not more effort made to suppress further legislation in the matter? It is as evidently the work of the church faction as is the Sunday law—and unless something is done to smother it in the Assembly, it will doubtless become a law.

One of the worthy issues that has been presented is a Bill to parole prisoners who have rendered themselves worthy of such consideration. This should have taken effect in our State long ago, as it has done in several of the other States. Another session let us hope a step may be taken towards the repeal of Capital Punishment in California, at least, to do away with or substitute something for the cruelties of that brutal method of expiating crime, the hangman's noose and the gibbet.

Let us hope that the day is not far distant when a womanly sense of justice shall assist in the manufacture of laws by which all are indiscriminatingly governed. Till then hoping, I am yours,

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Spiritualism in Salt Lake—Letter from Mrs. Miller.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Your angel mother came to me this morning and said, "Write to Julia." I have thought about you so often since coming to Salt Lake, but I have little that is good to tell you. I know of no place where there is more bigotry, more prejudice against Spiritualism, than here. All the church denominations are represented here, and nearly all the church members look upon Spiritualism as the work of the devil, and use all their influence and power to put it down. They tell people there is great danger in investigating it, so there is a prevalent fear even outside of the Church which prevents many from attending Spiritual meetings and keeps them from having anything to do with a medium. * * * I have not made expenses since I came here, and without help outside of my own resources, I could not have kept on with my work here.

Mr. and Mrs. King of San Diego, came here last September. Mr. King is a good healing medium, and Mrs. King a good test medium, yet they could not make expenses, and were glad when friends in San Diego sent for them to return.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, from San Francisco, are having a struggle. They have advertised extensively, and I have given out their notices at my meetings and circles, yet they are not making expenses, and will be glad to get away from Salt Lake.

There is no society here, and there were no Spiritual meetings except those I hold until Mrs. King came. She held meetings part of the time, but could not make her hall rent. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are holding meetings Sunday nights in the next block north of me. The attendance at their Sunday evening meetings is very small, and they tell the audience that they can't do so well when there are so few people, and they must try to get more to come, and then they will give better tests.

The first week I came here (over seven months ago) I rented a hall and commenced holding Sunday evening meetings, and have kept them up ever since, having had a good attendance of intelligent, earnest people. I am doing a good work here in reaching the people and getting them to investigate. Those that do are gradually becoming interested, and are telling others, and thus slowly I am reaching the best class of people here. Many come to me in a social way, to ask questions. They go away pleased to learn that the principles of Spiritualism are so very much better than they had thought them. In this way I am doing missionary work, and am convinced that it is only a matter of time when good honest mediums can come here and have all they can do. When the people's eyes are opened and their prejudices destroyed, they will only be too glad to investigate the facts of Spiritualism and accept the precious jewels of truth offered to them from the spirit side of life; but until that time comes I think it would be wicked to encourage mediums to come here. If I am willing to work for humanity, and not make my expenses, that is my business, but I would not ask any one else to do it. I am happy in my spiritual work, and if I can get the necessaries of life, I do not ask any other reward than the good I can do.

There is no market for Spiritual papers here, but I would like to have the DOVE for my perusal. Perhaps I may get a subscriber or two. Please send me one printed for use in my of the cards used at Washington Hall, so I can have some meetings. Accept love and many kind wishes from your true friend and sister,

MELISSA MILLER.

Salt Lake City, January 27, 1891.

A Mohammedan young woman has just closed her medical studies in Odessa with a brilliant examination. She is the first Mohammedan woman who has received an M. D.'s diploma, and the state has granted her special permission to practice her profession.

MRS. SCHLESINGER:—You have been much in my thoughts of late. I think of your long and patient struggle to make the DOVE the representative of true Spiritualism on this coast, your efforts to make Spiritualism the synonym of Progress, your unwavering allegiance to what you feel to be true, and I wonder how you have had the courage to go so bravely forward, from whence came your strength to bear all the pains and burdens that have been your share in your efforts to help humanity. You have done nobly, won well deserved praise from those who can appreciate such work as yours, made your magazine an honor to the cause it represents; but how could you stand in the front and fight? I like the quiet places, the rest and security, and have not courage enough to do battle. I wish some one who has the gift of the heroic would tell me how it is to be attained. I lack the will, the purpose, or the faith to contend, and am about to begin my battle for bread in a country school-house. I try a four months' mountain school, beginning the 1st of March. During the winter I've had a pleasant time speaking for a parlor meeting in San Jose and another at Lawrence, where a second agreeable group gather semi-occasionally.

It was my pleasure to hear a lady say not long ago, after having had a stray copy of the DOVE put in her hands by a friend, "It's full of good things. I've been disgusted with the Spiritual journals of late, but I am going to take the DOVE." I hope her good resolution held and you have the $2.50 in your pocket.

My conscience did reprove me for not sending my contribution to the holiday number till the magazine was in my hand, then I was glad anything from my weak pen was not among so much valuable matter.

I hope you will find time to send an occasional note to my mountain fastness, for though four months is a short time it is long enough to get very lonely away from all the interests of the past. I'll send SENOR to the DOVE office to fight with and for you while I am playing apostate.

Remember me to the friends in San Francisco, and accept my love and wishes for yourself. Sincerely,

ELDORA B. CROSSFIELD.

Bay Farm, Jan. 26, 1891.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—The CARRIER DOVE for FEBRUARY has reached us safely. It is so packed full of food for reflection, in fact so intensely interesting that I feel, if I were a rich man I could not possibly invest ten thousand dollars than in distributing your admirable publication into every American home. And if ten thousand would not be sufficient I would like to add one hundred thousand more.

I am delighted to see that good, generous-hearted Moses Hull and wife are doing such good work. They are emphatically the right people in the right place, and that the good angels have a sweet bye and bye in store for them.

Good, honest, Lyle Waistbrooker's advice for people to take care of themselves and at the same time search out and relieve the sufferings of others, instead of wasting time upon matters purely visionary, is the kind of doctrine which ought to be preached and practiced more. "*Love*" has *wings* in her of the right kind, and I am going to send her some musical papers to-day which will please her.

J. J. WATSON.

255 West 43d Street, NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1891.

DEAR DOVE:—We incorporated a Spiritual Society here some two months ago under the name of Seattle Spiritual Temple. P. C. Mills, an old lecturer in the field, has been holding meetings at Red Men's Hall for several weeks. He is also President of the Society. There has been quite an awakening among Spiritualists in the last three months in this city, owing much to the influx of those earnest in the faith and who have belonged to other societies in the Eastern States. Circles are numerous and many are coming in with sincere purpose inquiring, "What is the Truth?"

We were very sorry not to be *able* to engage the services of Mr. and Mrs. Hull. I like those people much. Cordially,

LENA I. GUTTORM.

Cor. Second & Lenora Sts., Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—The first Sunday of September our society employed the well known lecturer, Moses Hull, to deliver a course of free lectures on Spiritualism at the Garrard Opera House in this city. Two lectures were delivered on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of the present month, and were a decided success in every particular. All the essential conditions were harmonious, the weather favorable, the lecturer's selection of fundamental points in the philosophy of Spiritualism very well chosen. His elucidation of his subjects from a Biblical standpoint caused many listeners to perceive a close resemblance of the Spiritualism of today to the Spiritualism indicated in the Bible as occurring some thousands of years ago. The public here were well prepared to receive these lectures, as Dr. Louis S. Bisbee had been here about two weeks previously, and astonished many by his power as a medium, especially when the sitter was of sincere investigator or even an honest doubter.

P. LATTERTON.

ASHLAND, Oregon, Jan. 29, 1891.

CARRIER DOVE:—We are in receipt of a handsomely printed and illustrated monthly magazine bearing the above significant title. The magazine is mainly devoted to the exposition of modern Spiritualism, social and moral reform, and the elevation of mankind generally. Its contributors are among the most progressive writers and thinkers of the present age. It is creditably edited by Mrs. I. Sch[illegible]nger, and published by the CARRIER DOVE Publishing Co., of San Francisco, Cal., now in the eighth year of its publication. As a publication we can most cordially commend. Terms, $2.50 per annum. *Issue of the first instant.*

The Mutual Help Association

Let Us Help One Another.

The workers create all property. They dig the ore, make and equip the railroads, make the bonds, and make the safes to preserve them in. The policemen and soldiers are armed, uniformed, housed and fed by them; the court houses are built by them; the law-books are made by them; the law-schools were built by them. The astronomer's observatory, the artist's studio, the poet's study, the author's sanctum, and all their equipments, owe their existence to the workers. All the means of education are provided by the Workers, and all the money with which "they are paid for their services" is of their own issuing.

The Extortioners create no property but acquire it. More than nine-tenths of all the property of the United States now belongs to them. They acquire it by usury.

Simply, each Worker is unable to extricate himself, or herself, from the toils of the extortioners, but in wise alliance with others the Workers can become financially prosperous. We are many, they are few.

We use the word Workers as including all persons who earn their living honestly, either as producers, constructors or distributors, as *laborers, artists, physicians*, or as managers or employers. All persons who earn their living honestly, or wish to do so, are invited to co-operate in the MUTUAL HELP ASSOCIATION, and by it best obtain conditions on [illegible] which the Workers can own the wealth they create.

We must help ourselves. Let us not talk so much about what "they" should do as about what *we* will do. Let us co-operate wisely, and be faithful to each other, and we can establish equitable and mutually helpful conditions, locally, nationally and internationally.

The specified "Object" of the MUTUAL HELP ASSOCIATION is, "To do all the good we can by scientific organization and association."

The "Object" is comprehensive enough to include all the economies that may be gained by association, and excludes no effort or aim that is good and practicable.

The co-operation of all persons who are in sympathy with the movement is earnestly invited. For terms of membership, address the General Secretary, *pro tem.*,

WM. HARRISON RILEY.

Townsend Centre, Mass.

Poetry.

Woman, the Queen.

(An Extract.)

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Alpha, Omega, first and last,
Maid of the Morn, Queen of the Day,
For thy crown thou art holding fast
All the blooms that adorned thy way.
Fair Freedom has chosen a shrine.
And the mold of its image is thine!

Alpha, Omega, bride and wife,
Maid, woman, goddess, three in one;
Sole guardian of eternal life,
Crowned with the stars, robed in the Sun.
All Nature is swift to endow,
And place her fair gems on thy brow!

Queen of the future,
Maid of the past,
Spectre of ages,
Stand aghast!

First in the wiles of the serpent to gain
A weapon at last by which he is slain—
Sought, pampered, caressed, deluded and nursed
On that for which thou wast afterwards cursed;
Still sought and persuaded through pleasure and pain
First to be tempted, and last to reign!

Queen of the future,
Maid of the past,
Spectre of ages,
Stand aghast!

Binding the sheaves that fortitude brings,
Bearing the seed of prophets and kings,
Cheering the cross and kissing the red,
Molding the germ in the soul of a god—

Fresh at the altar,
Fair at the pall,
First in the curse,
And first in the fall,

Hallowed by sorrow, and chastened by pain,
At the sweet blessed tomb of Him who was slain.
Like a spirit of beauty enwrapt in the sheen
And stillness of morning, thine image was seen
O, Mary of Love, sweet Daughter of Eve,
Divine were the footprints and sign thou didst leave
On that spot where the Angel of Death and of Strife
Was vanquished and slain by the Angel of Life!

Fair Goddess of Morning,
Baptized in its light,
In thy union with spirit
How clear is thy sight!
The stars at thy nuptials
Sang sweetly and long,
And an Angel of Beauty sublime,
Sat and listened, recorded the song:
In the great Book of Time—
O, Daughter of Eve,
In serving at first,
Thou hast been in the wilderness nursed!
Thou hast been in the forests and wilds,
In the shades of the valley immersed
Where silence beguiles!
An image of sorrow and blight,
Shut out from the summer and light.

The Sun in its splendor shone down,
Shone down through the silence and blight,
And placed on thy brow a sweet crown;
But, O, it was hidden in night.
In darkness was hidden away,
And kept from the light of the day!

Come forth, O, come up from the gloom,
Chant thy hymns to the new morning bloom:
For a prophet's lips,
On thy lips, in thine eyes,
Enchanting and fair as a dream
Of sweet paradise!
And 'tis bright as the splendor and gloom.
The hue of the skies;
'Tis fair as the colors that beam
From the banners of freedom that gorgeously rise,
Whose folds in their lovliness shine
With symbols of beauty divine!

Ope thine eyes, and haste to the morn!
A new cycle, an era is born!
O, come in thy glory and sing
Thy peans of joy to the dawn!
Like Minerva, with helmet and shield,
Like Aurora, fresh-beaming and bright,
Speed on to the ripening field;
Come forth, let the world be healed,
And crowned with new garlands of light!

Inspirational.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

The following poem from Spirit Acta's W. Sprague, given December 7, 1890, is respectfully dedicated to Progressive Thinkers and Workers:

We come, with spirit greeting true,
To many earthly friends,
Grateful to those who will receive
The tokens that we send.
We say to those who know us not
In our celestial home,
That oft we come to kindred souls
In earthly paths to roam.

We note the higher aims of those
Who upward reach, and wait
For love-light from the spirit side
To crown their earthly state.
We know the many anxious cares,
The turmoil and the strife,
That come between the mortal side
And our more glorious life.

The era of a brighter dawn
For earth's more perfect day
Is marshaling the angel hosts
In wisdom's bright array;
And through the windows of the soul
We peer with anxious eyes
In search of elements of strength
To bear away the prize.

To wave the banner of the free
On every hill and plain,
And shout the song of victory
O'er nature's wide domain.
We labor on and anxious wait
For *justice*, *Truth*, and *Love*
To reign supreme on your fair earth
As in the realms above.

Our mission is a rich one,
We hear the spirit's call,
And on the wings of love we come
With words of cheer for all.
We need the aid of mortal minds,
And, for such as you we seek
To lead the way in brighter paths
Beyond the mountains bleak.

We bring rare jewels of the mind,
That for you will brighter grow,
While the living inspiration
From higher realms doth flow.
Oh, speak the unbidden thoughts that come,
And send them out to bless
The waiting world, the hungry souls
Whom error's chains doth press.

We see for you bright laurel wreaths
Entwined with fadeless flowers,
Gathered by loving, unseen hands
In mystic spirit bowers.
They watch and wait for you to reach
The golden sunset shore,
Where, life complete, dear loved ones meet,
And parting is no more.

STERLING, ILL'S.

Beatrice.

LYMAN L. PALMER, IN N. Y. JOURNALIST.

"Say—what are we? We are but arrows winged with fear, and shot from darkness into darkness; we are blind leaders of the blind, aimless boaters of this wintry air, lost travelers by many stony paths ending in one end. Tell us, you who have outworn the common tragedy and passed the narrow way, what lies beyond its gate? You are dumb, or we cannot hear you speak. But Beatrice knows to-day."—Closing paragraph of "Beatrice," by H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Aye, doubting soul, well mayst thou ask
This question old once more;
The one unanswered question of
All ages gone before.
"Say—what are we? Whence did we come,
And whither do we go?"
And all mankind, from dawn of life,
Reply, "We do not know."

"We are but arrows, winged with fear,
Shot from the darkness out,
And speed our way with certain flight,
Into the breast of Noat.'
The blind who lead the blind along,
And aimless beat the air;
Lost travelers on the stony paths
Of life all ending—where?"

Oh! can it be that answering this
Doth satisfy the soul?
Do not the waves of darkest doubt,
Like mountains, o'er thee roll?
Well may you cry, with rending heart,
To those "passed o'er the way,"
"What lies beyond the gate of death—
You're dumb; you cannot say?"

Aye, truly, "Beatrice knows to day."
And, could you only hear,
Would tell of life, of hope, of joy,
And calm your every fear.
She'd tell you that the Angel, Hope,
In "starry robes" arrayed,
Holds forth a willing hand to all
By doubt and fear dismayed.

That when she sank beneath the wave,
A sacrifice for love,
There burst upon her wond'ring gaze
Bright angels from above;
The very heavens shook with song—
Hymns of supernal bliss—
"If one give life for love of man,
What more did Christ than this?"

'Tis he, not she, who "sits in halls
Of darkness and of death;"
In that bright realm where spirits dwell,
There's life in every breath.
To him she'd speak, could he but hear,
Like song of purling stream,
The "Word of Wisdom" that she saw
Upon his lip in dream.

And surely he must hear the voice
Of her his spirit knew
And loved before the Past began—
O, endless love so true—
Of her his very other self,
His very Two-in-One,
With whom his wedded Soul in-Son
"The Future shall out-run."

So thou, poor sorrow-hardened soul;
Though "arrow winged with fear,"
If thou but harken with thy heart,
The voice of love shall hear
Sweet voice outborn from paradise
To cheer thy lonely way;
Have faith and hope, and thou shalt know
What "Beatrice knows to-day."

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, - - MARCH, 1891

The New Psychical Society.

Spiritualism has been so often misrepresented and condemned by Christian ministers that a proposal by clergymen to investigate spirit phenomena and give the subject fair consideration, is a matter for general surprise. Rev. T. Ernest Allen, of Providence, R. I., Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Edward Everett Aale, Rev. Edward A. Horton, of Boston, and Rev. R. Hebor Newton, of New York, with others, have issued a "prospectus for the formation of a Psychic Investigation Association." Some of these men are known to be unprejudiced and anxious to establish the truth, whatever it may provo to be. Rev. Minot J. Savage says:

"I am in possession of a respectable body of facts that I do not know how to explain, except on the theory that I am dealing with some invisible intelligence. But I am not prepared as yet to say that there is no other possible explanation. I hold that as the only tenable theory I am acquainted with."

Rev. Mr. Horton never investigated for himself, but is willing to do so, although he says:

"So far as I have information, I should say that the greater part of such phenomena as table-tippings, rappings, materializations, etc., are deceits, illusions, delusions and frauds. I abhor and am disgusted at this playing on the sacred feelings of individuals who have lost their friends."

They call upon ministers of all denominations, professional men, doctors, lawyers, chemists, etc., to join the society and assist in the investigation. The *Call* contains some injudicious expressions, such as: "Is it not in the best interests of humanity that this matter should be settled once for all?" The matter has been "settled" to the satisfaction of many thousands of investigators, but their experience has been worth little to others who have not investigated, and the same result will follow this investigation. "Once for all" is an intimation that their verdict will be accepted by the public as final. This is a mistake. It will occasion scarce a ripple on the sea of public opinion. Spiritualists smile when they think of the various "settlers" of the past. There was the "toe-joint" settler, and the "muscular action" settler, and the "unconscious cerebration" settler, and the "odic force" settler, and the "magnets-hypnotic" settler, and the "telepathic" settler, and the "Satanic" settler, and the "fraud" settler, and all the other settlers, too numerous to mention; but it doesn't stay settled. For a thing that has been killed so often and so effectually, Spiritualism is a very lively corpse to-day.

Another objectionable expression in the *Call* is this:

"We wish the phenomena under consideration to run such murderous gauntlet that only those vitalized by truth can emerge at the end of the line."

This looks as if some of the investigators have pre-determined to attack Spiritualism, and if unable to destroy it, they will then be ready to declare it "the work of the devil." This does not augur well for the honesty of the investigators nor for the results of the investigation.

In answer to the question, "What will be the result of the investigation?" Mr. Ravlin, last Sunday, said: "If the verdict is favorable, the report of the society will give an impetus to Spiritualism unequalled by any event during the last forty years. If unfavorable, it will do it no harm. There is one thing certain, the church must accept Spiritualism or go down. Spiritualism will live, whether the church lives or not; but it is a question whether we are to follow the church or the church follow us. Sooner or later, all people must put themselves in line with the truth. Spiritualism rests upon facts in nature, and cannot be put down by any human power. The truth is mightier than men, and will ultimately prevail."

Tha Elsmere Club Tea.

A Tea for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, under the auspices of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, was served at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Thomas L. Hill, 1609 Gough street, on Saturday afternoon and evening, February 7. The handsomely adorned parlors and dining-hall were thronged with ladies and gentlemen from 2 P. M. till late in the evening, and the occasion was a pronounced success in every respect.

The charming hostess, Mrs. Hill, was assisted in receiving by Miss Alice Irving, Miss May Martin, Mrs J. B. Rider, Miss Shannon, Miss Wade, Mrs. Annie Morro, Miss Burke, Mrs. Titcomb, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Wheelock, Miss Libbie Hill, Miss Josie Hill and also other ladies of the Club. Refreshments galore, consisting of ice-cream and cakes, salads, tea and coffee, lemonade and bouillon, were dispensed by the ladies in attendance to the steady stream of visitants.

During the afternoon a number of beautiful ballads were sung by Misses Elizabeth and Ada Parks, in connection with choice musical selections by Miss Annie Ayres, Miss Shannon, and Dr. G. H. Humphrey. In the evening an excellent musical programme was presented, while dancing to the witching strains of harps and violin was indulged in between each musical number.

The initial feature of the evening's festivities was a song, by Miss Elizabeth Parks, entitled "Summer Night" by Gorring Thomas, which was rendered in an artistic and pleasing manner. Mr. A. M. Thornton, the famous basso, next favored the company with "A Bandit's Life for Me," sung in his customary excellent style. Then followed a delightful trio, on mandolins and a guitar, "Reverie," played by Prof. Samuel Adelstein, Miss Winterburn and Mr. Winterburn. Another song, by Mr. A. M. Thornton, "Farewell," by Graham, was subsequently given, with Mrs. George Winterburn, Jr., as piano accompanist. The musical programme was brought to a close by two lovely ballads, sung by Miss Elizabeth Parks as she alone can sing them, "Persian Love Song," by De Koven, and "Blue Eyes," by Lassen.

A very beautiful painting, which was painted expressly for the occasion by the hostess, Mrs. Hill, was disposed of in the evening, by lot, for the benefit of the Kindergarten, the lucky winner being Mrs. George Winterburn, Jr. The financial outcome of this enjoyable Tea exceeded the most sanguine expectations, the net sum realized being over sixty dollars. It was bordering upon midnight when the joyous party dispersed, after a delightful evening of innocent recreation and social converse.

The Tramp Law.

Among the number of remarkable bills introduced in the State Legislature this winter is one concerning the great army of unemployed, who are designated as "tramps." This bill aims to remedy the "tramp nuisance" by making it a crime to travel on foot when the person has no money with which to pay his fare on the railroad or hire a private conveyance. The enactment of such a law would result in the overcrowding of our jails, and the public degradation of many good, honest men, both young and old, by compelling them to work in gangs on our highways with crim inals of a base sort, and being classed as such. *Freethought*, of this city, presents some thoughts up on th is subject which we reproduce here as suggestive of what *may* come to pass after a little more class legislation favoring the rich and oppressing the poor.

"Our State Senate has committed itself to a bit introduced by one De Long, making it a crime to be idle. Now let them go further and condemn poverty as a misdemeanor. Of course when a man is out of work it is all his own fault. Almost anybody can earn a dollar a day. This sum will buy him food, which will enable him to work the next day and with the dollar earned the next day he will be fortified to labor on the day following. If he pauses to analyze the situation he will find that he works so he may eat, and eats so he may work. The glory of that one of the sheep should appear to be working them. A procession of men meeting the sheep one stands the other day, and the conies which they earned benefits legend: "Our children cry for bread." Evidently these men were unnecessarily particular about their children's food. Why don't the beasts eat cake?

Senator De Long's bill is called a "tramp law," and it purposes to arrest so persons found travelling through the State on foot and without money. Here again the law appears unreasonable enough to complain. But the remedy is clear—let him take steps to help himself. Be a hero. Senator De Long has the whole thing in a nut-shell:

Are you starving for bread? Eat cake.

Are you arrested for tramping? Then rob.

I trust I may have time to reach the woods before the tramping unemployed, the destitute, and even the criminal flood who are responsible for their poverty and misery, and fasten the blame on the legislators who are corrupted, and the opulent person who corrupted them. When the laborer learns that every cent he can make above the natural expenses of living is scooped in by somebody in the form of taxes, or rent, or interest, he may be considered excusable if he declines to work longer on those terms. And when the sheriff evicts him, or the policeman arrests him, or the Pinkerton detective shoots at him, he will be entitled to every good-for-evil if he refuses to be evicted, arrested, or shot.

Over in Oakland the other evening a man without money entered a barn and slept there. In the morning a policeman saw him emerge and arrested him. The man explained that he was a stranger in town, that he was without means or work, that the night was too cold for sleeping out of doors, and that, as he did not smoke or carry matches, and as the barn was open, he saw no harm in lodging inside. There is a premium on tramps in Oakland. The property holders want roads built, and find tramps so useful and cheap that they can afford to pay policemen a moiety of the fine imposed for vagrancy. This man slept in jail that night, and the next day the judge sentenced him to four days at hard labor. He protested against the injustice, and received an additional twenty days for contempt of court. So he will work twenty-four days without pay to construct a carriage road for the judge, and the property holders, and the legislators to bowl over on their way to church Sunday morning, or on their way to some suburban house on Sunday afternoon.

A one-armed laboring man who comes into *Freethought* office for his paper every Saturday called my attention to these facts, and inquired, "What will be the final result of this drift of things—a revolution?" I am too pr ophet, and it is not my business to answer political questions, but I think the result will be a very enthusiastic election in 1882, when wise men than we now have will be put in office. Some of the labor agitators will be provided with comfortable situations, whence they will aspire to office, and if successful their voices will be heard in labor councils no more forever. Meanwhile the unexpected may happen.

The Logic and Ethics of Enlightened Christianity.

A correspondent of *The Christian Union* asks, "What are the grounds upon which enlightened Christianity rejects Modern Spiritualism?" The editor of the *Union* replies:

Spiritualism, or as we prefer to say, Spiritism, as held by those who profess it as a system of belief, is understood to base itself upon the revelations of alleged spirits in preference to the Holy Scriptures. This is the general ground on which an enlightened Christianity should dissent from it.

"Another ground is given by the confession of the better educated Spiritists that a great many professed mediums are charlatans and impostors."

Spiritualism is *not* "understood to base itself upon the revelations of all good spirits," and only gross ignorance or unblushing mendacity could prompt a Christian editor to make such an assertion. Spiritualism is based merely upon the *fact* that communication is possible. The "revelations" are of all kinds from the most orthodox Christian dogmas to the most liberal humanitarian ideas. They are *not* accepted as truth; they are *not* binding, and are *not* a basis for any general belief. Therefore an "enlightened Christianity," in dissenting from Spiritualism on the ground stated, does not seem to have any "ground" to stand upon.

Modern spiritual communications are received through people whose honesty there is ample opportunity to investigate, each "revelation" is subject to criticism, and its value can be judged by it; yet "enlightened Christianity" rejects them without examination while at the same time it accepts without question certain ancient "revelations" received through unknown sources, transmitted by tradition, adulterated by scribes, altered by translators, and much of which is contrary to nature, antagonistic to science, derogatory to morality, and an insult to reason. Yet, unsatisfactory as they are, take out the "spiritual revelations" from the Holy Scriptures," and what, in God's name, would be left?

It is probable that the fraud in Bible "revelations" as much exceeds the fraud of Modern Spiritualism as the time and opportunities of past ages exceed those of our present era, but we will not question that. Admitting that "many professed mediums are charlatans and frauds," this admission is very far from a confession that *Spiritualism* is a fraud. The fraudulent implies the existence of the genuine. There cannot be a counterfeit unless there is something to be counterfeited. Because there is spurious coin no "enlightened" person would reject genuine coin fresh from the government mint; and no "enlightened" people, Christians excepted, would reject Spiritualism because of the existence of something *else* which is *not* Spiritualism. The logic of *The Christian Union* is on a par with its ethics. The Spiritualistic standard of justice and reason is so much higher than the Christian standard, that a similar exhibition of unfairness or an equal degree of puerility on the part of the editor of any Spiritualist journal would justly entitle him to the contempt of all "enlightened" Spiritualists.

Removal

Since the last issue of the DOVE we have moved our printing office from 811 Market street to 121 Eighth street, where more pleasant, commodious quarters have been secured. The building where we are now located is a new four-story structure on a sunny corner where ample room for our work is secured. A long lease of the entire building was obtained by Dr. Schlesinger, and unless the fire fiend again visits us, our place of business will be permanent, and financial matters more prosperous we hope. If the DOVE's readers wish to aid in the work we are tackfully striving to do, they can assist very much by securing a few new subscribers. We hope to keep pace with the advance guard in all reforms and wield the pen ever in behalf of the wronged and oppressed, until injustice shall yield control and the reign of true equality and fraternity begin.

Justitiæ Home

This new Cooperative Home established by Mrs Olive Washburn, near San Jose, a full account of which was given in our last issue is now fully established and receiving members. That no misconception of the aim and object of the Home may arise in the mind of any, we again reiterate them, as set forth in the articles issued by the Board of Directors.

"The central and evolution principle governing the purposes of the Justitiæ Home is the attainment of a higher and more noble image of person and place of life on earth than that of the ruling and selfish ambition.

Believing that each of us possess a spiritual and divine nature that is eternal, and that our material, earthly existence is but a preparatory one, the purpose of which is to develop and individualize the part of us that must live, it becomes a duty to so live and direct our energies as to express the loveliest in character to be entered possible. To that end the Justitiæ Home will offer no inducements or conditions for rival personality contests and decisions opposed to the development of the spiritual and divine within us.

Mental and moral culture as well as natural growth is necessary to these ends, as far as possible, a beautiful natural equipoise necessary again to this is a tranquil, normal vitality, temperance, and correct exercise in the pursuit of some line of practical industries.

The purposes again, of the Home is to insure to all its members the comforts and protection that humanity owes to a dweling place of life on earth, and by plainness, with social relations as are necessary to harmony and happiness a growth of soul culture and pure life touching the possibility of a renewed existence true to the principles that render life one uninterrupted line of progress from birth to eternity. Reaching a condition where the divine attributes of the human mind shall dominate all else. Where hatred, envy and malice shall be unknown, where absolute equality shall exist, where woman shall stand by the side of man his equal in everything that tends to individuality and mind and worth. His equal in rights and privileges, the means of education and employments and the fruits both equal and ever enjoyed. Where woman shall never be counted the inferior but equal if not superior in all the relations of life.

From the above it will be seen that no wild, visionary schemes, no absurd tasks, tenets or notions obtain among the inmates of Justitiæ Home. They are practical level headed conscientious people, who realize the wrongs and injustice of the present competitive system, and are determined to demonstrate to the world the possibility of actualizing the principles of co-operation in all the affairs of life. They have nothing in common no affiliation with, nor belief in the doctrines of Shakerism, Koreshanity, or any other of the many "isms" and persons that lead the unbalanced and weak-minded into foolish and dangerous paths. They are believers in the spiritual philosophy, and the practical application and demonstration of its teachings in all the relations of life. Those who wish to become members of the Home must be prepared to leave behind them their selfishness and greed, their ammosities and discords, and with the one purpose of living for others as well as self, developing the highest and best within them, living pure, *natural* lives in accordance with the laws governing their higher, better natures, come together as brothers and sisters of one family, sharing equally the comforts and privileges, the labors, duties and responsibilities of the Home. The relations of the family will be sacredly respected and maintained in purity and freedom. Those who cannot subscribe to and live these principles have no place in a Home of Justice.

The *Scientific American*, published by Munn & Co., New York, during forty-five years, is, beyond all question, the leading paper relating to science, mechanics and inventions published on this continent. Each weekly issue presents the latest scientific topics in an interesting and reliable manner, accompanied with engravings prepared expressly to demonstrate the subjects. The *Scientific American* is invaluable to every person desiring to keep pace with the inventions and discoveries of the day.

The Province of Legislation.

In view of the vast amount of money paid annually by the people for the maintenance of law makers and the enforcement of the laws one would naturally suppose that law-makers should legislate in the interests of the people—not a handful of people—but the great masses who elect them to office and whose faithful servants they should be. Such, however, is not the case. Minorities rule, not majorities. Unscrupulous men things to suit themselves, and serve their interests, while the great multitudes are ignored and their rights as free American citizens are trampled under the feet of the money kings and monopolies.

In our own state we see every year the encroachments of the capitalists and the greater degradation of labor. Bills have been presented the Legislature this winter having for their sole object the oppression of the people and the destruction of personal liberty. Prominent among the number is the Medical Bill, the "Tramp" Bill, the Sunday Bill, the Bill against Fortune Tellers. If the originators of such bills succeed in convincing our legislators that the enactment of such laws are desired by the people and are for the general good we may have some interesting times in California, as soon as their enforcement is attempted. Every one of these Bills are direct infringements upon the rights of the people in general, and home-classes in particular. The medical bill is contracted in the interests of a few physicians and against the great majority. It is an attempt to compel intelligent people, who, by experience, have gained something of the healing science, to submit to medical codes gone back into the old governmental ones that would methodized healing. Because they may not apply their new found knowledge and skill even in their own families with out the consent and medical approval of licensed physicians.

The idea of trying to compel people to keep one day in seven as a holy sabbath when they do not respect or consider the sacredness, or, if they do, it may be that Saturday is the day they consider the most sacred and the sabbath of the Bible. Such a law is a great infringement upon the religious liberty of the people and should not be tolerated by justice-loving citizens.

The bill against fortune telling is aimed especially at mediums, and although the change is a fair one, concealed by the manner in which it is worded, still the cloven foot is apparent to those who can see beyond outward appearances. Perhaps something of this sort was necessary to arouse the spiritualists of this state to a comprehension of the situation, and the danger which threatens not them alone, but every liberalist and freethinker in the country. The religious element is active, and on the alert to push church interests in every direction. Individual rights are not respected by the liberal law who would be force, compel every knee to bow, and every tongue to confess that *their* God is Lord of all, and their Sabbath the *only* holy day. There are thousands of intelligent Jews and Adventists whose religious convictions compel *them* to keep Saturday as the Sabbath, and yet the same spirit of intolerance that would punish people for holding communion with their departed friends would rush them also. Shall we be crushed? is the question.

Against Long Dresses

It is to be deprecated that there is a strong tendency toward the revival of long dresses for the street. It seems hardly possible that any woman who has worn the short, comfortable street gown that has held its own for so many years should voluntarily wear anything so untidy and unclean as a dress that sweeps the pavement, taking to itself, as it must, all the dirt and filth that comes in its way. If women in general would only refuse to recognize such a fashion, they would gain in health and strength, for a dress long enough to act as a scavenger must prove unhealthful and burdensome.—*Housewife*.

Dove Notes

Many notices, books and other important matter is crowded out this month that will appear next month. Be patient.

Subscriptions for the CARRIER DOVE will be received at Davidson's Book Store, corner of Pearl street and the Arcade, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The removal of our office from 841 Market St., to its present beautiful location at 121 Eigth street, near the New City Hall, has occasioned some delay in the appearance of the DOVE this month, but hereafter it will be out on time and better than ever.

The ministrations of Mr. Ravlin are of such an acceptable and exalted nature that he has been reengaged by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. His audiences each Sunday morning and evening are large and enthusiastic, and good work is being done.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee gave a fine inspirational address at St. Andrew's Hall before the Union Spiritual Society last Wednesday evening. At the close she gave superior psychometric readings and tests. Her healing powers are strong, and her mediumship most excellent. She is again at the front among the workers battling for true Spiritualism.

Mrs. Higgins-Wellman, a much beloved and honored medium who has been absent in Washington for some months past, has again returned to this city and located at 1806 Sutter street. Mr. and Mrs. Wellman are cordially welcomed "home" by their many friends, where we hope they may permanently reside.

The letter from Addie Ballou in this issue is especially interesting, as it comes from the Capitol City, where Mrs. Ballou has spent the greater part of the winter looking after the interests of her Bill conferring upon women the privilege of becoming Notaries Public and other reform measures. Mrs. Ballou is one of the most practical and efficient workers in the suffrage cause and other reform movements in the state. A few more like her and women would be recognized as a power for good not to be ignored in the management of the affairs of state and nation.

From a dear medium, a noble, earnest woman, living in an Eastern city, a stranger to us personally, came a sweet message of encouragement and appreciation, a greeting from the spirit friends who are familiar with our work and understand the difficulties with which we have to contend. This band of noble spirits, whose names are spoken with love and reverence in almost every Spiritualists' home sent a message to us, from which we make this extract:

"*Work on, hope on, struggle on a little while longer*, and then the way will be opened and the needed aid given you. Do not let the wings of the DOVE be clipped; do not give way to discouragement; work *while the night is upon you* for the *day* cometh that will bring you *light*."

The *test* conveyed in these words none but the one to whom they came can know or understand. They came from afar, from one who knew naught of us save through the DOVE, and they came in answer to a mental question. The angel guides, who took this method of replying that we might know of a surety it was from them.

At the present writing the prospect that woman suffrage will win in this State seems probable. The Bill has already passed in the Senate, and before the DOVE again greets its readers the women of California may in deed and in truth be "citizens" of the republic. What a brilliant gem for the crown of our Golden State will this great advance step prove. California, the land of sunshine and flowers, the home of beautiful women and grand-souled progressive men, the *first state* to recognize the equal rights of its woman citizens. What an immortal record for future Native Sons and Daughters to boast of.

In this issue we reproduce some testimonials concerning the mediumship of Dr. Schlesinger, taken from the local papers of Grass Valley. The doctor makes converts wherever he goes as many private letters testify.

We hope our readers will note particularly what is said concerning "Justice Home" on another page. Should more obtain where nothing definite is *known*, that we would advise this editorial in order to explain and define the principles governing that community. *It is not, nor never will be a* Shaker community, a Koreshanity institution, nor an "Esoteric," (Butlerite), Sun Angel Order, Theosophical "Home." It will be a *plain, practical, common-sense, almost pure spiritualistic, co-operative community*, governed by reason and intelligence. No "Messiahs," "Adepts," "Overseers," or "Superiors" wanted. Level-headed men and women are good enough.

Therapeutic Sarcognomy.

Readers of the DOVE are familiar with the writings of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, the veteran discoverer of psychometry and the forcible, earnest advocate of reforms in medical science, educational systems, etc. A new book from him is sure to attract attention, and the following remarks concerning his latest work will be read with interest by his many admirers on this Coast.

THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY, A New Science of Soul, Brain and Body, a forthcoming work from the house of the J. G. Cupples Co., Boston, is a book of as highly sensational and attractive a character as is to be found in the realms of Science. It makes a total revolution in physiology and medical philosophy, by presenting in one systematic view the functions of the brain, the body and the soul, with their exact anatomical connections and complex relations. Upon this view it develops a new system of practice in disease, and of hygienic laws for all, with a new electro-therapeutics and method of diagnosis. The ideas and experiments are singularly novel, but are strongly endorsed by colleges and investigating committees.

The author, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, is well known as a forcible and brilliant writer upon scientific and reformatory subjects, who has long been prominent in the medical profession, and whose scientific views and discoveries have attracted attention in Europe.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Mrs Graham's Cosmetics.

Quite a controversy has been going on recently through the daily papers of this city regarding the merits of the cosmetics manufactured by Mrs. Gervaise Graham of 103 Post street. It originated in an attack made by the *Examiner* which reflected seriously upon Mrs. Graham and her cosmetics. Mrs. Graham published a defense in the *Call* and *Chronicle* of Feb. 1st, producing physicians certificates and the sworn testimony of chemists that her preparations are pure and harmless and of a high order of merit; also testimonials from those who had used them with beneficial results. Mrs. Graham's vindication was complete, and should have the effect of restoring public confidence and nullifying the slanderous statements made by the *Examiner*.

The Best of Books.

A little knot of a gentleman seated in front of a hotel last evening were discussing literary matters.

"By the way, Senator," said one, "what book do you think has helped you most?"

"Um—er—well, I guess maybe the pocket book."—*Washington Post*.

The Arena for February.

The February *Arena*, in addition to a brilliant array of American authors, presents two papers of great interest by foreign essayists. Camille Flammarion, probably the most eminent European astronomer, writes at length on "New Discoveries on Mars." His paper is accompanied with a full-page geographical map of this wonderful star, as prepared by Flammarion and other leading astronomers. It also contains two small maps illustrating strange changes that have recently taken place on one portion of Mars. The distinguished Frenchman's paper in the short compass of sixteen pages gives the busy reader the important astronomical discoveries of recent years in a nutshell. Alfred Russell Wallace, D. C. L., LL. D., contributes a striking paper on "The Nature and Cause of Apparitions." In the field of psychical research, Doctor Wallace seems as thoroughly a master as in the realm of natural science. His paper will doubtless produce a profound impression on numbers of readers who have hitherto paid scant heed to the alleged facts of psychic phenomena. The paper which will probably attract most attention in this country, however, is by C. Wood Davis, whose contributions to the *Forum* last year were so widely quoted. This paper is on "The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway." It is a careful, exhaustive survey of one of the problems which is to-day challenging the widest attention. Everyone, especially every farmer who would intelligently discuss an issue which will be a paramount political issue in the near future, should not fail to read this remarkable essay and make a note of its valuable facts and statistics.

Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan writes ably on the nature of consumption of the lungs and the alleged discovery of Professor Koch, showing the weakness in the claims of the German professor. Dr. Buchanan regards the lymph craze as another of the numerous medical fads, which spring up from time to time like mushrooms, only to as readily pass away, because he believes the professor is proceeding on an unscientific hypothesis. He praises, however, the progressive spirit of investigation evinced by Professor Koch.

John Welch, LL. D., late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, contributes a short paper on Old Testament myths entitled "The Fall of Adam." Helen London writes vigorously on the rise of prudery, which shields immorality and creates an unhealthy morbid mind, which sees impurity where a healthy imagination beholds only beauty.

The editor of *The Arena* contributes a striking ethical criticism of Ward McAllister's book, "Society as I have found it," and Gen. Booth's "In Darkest England," under the title "The Froth and the Dregs." Mr. Flower also writes in his editorial department on Deplorable Social Conditions, Uninvited Poverty, the Rum Curse, Masculine Immorality and The Age of Consent laws, evincing a bold, fearless, and reformative spirit, which must accomplish much by bringing home startling conditions and facts in a striking manner.

Frances E. Russell writes at length on "Woman's Dress Reform," a question which is at present engaging the attention of leading women in conservative as well as radical circles. The No-Name paper is a striking story of heredity, entitled "His Mother's Boy," interesting and strongly suggestive. As will be readily seen the February *Arena* will appeal strongly to the thoughtful people. This magazine is a library in itself, treating all the great religious, reformative, ethical, educational, and scientific problems in a broad, fair, and impartial manner. Most of its contributors, moreover, possess the happy faculty of rendering their theme profoundly interesting while conveying the most vital truths.

The Battle On.

Proceedings in the Senate and Assembly.

A couple of hundred people, mostly women, filled nearly every seat in the Senate chamber last night when the Joint Committee on Public Morals considered the proposed Sunday law.

Rev. Thomson opened the discussion and was accorded the privilege of closing which he did in an intemperate harangue, in which he denounced judges as ignorant and juries as low and brutal. He maintained that the Sunday as a day of rest is demanded by labor, but when Judge Carpenter asked him what labor organizations had petitioned for the passage of the bill, Mr. Thomson was compelled to admit that he had heard of none. The balance of the gentleman's argument ran in the old familiar groove that was in vogue before the people of the State spewed the law from the Statute books years ago.

Among the speakers for the bill was Rev. Sidney, of Sacramento who urged that the bill would promote morality.

Rev. Cuddy, a representative of the Seventh Day Adventists, denounced the men who legislate morality into men by putting them in jail for working on Sunday as imps of the devil. He asserted that the churches might better devote themselves to the unfortunates who cannot find work enough, rather than to those who work too much.

Wm. Healy, of the Religious Liberty Association, insisted that the Legislature has as much right to declare in favor of Saturday as well as Sunday. This is religious legislation and repugnant to the Constitution.

The best speech by odds of the rather tedious evening was Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, who took up the bill and read off the list of things prohibited on Sunday, including bull, bear and cock fights and theatrical entertainments. She urged that if such things were wrong on Sunday, they were wrong on all days. If a thing is immoral on one day it is immoral at all times. She did not believe in the efficacy of compelling a man to be moral, because if you do he will make up for it the next day. Shall preachers pursue their business of preaching on Sundays? Shall hotels and restaurants sell liquors, and others be denied the privilege? The theatre may be the choice of thousands, as their method of recreation and rest, but this bill would prohibit both drama and concert, which in their way may be great instruments for good. Her religion does not compel men to be decent and does not deny to any the rights of conscience. Rather she would go out among the people, lift up the erring sister, provide her with employment, and prove to her that Christianity is more than a precept. She would go among the poor, care for the forlorn child and guide its steps aright rather than besiege Legislatures to pass laws to make men moral.

While Mrs. Ballou's address was so pithy and intelligent, and free from cant that it evoked applause from the disinterested audience, it fairly dumbfounded the good people who were there to advocate the bill, and when one lady undertook to reply, she said that she was completely overwhelmed that anybody should oppose the bill.

The Committee will consider the question in executive session.

During the discussion, Young, of San Diego, asked Mr. Thomson about the use of wine in the church on Sabbath. Thomson said that the use of unfermented wine was becoming general and "Scotchin," who sat in the crowd, blurted out his opinion that Young's question was sacrilegious.—*Sacramento Bee.*

A prominent New York physician has announced that the constant chewing of gum has produced weak minds in fourteen cases of young girls now under his treatment; the constant movement of the mouth causing too great a strain on the head. Here is a solemn warning which our girls should heed.

Dr. Schlesinger, the Test Medium.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the celebrated test and healing medium, arrived here on Tuesday, and will remain for some days, having taken rooms at the Holbrooke hotel. He has already given some remarkable demonstrations of his ability as a medium, which have been puzzling to his visitors, who are at a loss to decide whether his skill is mind reading or some other occult power. In these tests the Doctor has asked his visitors to write a number of names on paper, some of which are of persons deceased. These names he does not see, and when written on the slips the writer folds them up carefully so as to disguise the writing. After the slips are placed in a hat or mixed up the hands, so that the writer cannot tell one from another, the Doctor will pick out the ones which contain the names of the deceased persons, and will then give the full names of the deceased as written on the papers. He does not open any of these papers (only touching them with his fingers) and leaving the writer to open them and say whether he has selected the names correctly, and has given the correct names. In every instance he was correct as acknowledged by his visitors. In some instances he gave communications purporting to be from the deceased, as coming through him as a medium. As to the authenticity of these communications the visitors might have doubt, but as to the correctness of the names there could be no doubt, and those testing the powers of the medium felt surprised at the answers given them, and if not accepting them as coming through spiritualistic inspiration, were yet left in a maze of doubt as to the peculiar power of the medium. We understand that Dr. Schlesinger does not intend giving public manifestations as a medium, but will give private sittings while here, and that if he does not give satisfaction will make no charge for tests that he will make. He also undertakes to cure persons of the liquor and tobacco habit, so that they will lose all desire to continue these practices. The tests that he gives are said to be similar and as strange as those given by Charles Foster, the celebrated medium who visited this State many years ago.—*Grass Valley Union.*

Spiritualistic Tests.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the spiritualistic and test medium is at room 33 of the Holbrooke House. To-day a representative of *The Tidings* called upon the Doctor and was pleasantly received. The Doctor has been called a wonder by the press, and we can say that the test made to-day justifies the appellation. We were asked to write the names of six persons on slips of paper. While so doing the Doctor left the room. The slips were carefully folded. Among the list were the names of two dead persons. The doctor readily told the names of not only the dead but the living persons on the slips. Among the list of names was the name of Rufus Shoemaker, editor of the *Evening Telegraph*. The Doctor told us that the person was not in town, and also that he was the father of our friend who was in the parlor, James P. Shoemaker. The tests were made without the use of any blinds, closets or other appliances. The doctor also cures the tobacco habit and has with him complimentary notices from the press in all parts of the country. He will remain about ten days and those who do not believe such things can be done, will do well by calling upon him—*The Daily Tidings, Grass Valley, Nevada Co., Cal.*

A Spiritual Medium.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, of San Francisco, is in town, and is at room 35 in the Holbrooke House. The spiritual tests of the Doctor are truly wonderful, and this writer in company with one of our leading clergymen, visited his rooms last night, and the tests given by him have puzzled us ever since. Whatever may be his mode or method, it is truly wonderful, and will make the most skeptical believe that there is a voice from beyond the grave.—*The Evening Telegraph, Grass Valley.*

The Pioneer Medium.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the publisher of the CARRIER DOVE (a spiritualistic paper,) and who claims to be a pioneer medium of the country, arrived here yesterday. Shortly after he reached town, the reporter visited his room in the National Hotel, and saw him perform some ballot tests which were interesting as well as mystifying. It is only justice to the gentleman to say that the article which appeared in this paper a few days ago under the heading, "Phenomenal Fakes," was not an attempted exposition of his methods, nor did it purport to be such.—*The Evening Herald, Nevada City, Cal., February 24, 1891.*

Schlesinger Here.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, of San Francisco, is now here, mystifying skeptics and pleasing believers. The Doctor is a warm advocate of the philosophy he is now teaching, and his sincerity cannot be doubted. Wherever he has gone, he has attracted considerable attention, and in Grass Valley he made many converts. A number of our citizens visited him at his rooms in the National Hotel yesterday and received test sittings. It is an interesting phenomena, well worth investigating.—*The Daily Transcript, Nevada City, Cal., February 24, 1891.*

Still Mystified.

The medium, Dr. Schlesinger, is still mystifying his callers at the National. He has given some tests here that are truly wonderful to the skeptic.

Dr. Schlesinger, notwithstanding his German name, is an Englishman. He is the publisher of the CARRIER DOVE of San Francisco, and is now on a sort of missionary tour. Those who are interested in spiritual problems may find a solution of the same by visiting the doctor.—*The Evening Herald, Truckee, Cal., February 25, 1891.*

About Whipping A Horse.

It is rarely ever proper to strike a mettlesome horse. Occasionally a fault is clearly foolish, and no fear associated with it in the creature's mind, such as nipping his mate, or reaching round the head to see if you are about ready, or backing when you have no room, and must be obeyed with a bound; then a gentle reminder with the whip is well enough. On rare occasions authority may be maintained by enforcing fear. Yet if you terrorize the creature he will hate you. It seems hard for a horse or a dog to forget an injury. They never forgive in the sense that men do. This fact is often lost sight of by thoughtless people in their intercourse with dumb animals.—*New York Weekly.*

The Charm of Good Manners.

No one who has any appreciation of grace and beauty in nature or in art can fail to recognize the claim of fine manners in an individual. We rejoice in them as we do in a lovely sunset view or a beautiful piece of architecture or a fascinating poem, for their own sake and for what they express; but even beyond this they have another attraction in the magnetic power they exert upon all beholders in setting them at ease, in sweeping away shyness, awkwardness and restraint, and in stimulating them to the expression of whatever is best worth cherishing within them. It is undoubtedly true that the presence of fine manners, whether it be in the home or the social circle, in the workshop or the counting-room, in the visit of charity or the halls of legislation, has an immediate effect in reproducing itself, in diffusing happiness, in developing the faculties and in eliciting the best that is in everybody.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

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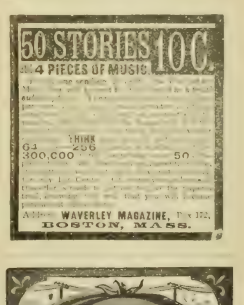

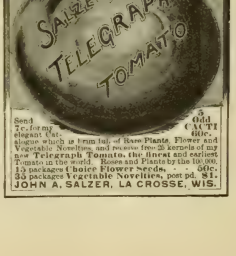

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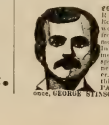

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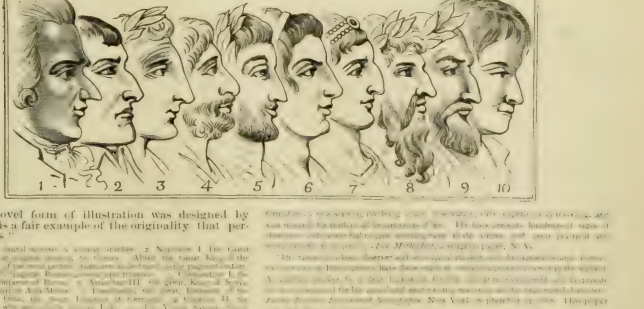

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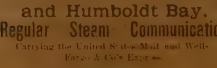

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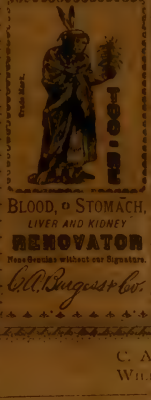

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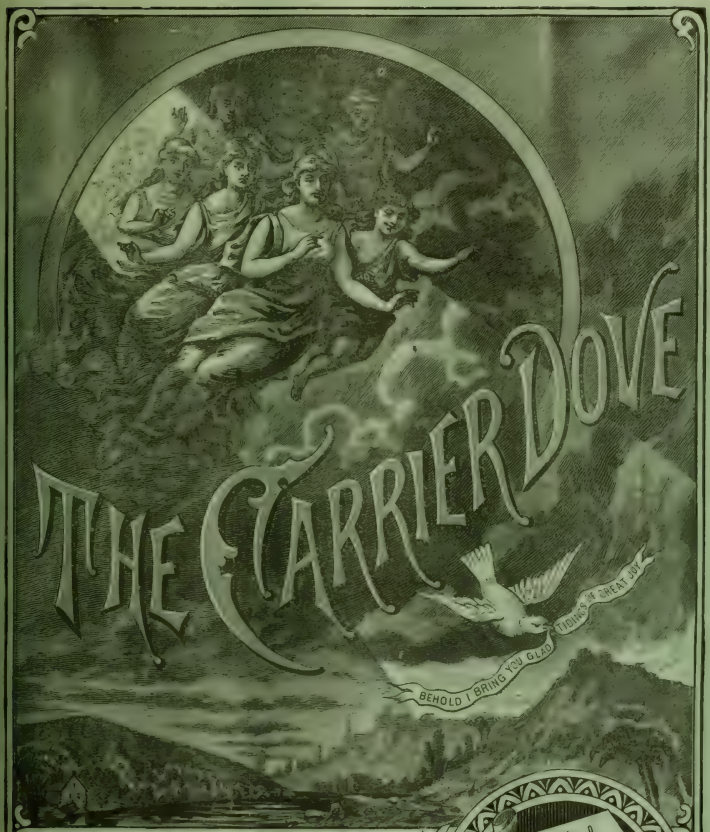

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Original Poem.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

Immortality

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER

An atom of the universe I stand,
Seeing no beginning and no end;
A pilgrim toiling in an alien land,
With hopes that to the highest heaven tend—
In semblance an aspiring potentate,
Linked to the chain that binds the world's estate

Varied the verdure springing at my feet,
As up the mountains, down the vales I'm led;
But I have learned to make this life complete,
Lovely and glorious; so my soul is fed
With a celestial manna, and the wine
Of an existence deathless and divine

What is this life, this meager space of time,
This single drop in the all-boundless sea?
What force impels its energies sublime?
By what imperious edict or decree,
That on the tide the wondrous bark is tossed,
And in a moment to our vision lost?

Lost to the normal, the material sight,
Enfolded in the mystery of law,
Yet if in the resplendence and new light
Of more expanded vision it may draw
The needed forces of its finer state,
Toil on, thou soul, for joy shall be thy fate!

Methinks this life is but a human school,
With varied forms of discipline and grade;
Where all do find, as by some hidden rule,
The special path their thoughts and deeds have made—
And to each pupil will in time be shown
The fruit must ripen from the seed that's sown

There is a cloud of mystery remains
As yet unsolved; that darkens mid the thrall
Of our terrestrial losses, odds and gains;
Which to the materialist is all
That life contains—within the mold and rust
Of earth-bound speculations is his trust.

O, sad, indeed, and pitiful the sight,
With no sweet blooms of hope or faith to cheer;
No sun of promise warming with its light
The toiling soul in its existence here!
Far better to have been a lifeless clod,
Or some poor luckless tenant of the sod!

What means this yearning in the human breast—
This constant reach beyond the things of time—
The golden reveries in hours of rest—
But the assurance of a state sublime?
What mean these heavenly longings 'mid the strife
But shadowy preludes of a better life?

Like some lone bark encompassed with the storms,
Struggles the spirit with its earthly state,
Until amid the everlasting calms
And blooming beauties of its high estate
It safely anchors—with the tempest passed
It enters the fruition of its joys at last

An atom still upon the surging sea
Of present hopes and energies I stand,
Searching 'mid new-born theories for a key
To unlock the temple, and to understand
The sacred mysteries and golden lore
That will an age of knowledge yet restore.

Thine armor don, thou spirit true and tried!
Put on the robes of righteousness an I light!
As by the Fiery Baptism glorified
A new path opens to the mountain height—
Its golden summit scale—turn not away
From aught that leads into the perfect way!

Indweller of the beautiful and high,
O, lover of all loveliness, in thee
There is an element that cannot die!
A revelation that mortality,
With all the light its theories have cast,
Cannot encompass in its meager bound!

A song is being chanted to the earth
Mine ear is quickened by its magic power;
Beneath its subtle charm there is no dearth
Of beauty nor of joy—e'en the tiny flower
That hits its leaves above the grassy plain
Pulsates and thrills to its inspiring strain

Through all the links of matter, links of life,
The mystic peans of its beauty run,
Weaving into harmony the strife,
It is the silken thread from which is spun
The golden charms of a divine accord
That crown the soul and make it one with God.

It lingers near, it whispers from afar,
Vibrating sweetly through the atmosphere,
From flower to gleaming flower, from star to star,
From sun to sun, from sphere to dazzling sphere,
Its heavenly numbers flow; whose strains rehearse
The hidden music of the universe.

O, power of sweet Harmony, in thee
The great creative essence is embalmed;
To golden heights of immortality
The toiling one by thy fair sway is charmed!
The prophet's vision and the poet's thought
Beneath thy spell with deathless hues are fraught!

Forever live, O, Spirit true and wise!
The portals to the heavenly gates of light
Open for thee; whose fields are crowned with dyes
Of shining splendor to thy new-born sight!
A mighty victor, thou dost reign sublime
Above decay, mortality and time!

Original Story.

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Toilers for Bread—The Story of the Poor.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

Author of "Outside the Gates," "Crowded Out," "Crooked Paths," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

IN A FAIR COUNTRY.

A stretch of road,—white and glistening like dew-gems in the light of the morning sun—leading from the banks of the smiling river that skirted the town, through pleasant fields, and, upward over emerald slopes, to the very doorways of the pretty homes that dotted the landscape. A clear, blue sky, from which the warm, but not oppressive sunlight benevolently shone; a suspicion of moisture upon the fields and flowers, as if they had been touched by a refreshing power that had left no dampness and no trace of decay. Over toward the horizon beautiful hills, crowned with verdure, and just now gleaming, as it were, from a wealth of rosy mist, gave a sense of dignity to the scene, while all around, from sunny road to distant heights, an indescribable atmosphere of peace and comfort reigned. The houses were not pretentious. Most of them were built of the same material—a peculiar yellowish quartz-like stone that shone and glittered in the sunlight with indescribable effect. There was no appearance of sameness in their construction, for these dwellings were of diversified design and architecture. Some were of circular form, or octagonal in shape; some had copings and pillars of white, alabaster-like stone; some had openings from roof to floor entwined with vines and flowers; a few had long, narrow windows opening like doors; others were of different construction; none were very large or imposing, but all wore an appearance of enduring stability and solid worth. Gardens of blooming flowers, beautiful shrubbery, and fruitful trees were attached to each habitation, and fair fields of blooming luxuriance revealed a plenteous and bountiful supply of Nature's gifts. Here and there a larger, more public-looking building, spacious, handsome, and flooded with light, tells us that the inhabitants of this fair country are provided with halls and temples, and schools for assembly and instruction, and in the distance, not in the direction of the hills, but opposite—a long, low range of buildings, many rods in length, built of the same glistening stone with which the region abounds, seems to speak of some great industry that is pursued in this place, and that these buildings contain the implements and equipments for the work.

The traveler who has reached this spot is struck at once by the absence of any discordant element in the atmosphere. There is no jar of moving machinery, no rattle and whirl to disturb the air now redolent with flowers, and alive with the musical murmur of birds; and yet the inhabitants are not asleep. The hour is full of animation and activity; children are seen in groups, playing, in the fields and by the roadside, or wending their way toward one of the loftier buildings which is doubtless a training school for these young minds. Men and women are moving about out of doors, some tending to their flowers and aromatic shrubs, others examining the fruit of the trees or plucking it for use; and still others are walking in social pairs and companies toward the distant buildings that are evidently their place of employment. While all whom the traveler meets this glad, bright morning seem filled with the spirit of activity, and none exhibit an indolent, indifferent or careless air, there is no appearance of nervous haste or wearing anxiety about them; there is evidently no friction in their lives that exhausts brain and muscle, and wears them out before their time.

This is doubtless a happy, even a prosperous people. They laugh and sing, or talk cheerily at their employment; they are not beset by the perplexities that many other human beings endure. It will be interesting to the traveler to study the simple life of this locality, to learn the secrets of its contentment and success, and to watch its methods of human government.

But we will not follow the curiosity of the chance traveler, or of the explorer who comes this way, for a knot of persons standing in the front garden of one of the little dwellings is attracting our attention. There are four of them, a gentleman of perhaps middle age, tall and straight in stature, with blue eyes and an abundance of brown hair; two women, neither of whom is very large in person, but both brunettes, and bearing a certain resemblance to each other, and a little girl of ten or twelve, with large gray eyes and curling locks of sunny hue.

One of the women is shorter and slighter even than the other, and in the depths of her dark eyes there is an expression as if she had been hunted and wounded by some great trial, but which is now removed—an expression of pain, mingled with one of relief, as of some danger past. Upon the olive cheek of her sister—for such we are assured the lady by her side must be—burns a clear crimson flush enhancing her beauty and betokening the presence of happiness and health. But the cheek of the first bears no such signal, for it is of almost ashy paleness still, from the weariness its possessor has known. "Oh! what a lovely spot—you could not have found a more beautiful place for your home, Janet; is it possible that oppressive heat or chilling frost can ever reach this locality? The place where I came from is subjected to such atmospheric changes. The last I experienced of it was burning heat, and a dry, dusty, choking sensation, but to-day its atmosphere may be cold and damp and full of sickly germs."

"I am glad you are pleased with our home, Mary dear," responded the sister addressed—she with the flush of health and the happy eye—"We are in love with it ourselves; especially as the climate is to be depended upon, for it never deceives us. In this region we are near enough to the sun to receive its warm and genial rays the year round. This morning is a type of our usual weather; there is no arid heat, just a delicious warmth, tinged with a sparkle of refreshing vitality that prevents any depressing exhaustion of our systems. Nor do we swing around to a season of frost and chill; we can hardly be said to have any winter, for there is no season of the year when we need to shut ourselves up in our houses, or to wrap ourselves in heavy garments. So you see we count ourselves fortunate indeed." "That you are, my sister, and to a weary pilgrim like me it is a veritable heaven. You tell me it is two days since I came, that I have been unconscious until now, worn out by exhaustion and pain; and that when I arrived I was in no condition to speak. I hardly remember reaching here, for the journey was long and I got so very tired before its end. Then it was night, and the darkness seemed intense to me. Yet, when I awoke this morning from my long and helpful sleep under your roof, it could not have been more than 2 o'clock I think. I looked out and saw the world resting beneath a soft and gentle light, while the flowers and bushes were wrapped in a kind of silvery mist. There was a quiet, restful hush in the air, and only the tender cooing of the birds was heard; but it did not seem like night to me; not such as I have been accustomed to even in summer time; do you have many such, Janet?"

"Yes, they are the rule with us, as this morning's beauty is the type of all that come; our climate is peculiarly fortunate in its conditions. But you must tell us of yourself. Frank is as eager to know of your wanderings as I am, and even Maude,

who is culling her choicest flowers for auntie's hand, has heard so much of you, she will wish to hear your story too!"

"What a lovely child she is. I remember her as a remarkably pretty baby, and felt that she would prove a precious gift to your life, dear sister, and I am thankful that you have her with you here.

Yes, we came together, she and I, when she was but three years old, two years after we lost sight of you. Frank came first and made the way for us to follow, and I was glad to receive the summons to join him in his new home. I could not leave my baby and I brought her too, but I left Marion behind with her father's sister until we could send for her. Marion is with us now, and a beautiful girl she is. You remember our oldest child?"

"Yes, and I will be so glad to meet her; she was very much like Maude is now when I saw her last. Will she come soon?"

"Before long; she is spending a few days with some dear friends who have been attending a course of lectures upon Ancient Greece by a noted explorer and professor, at Morningston, a larger place than our pretty Riverside, one more bustling and quite as prosperous as our own little town. Marion is intensely interested in the subject because of her college studies in ancient history, and so she went with her friends to the university lectures I speak of. She may return to-day, and how surprised she will be to see you here."

While the sisters had been speaking, Frank Harcourt, the husband of one of them, while listening to the conversation, had not been idle, for his attention had been directed to a vine of grapes which grew close at hand, and he was now busy, training them in the direction he wished them to grow. The fruit from the vine hung in great luscious bunches, every globe of which gleamed like a huge pearl of crispy, limpid whiteness. The gentleman, with his hands loaded with the sugary clusters, now turned to his sister and said:

"Mary, try these grapes and see if you ever ate anything like them in the old world. They are in the perfection of beauty and richness, and will melt in your mouth. No fruit that one gets in the States of America can rival such as grows beneath our sun, however carefully it has been picked and handled and packed for transportation. You still look a little tired; sit down upon the porch and while you eat these grapes tell us something of what the years have brought to you. I have only an hour to spare here, and then I must go to other duties, but I would like to hear something of your life since we saw you last. Here is Maude with your bouquet, and while she sits at your feet and arranges it, we will listen to what you have to say to us."

CHAPTER V

THE WANDERER'S STORY.

"I need not go back in my life beyond the date of your happy marriage, Janet, for you know all that went before that event; how, although our father was never heard from after that voyage to Singapore, when we were but children of ten and twelve years, we were comfortably cared for by our dear mother whose annuity was sufficient for her wants and our own. When I look back upon that period of happy girlhood, and remember how we were sheltered from the cold world's frowns by that mother's tender love, it seems like a far-off dream of heavenly joys. Well, our life flowed tranquilly on; content with our modest country life, paying strict attention to our books—for you know mother wished her daughters to be well informed—dreaming our dreams of future usefulness, we passed the years until you were eighteen and my twentieth birthday was at hand. Then Frank came into the village to spend his summer vacation. He met our family at our pastor's home, and falling in love with my only sister, he soon wooed and won her for his own.

"After you were married and went away, mother and I continued to live together in the same old quiet and harmonious fashion, our life happily broken into by an occasional visit from you and Frank, with the dear little ones who in time came to grace your home, and by the one great event when mother and I paid a long visit to you just before your removal to that far Southern locality that we feared was so full of malaria-breeding swamps and other disagreeable things, but which Frank thought offered such strong inducements in a business point of view. Time went on, we heard but rarely from you. Your letters did not give such a satisfactory account of your circumstances as we wished to see. Mother worried a good deal, especially when, in the course of a year, we ceased to hear from you altogether. I wrote to you, but no answer came. Then I wrote to the postmaster of your town, and he replied that Frank Harcourt and his family had left the place and had gone to some unsettled town in the West, but where he could not tell, except that it was not far from a town called "Paola." This was very unsatisfactory, but I tried to comfort mother, telling her you would surely write us from your new home; but as the weeks went by and no word came, I noticed that a white, strained look had settled upon her face, that seemed to add ten years to its appearance. "Still, I did not apprehend anything; she had been so well and active that I had no suspicion that she was a victim to heart trouble, and not till I awoke one morning and found our darling mother cold and lifeless by my side, did I dream that I could lose her from my sight. This was a horrible shock to me, but I will not dwell upon it. For days I was beside myself, and but for our neighbors who kindly took charge of affairs, I do not know what I would have done.

"After the funeral I became more calm and able to face the situation. As you know our income ceased with mother's death, and as it had not been large, we had saved nothing from it for future emergencies. I had absolutely nothing then but our simple household furniture, my clothing and books and the education I had received. But I was not daunted; I felt that I could go out into the world and earn my bread. Many a young woman of thirty had done that before me, and perhaps less equipped with a good store of book knowledge, and some little business energy, than I felt myself to be.

"I accordingly packed such effects and trinkets as I wished to preserve, and sold the remainder of our furniture, most of which was taken piecemeal by our neighbors, who wished to show me more substantial kindness than words, and who doubtless paid me much better prices than I could elsewhere receive. I then left the only home I had ever known and started for the city of Albans. I cannot begin to tell you of my experiences of city life or how I sought for a situation as governess until brain and body became thoroughly exhausted in the search. My references were seemingly authentic, but the village where my friends resided was so far away, it was too much trouble for my would-be patrons to correspond with them. My knowledge of the forms of general instruction appeared correct, but I had not been turned out with a finished education and diploma from some high sounding school; and for these and other reasons that they did not explain, but probably because I seemed a little too much like an woman from the country, old fashioned, and not sufficiently stylish and educ[illegible], my interrogators concluded I would not suit them.

"My little money was disappearing rapidly, although I had taken a very cheap back room and boarded myself on bread and tea, and apples and a little cheese, and I felt that I must abandon my hopes of becoming a governess, at least for the time. I then studied the papers, willing and anxious to find something to do to earn an honest living. I had always loved children and thought that I might find an opening as nursery maid, and indeed, after several fruitless applications, and being

treated as if I were an intruder or a 'nobody,' by one or two supercilious women, and stared and winked at by a serving man at one of the houses where I applied, I at length found a situation as maid to three children—two girls, twins of six years, and a boy of eight.

"The mother of these children was a gay young widow, who seemed to consider them a nuisance, and to have them with her as little as she could, although I soon found that although she did not correct their manners, or attempt to restrain their propensities to commit mischief, she most certainly would not allow any one else to do so, more especially one whom she considered a hireling like myself. My salary in this household was small, and my duties onerous. I had the entire charge of the three children—a most unruly and self-willed trio they were—attended them through the day and put them to bed at night, repaired and made most of their clothing, tried to settle their disputes, and when the mother learned of my proficiency in my former studies, had the office of governess added to that of maid, with no increase in my salary, and no higher consideration of my worth. Yet I would not have complained even to myself could I have won any token of sympathy or respect from either my mistress or any one of the little rebels under my charge. But not one of them ever showed me by word or look that I was more to them than a menial or a slave to follow their caprices or obey their will; and only Sarah, the housemaid, a dear, good girl, if she was "only a servant," ever made that house seem more to me than a prison from which I longed to be free, or made me feel that I was a human being. I will not dwell on my life with this family which I bore for two years, and then, worn out by the constant friction and inharmonies, I fell sick. I was very ill, and the doctor pronounced it a case of fever. Whether she was afraid that she or her children might take the disease or not, I don't know, but when it became evident I would be sick for some weeks, my mistress declared I must go to the hospital, and there I was sent. Well, I had quiet and good attendance at the public institution, and was much better off than many a poor creature who has to fight disease in some wretched garret or among incompetent attendants and annoying disturbances. Had it not been for the thought that I was an object of charity I would not have murmured at my surroundings. For three weeks I was too ill to do this any how, and therefore I came to regard my physician and nurse with affection before I realized my condition. Sarah came to see me a few times, but Mrs. Conway, our mistress, never sent me any word of sympathy or regard. When I became well enough to return to my employment, I found my place had been filled by another, and that I was again stranded upon the world.

"I had a little money which I had saved from my scanty earnings, and Sarah recommended me to a cousin of hers "as a decent young woman who wanted a room till she could get a place," and so I secured a small, very plainly furnished apartment at a dollar a week. It was nearly two months before I secured another situation. Mrs. Conway gave me a "character," and I was soon ensconced in my new home—the house of a retired merchant, whose young daughter needed the services of a maid. Here I might have been happy but for the unwelcome attentions and solicitations of a member of the family—a brother of my employer's wife. This man made my sojourn here unbearable, and I dared not seek relief from either the merchant or his wife, as the latter ruled the house, and her brother seemed a paragon in her eyes. Day after day I had this affliction to encounter, my pursuer seemingly bent upon gaining his ends. He was a man of the world, engaged in no business, that I could learn, with plenty of money, and possessed of the idea that an unprotected working girl ought to feel herself honored by his attention. But the fellow had no attraction for me, and I repelled his advances with unmistakable repugnance, until one day I must have angered him by my expression of scorn, for he left me with a white face and compressed lips, and the next day I received a notice from my master, that his wife had concluded to accept the service of a needy but worthy young relative of her own, as maid for their child, and that after the present month my presence in their home would not be required.

"After that I found no more situations as children's maid, but I lived for awhile as housemaid, chamber girl and waitress in various families, until my health broke down, and from incessant labor I was fast becoming a confirmed invalid. I had to give up such work, but as my means had always been small, I had very little saved for a rainy day. I cannot begin to tell you of the crippling experiences that came to me. I had not been able to keep up my studies, and had lost all 'touch,' and much of my knowledge of the piano, yet I read the papers when I could, and tried to keep myself informed concerning the vital, practical works of the world.

"I now concluded I would try and get work in a factory. I could then board myself and at least have my evenings for my own. After some delay I found employment in a woolen mill and could soon earn five dollars a week. The noise of the machinery was deafening, the heat and smell of the workroom stifling, and the operatives were, most of them, unrefined, loud talking, slangy and uneducated; but I could not choose my own lot; here I was lost in the crowd; I need make no effort to assert my individuality; I was my 'own mistress,' and mechanically I followed my work until I seemed like one of the big machines itself, destined to go on, until there came a break, and an end to all usefulness.

"In a little while new trouble came; the mill hands became dissatisfied at the low rate of wages, and soon openly rebelled. There was a strike and a disturbance. I could not afford to give up my work, for it was a question of life and death to me, and I did not join the revolters. But the very first morning after the "strike," on attempting to enter the mill, I was knocked down and trampled upon, and but for a noble young man who came to my rescue and snatched me from the cruel crowd, I would have been killed."

"I was ill for a long time, but kind heaven raised up good friends for me. The same gentleman who had saved me from the mob, looked after me—he and his sweet cousin, a gefeicous and lovely young woman,—and, at last, when I got strong enough, they sent me away to look for you. I reached Paola, but found your former home broken up, and was told that you had embarked for a new country. My head was very hot and it ached terribly; my thoughts were confused; but I had one determination, one thought—to follow you across the seas. I wrote to my friends, the Mountains, of my plans to seek you out, and then I left Paola for New York City. I was weak and tired when I reached that metropolis, and my head was very flighty, but I remember that I found the steamship office, and made my errand known. The clerk in charge smiled and said he could not give me passage to the country I wished to reach, though I offered to pay him well, for I had money that my friends in Albans had supplied. I wandered away and went down to the pier. There swung a great steamer, evidently almost ready to start. I thought I must go aboard; it will take me to my sister; I have no ticket, but I can pay the price of one when we are off; and I remember that I started down the plank, but of what happened after that I have no recollection. It seems as if I met some one, a man, who stopped and questioned me. What I said I don't know, but he must have allowed me to go aboard, because I seemed to be on deck, and to be looking out over the waters. But then comes a blank, a feeling of sailing away, of letting go of land, and of swaying to and fro as with the surging of the tide. Then a sleep—a dream of getting into port, a dim consciousness of ask-

ing for, and at last of finding your home, and then—rest and sleep."

"My poor Mary; I can feel how deeply you have suffered, what awful agony your experiences have brought you. Crushed and crowded, torn and bleeding, at the mercy of the unfeeling world, you have been obliged to toil and slave until heart and brain gave way in the fearful storm. But you have been led to us. Here, in our home, you will find peace and happiness. You will be one of us; shall she not, Frank?" and the sister of the pilgrim turned her eyes upon her husband as she spoke.

"Indeed she shall," replied the man. "Welcome and affection sister Mary will find with us. All that we have she is free to share."

A delicate flush came into Mary's face as she replied. "You are very good; too good to me. But I hope to repay you in time. I cannot live an idle or a dependent life. I must be a self sustainer as soon as my strength returns."

"All in good time, sister; you will have your desires all granted. There are no drones here, and none eat the bread of dependence. Whatever you receive at our hands may be accepted without hesitancy or embarrassment. But, girls, I must go; my duty calls me to yonder workshop, where my department is waiting inspection; and so, good morning, get all the good you can." And with a genial smile the speaker turned and passed down the shining walk, bending his steps in the direction of that range of long, low buildings we have before mentioned.

Maude, springing to her feet, rushed away with buoyant steps after her father, until she joined him in his walk, leaving the sisters to resume their conversation at their own pleasure; and while they are thus engaged in comparing notes, and reviving old memories, we will precede the steps of Frank Harcourt, enter his place of daily employment, and inspect the premises.

To be Continued.

A. F. Tindall, president of the London Occult Society, writes, in the "Agnostic Journal," in summarizing conclusions made in the course of a long investigation of Spiritualism: "I am thoroughly convinced that I have seen both the spirits of the living and the dead. I know that premonitions and the power of influencing the living are facts. I am also sure that, though many of the manifestations and appearances seem more like reflections from the dead than our departed *in propria persona*, yet there is another class of manifestations of guides and powerful spirits who appear to come in all the power of their complete being, and whose wisdom to guide, warn, and educate, and also whose power over people who little dream of the same, are something too real and extraordinary to be denied. That, however, which convinces me most of the truth of Spiritualism is that I experience a constant guidance in all the affairs of life which reveals to me the presence of a power greater than my own."

Engineer Richmond, of the C. M. & St. Paul road, who was killed in a collision recently, was a resident of Dubuque, 42 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children. The Dubuque Herald publishes the following, and vouches for its truth:

The wife of the dead engineer was asleep at home. At about 12:45 she was awakened by two terrible cries from her husband. In the morning she called a neighbor, and said that her husband was either dead or badly injured. At that time she had not received information of the accident. Richmond's watch stopped at 12:48, and his wife says she awakened at a quarter to 1, only three minutes difference, which can be accounted for in the difference in watches.

"The soul and the body sympathize with each other, and when the habit of the soul suffers a mutation in quality, it, also, changes the form of the body."—*Aristotle.*

Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate.—Bacon.

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER VI.

The *Spr. Sc.*, Oct. 14, 1875, p. 63, published a long article on Occultism and Spiritualism, by Col. Olcott, from which I excerpt the following:

"The friends of Occultism . . know that it is only a question of a few months, or a few years at most, before the Spiritual press will be forced to choose between the alternatives of teaching Occultism or of giving way to other journals that will, when translations and reprints of ancient and modern Occultist authors will replace the thaplodelic literature of this Modern Spiritualism, when the great army of perspirational and inspirational speakers will be crowded off the rostrum and back to the wash-tub and manure-fork, at which alone they are of practical benefit to society; . . when the unseen races of the air, the fire, the water, and the earth, made visible at will by adepts, will cease their mischievous work in our circles, as 'guides, controls, and hands,' and be forced to keep their place, and wait their turn to be born upon this earth." In this, as in other instances, Col. Olcott proved a false prophet.

The Spiritual journals have not taught Occultism nor have they given place to others that do; translations and reprints of occult authors have not replaced the literature of Spiritualism, the latter being as prolific and as widely-spread as ever; the inspirational mediums have not been crowded off the rostrum by the Occultists, but are still prosperous and flourishing; the elementaries have never been rendered visible by adepts, and mediums appear to have the same guides, controls, and hands as before the advent of Blavatskyan Occultism. In the same article, Col. Olcott, in reply to a Spiritualistic pamphlet, called "Danger Signals," by Mrs. Mary F. Davis, indulges in the following remarkable language: "Hermes, Apollonius, and the other philosophers whom Mrs. Davis quotes, forgot more about real Spiritualism, its limits, uses, abuses, and possibilities, than all our modern investigators and authors, myself included, ever knew. They could do what no one nowaday pretends to be able to accomplish, produce such manifestations as they liked, when and where they liked, converse with such spirits as could instruct them or they could teach, help their profession and their own and protect themselves and the people from the malice of irruptive 'elementaries' and debased human denizens of the Other World. . . They ransacked the most obscure corners of Nature's domain, discovered her most valuable secrets, added enormously to the sum of knowledge, contributed to the welfare of the race, made plain its origin and destiny, and afforded the most satisfactory information as to the nature and attributes of the God of the Universe, whom they adored as the Endless and Boundless One—the Ain-Soph. . . 'We are passing from the old to the new by highway of spiritual science' [says Mrs. Davis]. She will live long enough to see her words come true; not as she fancies, . . but by the resistless sweep of Ancient Occultism—Parent of all Faith, Embodiment of all Wisdom, Hopeand Humanity." These statements illustrate the depths of credulity and fatuity into which the Colonel had been led by Mme. Blavatsky. Mrs. Davis died a few years ago, and she failed to live long enough to see "the resistless sweep of Ancient Occultism." There is no truth whatever in the assertions relative to the wonderful power and knowledge of Hermes, Apollonius, Iamblichus, and Cornelius Agrippa. Hermes is a myth and never existed; Apollonius of Tyana is semi-mythical, and the narratives of his life and exploits are almost wholly fabulous; the writings of Iamblichus and Agrippa are worthless, save as illustrative of the aberrations of the human mind in its blind gropings for truth in the delusive realms of mysticism. To state that these

four pseudo-philosophers "added enormously to the sum of knowledge," evidences ignorance and folly that are pitiable. There is no doubt that the only authority for these extravagant absurdities of Col. Olcott was Mme. Blavatsky; anything and everything that she told him of an occultic character seems to have been received by him as the embodiment of divine truth, no matter how preposterous and contrary to known fact or to common sense.

As evidence of the fact that the Colonel, in his writings at this time, merely repeated parrot-like the ideas and language of Mme. B., his use of the word "flapdoodle" may be cited; that word is one of the Madame's favorite expressions. In his *Tribune* letter of August 29, he states that he had seen performed in his presence the "very marvels" that Apollonius and the other old-time theurgists are credited with; but in his article in the *Sp. Sci.*, Oct. 14, he says that Apollonius and the rest "could do what no one nowaday pretends to be able to accomplish." This lossness and recklessness of expression is characteristic of all of the Colonel's writings.

In the *Spiritual Scientist*, Sept. 16, 1875, p. 21-22, is contained an account of the origin of the since famous Theosophical Society; and in *The Theosophist*, November, 1880, p. 65, *et seq.*, is found Colonel Olcott's account of the same event. From these two narratives the following has been prepared. On the evening of September 7, 1875, a company of seventeen ladies and gentlemen assembled in Mme. Blavatsky's parlor's, in Irving Place, New York City, to listen to Mr. George Henry Felt's explanation of a certain alleged discovery by him of the Lost Canon of Proportion, by use of which the architects of Greece had built their temples and forums. During the evening Mr. Felt stated that he had not only found, on reading the Egyptian hieroglyphics, that the elementary spirits were largely used in the temple mysteries, but he had even deciphered the means of controlling these elementaries,—had practically tested those means of control, and found them successful. Col. Olcott tells us that the idea occurred to him then and there that it would be advisable to form a society to conduct research in the department covered by Mr. Felt's alleged discovery relative to the control of the elementaries. He thereupon passed a note to Mme. Blavatsky, asking her if she thought it a good idea to form such a society, to which she nodded assent. Col. Olcott then proposed to the company present to organize a society of occultists and begin at once to diffuse information concerning those secret laws of Nature which were so familiar to the Chaldeans and Egyptians, but are totally unknown to the modern world of science. It was voted to organize the society at once, Col. Olcott was elected temporary President, and a committee appointed to adopt a constitution and by-laws. Mr. Felt promised to show the society the elementaries through magical appliances, and also to direct the studies of the society, which was named "The Theosophical Society." On October 30, 1875, the Preamble and By-Laws of the Society were formally adopted, and on November 17, 1875, the first regular meeting was held, when the officers were formally inaugurated, and the inaugural address of the President delivered. The officers chosen were as follows: President, H. S. Olcott; Vice-Presidents, Dr. S. Pancoast and G. H. Felt; Corresponding Secretary, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky; Recording Secretary, John Storer Cobb; Treasurer, Henry J. Newton; Librarian, Charles Sotheran; Councillors, Rev. J. H. Wiggin, R. B. Westbrook, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Dr. C. E. Simmons, H. D. Monachesi; Counsel to the Society, Wm. Q. Judge. Of these thirteen officers, we are told, in *The Theosophist*, March, 1881, p. 117, that "nine were Spiritualists." By a unanimous vote, the President-Founder, Col. Olcott, and Mme. Blavatsky, were to hold office in the society for life.

It may here be noted that, like everything else connected with the Theosophical Society, its name even is not original. Like all its doctrines, it was copied. From 1783 to 1788 a society existed called "The Theosophical Society." It was instituted for the purpose of promoting the doctrines of Swedenborg. A sketch of its career is found on pp. 14 to 67 of the "Rise and Progress of the New Jerusalem Church," by Robert Hindmarsh, London, 1861 (See London *Athenæum*, Jan. 10, 1891, p. 62).

The Preamble of the new Theosophical Society states that the objects of its founders are "to obtain knowledge of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Power and of the higher spirits *by the aid of physical processes*." They hope to obtain "proof of the existence of an 'Unseen Universe,' the nature of its inhabitants, . . and the laws which govern them and their relations with mankind." In his inaugural address of Nov. 17, 1875, Col. Olcott said that personally he was "confident that this society will be the means of furnishing such unanswerable proofs of the immortality of the soul, that none but fools will doubt." "At our semi-monthly meetings," said he, "we shall have the researches and experiments of our members and of eminent correspondents in this and other countries read for our instruction, and we shall have tests, experiments, and practical demonstrations, as occasion offers." The address concluded with the following grandiloquent peroration upon Mr. Felt's alleged discoveries: "Our Vice-President promises, by simple chemical appliances, to exhibit to us . . the races of beings which, invisible to our eyes, people the elements. Think for a moment of this astounding claim! Fancy the consequences of the practical demonstration of its truth, for which Mr. Felt is now preparing the requisite apparatus! What will the church say of a whole world of beings within her territory but without her jurisdiction? What will the academy say of this crushing proof of an unseen universe given by the most unimaginative of its sciences? . . What will the Spiritualists say, when through the columns of saturated vapor flit the dreadful shapes of beings whom, in their blindness, they have in a thousand cases revered and babbled to as the returning shades of their relatives and friends? Alas! poor Spiritualists —editors and correspondents who have made themselves jocund over my impudence and apostasy. Alas, sleek scientists, over-swollen with the wind of popular applause! The day of reckoning is close at hand, and the name of the Theosophical Society will, if Mr Felt's experiments result favorably, hold its place in history as that of the body which first exhibited the 'Elementary Spirits' in this nineteenth century of conceit and infidelity, even if it be never mentioned for any other reason."

Alas for poor Olcott! Mr. Felt's "elementaries" failed to materialize, even in his chemical vapors. In *The Theosophist*, Nov., 1880, p. 68, Col. Olcott states that "with difficulty I got him [Mr. Felt] to give one or two more lectures, but he never showed us so much as the wag of the tail of a vanishing elemental." On the other hand, Mr. Felt, in an article in *The Spiritualist*, July 26, 1878, pp. 41, 45, tells us a somewhat different story. He describes the manner in which he became convinced that the drawings of grotesque figures on Egyptian zodiacs were representations of genuine elementary spirits, which were capable of being controlled by embodied man; and he states that at one of his lectures before the Theosophical society, lights were seen by the *illuminati* passing to and from one of his drawings, "a dark cloud was observed to settle upon it by others, and other phenomena, such as the apparent change of the Zodiacal figures into other forms, or elemental representations, were observed. Certain members . . were impressed with a feeling of dread, as though something awful were about to happen. Most of the probationers were rendered uncomfortable and uneasy; some became hypercritical and abusive; several of the novitiates left the room; and Madame Blavatsky, who had

seen unpleasant effects follow somewhat similar phenomena in the East, requested me to turn the drawings and change the subject." In an article by Hudson Tuttle, in *The Progressive Thinker*, Feb. 21, 1891, p. 3, it is stated, evidently on the authority of H. J. Newton, the Treasurer of the Theosophical Society at the time, that Mr. Felt "gave one lecture, in which he treated of the dry details of mathematics, and then went to the Treasurer, and under the plea of poverty desired an advance of the one hundred dollars he was to receive for four lectures. Mr. Newton refused, and Felt applied to Olcott. The latter advised the treasurer to make the advance, which he accordingly did; and Felt never came to deliver the remaining lectures of his course." In the *Progressive Thinker*, June 6, 1891, Mr. Newton confirms the truth of Mr. Tuttle's statements in this matter.

In *The Theosophist*, Nov., 1880, p. 69, Col. Olcott, referring to the circumstances attending the origin of the Theosophical Society, say, "No phenomenal dropping of MSS. out of space occurred, no fairy bells rang out joy-peals, no Eastern magician suddenly appeared among us. I got no 'order' to make the Society, nor was any such thing assumed by anybody in the room . . The idea sprang up in my mind as naturally and spontaneously as possible." These statements of the Colonel directly contradict the published statements, that the mahatmas directed the formation of this society, through their duly-accredited medium and agent, Mme. Blavatsky. The Colonel's remarks about the non-occurrence of the phenomena mentioned seems as if directed against Mme. Blavatsky and the adepts, inasmuch as the phenomena described are precisely those which it is claimed are produced, in an occult manner, by the Madame and the mahatmas.

In an article by Mme. Blavatsky, in the *Sp. Sc.*, Oct 14, 1875, pp. 64, 65, may be found the following concerning Spiritualism and Magic. "Spiritualism in the hands of an adept becomes Magic . . In the hands of an inexperienced medium, Spiritualism becomes unconscious sorcery, for by allowing himself to become the tool of a variety of spirits . . he opens, unknown to himself, a door of communication between the two worlds, through which emerge the blind forces of nature lurking in the astral light, as well as good and bad spirits . . Powerful mesmerizers . . are magicians, for they have become the adepts, the initiated ones, into the great mysteries of our Mother Nature. Such men . . control the spirits, instead of allowing their subjects or themselves to be controlled by them; and Spiritualism is safe in their hands. In the absence of experienced adepts, though, it is always safer for a naturally clairvoyant medium to trust to good luck and chance, and try to judge of the tree by its fruits. Bad spirits will seldom communicate through a pure, naturally good and virtuous person; and it is still more seldom that pure spirits will choose impure channels . . There is a power in this world which can command spirits, at least the bad and unprogressed ones, the elementary and Dhakka. The pure ones, the disembodied, will never descend to our sphere, unless attracted by a current of powerful sympathy and love, or on some useful mission. . . I am myself a Spiritualist, if, as says Col. Olcott, a firm belief in our soul's immortality and the *knowledge* of a constant possibility for us to communicate with the spirits of our departed and loved ones, either through honest, pure mediums, or by means of the secret science, constitutes a Spiritualist . . I am therefore ever ready to support and protect any honest medium — aye, and occasionally one who appears dishonest; for I know but too well, what helpless tools and victims such mediums are in the hands of unprogressed, invisible beings . . In India, magic has never died out . . Practiced . . only within the secret enclosure of the Temples it was, and still is, called the 'sacred science.' For it is a science, based on natural occult forces of Nature; and not merely a blind belief in the doll-priest talking of crafty, elementary ones, ready to forcibly prevent *real, disembodied* spirits from communicating with their loved ones whenever they can do so."

In a letter in the *Sp. Sc.*, Nov. 4, 1875, p. 101, Mme. Blavatsky styles herself "a life-long Spiritualist," and in a long article in the *Sp. Sc.*, Jan. 6, 1876, pp. 248, 249, Mme. Blavatsky testifies as follows: "Whatever objection any one may have to me on account of country, religion, occult study, rudeness of speech, cigarette smoking, or any other peculiarity, my record in connection with Spiritualism for long years does not show me as making money by it, or gaining any other advantage direct or indirect. On the contrary: Those who have met me in all parts of the world . . will testify that I have given thousands of dollars, imperiled my life, defied the Catholic Church, . . and in camp and court, on the sea, in the desert, in civilized and savage countries, I have been, from first to last, the friend and champion of mediums. I have done more. I have often taken the last dollar out of my pocket, and even necessary clothes off my back to relieve their necessities. . . Do you imagine that I could not see the disgusting frauds mixed up with the most divine genuine manifestations? . . It was because I knew that through the same golden gates which swung open to admit the elementary and these unprogressed human spirits who are worse if anything than they, have often passed the real and purified forms of the departed and blessed ones. . . To me the grand object of my life was attained and the immortality of our spirit demonstrated. . . Thus, just because of all that I have said above. I proclaim myself a true Spiritualist, because my belief is built upon a firm ground, and that no exposure of mediums, no social scandal affecting them or others, no materialistic deductions of exact science, or sneers and denunciations of scientists, can shake it." In the *Sp. Sc.*, March 23, 1876, p. 33, Mme. Blavatsky tells us: "Because I study Occultism, or Ancient Spiritualism, I am thought an enemy of the cause pure and simple. Never was there a more erroneous impression. My only object is to demonstrate Spiritualism mathematically, to force it upon Science; and how can we expect the world to receive its grand truths while it is left in the hands of those who, through ignorance of its philosophy based on scientific principles, do it more wrong than good by their blind fanaticism?"

In an editorial in the *Sp. Sc.*, March 9, 1876, p. 19, it is stated that Mme. Blavatsky "does not claim to be a medium," but "that Madame B. is a person of strong mesmeric power none of her acquaintances can doubt." And in the *Sp. Sc.*, March 23, 1876, p. 33, the Madame says that she "never had the slightest claim" to being a "wonderful medium," and that she "neither practiced mediumship nor pretended to it." When we compare this denial of her mediumship with the detailed accounts of her alleged mediumship contained in Olcott's "People from the Other World," as narrated by me in preceding chapters, the unblushing falsehood of Mme. Blavatsky is strikingly manifest. She claimed to be a "rapping medium for 'John King.'" She claimed that through her mediumship John King produced direct "spirit"-writing and "spirit"-painting, on the Lippitt spirit-painting John King called her his "best medium," and yet she never claimed to be a medium!

In the *Banner of Light*, October 25, 1875, p. 8, Col. Olcott states that "Occultism does not rob Spiritualism of one of its comforting features, nor abate one jot of its importance as an argument for immortality. It denies the identity of no real human spirit that ever has or ever will approach an enquirer. It simply shows that we are liable to the visits, often the influence, and sometimes the absolute control of a class of invisible but very powerful spirits, whose existence I am the first of American Spiritualistic investigators to warn the sect against . . Its mission as regards Spiritualism is to filter, purge, clas-

sify, and explain, not to play the part of the iconoclast or the Vandal." In the *B. L.*, Jan. 22, 1876, p. 1, and in the *Sp. Sc.*, Jan. 27, 1876, p. 243, was published a statement of Col. Olcott's belief, from which I make the following extracts:

"I believe that, after the death of the physical body, man's spirit survives; and that, under favoring conditions, he can communicate with those whom he has left behind . . either through mediums or in other ways."

"I believe that, even under such unfavorable conditions as are now furnished us by our uninstructed mediums, disembodied spirits are often drawn into communication with us by the attraction of our intense love for them."

"While I believe that, often, human spirits have appeared to us in materialized form, more frequently a lower order of beings have appeared in the forms of persons who are called dead."

In the *Sp. Sc.*, Feb. 3, 1876, p. 262, we are informed that Col. Olcott, in a recent lecture, had stated that he had had "evidence that Magicians, *through spirits*, could control the elements of nature, and influence the weather. Here was the difference between Cabalists and modern mediums; the mediums were the subjects of the spirits; but the Cabalists, by their superior knowledge and power controlled the spirits to do their bidding."

To be Continued.

Pious Hedging of Scriptural Truth!

The Rev. Dr. Easton, Pastor of Calvary Church, San Francisco, delivered a discourse recently on King Saul and the Witch of Endor. In his consideration of Saul's character, he disposes of him very tenderly as a "religious catalepti:" but it is not easy for the reader of history to discover where King Saul, in any degree, sudden or otherwise, was possessed of a particle of genuine religious sentiment. His treacherous dealing with David revealed his true character, and labeled him chief of Bible hypocrites. In dealing with this narrative from the pulpit, there is a moral obligation to consider fairly all the characters connected with it.

Samuel, as seer, prophet and oracle, was chief of the departments of civil and religious rule in the kingdom of Israel. Nominations to office, when confirmed by Samuel's anointing, were accepted as the fulfilment of a command from Jehovah, and no appeal from such a decision was possible. The throne of Israel was vacant, and candidates were in training for the place. Band prophesying was one of the methods employed to determine fitness for the office. Saul joined one of these chanting and instrumental bands. His chief qualification was that of being a head and shoulders taller than any other member of the band. He was consequently anointed King of Israel.

Samuel discovered too late the unfitness of Saul, and that the anointing was a mistake, and he alone was responsible. Worried beyond endurance by the constant crookedness of Saul, Samuel appointed David to supersede Saul as King, and passed away. In the meantime Saul started on the downward road of all tyrants, that of persecution. Those of spiritual tendencies were the special objects of his wickedness, and banishment was their sentence, with death if they did not obey. The Philistines, perceiving him to be a coward, invaded his dominions. Saul was forced to do battle in his own territory. His enemies had chosen their position for the final struggle, and Saul, in doubt and fear, invoked the aid of prophets, soothsayers and magicians to foretell the outcome at the hill of Balboa. But the augury was at fault; Samuel did not respond to his call, and Jehovah was deaf to his petition. Then in his extremity he sought the aid, clandestinely, of the woman he had so shamefully wronged, and she was the only source from which he obtained the truth of the result of the battle that was to decide his fate the following day. But the preacher neglected to mention that portion of history contained in the text he was considering.

If Dr. Easton had desired to cite a case illustrative of Christian charity, the conduct of the woman furnishes one of the best proofs furnished in scripture. After the materialization of Samuel (for that is what was wrought) the woman knew her visitor was Saul, but though he was her enemy, she treated him kindly. The history runs that Samuel was dead and buried, and would not respond through the soothsayers with information for Saul, but through the true mediumship of the Woman of Endor Samuel appears and informs Saul that he and his sons would join him in spirit-life on the coming morrow. At these words from Samuel Saul fell prostrate, and there was no strength in him. Then the woman whom Saul had persecuted supplied his needs from her scanty means, spoke words of kindness and encouragement to him, and while he was weak and distressed, placed before him bread and meat, prepared with her own hands, and through her efforts he gained sufficient strength to depart that night. The narrative, as given in the twenty-eighth chapter of the first book of Samuel, is a complete vindication of the character of the Spiritual Medium of Endor.

Dr. Easton abridged the lesson at a point in the history convenient to suggest that the odium of Saul's misdeeds is chargeable to his association (to quote the Doctor's words) with Spiritualism, clairvoyance and theosophy, when just the opposite is the truth of the matter. The facts, as given in the Bible, establish: 1st, the ability of the medium to distinguish clairvoyantly the form of Samuel from other forms; 2d, her ability to produce Samuel in a materialized condition to the vision of Saul, by him fully recognized; 3d, that the spirit return of Samuel upon that occasion through the Medium of Endor is coincident with spirit return as now daily manifested through clairvoyance, clairaudience and materialized forms; 4th, that the prophetic utterances and spirit visitations recorded in the Old Testament, and the constantly occurring spiritual acts of Christ as given in the New Testament account, are in consonance with spirit phenomena of the present day.

In coupling Spiritualism with the history of a disreputable king, Dr. Easton speaks as one having authority to decide that Spiritualism is dangerous to seekers after truth; but is it not church creeds and creed-makers that are imperiled instead of truth, and hence this anxiety to misinterpret the writing that tells of shortage in their teaching of spiritual life? There is a growing impression that disaster awaits the dogmatism of creeds, and fear and trembling are especially conspicuous when Spiritualism is spoken of in orthodox pulpits. This will account for Dr. Easton's suppression of an important portion of the seance of Saul with the Medium of Endor.

True Spiritualism seeks no other name. It is the foe of fraud; the enemy of all wrong; the consistent guide of man on earth, and the hope of an immortality beyond. Its existence is as ancient as time, and modern with every new-born day. There is no limit to the benefit it is bestowing upon mankind. Its progress in the world is in accordance with the words of Christ, "Preach it to all people." Beyond that which Spiritualism has done and is doing in the direction of Christian truth, Dr. Easton cannot go! FRANK PERKINS.

No. 210 Ellis street, San Francisco.

Miss Bailey, a western girl, since the year 1889 has invented twenty different articles, receiving patents on all of them. One of these is the Dart needle for fastening buttons on shoes. When the man who understood the machinery and had started to put it up, suddenly left, she herself finished putting up the machinery and made the first 18,000 needles with her own hands.

Spirit Instruction—Written by Dictation.

RAYMOND.

No. II.

MY DEAR PEOPLE:—Again I come to you to lift the veil from the spirit world disclosing our life, removing all fear of death (or transition, we prefer to say), and turning your mind into channels of peace and beauty. Much has been said and written by men and angels concerning the coming life, but it would seem that not enough light has yet been thrown upon it to prevent sin and priestcraft from swaying the multitudes, and too many cannot come from above to instruct in the lessons of life. Therefore I need not apologize for my visit to-day.

LET THE TRUTH BE KNOWN.

It is the duty of everyone who can converse with their guardian spirit, to let it be known through whatever way may open, that others may have the benefit of the instruction thus conveyed. It may not always please, but it will set waves of thought in motion, that ultimately will result in good. Withhold nothing that you think will encourage or enlighten another. Give freely, that you may receive freely. Love widely, that you may in turn be loved by many, thereby increasing the opportunities for doing kindnesses and extending the lessons contained in the simple pages received from those who have gained the requisite knowledge to speak truthfully concerning the future state of existence.

Know ye, my friends, that no one is so competent to speak of a country as he who has traversed it carefully. Clergymen who are in the spirit world could, if they desired, speak plainly of their journeyings here. Sometimes they do; but often they refuse to acknowledge that they were so ignorant on the earth plane when they professed to be so wise, and at fulls to the loved hymen and benevolent spirits to take up their neglected tasks and finish them. We do not accuse all the clergy of purposely misrepresenting heaven and hell from their pulpits, but we charge them with incompetency. If you hire a teacher to instruct you in any branch of learning, and you discover that you know as much as he, wherefore the use in retaining him unless you can afford to lose your time and money? He may arouse your sympathy, and you may think you are benevolent if you assist him pecuniarily; but that is merely a question of dollars and cents. It is your loss and his gain. We would not teach you to be less charitable. On the contrary, we would stimulate you in all benevolent work; but you must not expect to escape imposition, if you do not occasionally look into things yourself.

Clergymen are usually moral and needy members of society, and if it gives you pleasure to sustain them we offer no objection. We ask only fair treatment at their hands, and if you seek spiritual instruction from the departed, they (the clergy) should neither consider it becoming nor wise to betray signs of jealousy, which is a human trait and one to be outgrown as quickly as possible. Especially should the so-called teachers of Christianity avoid an exhibition of selfishness. They invite angels to come down, and then shut the doors, lest they enter. How would you look upon such an act of discourtesy were it openly known?

The angels of heaven perceive the insult, and yet are they gracious enough to visit you despite the ill treatment of those whose first duty should be to seek intimacy with spirits that they may direct aright their flocks.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

If the Christian churches and the clergymen were in possession of the Truth as it is taught by the dwellers on the spirit side of existence, there would be no cry for a broader Christianity. They would become less arrogant and more dutiful; less pompous and more inclined to be merciful. Wisdom would remove conceit; knowledge would usurp the place so long occupied by Faith, and the people would be satisfied; but now they are not satisfied, and wise leaders, perceiving this, preach liberal sermons, for which they are immediately tried by the ecclesiastical power.

In the spirit world we watch these conflicts with interest. We are determined for it is our plain duty—to probe to the depths the old systems of religion, and cleanse the religious world thoroughly. We may be many years in accomplishing the result; but no one need array himself in opposition to this divine command, for defeat awaits the opposer. It is time and energy wasted to interfere with angelic work. Man can retard the end, but he cannot prevent it.

I assure you, friends, no man ever congratulates himself, or is congratulated by others, when he enters spirit life, if his earthly days have been passed in combatting the Truth as received by the enlightened spirit. The ancient church may have been founded upon the Truth; but more modern structures certainly have not been riveted to that rock. In its infancy, we don't doubt, the teachings of Jesus were truthfully promulgated, as they were then green in the memory of the people; but soon they were lost, or so distorted by the priesthood, to advance their power, that the light was put out, the spirit faded, and a mighty chasm with despotic rulers usurped the place of the gentle Teacher of Nazareth.

This ground has been covered by others, both in and out of the body, but enough has not been said until all are qualified to take an unprejudiced view of the church of to-day, and to discuss fairly the so-called word of God. God is speaking, and has the present time from immediate days, because more vocal, as applied to the cause of humanity. Men and women are free to speak now than when priests ruled. Persecution has not entirely ceased, yet no one is tortured by rack and thumbscrew for worshiping an honest opinion. Ecclesiastical bodies are not liberal; they endeavor to control human minds for the aggrandizement of the church. This the angel world opposes for reasons apparent to all, and mortals who have historical experience to guide them should be aware of the methods and instruments of the priesthood upon earth. Liberty. We know of no greater foe to spiritual freedom and progress than ecclesiastic. This may sound unkind to persons who fear the consequences, but God in truth is a fact which their contradiction will not change. Where is other reason to be sought and found? We say, however, to those who have been taught, or who are intended to teach, the gospel of love:

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

When returning to my home in mid-life, I met a man who had been on earth as he termed it, an idler and dreamer accomplishing but little. He went at application, and dying with his mind weighted with electric conceptions. I will condense as much as possible a long story of disfulness. The lesson may be applied with profit by those similarly inclined.

He had no knowledge of spiritual existence, and therefore failed to understand that effort and application are as necessary in heaven as on earth if success is attained. Spirit men and women are retired, but not harsh in their expressed opinions. They always encourage, but favoritism is unknown; only true merit will raise one above another, therefore the necessity for study, especially in matters pertaining to art and letters.

"Had I known," said the man, "that earth life is a school, I would have applied myself to earnest work, and not now have to answer for the sin of wasting time. My bitterest thought, when my eyes were opened, was the surety of being held responsible for neglected years. I was in the A, B, C, when I should have been far advanced. I had been a loiterer instead of a student; a simpleton instead of a wise man. I neglected my duty and waited for opportunity to favor me, when I should have overcome by persevere the natural obstacles that lessen the path of every one who desires literary recognition."

Not all who seek fame excel it, but the determined and sustained effort is an endeavor not to be undervalued. This is not comprehended fully in the initial world; but when the body is freed from the necessity of breadwinning, then the beauty of a regulated and cultivated mind is apparent, as it is in working order and ready to advance when conditions are better adapted to its

aspirations. Idleness is a sin for which all must pay the penalty. Recreation and rest are necessary, but to squander life is spiritual decay. It is the second death wherein the very soul is scorched by the fires of remorse.

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

The question has been asked, has the intellectual and educated man a better prospect of future happiness than the unlettered man? The full answer would be too long for this writing. Coupled with purity of character the student finds instant delight in the spiritual realms, which a dullard could not appreciate; but a brilliant mind might be so engrossed with evil as to be unfitted to enter a higher state, and by a never varying law he would gravitate to his spiritual kind, to remain until purified by a course of proper study. Again, a man of little education might have rare gifts which in the spiritual world would rapidly unfold, placing him amongst those of renown, although in mortal life his name was never heard. Thus, you perceive, it is unjust to judge a neighbor without an understanding of this spiritual law and the ability to read the nature and merits of each soul. Mortal judgment is often reversed, and many surprises await the children of earth. But we are straying too far from the subject of our sketch.

THE NARRATIVE RESUMED.

His was not an uncommon character. His prototype is familiar in all the walks of life. Albert R. died at the age of forty-eight, and has been in the spirit form seventy-four years. He told me that he pursued the same old ways long after he entered the new life, although he was well aware of his profligacy of time; but having eternity before him he was in no hurry to regulate his defeets, and the force of habit was stronger upon him than the desire to rise, and even the knowledge of wasted years did not spur him at once into activity. "For forty years I was a drone," he continued, "of no benefit to myself or others. One fair morning a wise and gentle teacher came to my habitation, and asked me to join a class for the dissemination of the higher spiritual lessons. Then I knew that I was an ignorant man. Previous to that moment I had thought myself wise, and looked with some disdain upon fol. lowers of useful occupations. Without a moment's warning my soul awakened to its poverty. I saw that I was unworthy; I sought to hide from myself; but the truth flashed before me that I was naked, and I stood abashed in the presence of my guest. The conceit of which I had been so proud, appeared offensive. The mask behind which I had so long paraded was removed, and there was I, with exposed face and confused tongue, trying to appear composed, but moved to the very center of my being as I had never before been. This teacher apparently pressed the button that electrified my dormant soul. Never again could I be as I had been. I longed to move—I cried out in my bewilderment. I mumbled excuses. I paced before my guide. 'Peace be unto thee,' he said, quietly placing a hand kindly on my arm. 'If I have done thee good I am happy. We will talk on the morrow. I leave thee alone till then. Think well ere promising to enlist in the new work.' Many times had I been advised to throw off the lethargy that encompassed me, but never before was I able to see my defects."

One of the blessings that comes to a spirit man is the awakening, sometime, to his true condition—it may be one year or a thousand years after death. The awakening will certainly be followed by remorse which can only be dissipated by diligent work. To this Albert R. applied himself, and found relief in the desire to be of benefit to others. True happiness consists in doing good according to the need of our brothers and sisters. After R. realized this, life assumed importance. He learned that God's manner of work is through His creatures. They are the means by which He accomplishes his holy ends.

EFFECTS FOLLOW CAUSES.

Not to obey the higher law is to reject what is for our own good, and by our perversion we deprive ourselves of benefits. God never punishes man. Man inflicts his own punishment. God is never angry. If we sin we receive the chastisement, not because we are wicked, but because we have violated a spiritual law. If we follow a certain path it will lead to a certain destination. If we desire to go east we should not travel west. One must be governed by common sense in all the undertakings of life, and if we reason correctly we know that the pursuit of selfishness will end disastrously. The highest good to self comes from efforts for others.

Albert R. was amusing himself until the good missionary converted him to usefulness, then he discovered that his past life was a reproach—he had committed no great sins of commission, but those of omission were startling to his now sensitized condition. You of earth may think remorse a light punishment for wasting time, but when you are spiritually alive you will know how cruel are its pangs if it seizes upon you. Therefore I urge you, mortals, not to neglect your every-day duty, lest you fall into slothful channels. Look about you and you will find some avenue of usefulness open, and you will also find that the path of happiness runs in the same channel.

"I do not know," said R., "that my regrets will prevent others from following my foolish course, but if you think my experience will be of use to mortals, repeat it to your scribe, that it may be made public. Urge every one to have an object in life, and let that object be the bettering of the world."

This should not be impossible while attending to the ordinary affairs of life. Live in the higher altitudes of spiritual light and brotherly love. Each day do a little for another. Even a cup of cold water proffered with kindness is acceptable to the angelic world; but do good for the love of right doing, and not for the sake of reward. Be a lamp unto the feet of others. Idleness is the sowing of weeds. Industry is the planting of the vine and fig tree which will yield fruit in the world to come, if the tilling be not prompted by self-interest.

Bear in mind that these words come from the spirit world, and to heed them is gain. If your occupation be humble, your aspirations may be noble and your voice uplifted in good service. If you sit in high places give ear to human wants and hend with kindness to the call of distress. Be earnest, active, dutiful and helpful, and ye shall find happiness on earth and in heaven.

With watchful care, I remain, Your Guide.

Annie Besant

Whatever Mrs. Besant's beliefs may be, woman should remember with gratitude the great work she is doing for the helpless of her sex in England. She has introduced great reforms on school boards, established kindergartens, and aided in making the industrial schools of London true useful institutions they have now become; children who commit petty offenses are, through her influence, now sent to the industrial schools and taught useful trades, instead of being confined in prisons. She has also greatly mitigated the horrible "sweating system" used against poor girls, and has organized club after club of working girls, an enabled them to abolish foul wrongs. For these and many grand and noble deeds unanimous, women, above all, should give her appreciation, good wishes and encouragement.

Tramp.—"Mornin' mum; is the docthor in?"

Lady.—"I'm the doctor. What do you want?"

Tramp.—"Sure an' if yez wor the docthor ye'd know what wuz the matther wid me widout the askin'."

Lady.—"Yes, I can tell. You are afflicted with chronic impecuniosity and peripateticism, resulting from congenital lassitude, aggravated by persistent alcoholization."

Tramp.—"Great livens! An' how long do yez give me to live?"

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Representative Men

DR. T. L. SEDGWICK

On reading the daily journals, one cannot help being impressed with the feeling that great wrongs are committed without protest; and what is worse, existing outlooks are in no way inclined to prevent them. The successful winner in the struggle for wealth, no matter what means he employs, receives the honor and the applause of the public, which itself indicates a low moral status. Our literature is full of moralizing talk and lies. The question is not "What shall we do with our boys and girls?" but rather, "What are our educators and popular writers doing?"

Education is employed to intensify the spirit of Mammon instead of discouraging our baser nature. The doctrine of human rights and the nature of free government, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence, is not only totally ignored, but virtually denied. Equity as a basic principle of political economy finds no place in our text books.

As an illustration, the report of the Superintendent of Public Schools, San Francisco, may be presented. The following is from the columns of the *Daily Examiner*:

"Mr. Swett suggested renaming certain of the schools, and offered some names, such as the Hearst Grammar School, instead of the Hermann street, the Crocker School instead of the Page-street School, the Stanford Primary School for Eighth street, and James Lick School for the Noe and Dimple.

"'I suggest the names of Hearst and Crocker,' remarked Mr. Swett, 'not because George Hearst and Charles Crocker were millionaires, but because they were *representative business men of our city*.' Superintendent Swett's suggestions on the renaming of the schools were adopted."

"Representative business men" Bearing in mind the saying, "Tread lightly upon the ashes of the dead," it is nevertheless necessary to show how George Hearst and Charles Crocker became "representative business men." Mr. Hearst made a lucky strike in the mines, and invested the proceeds in land when it was very cheap. What use could he personally make of his thousands of acres of land? Did he care to employ thousands of families, ever destitute and homeless? Yet, he could by an act so detrimental to the public welfare, by his own confession, his name is to be perpetuated in a public school. We can hardly call the millions that Hearst left "representative business men." Suppose all business men should follow Mr. Hearst's example, how much business would there be done in the country? If all turned land speculators, or invested their money in "securities," who would perform the labor that produces all the wealth that makes millionaires? The manipulation of money so called by business, the pretended buying of securities. Mr Hearst could not have produced a million dollars had he lived a thousand years and labored every day.

Another representative business man is Charles Crocker. He is set up as a model for the rising generation to imitate. Crocker, have it never be forgot, by the most flagrant fraud on the 4th of May, 1885, in the Mussel Slough country. Mr Crocker represented the S. P. R. R. Co. on that occasion, and was responsible for what took place. A brief statement of the facts will show how the "business" of cheating the settlers out of half a million of dollars in land was transacted. I care nothing of swindling them out of much more in money extorted from them in fines, besides inducing upon them the trouble and expense of litigation. A tract of country about seventy miles square in Fulara county, had been unsurveyed upon which the settlers had made improvements. The S. P. R. R. Co. had contracted to build that road from San Jose by the way of Los Angeles to some certain points. Failing to find a practicable route through the mountains, they purchased a roadway from the Southern Pacific at Lathrop and Visalia, which they proceeded to put in running order. Their charters here was a hundred miles from Mussel Slough. At a point near Visalia they projected a line penetrating Mussel Slough land, in a southwesterly course. This was done in order to claim the odd sections. A pamphlet was then put out by the company, stating that they claimed the odd sections by virtue of their charter, and offering the same to settlers at $2 50 an acre for land without timber, $5 an acre for timbered land, and $10 for the tall pine timbered land. It was stipulated that the improvements on the land should in no case be considered in its valuation. These pamphlets were freely circulated among the settlers in 1873-4.

The discovery that water in King's River and Cross Creek could be had in abundance, and it becoming generally known how productive the soil was when irrigated, by the beginning of 1875 several large ditches were commenced, and not a quarter section of land on either odd or even section could be found unclaimed. In two years five ditches were completed, capable of irrigating 60,000 acres of land. The value of land went up to five, ten, fifteen, twenty dollars an acre, according to location and quality. As soon as this was ascertained, the railroad company sent up a grader from San Francisco to grade the value of the land, instructing him to estimate it at a value equal to that of the adjoining even sections. At this the people began to protest, and suits were brought against those who refused to pay the graded price. Many of the settlers formed a league, with the intention of holding the company to its first price by taking an appeal to the U. S. Supreme Courts. They employed counsel at great expense, but it was impossible to get a case taken up. Land still kept rising, and "grader" Clark was ordered by the railroad company to regrade the land, some of which was put up as high as forty dollars an acre. In the meantime the suits were pushed to judgments at the graded prices and rents included. In March, 1880, an attempt was made to compromise, as many of the settlers had their all in their homes, which had become quite valuable to them, and wearied with litigation, they were disposed to settle their trouble even at a sacrifice. Pro posals were made by Mr. Crocker's attorney to settle, by taking the first graded price as a basis. Meetings were held, and the matter was discussed in every light, when it was agreed to send a committee to San Francisco authorized to act on behalf of the settlers. They were met in the city, taken into custody, and locked up in jail. The next day they were released. No attempt on the part of Mr. Crocker was made to compromise, and the committee returned without accomplishing anything.

On the 14th of May following, the people were to assemble at Hanford, spend the day in social amusement, and consider their situation in a public conference. Their neighbors on the even sections were to join and assist them in whatever way they could. Early on that morning U. S. Marshal Poole and the "grader" reached Hanford by rail, and hiring a lively team, started out on an evicting tour. They entered one or two houses whose occupants were absent, removed the furniture to the highway, and left several loaded cartridges on the door-step as a warning. By this time news went abroad that evictions were going on, and by the time they reached another ranch about a dozen unarmed settlers arrived at the spot. Two of the settlers, however, had small revolvers, which they were accustomed to carry. The Marshal and Clark had two men with were to take possession of the evicted settlers' ranches, one of whom, a desperate character, was armed with a breech-loading, double-barreled shot gun, two large revolvers and a Winchester rifle, which last a lucky accident prevented him from using, for in the melee the horses took fright and ran out of his reach with the wagon that contained it. Six settlers and the two "deputies" were slain. Let the reader draw his own conclusions. He may be assured of the truthfulness of these statements as briefly narrated. The writer lived in the midst of these settlers, and was on the bloody ground soon after the shooting was done.

Charles Crocker, the main cause of this tragedy, was the "representative business man" that a leading educator of the State presents to the youths of California, and honors by naming one of the public schools, the Crocker School!

What gave these men prominence? Their wealth. Is wealth the true basis of human character? Why did these men pursue wealth with so much persistence and zeal? For their own aggrandizement. Since wealth is the product of labor, and no man could live long enough to produce the tenth part of one million dollars, it is clear that their wealth was produced by others. Since they could have nothing to give in exchange for it, it must have been unjustly obtained, that is without an equivalent; and this unjust method of obtaining is called "business," and those who have accumulated wealth in this way are set up as "representative business men," and pointed out for the youths of the land to imitate!

When worth is estimated by wealth, society rests on a worthless foundation. The basis of society is morality, because man is essentially a moral being; and all that is good in him must be founded on his moral nature; but there is no moral worth in wealth. Mr. Hearst, when a poor man, was not heard of outside his immediate neighborhood, but Mr. Hearst the millionaire found a seat in the U. S. Senate. Mr. Crocker, with only a quarter section of land and dependent on his plow and his sickle for a livelihood, would have been condemned in a court of justice for manslaughter; but Mr. Crocker as President of the S. P. R. R. Co., had power to send his victims—those that were not murdered—to prison to vindicate the laws that he himself violated. Five men, some of whom were not on the ground at the time of the killing, were imprisoned "for resisting the U. S. Marshal," when all the "resistance" was in asking him to postpone the evictions, as he had it in his power to do, and undoubtedly would have done, had not the desperate in it who accompanied him been so precipitate and blood-thirsty.

If it were asked what good cause these men ever forwarded, what difficult question they ever cleared; what down-trodden or oppressed class they ever championed; what noble interest they ever helped by pen or voice; what excellent work for humanity they ever accomplished, no answer would be forthcoming. The world was agitated by great and vital questions in their day. Were they engaged in their solution? Many of their fellow-citizens were destitute of homes and employment; did they render them assistance? Where is there any record of it? Self-aggrandizement and greed were the objects of their highest ambition, and yet they are honored by a leading educator! Men and women were but counters on the checkerboard of their schemes for power and pelf. All the great movements for the advance of the race were ignored by them, or were far outweighed by considerations of their own aggrandizement, and these despoilers of their fellow beings, these selfish schemers, are called "representative business men," and as such are honored and their arts set up as examples for the youth of California to revere and imitate!

Light of the morning,
Darling of dawning,
Blight little, lithe little daughter of mine!
While with thee ranging
Sure I'm exchanging
Sixty of my years for six years like thine.
Wings cannot vie with thee,
Lightly I fly with thee,
Gay as the thistle-down over the lea:
Life is all magic,
Comic or tragic,
Played as thou playest it daily with me.

Of crabbed age I hear men sing:
But when the leaves are yellow,
Nature, that stints no growing thing,
Makes the sour apples mellow.
So when the measured times of man
Have reached their fair completeness,
A fruitful life's well-ordered plan
Should ripen into sweetness.

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

The editor of *The Better Way* advises speakers at Spiritual meetings to direct their efforts "especially to the making of converts to Spiritualism." Though converts are retained by good platform ministrations, few are made in that way. People are attracted by phenomena. When awakened by some striking fact, they make investigation and are soon fitted to study the philosophy; when they advance far enough to comprehend something of that, they are then ready for consideration of the principles inseparable from true Spiritualism. These involve all that concerns the welfare of man here and hereafter.

The editor says "speakers should make Spiritualism, and not social theories, the text of their discourses." Spiritualism *includes* social theories and every other subject that concerns humanity. The life here is the foundation of the life to come, and the "Spiritualism" that does not help a man to live a better life here is not worthy the name.

The editor intimates that platform orators can use their opportunities to better advantage than in making "attacks on well-ordered society and its institutions." There is no "well-ordered society." Society is rotten from top to bottom; all careful observers know it, and honest men admit it. It *should* be attacked from every spiritual rostrum, its hypocrisy exposed and its vileness laid bare. Its educational theories are false; its industrial arrangements unjust; its monetery scheme is a fraud; its commercial system is robbery; its political methods are undemocratic; its religion is outside show, and its social relations are of course in harmony with all the rest. Out of this disorderly society the spirit world is constantly reinforced. Some of us may have more choice of associates there than we do here, but on the whole that world is what this world makes it, and it is sheer folly to lull ourselves to sleep with idle fancies of the glory of heaven while we do nothing towards making a heaven on earth from which all the recruits for the heaven of the future must come. Let no one ever have occasion to say to Spiritualists:

"Woe unto you [Spiritualists] hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

Let Pharisees and cowards, time-servers and cover-up of iniquity remain in the church and for a pretence make long prayer, but Spiritualists, on the platform and in the every-day transactions of life, should endeavor to prove that Spiritualism is practical reform and not a sham.

At a meeting held in the Central Presbyterian Church, New York City, to protest against the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, many ministers spoke, among them Dr. Herrick Johnson, who gave "six reasons" why it should not be opened. His fourth "reason" is as follows:

"Opening the Columbian Exposition on Sunday would lead to a state of damaging and demoralizing things in Chicago at thought of which I shudder. It would create a pandemonium, and the country would see scenes it has never seen."

What bosh! The World's Fair will be a moral exhibition. To the lover of nature and art it will be instructive, ennobling, and to the devout person it may even be religious, for he can see "sermons in stones . . . and good [God] in everything." If the Exposition buildings are open, people will behave as decorously as on any day of the week. But how will it be if the Fair is closed? Less than one-tenth of the visitors could find room in the churches, even if they desired to go there. Tens of thousands of them, if shut out from the exhibition, will be tempted into places of immoral character—cheap amusements, dives, dance-houses, saloons, beer-gardens, gambling-dens, and houses of prostitution. Harpies from every clime, visiting Chicago in search of victims, will make the idle Sundays their days of harvest. The libraries and reading-rooms will not accommodate one-twentieth part of the Sunday

time-killers. Drinking, carousing, riding around the city, boisterous play, games, and out-of-door amusements of all kinds, with the accompanying hilarity and noise, will prevail, and Sunday, instead of being the most quiet, will be the most uproarious day of the week, the one specially given over, through the efforts of bigots, to the temptations of the "devil" they pretend to be fighting. Are these shriekers for the "sanctity of the Sabbath" fools, or hypocrites—which?

" Blaine is a very sick man, a mental and physical wreck. He can never recover."..... "Blaine is not sick, but overworked. He is rapidly recuperating."

"Wanamaker will immediately leave the Cabinet—forced to resign."..... "Wanamaker has no thought of leaving the Cabinet."

"H. E. Huntington, of Bayport, Mich., is going to take charge of the Southern Pacific as General Superintendent, at $5o,ooo a year salary."..... "Huntington is not coming to the Pacific Coast and has not thought of doing so."

"Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew were married in Hongkong, and are ostracised in consequence because they have heretofore been received in good society only because it was believed they were already married."..... The story that Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Potter are married is untrue in every particular. Mrs. Potter has never been divorced."

"Henry M. Stanley and wife have permanently separated in consequence of quarrels caused by the positive character of each. He is now in Switzerland, and will soon depart for Australia. He goes alone."..... "There is no truth in the story that Stanley has separated from his wife. Mrs. Stanley has gone to Germany to recuperate. Mr. Stanley is stopping at Mrs. Tennant's town house, and with Mrs. Stanley's sister and the sister's husband will soon join Mrs. Stanley in Germany, and the four will go to Switzerland. They are all a very united and happy family." "It must be admitted, however, that there are rumors of repeated quarrels between the two owners of Stanley's outlines."

And so it goes from day to day. The papers are full of lies written by sensational newspaper men and published by unscrupulous men for selfish purposes. To manufacture a lie is "newspaper enterprise," and to "unearth the truth" an I publish the contradiction is still more "enterprise." And such tom-foolery is called "journalism!" The big dailies have a few lines of valuable news and columns of padding, miserable "rot" which disgusts every sensible reader. With a single fact for foundation, all the particulars are imagined and filled in after the lying beast has entered his lair. Conversations which—if any occurred—the "reporter" could by no possibility have heard, are coined up by him and words put in the mouths of people who never thought of uttering them. This is the sort of stuff which competition gives, and it is on a par with the results of competition in other lines.

The following communication was addressed to the editor of the CARRIER DOVE, but I corral it into "Notes and Comments" as a specimen of assininity which can only be answered in the calm and easy style of those rare lunatics. Editorial wisdom and dignity would be thrown away on such an occasion

ED DOVE: I came to the city mainly to have sittings with mediums, as there are none where I live, and being a stranger here I was guided by the advertisements in the papers, and I went first to the one who promised most, and who advertises as a "world-renowned medium, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, born with a double veil, and capable of revealing every hidden mystery," and I paid her fee, but I got nothing, and I think she is a fraud, and I don't see why you call Spiritualists sustain such a woman and acknowledge her to be "the queen among trance mediums," and I don't think you ought to advertise such a women, who is only a fortune-teller, and a poor one at that.

A SOUTH SPIRITUALIST.

MY DEAR A. S. S.—Your signature is suggestive, but would be more pertinent if reduced to the initial letters. THE DOVE does not "advertise such a woman," and never did. "City Spiritualists" do not "sustain" the woman "born with the double veil." They leave that for folks who know nothing about Spiritualism, and for those country Spiritualists whose credulity overshadows their judgment. If you had used what sense you have, you would have surmised at the first glance of the woman's advertisement that she is a pretender. No honest medium ever advertises in the style of this woman, and no well-informed Spiritualist ever thinks of visiting her, or of referring to her as in any way connected with Spiritualism. If you would subscribe for a Spiritual journal, instead of depending upon the lying dailies for information about mediums, you would not have to sign yourself "A Sold Spiritualist." Better go home and tell your experience to your wife, otherwise she, when visiting the city, may seek out "Prof. Joseph," or some other notorious bilk; for it is a singular fact that weak women "sustain" the male frauds, while the weak men pay their spare cash to the woman "born with a double veil."

The creed of Socialism is extensively despised by plutocracy. Socialism is not merely a cry of pain if it were only that its plaints might have powerful moorestechnical; it is a cry of avarice, of jealousy, and very often of extreme leanness as well. Every socialistic theory we have yet heard of is self-damning. Each real thinker, whether he be Comtist or proper, comprehends that to empower the executive with greater responsibility than it already possesses would mean to tempt national ruin, and that until mankind has become a race of angels the hideous problem of human suffering can never be solved by vesting private property right in the hands of public functionaries.—*Edgar Fawcett in July Arena.*

All of which shows that Mr. Fawcett has studied socialism to very little purpose. His ideas of it have evidently been derived not from its friends, but from the misrepresentations of its enemies. It is absolutely false that the theory of socialism is "a cry of avarice, of jealousy, and of leanness." There may be jealous, avaricious and lazy persons who avow themselves socialists, but they are by no means representatives of advanced socialistic ideas, and people of that kind are incapable of comprehending what socialism means.

The leaders of the movement are the magnanimous, the unselfish, the mentally active and physically energetic men and women of the world. As yet they have no settled "socialistic theory." They acknowledge the fact that the social condition of the people is a growth, and must always continue to be; but they recognize certain general principles as the foundation on which the social edifice of the future must be builded, among which are justice, human brotherhood, and the great truth that the highest interest of each is the interest of all, and all of each.

It is true that Socialists believe in intrusting the management of production and commerce to "the executive," but the change contemplated in the executive power is no less great than the other. The executives will be the people themselves, the number of directors of affairs being necessarily increased and the responsibility of individuals lessened. "Public functionaries" will be a part of the people, under control of the people, and removable from position at any time by the people. It will be perceived that such a system must be judged as an entirety, and not by sections as Mr. Fawcett and other critics are in the habit of doing.

A communication has been sent to the DOVE by W. P. Bennett, of Gold Hill, Nevada, giving the details of a seance with Dr. Schlesinger, at Virginia City, in March last, which the editor of the DOVE declines to publish as written, knowing that an unjust construction will be put upon it by the persons most interested and by readers generally. Mr. Bennett states that certain spirits with whom he had no acquaintance in earth-life—but has several times seen in spirit—spoke to him through Dr. Schlesinger, and referred to various letters he (Mr. Bennett) had written to members of the families of the communicating spirits, approving of the letters, and requesting him to write again. Some of the letters were applications for money, ostensibly for a good purpose. The persons applied to are among the wealthiest of the country. The applications were unsuccessful, but the writer is told to try again, and the spirit promises to assist him. The following (with names erased by me and X, Y, Z, inserted) is a portion of Mr. Bennett's letter:

"The letters the spirit X referred to were written in July and August, 1885. The letters spirit Y referred to were written in April, 1885, and in March, 1885. What spirit Z really desired me

to do was to write to his wife and daughter. He wished to prove to them that he can return and communicate with them. . . . I do not know how it was possible for the medium to obtain the intelligence communicated unless the persons mentioned were present, for I had never seen Dr. Schlesinger before, nor had I in any way had any communication with him, and no one on earth ever saw or knew of those letters except myself and wife."

Mr. Bennett does not state how the spirits identified themselves to him on former occasions: he may have abundant reason for believing that the spirit forms he saw were the forms of the spirits they purported to represent, but I have no such evidence, and consequently do not know he was not deceived. If deceived once, he was in fit condition to be deceived again, for he was already biased by his previous experience. The medium, Dr. Schlesinger, gave Mr. Bennett the impressions he (the medium) received. Such impressions may have come from the mind of Mr. Bennett himself, or from some lying spirit, or possibly from the spirits they purported to come from. What was the true source of the communications? That is the problem. Mr. Bennett may be in possession of facts sufficient for its solution, but I am not, and even if *he* is, he probably cannot convince others. In all such cases the persons appealed to suspect a selfish design on the part of the applicant, and they are too ignorant of the mysteries of spirit intercourse to understand that even if there is deception, the persons in this life engaged in carrying it on may be perfectly innocent—they being themselves deceived by designing spirits, freed out of the body are (for awhile at least) just what they were in the body, and many of them feel justified in using deception to carry out their desires. They assume the names of other persons when ever it suits their purpose to do so, and make requests or demands of people which the spirits whose names they assume would not make. Some spirits, anxious to help friends here, or to aid a cause in which they are interested, think that every dollar they can get out of rich people is not only good for those to whom it is given, but a benefit to the giver, relieving him of riches which are a bar to his progress. The use of such stratagem is not for the benefit of Spiritualists as a rule; probably a hundred dollars are given to churches through spiritual influence to one dollar devoted to Spiritualism. This may seem unreasonable to people who have not studied the subject; it is not at all unreasonable to me. Spiritualists on the average are more unselfish, honest than church people. Jesuits are not the only Christians who hold that "the end justifies the means," and, continuing in that line of policy, some time after transition, they no more hesitate to deceive than they did when here. The deception of a spirit is . . . spirit is not easy; but the facilities for deceiving mortals are rather increased than decreased by the change we call death. The apostle's advice, "try the spirits" is worthy of need. My personal experience with "spiritual communion" teaches me that it requires the utmost wariness on the part of the investigator. The processes call for doubt at every step—doubt, not necessarily suspicion. Utmost suspicion may cause the very thing you desire to avoid. You are traveling in the dark, and you have to feel your way, and trust somewhat to the inner sense—the spiritual sense—which all possess in some degree. It is dangerous ground; but I believe we are justified in exploring it, and with experience the danger will be lessened, while the benefits will be increased. Many persons in bereavement are consoled by messages from spirit friends, and all may safely seek such consolation, but for critical examination of the intricacies of spirit communion most people—not only from lack of education and experience, but for want of natural acuteness,—are quite unfit. Such may attend seances for their own gratification, but they are no more adapted to the study of the mysteries of the seance-room than a clod-hopper is for experiments in chemistry, and one is about as dangerous to the ignoramus as the other. (This is my individual opinion, for which the editor of the Dove need not be held responsible.)

A man with a wound in his forehead recently entered the office of one Whitney, a Chicago physician, and wanted his wound dressed. On being asked if he could pay for the service he said he could. The doctor sewed up the wound (time, ten minutes) and charged three dollars. The poor man (who has to work all day for half that sum) had but two dollars in his pocket, but said he would get the other dollar at once. The physician asked him to sit down a moment until he could take another look at the wound, and when the man did so, he tore out the stitches and then thrust the sufferer from the room. The man was weak from loss of blood, else he might have resented the outrage. He caused the physician's arrest for assault, but, although the facts were not disputed, he was acquitted on the ground that the patient had used deception as to his ability to pay. It may be too much to expect that such a wretch will be punished by expulsion from the medical fraternity, but every decent citizen of Chicago should refuse hereafter to recognize his existence. Let him be compelled to associate with men like himself, if there are any so mean as he. The average thief or murderer would scorn such an act.

A dispatch says the Alliance men of Texas have repudiated the financial plank and the loan scheme of the National Alliance, and that a split in the party is inevitable. Of course! Just as soon as a People's Party is organized, the money power bribes some of its members to mislead the masses and to create dissension in the ranks, and when the Alliance succeed in sending men to State legislatures and to Congress, some of its representatives will be deceived or captured in the same way, and reform by peaceful means effectually cut off. There is nothing that so stands in the way of general progress as the power of concentrated wealth. It is the one tremendous evil that now menaces this country.

One of the cry-de-jours, in referring to a sermon by Rev. Dr. Easton, says: "The speaker severely denounces spiritualism, clairvoyance and theosophy." That the clergy denounce spiritualism and theosophy is not to be wondered at, but why clairvoyance should come in is not so clear. Dr. Easton might as well denounce good health or intellectual vigor as clairvoyance. It is said this Christian gentleman preached the sermon in relation to a criticism given some time since by Mr. Ravlin on his unjust treatment of Mr. Ellis. Not being able to defend himself Easton attacks spiritualism. What Christians some of these "Christians" are though.

The Florida House of Representatives has unanimously adopted a resolution that whenever any member asserts that he has been misrepresented by a newspaper correspondent or his integrity questioned or his motives impugned, such correspondent shall be ejected from the hall of the house and excluded therefrom "until the house takes proper action in the premises." The "proper action" may be an investigation of the facts, or it may be the infliction of further punishment on request of the complaining member. The resolution is not clear on that point. What a fine thing such a resolution would have been for some of the members of the last California Assembly.

A daily paper represents Prof. David son as expressing great doubt about the inhabitability of the planets, on account of the nearness of some to the sun and consequently intense heat, and because of the immense distances of others from the source of heat. The theory that the sun is a magnetic instead of an igneous body does away with such objections. Electrical energy conveyed on a wire a thousand miles is nearly as potent at the point of delivery as it would be if deposited one mile from the starting point. Solar energy, passing through a thousand million miles of space, is not dissipated on the way. The force is exerted wherever the conditions exist for its de-

velopment, and that is when the magnetic rays from the sun strike the surface of any planet. The matter seems very plain to one who is able to discard from his mind of the old idea that the sun is a ball of fire.

The Directors of the State Normal School at San Jose, having prohibited the reading of the Bible as a part of the school exercises, the Evangelical Alliance appointed a committee to ascertain what can be done about the matter. As yet the committee has not reported, but one of the members Rev. John Kimball, says:

"It cannot be denied that the Bible is a great moral educator. . . . Teachers ought to be fitted to give the children moral and religious education; therefore the Bible should not be banished from the school where teachers are being trained.

Yes; "the Bible is a great moral educator." If there is any vice or crime in the list of human iniquities, from drunkenness to murder, which is not sanctioned in some part of the Old Testament I do not know its name.

The Judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals, recently instituted here, appear in court enveloped in gowns similar to those worn by English judges and Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. The newspapers generally have published the fact without comment, but if silence gives consent, it does not always mean approval. The *Chronicle* however says: "The robe is suitable and becoming in every respect, and it would be well for the Justices of the Supreme Court of this State to adopt it." Anything will do to show that the judges assume to be better than ordinary men when on the bench, though some of them prove themselves to be much worse than the average man when off. But the people must be impressed in some manner with a sentiment of awe to the court. They must be made to respect authority. Faith in divinely appointed masters having lost its hold in America, there is danger that the law will come to be a fetich here also, and that those who administer the law will ere long fail to command respect unless they can get up a false idea of the sacredness of courts and the majesty of judges. This new departure is but one more step on the line of "progress" which the people of this republic are making towards a distinction of classes. The robber social system, under which we live has impoverished the many and enriched the few, has made slaves of the many and masters of the few, and it is but fitting that the ruling classes should have some sign of superiority to mark their distinction. So contented arms are becoming common for the rich, and silken gowns are considered "legally appropriate" for those who administer the law.

People have become so accustomed to soldiers in uniform and policemen with star and brass button that it does not occur to them that these gay dressers are the scum of the citizens' selection. It right instead of might prevailed, there would be little use for soldiers or police. It would be the interest of every citizen to preserve order and secure justice, and these uniformed instruments for the enforcement of authority would hardly be required. As we progressing?

A few months ago Mr. Louis Wolf, formerly of Little Rock, Arkansas, more recently a resident of Dayton, Wash., came to San Francisco on his way to Topolobampo, Mexico, and sought my acquaintance. My report of affairs there was so favorable that he decided to return to Dayton, and go thence to Little Rock, and so arrange his business interests that he would not be obliged to return from Mexico. He could then go and remain permanently. I introduced him to E. W. Haslam, who had been with me in Mexico, and was expecting to return on the next steamer. At three being Spiritualists and reformers, we became very friendly, and on the day prior to Mr. Wolf's departure for Dayton, we took a farewell dinner together, the two friends who were to meet in a few days, and the one who was to meet them in a few months. Little did we think that we were to meet in a few months in the spirit-world. The next morning Mr. Haslam fell from a building, and was instantly killed. Mr. Wolf left for Dayton, and soon after his arrival there was bowed, while bathing, in Medical Lake. Both were men in robust health, full of energy, and with bright anticipations of a useful and happy life in Southern Oregon. Such is life.

The people of England have had an extraordinary opportunity for an exhibition of snobbishness during the late visit of the Emperor of Germany, and most unfortunately did they make use of it. They were loyal however to a remote and distance. The young man who does nothing to deserve special regard was everywhere surrounded with courtiers, flunkeys, and guards, civil and military, that the mass of the people only caught the gloom of his lofty state, he rode in. However it was enough to solicit cheers from tens of thousands who knew that under the helmet there was one also, by ocean of sentiment, possessing "divine rights"—the right to live by others' labor, the right to rule by others' submission, the right to oppress equality in rights between fellow beings. The mass exercised the only right left to them, that of humiliating themselves before the one so divinely favored.

Can Emperors and crowned queens flog the Kaiser during his visit to the court of the leaders of art, literature or science, and did any notice with representatives of the people? Certainly not; such would be lese majesty. He showed himself to no degree possessed of the genius, or aspiring after the knowledge that is necessary in the world of work; he simply represents the old idea of rank and power and greatness based on force, he spent his time and, with those of "noble" birth. True nobility—the nobility of thought and of action, the nobility of invention, or philosophy, of labor with head and hand—the nobility in common with true manhood, which in gaudy show and in lavish feasts despises. Genuine nobility has no desire for representation or outward display. The whole thing was a needless parade, but so long as people believe in the divine right of some and worship at the feet of unlimited power, so long will they remain in ignorance of what constitutes true nobility, and be the unconscious friends of inhumanity, will be a struggle in life without recognition. Ignorance is the soil of tyranny. Only an intelligent people can ever be a free people.

Probably no month passes that some young couple in San Francisco are not forced into marriage by relatives of the girl. All of these are in the humblest walks of life, but few of them are so outrageous in character as the one that occurred on the 18th of July. Lena Steffan, a seventeen-year-old girl, was arrested on complaint of her mother, and kept in the Central Police Station several days, preparatory to being sent to the Magdalen Asylum, her mother preferring to have the girl married to her seducer if she could not send her convent. The girl refused for three days, but finally became so overcome as to leave the case disposed of in some way, and the man, Charles Druhm—a bar-tender in Paddy Regan's saloon—under threats of imprisonment if he refused, was brought to the station. Then the mother and a female friend with the matron of the prison pleaded with the girl. "But, I don't want to get married," she cried. "And especially to him. I don't like him.

"You must and hope to marry any other man," urged the mother, and I marry you must."

"Why should I marry?"

"Because if you do not they will send you to prison for a year," the matron would be until the arrival at legal age. Finally, after many tears and pleadings, the girl consented, weeping bitterly as she took her place by the side of the groom, who scowled and edged away from her. At this the mother glared at him and he resumed his place, though very unwillingly. Justice Low married the couple, but the girl's response was inaudible, and

the man's sounded more like a muttered imprecation than assent. The complaint against Lena was then dismissed.

If this proceeding does not indicate mental and moral darkness on the part of all concerned, I cannot conceive of anything that would. Because a brute has induced a young girl to consent to a physical assault by him, the girl so misled, and already hating her betrayer, is forced by the law she has unwittingly violated into life-long servitude to the wretch who has misused her, and he is given the legal right to commit such assaults at his pleasure, the girl now having no voice in the matter. An act was committed which without her consent would on the part of her companion have been a crime. With her consent *she* was adjudged the criminal. Now the same act may be perpetrated by him *without* her consent and it is *no* crime. We talk about barbarism, but where are the barbarians who are equal to such outrages? Where are the savages who haven't more respect for the natural rights of women? No; these false ideas of sexual purity and impurity, of the sanctity of a ceremony, of what constitutes chastity, in fact all these false conceptions of ethics as relates to sex belong especially if not exclusively to our "Christian civilization," and are the direct result of our Christian religion. Barbarism is worthy of respect in comparison.

On reading these Comments in "proof" the thought occurs to me that they are not only censorious, but somewhat sombre. Possibly it may be better to always seem sweet and smiling as a May morning. People welcome a happy companion, and readers like to see Miss Gossip dressed in gay colors, even though the truth thereby becomes a lie. My writings may appear to be pessimistic; in reality I am an optimist. I believe everything is for the best—*i.e.*, everything is as good as it can be until it *grows* better. But evolution is a slow process, and sometimes it seems as if one might assist Nature a little, or at least help those who suffer—anything rather than stolid indifference. Readers of reform journals, who are such a small minority of the human family, ought to cultivate feelings of sympathy and love for justice all the more because they know the great majority witness the sin and suffering of the world with as little apparent concern as if, like the Christian's god, they had hearts of stone.

Justice, Not Charity.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

All hail the dawn of a new day breaking,
When a strong-armed nation shall take away
The weary burden from backs that are aching,
With maximum work and minimum pay.

When no man is honored who hoards his millions,
When no man feasts on another's toil,
And God's poor, suffering, starving billions
Shall share his riches of sun and soil.

There is gold for all in the world's broad bosom,
There is food for all in the world's great store;
Enough is provided if rightly divided;
Let each man take what he needs—no more.

Shame on the miser with unused riches,
Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard;
Who beats down the wage of the digger of ditches
And steal the bread from the poor man's board.

Shame on the owner of mines whose cruel
And selfish measures have brought him wealth,
While rhe ragged creatures who dig his fuel
Are robbed of comfort and hope and health.

Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage
Bought by the labor of half-paid men,—
Men who are shut out of home and marriage,
And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen.

Spiritualism and Orthodoxy Contrasted.

During the recent visit of N. F. Ravlin to Santa Cruz, Rev. E. D. Mc. Creary, one of the clergy of Santa Cruz, delivered a sermon against Spiritualism, in consequence of which Mr. Ravlin challenged him to a public discussion of the subject. The following extract from a card published by Mr. Ravlin shows that the challenge was not accepted:

"I desire to say a few words explanatory of my challenge to Rev. E. D. Mc. Oreary. I had no desire to air my views, but to defend that which is as sacred to me as his religion is to him. Spiritualism is my religion, and I know from a careful and candid investigation that it is true. He has seen fit not only to assail Spiritualism *per se*, but to denounce everybody connected with it as either fools or knaves, guilty of every immorality and worthy only of the companionship of swine and devils. He has by his tirade insulted twenty millions of people who, for intelligence and moral character, stand second to no religious body of people on the globe. Behind the pulpit, where no one is privileged to reply, he is very bold in dealing out wholesale abuse, but when confronted by one whom he has publicly insulted, he backs squarely out under the specious plea that he has already spent more time on the subject of Spiritualism than it is worth. I will venture to say that he has never spent one hour in an honest investigation of the subject, but he has spent a certain amount of time in denouncing that of which he knows absolutely nothing. He poses as a religious teacher, but if he knows no more about God and Heaven and the devil and hell than he does know about Spiritualism, he is certainly a "blind leader of the blind," booked for the ditch of logical dilemma at last. This Sunday night I shall defend Spiritualism in a lecture upon the following subject: "The ethical teachings and record of so-called orthodox religion contrasted with the philosophy of Spiritualism."

N F. RAVLIN.

The following are extracts from Mr. Ravlin's discourse, as published in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*.

Beulah Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity Sunday evening by people who were present to listen to Dr. Ravlin's reply to Rev. Mc. Creary's sermon against Spiritualism. Every foot of space was filled with extra seats, and many went away unable to secure even standing room. Mr. Ravlin said:

I speak to-night upon the ethical teachings of orthodox religion in their logical sequence as compared with the ethics of the spiritual philosophy. Spiritualism is on trial before the people of this city. It has been grossly misrepresented by a clergyman who occupies an orthodox pulpit in this city, and I am proud to stand before this audience in the defense of that which has been denounced as a humbug and a fraud. My character, my good name, my reputation, my all is linked with it.

I left the constituency of a great denomination, after thirty-five years in its ministry, for the philosophy of Spiritualism. I left the pulpit for the spiritual rostrum, and by so doing suffered religious and social ostracism from those with whom I had been associated for a generation. I know what it is to suffer for the cause I love. I know what it is to have my name cast out as evil; to have calumny and reproach heaped upon me; to be shunned by those who once claimed to be friends, and all because I am no longer orthodox, but know the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism to be true. During all the years of my public life no scandal or calumny of any kind has attached to my name. I stood free from it in the pulpit; have stood free from it upon the spiritual platform. I esteem a good name more precious than riches, and an irreproachable character of infinitely more value than silver and gold. Hence, when it is represented that Spiritualism is of the devil, and all its mediums and teachers are frauds and impostors, duping the people, and teaching immoral doctrines, every intelligent spiritualist on the globe is insulted, and a refutation of the slander becomes necessary. The reverend gentleman says the Fox girls started it as a fraud, and that they confessed and explained the fraud afterwards. He

makes a deliberate misstatement of the case. The more intelligent of the two never confessed to any such thing, but stood firmly on the spiritual hypothesis. The other has since republished her pretended exposes as having been obtained from her when she was not in her normal condition of mentality. He evidently knew these facts, but perverted them to serve his purpose of misrepresentation.

Those who believed the discourse to be the truth would naturally come to the conclusion that ethical spiritualism is out of the question, and that the mission of Spiritualists and their leaders is to annul marriage, break up homes, and defy the laws of the land and the social customs of the people. Nothing is further from the teachings of the spiritual philosophy; and in order that the people of this city may know what spiritualism is, I have thought well to compare its teachings with those of orthodox religion. As to moral tendencies, no fair spiritualist or spiritualism will suffer by comparison. They are as intelligent, as moral, as fair in their dealings, as circumspect in their walk, as charitable in spirit, and as far removed from any violation of just and righteous laws as any other people. A tree is known by its fruit, and by the same criterion must we determine the nature of every system of religion or philosophy. If orthodox religion is of the truth the fruits of the system will determine it.

At this juncture I wish it distinctly understood that I make a marked distinction between the teachings of Jesus and the doctrines of the modern churches that claim to exist in His name and by His authority. He taught a pure communistic, socialistic system of ethics, a system which, had it been carried out, would have rendered impossible the monopolies, syndicates, trusts and combines that curse the present generation by making the rich richer and the poor poorer. But scarcely had he left the earth ere his teachings were perverted and his religion corrupted. The vicarious atonement idea was never taught by Jesus nor anything out of which such a monstrous travesty of justice could be manufactured. And yet that is the central doctrine, the cardinal principle of orthodox religion. It is taught that Jesus atoned for the sins of the whole world; that He paid our debt, yes, all the debt we owe; that by believing in Him, His righteousness, imputed to us, and our sins are charged up to him, and that on no other principle whatever can we be saved. It is taught by orthodox ministers that a man may go on all his life in sin, and end his career in murder, and at the last moment, if he repents and believes in Jesus, and the minister sprinkles a little water on him in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and administers the communion to him, he goes straight into Heaven as a companion of the angels. On the other hand the preacher will tell you that you may lead a perfectly moral and upright life, be just in all your dealings, loving and charitable in all your conduct, in short do to others as you would that others should do to you, yet for all call you go to nothing and only sink you deeper in hell if you do not believe in Jesus according to the dogmatic interpretation of his mission. This is the point upon which the whole theory of orthodoxy rests. The vicarious exchange of guilt for righteousness, and righteousness for guilt. You may thus sow to the wind and have to reap the whirlwind. You may follow a given line of sinful and even criminal conduct, and Jesus will take care of the consequences. Your sins, past, present and future, are all atoned for. Your name is in the book of God, and you have a through ticket to glory, entitling you to free fare and a free ride. It is taught that of course you will, but then we have an advocate with the Father, and He will make it all right.

The natural tendency of such doctrines is to make people careless of their conduct, and logically it leads to lawlessness of morals. The accounts for the fact that the average church member needs to be *labelled* Christian or you would never know it, either in his business, his domestic or his social relations. They are as worldly, as grasping, and drive just as sharp a bargain as ordinary sinners. What crimes have not been done during the last nineteen hundred years in the name of Christ? There has been nothing that has transpired in human annals since the first dawn of authentic history that has shed more blood and tears, or created more bitter strife and unrelenting hatred than has so called Christianity. It has piled its murdered victims in heaps mountains high, and lighted the fagots on the stake and martyr fields, where human beings have been burned at the stake and tortured to death in every conceivable way. Preceding to usher in an era of universal peace on earth and good will to men, it has festered war, baptized the globe in blood, wrapt it in the swaddling bands of ignorance and superstition, and manacled it with the fetters of priestly domination. You may search the history of ancient Egypt, Chaldea, Babylon, Assyria, Greece and Rome, the pagan nations of antiquity, and you will not parallel the atrocities of the last two thousand years. In addition to these fruits of ecclesiasticism we are to take note of the moral delinquencies that have been fostered under the system.

A tremendous crop of public scandal is gathered every year, especially from the clerical trees of the orthodox garden. This is what is put on the market. But there is a vast amount of the fruits of debauchery and fleshly lusts, socially and otherwise consummated under the cloak of religion, which never comes to the surface, and of which the great world at large is in utter ignorance. For every immoral spiritual medium or speaker, let us grant the conclusion that these are at last no immoral practices. As a general rule, when a minister falls the matter is spread abroad, and the church and ballet make all the capital they can. But when anything wrong is done by a medium or spiritualist, it is passed from one end of the country to the other as an exposure of spiritualism. The one is charged to spiritualism, but no one ever thinks of laying the other to the church. If a Methodist man and wife separate, and either of them obtains a divorce, who thinks of charging the Methodist church with their separation?

Now, what are its ethical teachings on this point. The spiritual philosophy is an embodiment of the Golden Rule enunciated by Jesus, "Love thyself." As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." It also includes the principle that what one reaps he must also reap. He must endure the consequences of his own sins, meet the results of his own errors and overcome evil with good in his own nature. According to the spiritual philosophy no man can sin on evil and expect legislation to stop it. He can sow the seed, but he must reap the consequences on to the innocent victim. If he chooses his followers he must suffer for the many deeds he has done. The forgiveness of the moral penalty, either in this world or that which is to come. He cannot go into the eternal world and become an angel till he pays the utmost farthing of his indebtedness to violated law. If he dies a drunkard, an adulterer, an exbetrayer, a thief, or a murderer, he must suffer in hell, till by repentance and restitution, he grows out of these conditions, and entered by the love and practice of the truth into higher spheres.

What it is understood that man must meet the consequences of his own acts, he is going to be careful how he sows. He will try to live so he will wish he had lived when he comes to pass over. The ethics of spiritualism thus lead to the highest moral conduct and the law of kindness, of charity, and of forgiveness, for if we forgive not every man his trespasses, neither will our Father forgive us our trespasses.

We want you to record this fact, that there has been no blood shed by spiritualists because of a difference of opinion. No sword has been unsheathed, and no proscriptive policy has been inaugurated to restrain people of any religious belief. You can not say that a spiritualist has ever persecuted another for his religion. If so, he was only a spiritualist in name and not in reality. Spiritualism and the progress and enlightenment of the race.

It is charged that spiritualism annuls the marriage relation, and separates husbands and wives. It is not true. Spiritualists believe in the sanctity of marriage, but they also believe that true conjugal love in the spirit, and not according to the lusts of the flesh, is necessary to constitute marriage. They do not believe in legalized prostitution, nor in domestic hell in place of homes. While they believe in divorce, they recognize that whom God has joined together no man can put asunder. Living together on any other principle

is living in adultery. If a preacher lives with his wife and does not love her, he is an adulterer, and a thousand legal ceremonies can not change it. That is spiritualism, so far as the marriage relation is concerned. It teaches the importance of proper pre-natal conditions as affecting the destiny of offspring. Spiritualists hold that the redemption of the race *must* begin at this point. The children of *love* are the children of the spirit, while those of lust are of the flesh, and serve mainly to illustrate the old dogma of total depravity by multiplying miniature hells on earth.

The reverend gentleman in his horror of divorce cites the example of King David. When he fell in love with another man's wife, instead of enticing her to leave her husband and get a divorce, he plans and executes the murder of his most faithful soldier in order that he might *legally* marry the widow. But I would inform this clerical functionary that David committed adultery with the wife of Uriah, and then committed murder to hide the first transgression. He holds up his hands in holy horror at the immorality of spiritualism, and yet quotes this kingly and scriptural example as worthy of imitation. I am astounded that a clergyman, a teacher of morals, should advance the idea that if a man should chance to fall in love with the wife of another man, the most innocent thing to do would be to kill the man and then he could legally marry the widow. From the dawn of modern spiritualism till to-day, if they had all been out-and-out free lovers, there would have been nothing in it so damnably atrocious as that. It is all consistent, however, with the ethical teachings of this man's theology. Through David's guilty relation to the wife of another man, through the double crime of murder and adultery, he became the progenitor of Jesus, whom this man pretends to preach as a vicarious atoning sacrifice, and through whose blood alone man can be saved. So much for the divorce business.

You have seen in this review of the ethical teachings of the spiritual philosophy where we stand. We search out nature's laws. Hence spiritualism is not only a religion, it is more; it is a science and a philosophy. It deals with causes rather than effects. It is either true or it is not true that man sleeps unconscious in the grave. Spiritualism demonstrates that man lives a conscious, intelligent being after the death of the body. It is either true or it is not true that he can and does return to communicate with those yet in the mortal form. Spiritualism demonstrates the truth of spirit return and reproduces the various phenomena with which the Bible abounds. Millions of investigators know these things to be facts. They know that the tender sympathies of our loved ones are not dissolved at so-calle d death They know that their darlings are not dead; that they are alive forevermore; that they come to them as ministering angels, giving them direction and guidance and an incentive and inspiration from the spirit world as much above and beyond the ethical teachings of modern churchism as the twinkling stars of night are above the monsters of the deep, by the shores of which your fair city stands.

Because we know what our enemies do not know, we are denounced as frauds and impostors. But it is the darkness of ignorance baying the light of intelligence. It is the madness of folly in its assault on the impregnable fortress of wisdom. It is the writhings of a "poor worm of the dust," in need of salvation but not knowing where to find it. Let all spiritualists pray for this poor man, that he may be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.

Let any man be of good cheer about his soul who has ruled his body and delighted in knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth. In these arrayed, the soul is ready for the journey even to another world when the time comes. For, if death be the journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what can be greater than this? Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth that no evil can happen to a good man either in this life or after death.—*Socrates.*

Another View.

The following extract gives the view of one of our leading editors as to the work of speakers at the campmeetings. Is there not another view of that work which would be more consonant with the thought and feelings of such spirits as Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Warren Chase, Henry C. Wright, and others?

"Are we encroaching upon your rights, brethren and sisters of the platform, if we most earnestly advise that your campmeeting work shall be specially directed to the making of converts to our holy cause, for their own sake, and that the text of your lectures shall be *Spiritualism*, and not social theories, governmental economics, occultism, theosophy, Shakerism or Mormonism, or the use of a free lance in attacking well-ordered society and its institutions We repeat with all the emphasis we can invest in language: Brethren and sisters of the platform! the heart of the race is hungry for living spiritual bread. As you love humanity and the truth which will elevate and bless humanity, feed these hungry hearts!"

I was not aware that Shakerism or Mormonism had ever been made the "text" for platform discourses at our meetings, and I have been a listener as well as a talker much longer than said editor has been known among us. The following was penned under the quickening power of inspiration nearly a score of years ago; would our editorial adviser forbid such spirits "opening up the causes which crushed them" on the campmeeting platforms, or would he confine them to the councils in the spirit world?

"Could you see the hosts of the unseen world as they urge us on; could you hear what I have heard, as with my soul's ears I have caught the voices of the wise ones of the ages, whose benevolence I have recognized till my eyes have learned that they must have the aid of those who have passed through earth's hells ere such hells can be removed; could you hear them as they call from the highlands of the other life to those in the valleys of degradation, saying: 'Come up and help us to solve the problem of redemption'; and could you hear the myriads of those who went down to death with the arms of despair encircling their souls—the drunkard, the outcast, and all of earth's untimely ones who have been torn from this life and its benefits; yea, the myriad millions, who came and sat upon the seat of council, with their darkened spirits quivering into new life 'neath the influence of an awakened hope—sat upon the seat of council and told their experiences, opened up the causes which crushed them—and could you have seen the faces of these listening ones, as they have glowed before me in my hours of exaltation—could you see all this, you would know that we cannot fail."

Less than a year since I asked of a spirit controlling a platform speaker if it were possible for spirits to bring about the reforms they desired under our present economic system, and the response was a most emphatic "No." "Theosophy and Occultism" I do not plead for, because I see no redeeming power in them. The nations that gave them rise have not helped the masses to rise; but social, governmental and economic laws must be discussed in the light of Spiritualism for the benefit of both this and the spirit world, and the Spiritualism that leaves them out will be of no more use to the world than is Theosophy or Occultism.

As to "well ordered society," we have no such thing in the true sense. Members of a truly well ordered society will not drop out by the way and become drunkards, prostitutes, thieves, paupers, tramps, etc., and hearts may be just as "hungry" to know if "my John and my Mary" live and are happy in that life, as they are that their own should be happy here, and equally selfish in one as in the other. You and I and all other reformers, with the aid of the whole spirit world, will be powerless to redeem this world from the evils which afflict it, unless its institutions are made right, and they cannot be made right until examined to find where the wrong comes in, and if our speakers are not allowed to do this, what then?

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Miss Alice L. Clark, a contributor to the Youth's Companion has a scholarly article in the New England Magazine, a story of much charm and interest in the Home-Maker, and is engaged in translation from the French.

Defence of Mediums

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittain, herself one of the most efficient trance speakers of the world, writing in defence of charges of insanity, dementia, etc., which are said to result from mediumship, refers to Cora Richmond, Mrs. Emma J. Bailey, Thomas Gales Forster, Mrs. Hayden, J. J. Morse, and others in disproof of the charges, and continues:

"To add to the list of those who in England alone ought to be insane or led to mental ruin, we may name the eloquent trance speakers, W. J. Colville, Walter Howell, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallis, good old Mr. Wallace, the pioneer trance speaker of London; dear, good, little Mrs. Green; equally dear and good Mrs. Groom, an incessant trance speaker of at least twenty, if not more—years; Mr William Johnson, of Hyde; J. B. Tetlow, Mrs. Bailey, and at least twenty or thirty good, true men and women who, during many past years, have exercised trance mediumship without stint, and whom we insist to be amongst the best, most rational, capable and pure minded men and women in this country or England. As to the American trance mediums, known only to English people by name, or to those who have visited the United States, their number is legion, and include such women as Lizzie Doten, Achsa Sprague and Adelaide Procter—the three finest poetical writers of the age—Mrs. E. L. Watson, Frank Baxter, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Lillie, Mr. Evanson, and at least a hundred others, whose names are constantly reported in the American spiritual papers. Indefatigable workers, SANE workers, and as good men and women as live on the face of the earth. Men and women whose private lives, noble teachings and exemplary conduct cry shame on those who dare to classify them with the rogues, fools and cheats who, abound in every calling, especially one so widespread, and one which includes so many millions of all classes and countries as Spiritualism.

As to the gratuitous falsehood, concerning trance mediumship ending in "insanity, mental ruin," &c., &c., and "the Americans having become disgusted with Spiritualism" for the above reasons, we cannot render a better answer to such charges than the address given by an emin ent American statesman and a spiritual investigator of many long years standing, the Hon. L. V. Moulton. A very brief quotation from that address will show how much disgusted intelligent American Spiritualists have become with their faith

Mr Moulton says:—

I have heard hundreds of communications of spirits through all sorts of mediums, but I have never yet heard spoken a foreign any doctrine of heathenism. They have always asked for spirits, their aid, advice and strength. I should have taken it by the wayside, unread in mind, body and texture. All that I am to-day, in many ways I owe to them. That calm, holy, exalted path to walk in the right way. To-day my home room of prosperity, purest harmony and happiness, through the blessed ministry of the spirits. For years when I child has been raised to them, when they were declared to die by the regular doctors. A friend came to my house, learned of these things, and in pursuit of the most cruel sports, changed his habits of living and thought

A wonderful discovery has been attracting the attention of scientists. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum or rainbow. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it and fall on silk, wool, or other material contained in a glass vessel. As the colored light falls upon it sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. If the vessel contains red, worsted and the green light strikes upon it loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all.

The Jesuit.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

In Rome a tyrant, and in Spain a thing
That wears a mask and bears a poisonous sting;
In India a strangler, in France a knave,
In Ireland a bigot and a slave:
In our Republic a designing tool
And traitor warring with the public school—
And whether in Rome in Hindoostan or Maine,
His record bears the progeny of Cain.

In the black arts a dilettain and a king
Moving en rapport with a sudden spring;
And in the game of infamy and sin
He steals a march long ere his foes begin;
His dupes he marks, and with a ruthless greed,
Wherein his conscience glorifies the deed,
No means are left untried by which to take
The last lone Peter's penny, for Lo! who?

In a most marvelous and crafty way
He flatters, fawns and pounces on his prey;
If at his hand a kindly deed is done,
O, then beware of some dark plot begun!
The robes of light he dons, and serves his creed
In garments fabled and suited to his need!

Hid from the light in some dark, musty aisle,
He learns to feign, to meddle and beguile;
And in his skill avoids no foul, nor care
As link on link he weaves his wily snare,
Spins his dark web, and most adroitly plies
On poor confiding bats and helpless flies
The vilest of all arts and blackest of all lies

His breath is like some dire and dread simoom,
Forever blasting with a curse and doom;
Whate'er he touches droops beneath the spell
Of some dark haunting shade cursed and fell—
Where'er he journeys, wheresoever toils,
There virtue weeps and innocence recoils,
And the fair cupof life doth overflow
With desolation, infamy and woe.

And thus he stands, a stigma and a blot,
With deeds confined to no especial spot—
Where carnage, superstition, death and crime
Despoil an age or devastate a clime
There hath he wandered, there upon the soil
Hath left the curse of his unrighteous toil.

The following are specimens of the questions and answers in the catechism taught in the national schools of England:

Q. Is it very dangerous to leave the church?

A. Yes; and it is also a very grievous sin.

Q. Is it wrong to join in the worship of Dissenters?

A. Yes; we should only attend places of worship in connection with the Church of England.

This is "Liberalism," and such schools are to receive the benefits of the Free Education Bill.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

Spiritualism at Headquarters.

BY L. C. ASHWORTH.

A striking and significant article under the heading "Science and a Future Life," by Fred H. Myers, appears in the *Eclectic Magazine* for June, copied from the (English) *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Myers has ventured into the very heart of British exclusiveness, boldly asserting his belief in the reality of spirit-return, and appealing in an earnest and even eloquent manner to those who are regarded as the most energetic truth-seekers to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism with the same strictness and impartiality that they apply to other questions. Mr. Myers states (which I can well believe) that "the great majority of continental *savants* and disciples of science have practically ceased to regard a future life as a possibility worth discussing." "In England and America," he continued, "the case is different; but even here the belief in survival seems now to rest not so much on any definite creed as on a temper of mind which in energetic Western races survives for some time the decay of definite dogma."

In regard to Germany this may be considered as the natural reaction from that Absolute Philosophy with which Germany opened this century so gloriously, but which must inevitably collapse until a more thorough acquaintance with the laws of nature prepares minds for principles whose foundation will not be so purely abstract.

In the meantime, what must be the condition of philosophy? What must be the mental tendencies of men whose scientific pursuits bring them more and more into an atmosphere of inexorable law in which, apparently, no consideration of justice or feeling has the slightest weight, and who, as Mr. Myers tells us, have absolutely ceased to regard the question of a future life as worth discussing? Evidently towards Pessimism, and the more broad human sympathy they have the more will this feeling be developed. Take views of Schopenhauer and his successor, Hartmann, can no doubt be regarded as the embodiment, in a philosophic and attractive form, of the feelings of a large majority of the thoughtful classes in Germany. There is still a latent inclination for the nobler philosophy which regards Nature as one grand consistent *Idea*, but the advance of science, with the great prominence which has been given to the struggle-for-existence theory, has made the idea of a supreme Good seem impossible; hence it is natural that the writings of Hartmann (which present the strange combination of a strong sense of the admirable adaptations in nature with a perfect hopelessness as to any real advantage in existence) should be very popular in Germany.

"It is the pessimists," says Mr. Myers, "who contribute the most characteristic note to the philosophy of our generation. They tell us that the young vigor of Western races has thus far accepted without question the illusive brightness which nature's witchery casts upon human fates. But as these races attain maturity of meditation, they will pass from under the magic spell; their restless energy will die down as it recognizes that all energies in the end are vain."

This it certainly will, and many people can see strong traces of it already. It is fast becoming a question exclusively between Roman Catholicism and some kind of scientific Spiritualism—at all events among the more thoughtful classes. Indeed, if it were not for the magic spell of the dollars, we might perceive more of this gloomy feeling than is yet manifest; but in a new country practical necessities continue for a long time to keep men's minds from mere abstract questions. This, however, can at only defer the result a few more decades.

While the result of exclusive scientific study has been painfully apparent in this century, the little leaven of spiritual thought has continued to exert a great influence; the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" has not faded away, but has indeed grown slowly but surely.

Mr. Myers points out in a masterly manner how the scientific views have changed since the middle of the century, and how the barriers erected by a scientific prejudice, almost as obstinate as the theological, are being slowly destroyed: "Gradually," he says, "one phenomenon after another of those discovered and attested by De Puysejur, Esdaile, Elliotson, etc., has been admitted into orthodox science under some slightly altered name. Certain phenomena, rarer and more difficult to examine, but attested by the same men with equal care, are still left in the outer court of the scientific temple. But when one has seen the somnambulic state, the insensibility under operations, etc., which were once scouted as fraudulent, and as nonsense, becoming the commonplaces of the lecture-room, one can await with equanimity the general acceptance of the thought-transference and the clairvoyance which, from De Puysejur's days onward, have repeatedly occurred in the courses of those same experiments—experiments which sometimes ruined the careers of those who made them, but are now recognized as epoch-making in a great department of experimental psychology."

The English character is especially slow and conservative. Conformably to English geographical position it is inclined to be narrow and exclusive. But the great genius of the English people, which finds one of its grandest expressions in their devotional poetry, gives us the assurance that the turn to a higher Spiritualism will be of a more serious and earnest character than such as proceeds from a cold atheism convinced merely by the evidence of the senses. Mr. Meyers, however, thinks that in any case we cannot hope much from the elder scientists. "We must appeal," he says, "as is commonly the case in any new departure of great moment, to a younger generation. There are many men now entering on active intellectual life who are practically devoid of any prepossession, who feel neither the old religious fervor, nor, on the other hand that ardor of negation which formed the brief reaction from an orthodox domination which could no longer maintain its hold. Such men believe in the methods of science and in little else, but they are often animated by a deep sympathy for mankind and are impelled to a practical benevolence which would fain base itself on a larger hope."

Yes, there are always some found to carry out the glorious designs of Nature. Whether it be one man, a few men, or a nation, the means are always sufficient to secure the end. "Those are the men," continues Mr. Meyers, "whom I wish to convince, not that my own solution of any given problem is the true one, but simply and solely that these most momentous problems of human fate can be and must be attacked with precisely the same steady care and dispassionate candor as have been already employed upon these myriad problems in which science has established a 'consensus of experts' and has set mankind at unity."

In Mr. Myers' article the force of which can only be very imperfectly perceived from the foregoing extracts, Spiritualists will see that another effective blow has been struck in the contest between the "blessed gospel" of optimism which is presented to man by Spiritualism, and the deluded Pessimism which modern science has arrived at. Therefore we should hail such writings as being the harbinger of a glorious era when all scientific truths can be illuminated by the absolute knowledge of a continuous existence for all, so that every individual will have the opportunity to realize his highest aspirations and find for himself that thoroughly congenial sphere which the hard conditions to which most persons are exposed in this initial stage make impossible.

First-class book and job printing at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE, 121 Eighth street, San Francisco.

Correspondence.

Letter from J. J. Morse.

Life is full of changes, and each day brings its duties, for those who are active workers in our common cause. Such seems the case with the earnest editor of the CARRIER DOVE, whose labors, trials and changes are not unnoticed by the present writer in his far away English home. The ever welcome DOVE flutters to our door each month, and the last hour always seems the best. Indeed with such an array of contributors as W. E. Coleman, N. F. Rawlin, W. W. Jackson, W. Scrutton, and others, the critical, moral and philosophical contributions supplied by such able thinkers to the columns of the CARRIER DOVE cause it to rank side by side with the best journals of our cause. We enjoy the DOVE, and but a few one thing, that, seemingly, it was necessary for it to remain a monthly journal, instead of overtaking it weekly period ical. Judging from public report and private correspondence our work does not exhibit any very striking peculiarities as well remembered 'Frisco at this time. The new Temple has not materialized, the benefit of the "Sleeper Trust" still slumbers, and the Golden Gate is closed. I pray you may all more presently, and build up one representative body over in 'Frisco, and bind together the threads of love spun by the workers of the past into a massive and enduring cable which shall bind you into a truly harmonious body. Amen. How often we wish we could cross the Bay and see you each with the Phels in Oakland, or the Judsons in Frisco, both as good hearted and generous souls as one can meet, or take a cable car and run out to see Brother Dodge and his good wife whom we lovingly remember; or climb up to Brother Coleman's eyrie in the Phelan Building, or "drop in" on the Wigmore Sisters, Brothers Hawes, Pawley and Wadsworth, and a dozen or so of others! But, one can but remember the good times past and hope for some more in the future.

A trip down to San Jose would also be a delight, especially if supplemented by a run to "Sunny Brae," and a taste of "the little preacher's" peaches and prunes. I fear the little preacher aforesaid has forsaken the little Englishman, as his favors remain unacknowledged, unless I have been a losing forour "Lyceum Banner" and other English Spiritual journals, and so keepsthem for himself, instead ofdelivering them!

Well, so much for old time musings and now a few lines for matters over here. Yesterday, in a drenching rain I stood upon the deck of the steamship "City of Berlin," bidding adieu to Walter Howell, who leaving the shores of our months visit here, recrosses the Atlantic to his many friends and friends. Walter is a good-hearted little fellow, a good lecturer than many who are more bepuffled, or self puffed, in our ranks, and has a downright way of putting things that, in this temporising age, is quite refreshing. It is a pity California has not heard him, for, undoubtedly, he would make hosts of friends and do excellent work.

On Sunday next, July 5th, we have a National Conference of Spiritualists, in Bradford, the Princess theatre having been secured for the purpose. It is desired to federate on somewhat in a National Union, for the better organizing of our forces and bringing the Spiritualists of the United Kingdom into closer union. A speakers' conference is to be held on the previous day, called by a notice signed by E. W. Wallis and myself. The objects in view are to face a sick and benefit and to devise plans of mutual cooperation in our work, and, also if possible, to limit the ridiculous competition for engagements now rife, and which results in the various societies booking dates eighteen months in advance! I, already, may have scarcely a dozen vacant Sundays upto the end of 1892!

The friends of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will regret to know that she is about to relinquish her duties upon the rostrum at the end of the current year. A testimonial is being talked about. Indeed I have undertaken to get such a matter properly started, and am sanguine of full success. As soon as it assumes definite form you shall hear from me further. It will be well deserved, and should be an international concern, for Mrs. Britten's reputation is world-wide.

Things spiritual hold their own here, though but little more can be said. The Children's Lyceum movement is evidently the liveliest and most vigorous branch of our work over here. We have some sixty flourishing Lyceums, and an attendance of upwards of five thousand children every Sunday. An excellent "Lyceum Manual" is in use, published by Mr. H. A. Kersey, president of the "Spiritualist Lyceum Union," and he and personality to you, the handsome DOVE, and all our dear good friends in California. Be brave, be patient, be earnest and zealous, and in the end the angels will bless you, and the still small voice will speak approvingly of the work we do while here on earth. Fraternally, J. J. MORSE.

Liverpool, England, July 1, 1891.

Letter and Testimonial

DR. Schlesinger is still in Colorado, and is everywhere doing good and awakening interest in Spiritualism. He is at present in Pueblo, but will soon go further east. He meets many opposers, Spiritualism, including some who are unfair in their opposition, but he makes friends even out of some of these, and wins the good-will of Spiritualists everywhere, many of whom write letters of gratitude with kind words of encouragement. The following, received by him from the staunch Spiritualist Dr. F. Schermerhorn, of Denver, is a specimen:

DENVER, June 24, 1891.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, Dear Friend and Brother: We were disappointed at not seeing you again ere you departed from Denver, but as it was press of business that deprived us of the pleasure, I suppose we should forgive you.

During my years of extensive experience with Spiritualists, and all the various phases of mediumship, I can candidly say that you are, by far, the most reliable and satisfactory medium for the demonstration of the grand truths of immortality of the writer and I have ever met. You have reached that degree of humanistic development wherein you can practically demonstrate the presence of departed friends under more trying and adverse conditions than any other instrument I have ever chanced to meet.

I have often wondered if you fully realize the vast amount of good you are doing, and when I think of the opposition you are constantly subjected to, I marvel that you do not become disheartened at times, and feel like relinquishing your good mission. Your patient, untiring labors under so many discouraging conditions, and the unselfish spirit you always display, only shows me how completely you are under the guardianship of the Angel world.

Your unending desire to bring happiness and peace into so many troubled souls I fear will sometime lead you to overtax your vital powers, and thereby break down your health, but I sincerely hope that your mediumship, as well as yourself,

may be spared for humanity's sake for years yet, until you succeed, assisted by other earnest workers, in placing our beautiful philosophy upon the high pedestal it is fitted to grace.

You certainly "builded better than you knew" in Denver, Doctor, as the many thorough converts you made can testify, and I shall greatly miss your effective co-operation here. I pray that your efforts in Colorado Springs and elsewhere may be as fruitful as they were here.

In any way that I can be of assistance to you, in reading this "gospel of glad tidings," I will gladly serve, and if you can secure engagements for me to lecture where you are working, I will feel very grateful to you. We deeply regret that you are not to accompany us on our excursion into the mountains to-morrow. Send one of your guides with spiritual food. I shall be pleased to hear from you at any and all times. Mrs. S. joins me in sincerest regards. Your Friend,

1406 Curtis street, Denver. F. SCHEIBELHORN.

A Spiritual Lesson.

DEAR EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE:—I have of late been shown many things in visions. Some of the visions I am unable to interpret, while others I have no trouble in understanding. The one I am about to relate, being clearly shown me and its meaning made plain, may be of help to others who are in the same boat with myself.

On the night of July 27th Mrs. D——, otherwise known as "Lupa," was to spend the night with me. Our conversation during the evening had been of a spiritual nature, and upon retiring I was still cognizant of the spiritual influences which surrounded us. Presently I saw a cage, for so it seemed to me; apparently about twelve feet square. Soon I found myself inside the cage. It was perfectly dark inside, save where there appeared a door which swung outward, and which was ajar six or eight inches. Through this opening I could see the most beautiful soft white light it is possible for mind to conceive of. As I looked through the small opening, the cage seemed to be poised in mid-air, for I could look down, down, down into nothing but space filled with the beautiful clear light. Then I wondered why I was in such a position, and where I really was. The answer impressed itself upon me that my spirit is in just such a cage—nothing but darkness all around me. (I intuitively know there is light and knowledge outside if I can only comprehend it.) Then I saw that the door of my cage was fastened on the inside by a stout strap in such a way as to allow the door to open outward just so far. Then I thought to press against it, and force it open, that I might see what was beyond in the bright light, but again impression said, "Not so; do you not see how the cage you are in tips toward the side in which the door is placed? To force the door open will cause you to lose your balance; then what?"

For the first time I now noticed that the cage did really lean in that direction. I then thought, how can I straighten it up when I do not know why it leans so? What can be the reason of this lopsidedness? Then again spoke impression: "Your ideas are one-sided; you do not measure truth from all sides; you incline toward a belief and cling to it so tenaciously as to overbalance reason. Try to be more evenly balanced in your ideas as to the future state of existence, and not lean too far in any one direction; then will the door of your cage swing so loosely as to allow you to easily remove the fastening and from the high position you occupy spiritually—to which your ambition, truthfulness and aspiration have raised you—you can view the whole vast region of religious belief, and can comprehend the truth as clearly as it is given to mortal to see."

So ended the vision. My friends will see and understand that I did indeed need just such advice. I now can see that my reasoning was decidedly lopsided, and I shall [illegible] in the future to get the fastenings loosened from the door of my cage, that I may, if possible, bask in the full light of [illegible] wisdom. JENNIE MASON.

July 28, 1891.

From Los Angeles.

DEAR DOVE:—Do not think I have forgotten you, nor your holy mission. My long silence, caused by prolonged illness, I trust may soon be broken by earnest loving words, from my pen. Last Sabbath, for the first time in eight months, I entered a public hall where Spiritual services were being conducted. It was a conference meeting, led by Mr. Briggs of this city. A Mr. Bowman is for the present lecturing evenings, and a Mrs. Garrett producing independent slate writings. The meeting was pleasant but thinly attended. There is a realm of effort among the unfortunate—the unfed spiritually—that I yearn to see reached by our missionaries. Do not let us fall into the orthodox error of crying for costly temples, and gaudy equipments, but stoop among the needy, meeting in commodious but unpretentious halls, where there is no respect of persons and where the humblest mortal may not shrink from entering. I believe our mission as real reformers is to labor for the oppressed, as well as for the independent ones. On the other side many an unobserved humble soul will shine forth in beauty and splendor, while those now sitting in high places will hide their faces in shame at their ignorance and poverty of spirit. I rejoice at the invincible upward trend of our philosophy. It behooves us each and all to do everything we can, be it much or little: More anon. Your sister,

ELLA LUCY MERRIAM.

On the Wing.

LA PORTE, Plumas Co., Cal., July 15, 1891.

ED. CARRIER DOVE:—I was detained longer in San Francisco than I expected to have been, by a legal case that Mrs. Clara Foltz had in charge for me.

As an Irishman would say, "she is the right man in the right place"—thoroughly versed in the law, energetic and successful, she is persevering and unyielding for the right, faithful to her sister-woman in trouble, truthful and honest with all that she has business with. A great many ladies will not tell their woes to a male lawyer, but would perhaps to a woman, so, while we must have lawyers, the more women the better for their own sex.

I had a pleasant visit at Antioch, with Mrs. Lois Wuisbrooker's son and daughter-in-law (Mr. and Mrs. Fuller). Mr. Touser (Mrs. Fuller's brother) I found to be a great medium While under control he said that I am acting in the reform movement the part of a scout. I went from Antioch to Oroville. The warm belt that Oroville and near country is in makes it good for orange culture. I took stage from there to Meadow— 18 miles. I had to pay $8, which is over 16 cents per mile. I could have walked it in a day and a half. We passed Bidwell's Bar on the Feather river, where General Bidwell used to sell whiskey in '49 to the Indians at $5 a bottle. Since then he has got to be such a temperance man that he had his wine-grape vines pulled up. He can get along without selling wine now, as he has 22,000 acres of land called "the garden of the world." The city of Chico is on it. The land that he gave $5,000 for is worth now over two million. The settlement of the surrounding country made it valuable. When we get Nationalism one man will not have the chance of gobbling the land and controlling the results of others' labor.

The owner of the stage road went over the route with me. The last day of our ride he took the lines from the driver be-

cause he did not drive fast enough; then he whipped the poor horses all the way. I advise all girls not to marry any man who is cruel to animals. Such a man will abuse his wife and children.

In crossing the highest range between Oroville and Quincy, I saw a tree that was cut off thirty feet above the ground. That was the depth of the snow. The highest point I have been to yet was 6,000 feet high. In the gully on the north side of the mountain there was a great bank of snow. This is more of a mining than a farming country, so I have not done anything at organizing Farmers' Alliances. The few farmers here are very busy harvesting hay.

I greatly enjoy the long walks that I take through the great canyons and pleasant valleys and over the green clad mountains. I am like the Indian who said he would not mind being on a deserted island alone if he had his sweetheart with him. Neither would I if I had a nice buggy to take her in.

During the last five days I have walked 110 miles, carrying twenty pounds. This is a country of magnificent distances. I greatly enjoy walking. It is good for the mind and health. I never borrow trouble, but look on the bright side all I can. Some always have a bugaboo to worry over, and some seem to be the happiest when they are the most miserable.

I anticipate great pleasure in going through the mountains of Lassen and Modoc counties for the next five months to come. I meet with a great many friends who aid and cheer me on my way while working in the cause of the oppressed.

J. H. WHITE.

Letter from Mrs. Mayo.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—We found a very pleasant and prosperous society of Spiritualists in Victoria. They are genial, whole souled people, and gave us a cordial welcome to their meetings. They have no regular speaker now, but hold circles Sunday evenings. Mr. Hastings, their president, seems to give entire satisfaction to the people.

We attended a picnic on the 25th of June at a delightful grove near the ocean. I think they called it Cordova Bay. We left early in the morning in a large omnibus. The trip was through a very pleasant part of the country. We remained until the shadows of evening deepened in the woods. The ladies had prepared a bountiful lunch, and spreading the table cloths on the grass we sat down in primitive style and had a talk time. A gentleman who had a camera there photographed the scene. We like the people we met that day, and hope to be better acquainted before we leave Victoria; but we shall be glad to be home once more among our old friends.

I wish we might see a Lyceum established in connection with the Society. Such a crowd of bright sunny haired children as they left with them at the picnic should surely have a Lyceum to attend.

With kind greetings to all the friends in Tacoma, I will say good-bye for this time.

M. A. W. MAYO.

31 Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B. C.

I am very well aware, as I suppose most thoughtful people are in these times, that the process of breaking away from old beliefs is extremely unpleasant, and I am much disposed to think that the encouragement, the consolation, and the peace afforded to earnest believers in even the worst forms of Christianity are of great practical advantage to them. What deductions must be made from this gain on the score of the harm done to the citizen by the ascetic otherworldliness of logical Christianity; to the ruler, by the hatred, malice, and uncharitableness of sectarian bigotry; to the legislator, by the spirit of exclusiveness and domination of those that count themselves pillars of orthodoxy; to the philosopher, by the restraints on the freedom of learning and teaching, which every church exercises when it is strong enough; to the conscientious soul, by the introspective hunting after sins of the mind and common type, the bad theological error, and the overpowering terror of possible damnation which has accompanied the Church-like their shadow. I need not now consider, but they are assuredly not small. —*Professor Huxley.*

Death

The following was written by the spirit of E. B. Hendee through the hand of Miss L. . . . Your essay who was not at the time well and has since passed to spirit life.

What is this death that meets us fast? Why does it make the heart tremble at its very name and the lips grow white and cold? Should the prisoner shrink from the hand that opens the door of the prison, opens the door to life and liberty? What though the liberator be rough in his handling, he sets the prisoner free. Death, the dreaded king of terrors, comes to the children of earth I assume, to emancipate that bind them. Dear friend of humanity, Death, how is thy noble mission misunderstood! Like an angel of light you come down through the misery and pain of earth, with hearing on thy breath. Here lies a war stricken earth holds no joy for him, the cup of his is filled with pain, how coldly Death lays his fingers on the pain drawn lips. There is no pain so low tenderly he lifts the little one's from earth into his arms bearing them from the pain and sorrow of earth life to the light and beauty of the spirit world. Mother lay the white flowers so tenderly on the still heart of your darling and be thankful. Remember it is safe. Though your heart pines for the missed resting feet, though the hours pass slowly and more slowly every day, heavy with the weight of your sorrow and yearning, yet be thankful your darling has reached where there are no more storms, no weary, wandering feet. So lay your little ones away with flowers folded over their stilled hearts, for death has set their spirit free, and your home is safe forever.

Oh! what visions of beauty, what understanding, what grandeur open to the astonished eyes of the loved one! As, free and unencumbered it takes its flight through the endless realms of space, it asks, "Where have I been that I have failed to see the wonderous nature?" O beautiful Death, friend and benefactor, how is thy wonderful love abused. Death is but a change, taking pain and sorrow from hearts that are so weary, sending the lips that the friend a kiss with burning fever. Those who are left weep because death is unconsecrated. When its great mission is comprehended fewer will be the tears and heartaches.

Golden are the wheat sheaves in the field, bright the red poppies turn to the sun, so, when the seasons of life's cares they fade away and the eyes of man behold them no more. Yet they are not dead, but only transformed into other shapes; the seed of poppy scatters its seed, unseen the ground where they sleep and new nature awakens them to new life. Oh, Angel of Death! "twin brother of sleep!" when thou layest thy finger on the wan lips of anguish thy conquest is over. Then touchest the beating heart, and it is still.

Bear them away in the graves to sleep—
The tomes of pain love and pride—
The soul has fled, so do not weep
For garments cast aside.

Beyond the clouds of sin and pain,
Where all is bright and fair,
You'll meet your much-loved ones again—
Kind Death will take you there.

Each night we ask a change may dwell,
And are unhappy if it fails to come,
And morning dawns with life in every breath,
And [illegible] with the [illegible] clouds,
And when the hours clouds the sun
Compels one every pores to [illegible]
Let not sleep the [illegible] shapes
And shall we not awaken as before? [Charles Mackay.

Cremation.

Each decomposing human body generates about fifty cubic feet of carbonic acid gas, and the atmosphere of thickly populated cemeteries ordinarily contains double the normal proportion, besides other deadly exhalations. In the spring of the year, when the earth releases the gases which have been imprisoned during the winter, the proportion of these deadly poisons is much greater. All this is immediately taken up by the atmosphere, inhaled by every passer-by, and thus contagion, disease and death are scattered broadcast. The earth at the same time is absorbing this decaying, effete matter, contaminating the water, and in various ways communicating disease.

The plague at Modena in 1828 was due to excavations made where victims to the plague 300 years before were interred. The cholera in London in 1854 is charged to the up-turning of the soil where the plague stricken had been buried nearly a hundred years before, and in New Orleans during the yellow fever epidemic, the mortality in the fourth district, in which three cemeteries were situated, was more than double that in any part of the city.

No dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the air and the water above and about it. What is the remedy? Fire is the great purifier, removing the death-dealing elements and making room for a cleaner and purer condition. It changes everything to its primary state, becoming a perfect wonder worker, destroying, yet truly building at the same time. The idea of reducing to ashes the human body, under such conditions as to preclude every possibility of injury, or affecting any one in the least unfavorable manner, must appeal to every thinking mind as the most sensible.

Cremation offers an inexpensive way of preserving the ashes of our loved, and yet satisfying the highest sense of propriety. The idea of being able to place the dust in an urn and keep it for all time as the mortal remains of one whom we have loved and cherished, must commend itself as more poetical, more feeling, more in keeping with our highest love, than to bury in the ground the loved form and leave it to decay through the slow spreading years until not a vestige of it remains.

There are five crematories in France, eleven in Germany, twelve in Italy and twenty or more in the United States, while there is only one in England.

The cost to the companies of cremating and delivering the ashes in an urn varies considerably, as very expensive urns are frequently employed, but the minimum cost at present runs: In Japan, no urns, 94 cents; in Paris, with urns, $1.60; in Italy, from $1.10 to $2, and in the United States the price ranges from $2 to $10. The cremation companies furnish the following as their list of charges: "The cost of cremation, including the case in which the body is carried to the cemetery, should not exceed $40; the cost of a terra cotta urn of classic pattern, the most tasteful and appropriate possible, could not exceed $5; add $10 for a niche in which the urn may find a permanent resting place in case the friends should not wish to take it to their homes, and still another $5 for an inscribed tablet under the niche, and $60 will cover the entire cost."

A company has been formed in Boston for building the largest crematory in America. The plans will be completed early in September. Another one is at the point of being erected in Des Moines, Iowa, and several others are being seriously contemplated.

The principal objections are made upon religious and theological grounds. Those who believe in the resurrection of the body after death contend that the whole matter should be discountenanced and forbidden, conveying the idea that at the last great day the elements of the body could not be gathered together as if it had been buried.

Spiritualists and Materialists are enthusiastic in their advocacy of cremation. The Materialist says it doesn't matter what is done with his body when he has done with it, as there is no hereafter. Spiritualists assert that after a proper length of time the process of cremation would serve to wholly liberate the spirit from its earthly conditions and allow it to enter upon its higher estate. They, however, insist that there is danger in having incineration follow too rapidly the great change, since persons are not always dead when they appear to be, or the spirit does not immediately withdraw from its connection with its body, so that the remains ought to be kept for some days before cremation, an idea about to be adopted in the new crematories, where a room suitably warmed and ventilated will be set aside for that purpose.—*New York Press.*

Curative Agencies.

It is claimed by many that there is no outside force, but that all effect springs from the patient's own mind. No doubt this is an exaggerated claim, but the force itself is undoubtedly the cause of such cures as are not produced by the mechanical removal of obstructions in the human system. The presence of many a doctor is itself a suggestion of cure to a patient. And mind cure, prayer or faith cure, mental science, metaphysics, etc., are all wielding this suggestive force so far as they effect cures. Get a patient to stop thinking about his sickness and begin to think about himself as quite well, and the suggestive process is begun. If you know how to tell a downright falsehood, and declare there is no matter, no pain, no evil, nothing but God, as some do, if it stops the patient thinking about herself and starts her to thinking health instead of disease, the cure has begun if the sickness be curable. The crying baby is amused by a rattle and forgets to cry, and all such assertions are excellent rattles for many a patient who forgets the pain and thus suggests her own cure. Great as is this power of suggestion, it is limited to those who are sensitive. A large proportion of humanity must be reached by other means. The world has evolved many a scientist whose ideas have done more for mankind as a whole than could be done by the present school of untrained healers in an eternity. He alone has taught men how to master the dreaded pestilence and the deadly fever. It is pure water brought from yonder mountain that makes the large city often more healthy to-day than the old homestead on the farm. It is skilled drainage, cleaned cesspools and perfect ventilation that banish typhus, cholera and malaria. And it must be self-command that means temperance in all things that compels health. The laws of heredity prove the insanity of those who declare all disease is in the mind, and charge a dollar or two for teaching you to deny matter. But poor human nature delights in fooling itself or others, and a little truth can be adulterated till it fills a barrel of ignorance.

The world of mortals is also sometimes indebted to the world of spirits for wise council and needed assistance in the cure of sickness. But here too experience proves that an ignorant mortal is far less valuable to a skilled spirit than one who has been trained in a liberal medical school. For the most part, sickness is the result of violation of the laws of health. If a magnetizer can cure your headache that is good, but if your headache is because you have played the glutton, his art is useless. And if he tries to set your dislocated ankle he is making a fool of his patient. The hypnotizer can suggest much of good or evil, but soon reaches his limit too, and for most of us he can do nothing. In a case of poison, an emetic is far more likely to help than a devout prayer; and if it is fever, look to your drains instead of calling on God, or declaring all sickness is in the mind.—*Charles Dawbarn.*

RECIPE FOR PASTE.—Take two ounces clear gum arabic, one and one-half ounces fine starch and one-half ounce of white sugar. Dissolve the gum arabic in as much water as the laundress would use for the quantity of starch indicated. Mix the sugar and starch with the mucilage. Then cook the mixture in a vessel suspended in boiling water until the starch becomes clear. The cement should be as thick as tar, and should be kept so. It can be prevented from spoiling by the addition of a little oil of cloves.

Some frauds succeed from the apparent candor, the open confidence, and the full blaze of ingenuousness that is thrown around them.

POETRY

Written for The Carrier Dove.

To Loula.

BY S. T. SUDDICK

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." *Bible.*

Dear Love, I know not why
I feel so sad to-night;
My soul its prison bars would fly
I feel constrained to write

I love thy supple form,
Thy limbs so light and free,
The arms that round me softly cling,
Thy mouth that kisses me.

I love thy eyes so bright,
Thy wavy hair so brown,
Thy face lit up with love's own light
Thy cheeks of peachy down.

I love thy shell-like ears
That list my coming feet
I love thy kindly voice
Which does my coming greet

I love thy calm, sweet soul
Immortal, pure and bright,
I love thee dearly as a whole,
And yet I'm sad to-night.

"Why are you sad to-night?"
Methinks I hear you say,
Because youth and beauty bright
Will not forever stay.

The form I now embrace
Must moulder back to dust;
What can supply thy soul, sweet face
Soft arms, and rounded bust?

Thy soul may live for aye
In light of heaven's own glow;
But oh, the arms that cling to-day
Back to the dust must go.

Oh, what will heaven be,
Though sweetest songs we sing,
Without the lips that welcome me,
Without the arms that cling?

This makes me sad to-night;
Oh, would that heaven would give
Thy whole sweet self, then in delight
Eternal we would live.

For The Carrier Dove.

Be Patient, Sad Soul.

In all the courts of Spirit-Land
There lies not one dear soul
Shipwrecked through earnest effort made
To enter heaven's goal.
So then, dear one, whoe'er you are,
That sits and weeps to-day,
Arise and walk with heart of faith,
And God shall guard thy way

Whate'er a soul craves as a strength
Shall sure in time be given.
Whate'er the heart most needs shall come;
Wait, dear, God rules in heaven
Remember this, if thou hast strayed
Go seek straight path again;
If right thou art, then forward march,
And deem no effort vain

Though trusted friends should break thy heart,
And slanderous darts may fly;
Though clouds of sorrow threat thy life,
This too shall soon roll by;
And then shalt have thine own again
In home of heavenly bliss,
For that just realm by God's decree
Will right the wrongs of this.

DAVID CITY, Neb. H. E.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

A Sunrise From Gray's Peak.*

BY S. E. BRENTLIP.

I climbed to the brow of the mountain
That stood wrapt in eternal snow,
And waited to see rise of morning
To light up the shades below.
Till o'clouds in the whole orange unfurled
Leaping from peak unto peak,
Gilding each mountain top hoary,
And the deep lifted valleys to seek

I stood the sea of clouds by the grandeur
Drinking deep of its love to enfold;
Till my soul seemed in a manner reflecting
The image of coming divine.
And my spirit, all glowing with gladness
Reached up beyond that it sighed
And a moment earth's cares forgetting,
It floated unfettered with clouds.

Then down turned to snow-clad mountain
And over still to and untold fell
Veiling the beautiful landscape
And earth was held my spirit recall
But all through the years intervening
'Twixt now and that long ago time
In my inmost soul I clearly beaming
I can still see that vision sublime.

* Gray's Peak, Colorado, over 14,000 feet above the sea level.

Had We Met

Oh, had we met in the other days,
In the dreamy, that bound the seas
When hope's star beamed fair and bright
And my soul had not tasted life's bitterness

Oh, had we met in the days of glow,
When my life and my heart-throbs were young,
In love's dream dream I had breathed the name
By the sea where the lotus grows among

Mid banks of ferns and moss-bowered paths,
By the shores in the grot and dell-lays,
In the tender grass of the fair sweet meres
I had dreamed of love's pleasures or ways

But dark clouds now gather the summer sun
In the pitiless style of the years,
And the star of hope's gentle beam grow dim
Till life's four-two-bore battered years

Oh, had we met in the other days
When my heart was soul-opposed free
Even sublimed, strong—but defeated life,
Had debarred thee forever from me.

The Saddest Thing.

RICHARD E. BURTON

Quarrels come, and the days turn dark;
Partings are, and the parted moan;
Death stalks by, and a body stare—
Lies where love once sojourned unknown;
But the saddest thing is a love outgrown.

A word, and the quarrel's smooth again;
A time, and the parted clasp and kiss;
And even death to a seer of pain
By hope of a reunited bliss;
But a love outgrown is stripped of this.

'Tis the living form and the heart long dead,
'Tis the touching hands, yet the soul alone,
'Tis the trick to walk hide-garmented
With dust and ashes upon us thrown
The saddest thing is a love outgrown.

Outgrown.

BY [illegible]

It is to me a sad thing [illegible]
And for regretful [illegible]
That I have grown [illegible]
Love was of [illegible]

We sailed [illegible] and
We sailed [illegible]
Then in my [illegible]
Love's [illegible]

When I remember how I [illegible]
And with what [illegible]
And [illegible]
I [illegible]

I wonder that I [illegible]
Your praises [illegible]
For you [illegible]
Has [illegible]

Yet I [illegible]
For, [illegible]
My pledge of [illegible]
I'll [illegible]

You never [illegible]
Faithful thro' [illegible]
Unfaithful [illegible]
I will [illegible]

And [illegible]
After the [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]

And men are mutable I fear
And such weak beings as I [illegible]
We bar the gates of [illegible]
When [illegible]

I'm sorily grieved but [illegible]
Such [illegible]
Dear, all was [illegible]
[illegible]

I have [illegible]
I'll [illegible]
And that on me the [illegible]
Of [illegible]

But you are calling [illegible]
Still [illegible]
To [illegible]
[illegible]

I know you [illegible]
Mistake me not, I [illegible]
Yet that my heart has learned to [illegible]
And from you range

We dread to [illegible]
Yet with [illegible]
Love's [illegible]
[illegible]

But you are young and [illegible]
May [illegible]
Oh, yes, I know that now it seems
You, [illegible]

But [illegible]
For all of [illegible]
A time or two [illegible]
[illegible]

Now all I see [illegible]
You cannot wear a [illegible]
Of all tired things, [illegible]
I [illegible]

Nay, were you [illegible]
You could not keep [illegible]
And [illegible]
We [illegible]

Yet since it is [illegible]
Your [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]

Yet since it is [illegible]
Your [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]

THE CARRIER DOVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - AUGUST, 1891.

"There's No Place Like Home."

So thought the DOVE'S editor as she returned from a seven weeks vacation which was passed in the southern portion of the State in one of those beautiful little valleys a few miles from the "City of the Angels." The visit with old friends and relatives was very pleasant indeed, although tinged with sadness at the thought that it would in all probability be the last time this side of that beautiful river—misnamed Death—that we should have the privilege of looking upon the face of the dear old father who is now in his eighty-fifth year and rapidly nearing the other shore. The weather was extremely warm and uncomfortable to one who had for many years been accustomed to the cold, bracing winds of San Francisco, and when we neared the beautiful bay and the noisy city, and felt the cool, invigorating breezes of old ocean once more, we could but exclaim "There's no place like home" after all. Not being much of a traveler, preferring a quiet home life to the constant change of place and scene that so many delight in, this little journey was full of interest, and presented many subjects for contemplation and thought.

The morning of the day following that on which we took leave of the dear ones at home found us well on the last half of the journey and nearing the grand Tehachapi mountains, made memorable by the terrible railroad disaster which occurred there a few years ago. The long, tiresome night had passed, and the morning dawned clear and beautiful. The sun cast its first bright beams upon a scene of marvelous loveliness. The grand mountains loomed above and around, clothed in a silvery mist through which the morning sunlight shone with a tender glory, reminding us of those "beautiful mountains of life" where the everlasting springs abide and the glory and brightness of eternal day rests like the shimmer and sheen of a bridal veil upon their heavenly heights forever. Nestled between these mist-covered hills lay little green valleys, through which flowed the sparkling mountain rills, and here and there gleamed snowy cottages surrounded with a wealth of beauty in shrubs and flowers. On the mountain slopes and in the fertile valleys cattle wandered at will, feeding on the native clover and slaking their thirst at the sparkling brook.

A long stretch of winding mountain road—passing through dark tunnels, then suddenly bursting into the clear sunlight—all reminded us most forcibly of the similarity between that brief journey and the longer journey of life. We start out light-hearted and happy, thinking the trip will prove pleasant to the end; but by and by we begin to grow weary, and the enchantment of the starting fades into commonplace endurance. The long, dreary waste of desert, with its scorching sun and burning sands, must be traversed as well as the shady grove or green meadow; the mountain heights must be climbed; the dark tunnels of sorrow and tribulation must be passed through, and when the end is near, the dim eyes begin to grow brighter, the languor and weariness give place to animation at the thought of meeting the dear ones who have passed over the same road before us and entered into and possessed the "land of Canaan," where the earthly journey ends and the long march of the eternities begins. What joyous greetings, what rapturous embraces, as love meets love after the long separation, perhaps of many years, that had cast its shadow between.

A shrill whistle breaks our reverie—the end has been reached heaven's joys anticipated, as we look into the eyes of love once more and clasp hands that led us tenderly in years agone, and kiss the lips that taught us our first baby prattle.

Query and Answer.

ED. DOVE: —What do you say to such a fact as this? When the steamer *Atlantic* broke her shaft at sea and was detained a month unheard of, friends of passengers applying to spiritual mediums were told that the vessel had sunk and that all on board were lost. She arrived safely at New York with all alive and well. JAMES C. YOUNG.

REPLY.

The most probable explanation of this "fact," if it be a fact, is this. The people who visited mediums did so with a strong impression on their own minds that the vessel had gone down and that their friends were lost. This impression was, without design on their part, transferred to the minds of the sensitives consulted by them, and the latter (the mediums) being ignorant of the source whence the impression was derived, believed it to be from disembodied spirits. When the laws governing spiritual intercourse are known such results will not be attributed to fraud on the part of medium or disembodied spirit. Most people do not know that they are spirits now as much as they will be after disembodiment. They are not aware that they influence every sensitive with whom they come in contact. Many of the mistakes of inquirers, now attributed to the mediums or to the lies of diabolical spirits, will then be known to originate in the minds of those who make those false accusations. People who go to mediums usually come away with the same sort of stuff they carry with them. If they go to deceive they get deception. If they carry lies with them they bring lies away. If they are honestly mistaken they are often (not always) confirmed in their mistake. This is a perfectly natural result. It does not show that mediums should not be consulted; but it does show that they should be approached with honest hearts, and that whatever is received should be subjected to careful scrutiny. People should no more surrender judgment to a spirit out of the form than to one still in it. There's no special sacredness belonging to a disembodied spirit. All things are sacred; none more so than the loved ones of this life.

Mrs. Ruth Scott Briggs, who presides over the Mediums' Meetings at St. Andrew's Hall, surprised her audience on Wednesday evening, August 5, by her marriage to Charles D. Voy, the ceremony being performed by Dr. N. F. Ravlin. Capt. Scott, brother of Mrs. Briggs, made some pleasant remarks, and Mr. Ravlin, briefly expounded the Spiritual idea of marriage, taking occasion also to refer in scathing terms to the insane notions of the Koreshan philosophers, who just now are separating families in San Francisco by proclaiming as sinful that which Nature has ordained for the preservation of the race. St. Andrew's Hall was crowded, and Mr. and Mrs. Voy were warmly congratulated by their many friends present.

American Psychical Society.

The active members of this society (reorganized in Boston, May 19th, having now entered upon an investigation of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, desire the cooperation of all truth-seekers. The officers of the society are Rev. M. J. Savage, President; B. O. Flower, editor of Arena, Vice President; Rev. T. Ernest Allen, Secretary and Treasurer. The Board of Directors include other well-known men and women: Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Mary A. Livermore, E. Gerry Brown, L. A. Phillips, W. W. Blackmar, Hamlin Garland and Rabbi Solomon Schindler.

The constitution of the society states that its object is "to institute an investigation of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism in accordance with the scientific method." The work of the society cannot be properly carried on without the expenditure of money, and although contributions may possibly be offered by some persons of wealth, the best way to secure regularity of income is through a membership fee, and the acceptance of members from all parts of the country. The following is an extract from the constitution:

"This society shall consist of active and associate members. Active members shall pay an annual fee of five dollars, shall be entitled to vote at meetings of the society, and upon invitation of the Board of Directors to attend experimental demonstrations. Associate members shall pay an annual fee of three dollars, and shall not be entitled to a vote. All members shall receive gratis all reports published by the society."

It will be seen by this that the associate members are merely contributors to the fund. That may be all right, but probably the Society would secure five times as many members at one dollar per annum as it will from a fee of three dollars, and at the same time the influence of the Society by a larger membership, would be much greater and more widely extended. It is to be hoped this clause of the constitution will be amended. Perhaps it is necessary to change three dollars so as to cover the expense of publications furnished subscribers.

So far as income is concerned it might be better to have only one class of members, but probably it is not desirable to admit to voting power all who may apply, and not judicious to reject those who would pay; therefore two classes of members are provided for—one with power, the other with privilege, i. e. the privilege of paying for the others to spend. This last privilege many will probably avail themselves of even at three dollars per head, but many more would contribute if the fee was only one dollar, or would pay five dollars if their residence at a distance from headquarters did not debar them from taking active part. No one is to be excluded from membership on account of belief or non-belief in any theological or philosophical dogma. Several hundred applications for membership have already been received.

The following are extracts from the information furnished by the directors:

"We are pleased to announce that the first instrument to be used in our investigation is now completed. It is a peculiar form of typewriter, called a psychograph, and should we succeed in finding a medium to operate it, apparently the only plausible explanation would be clairvoyance or the existence of an intelligent force exterior to the person present. Other forms of apparatus are under consideration.

"A journal will be published at such intervals as the Board of Directors may deem best. It will contain papers read at meetings, abstracts of discussions, descriptions of apparatus, records of experiments and other matter. It will be mailed free to all members and associates.

"As soon as practicable the Board of Directors will consider the feasibility of organizing local investigating committees or semi-independent societies in various cities and towns. A leaflet will be proposed suggesting how to conduct investigations so as to render the results obtained of value.

"The Secretary urgently requests detailed statements from persons who have had experiences which *prima facie* fall within the domain of spiritualistic phenomena, also information relative to mediums whom it would be advisable for the Board of Directors to investigate, or who are willing to volunteer their services. It is the purpose of the Board to call in the aid of well-known specialists in physical science, psychology, psychometry, etc."

Contributions are solicited. The Directors say: "Had we thousands of dollars at our disposal, we could use all judiciously and prosecute the work rapidly. Money must be spent for the traveling expenses of the Secretary, committee and mediums; for the construction of apparatus; for the purchase of needed literature upon psychical science; for printing the journal of the society, for rent, postage, etc." There are Spiritualists on the Pacific Coast who possess millions of dollars. Few of these ever aid Spiritual journals, but possibly some may be disposed to help the Psychical Society. Address all communications to the secretary, 63 Glenham street, Providence, R. I.

Let the Investigations Go On

The more the phenomena of Spiritualism is subjected to the critical tests of scientific investigation the better it will please intelligent Spiritualists and the more firmly those phenomena will be established as incontrovertible facts. Demonstration will succeed demonstration, piling them on fact like successive mountain ranges, till the evidences of man's conscious existence beyond the grave can no longer be doubted and the basic claims of Spiritualism be no longer disputed. All that is necessary to insure their general acceptance is an honest, thorough investigation, in the light of science and reason, of the origin or sources of the various phenomena that is now claiming such widespread interest among scientific minds at the present time.

The organization of the American Psychical Society is opportune. Many directors are advanced thinkers, including among them, Scientists, Philosophers and Theologians, the results of its investigations will not only be awaited with interest, but will most assuredly be of signal benefit to the cause of pure Spiritualism. The more thorough the investigation the better. Let the chaff be winnowed from the wheat, and the bogus metal be separated from the pure gold. After all, the truth will stand and the facts will remain unassailable forever. They will be more clearly discernible as the mists are dissolved and the clouds of ignorance and prejudice are rolled away. The momentous question of man's future destiny is involved in the issue. The interrogation "If a man die shall he live again?" is being answered. Death is discovered to be only a process of life. It comes not as the curse of God, but as the necessary operation of the law of growth. There is no life without death. The one seems much an essential phase of human progress as the other. Indeed they overlap and interpenetrate each other, following in succession as day follows night and effect its antecedent cause. Spiritualism dispels the superstition of ages, and scatters the darkness and doubt that overhang the sepulchral generations of the past. It will enlarge the boundary line of scientific knowledge, remold or obliterate the creeds of Christendom, and establish the truth of the spiritual phenomena recorded in the Bible. It will pour a flood of light upon the resurrection of Christ, and explain the various materialized forms in which he appeared to his disciples. It is even now revolutionizing the religious thought of the age, and gradually undermining the false premises of atheistic materialism. It is destined to remould society, revise social ethics, purify the domestic economy, bridge the chasm between labor and capital, abolish the slavery and bigotry of conventional customs, enfranchise woman, and establish a universal fraternity among men. As a philosophy, Spiritualism is grand beyond comparison, as a science, it is the exhaustless fountain-head of all sciences, and as a religion, it is the "Board of progress," the cornerstone of all religions and the embodiment of all true principles. Scientifically investigated and esoterically understood, it leads from the realm of effects to the domain of

causes. While one deals with effects only, one cannot be said to be educated in the deeper spiritual sense. Theories, surmises, speculations and suppositions are not knowledge. To attain to profound knowledge we must not only cognize the cause, but we must enter the innermost of Nature's laboratory, and be on such intimate terms of acquaintance that she will impart to us the mystic word by which we may enter the sanctum sanctorum of the great Infinite Cause of all causes. There the mysteries that enshroud the origin of life, the beginning of species and the law of their unfoldment, will be fully explained, and the process by which worlds and systems, visible and invisible, are made will be clearly understood. N. F. RAVLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2, 1891.

Passed to the Higher Life.

Miss Ella Stanley, one of the first Pioneers of the Topolobampo Colony, died at the "Ditch Camp," in Sinaloa July 12. She, with her family and Dr. Schellhous, went to Topolobampo, in the fall of 1886, and has resided in the various camps of the colony ever since, remaining most of the time at La Logia. She was an invalid prior to her arrival at Topolobampo, and (wheeled about in her chair) has been the most patient of sufferers. She was moved to the Ditch Camp on the second of July. Soon after, she was taken worse, and nervous prostration following, she lingered ten days, suffering intense pain which could be mitigated only by the use of opiates. The remains were deposited under a beautiful evergreen tree for temporary interment—a place eminently befitting one whose gentle nature delighted in the songs of wild birds and the quiet of natural scenery. Beautiful wild flowers were gathered by loving hands to decorate the remains. The requiem of birds and sighing of breezes above broke the solemn stillness of her resting place. Dr. Schellhous, who was summoned to her bedside, made the following remarks at the grave:

There is one sorrow from which we ever relate to be delivered, and that is our sorrow for the dead. The reason for this is very obvious. Human affection is undying. The ties of consanguinity are as enduring as life itself. We indulge with a solemn and indescribable pleasure in the reminiscences associated with our loved ones when death has removed them from our sight. Even the tones of their voice are lovingly remembered, and their expressions of endearment are dwelt upon with strange and melancholy delight. Why is this? Because they are to us the same as ever. This is our consolation. We witness their sepulture and carry their image enshrined in our hearts.

THE GRAVE!

"We may go and weep beside it;
We may kneel and kiss the sod;
But we'll find no balm for sorrow
'Neath the cold and silent clod."

With this undying affection, this deep and ineradicable feeling, this all-absorbing love, we naturally inquire as to their condition when they are gone from our sight. The loving remembrance of them makes it impossible to feel indifferent in regard to their welfare. Could we but follow them to the new scenes upon which they open their wondering eyes; hear the welcome greetings that salute their ears; could we but realize the rapturous joy on their re-union with the loved ones gone before, and feel the assurance that we, too, in the fullness of time will join the happy throng, we would not only be reconciled to their release from earthly care and pain, but we would rejoice in the fact of such release. Why do we sorrow when they rejoice? It is wounded affection that cries out and makes us weep. We are accustomed to look upon them in the form, and when they depart our eyes are still riveted upon the lifeless body, and we vainly imagine that our loved ones are imprisoned there. Even if we admit the fact that life is continuous, and that when the body perishes the soul passes on to a higher plane of thought and feeling, few of us realize that those who have passed the portals that open into the realms unseen to mortal sight remember and love us still.

We have met to lay away the remains of one who has been with us from the earliest days of our colonial life. Landing on the 17th of November, 1886, she has been a co-worker and a co-sufferer with us. She was born in Placer county, California, and moved with her family into Humboldt county. When about fifteen years of age a spirited horse she was riding became unmanageable from the stings of hornets, and she was thrown upon the sharp point of a rock by which her spine was so injured as to partially paralyze the lower part of the body. I first saw her in this condition about ten years ago, while she was suffering the most intense pain and feeling that the remainder of her life would be that of a hopeless invalid, and I was surprised at the fortitude with which she bore her suffering, and the uncomplaining, even cheerful, disposition she always manifested in her hopeless misfortune.

Every effort was made to restore her to health, but the nature of her injury was such as to make it impossible. Under all these depressing circumstances she accomplished more than ordinary girls in good health and with the best opportunities. Although constantly suffering with pain, and unable to walk a step, she was never idle. Her hands and brain were always busy. Her ambition in early life was to be a teacher. This was not in the least abated by her painful accident. She was an indefatigable student, and became proficient in history, mathematics, English and Spanish literature, physiology, natural philosophy, chemistry and cognate branches. Not satisfied with these, she turned her attention to embroidery and various kinds of needle work, both useful and ornamental. She excelled in amateur painting and drawing. She also took an active part in music, and was an efficient member of the Stanley Band. She gave lessons in music, Spanish, embroidery and needlework, and was regarded as a competent and faithful teacher.

In disposition she was gentle and affectionate, and endeared herself to all who knew her. In general information she excelled, and was able to converse on the usual topics of the day with ease and ability. She has written articles preserved in the *Girl's Club*, a periodical in manuscript conducted by the Girl's Pioneer Club, that would grace the columns of a more pretentious sheet, and some poems that would be creditable to an acknowledged author.

She has crowded into a few years the experience of a lifetime, and not forgetting the future, she has acquainted herself with the principles of Spiritual philosophy, and enters into the Higher Life with some knowledge of its duties and advantages.

And now her eyes are bright and clear,
Yet still her love is with us here;
We may not hear her gentle voice,
But list! it says, "rejoice, rejoice."

At last the suffering soul is free,
For she has passed the mystic sea,
And there has found the shining shore
Where dwell her loved ones evermore.

To read well—that is, to read true books in a true spirit—is a noble exercise and one that will task the reader more than any exercise which the customs of the day esteem. It requires a training such as the athletes underwent, the steady intent almost of the whole life to this object. Books must be read as deliberately and reservedly as they were written.—*Thoreau.*

Dove Notes.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of Glenora, N. Y., has been engaged to speak at Casadega and also at Lake Pleasant.

John Slater is giving seances to crowded houses in Brooklyn, N. Y., but will soon go to Lake Pleasant campmeeting.

Mrs. L. May Wheeler, founder of *The Woman's News*, died in Orange, Mass., June 24. She has been an invalid several years.

Publishers of papers exchanging with the CARRIER DOVE will confer a favor by changing the address to 121 Eighth street, San Francisco.

The John W. Lovell Publishing Co., have just issued a book entitled "There is no Death," being the Spiritualistic experiences of Florence Maryatt.

The article entitled "Representative Men," on page 218, is very suggestive. It should have been in print several months ago, but "better late than never."

The Business Woman's Journal for July contains many interesting articles, and several fine illustrations. Subscription $1 per year. Address Mary F. Seymour Publishing Company, 38 Park Row, New York.

Mrs. Lena Clarke Cook writes from Liverpool, England, that she arrived safely after a very pleasant voyage, and in improved health. Having just arrived in fact the letter was written on ship-board), she had not yet seen J. J. Morse and family.

Dr. Schlesinger has been spending the last two months in Denver, Leadville, and other towns of Colorado. He expects to go further east before his return, and may possibly be in time to attend one of the late campmeetings.

Professor E. C. A. Sutton, after some years of retirement, would be pleased to hear from spiritual societies wishing lectures. Mr. Sutton, a clairvoyant, impressional medium, will give public or private lectures. Address No. 31 Monroe avenue, Detroit, Mich.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fine poem by Mrs. Pittsinger on the first page of this issue. The subject of the poem, as well as the name of the writer, will at once attract all spiritually-minded readers. Another and shorter poem by the same writer, "The Jesuit," will be found on page 224.

At Fourmies, France, on May Day, a number of workingmen were wantonly shot down in the streets by order of the authorities, in consequence of which one of the members of Congress in open session denounced the Minister of the Interior as a murderer; yet the publisher of *La Recolte* has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for condemning the massacre.

Rufus C. Hartranft, publisher, Philadelphia, announces that he will soon issue a remarkable book containing information of historical importance which will settle the question "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" Perhaps this is to be the narrative of Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard; if not, it will give the truth regarding seances held by Lincoln with Mrs. Maynard and other mediums.

Gen. Refugio Gonzalez is authority for the statement that Spiritualism is making great progress among the most intelligent and influential classes of Mexico. The President, Don Porfirio Diaz, is an avowed Spiritualist, as are also three of the members of his cabinet. Don Alfonzo Herrera, the eminent naturalist, is engaged in active work in behalf of Spiritualism, and the leading female physician is not only a Spiritualist but a medium.

A Congregational council was held in London July 14 to 18, the most notable address being that of Rev. Mr. Walker, of Melbourne, in condemnation of Unitarianism, which the speaker said is making great inroads among Congregationalists. Mr. Walker declared that he would rather drift towards the Church of Rome. The council decided that Congregationalist ministers must not hereafter exchange pulpits with Unitarians.

A letter from Watertown, N. Y., states that Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, of Fulton, is the regular speaker for the Spiritual society at Watertown, and has been for more than a year. She is an inspirational speaker, taking subjects from the audience. The attendance is large and the interest increasing, yet Mrs. Lyman, like many other mediums, feels attracted towards the Pacific Coast, and thinks she may visit California ere long, if she can secure engagements along the route.

Fowler & Wells Co., New York, have issued the first number of the "Science of Health Library," to be published monthly at $3 per annum; 25 cts. per number. The first number, 84 pages, is entitled "Vacation Time, with Hints on Summer Living." It is by H. S. Drayton, M. D., writer on popular hygiene. He talks of life at the seaside, and in the mountains, of boating, bathing, games, excursions, etc. There are several illustrations. Address Fowler & Wells Co., 775 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is writing a series of letters in the *New York Tribune*, in which she declares the flesh of animals to be the best food, and gives directions for keeping it until decomposition has commenced so as to "make it tender." If this lady had studied the subject from the present light of science she would have discovered that the flesh of healthy animals contains poisonous elements that are rapidly increased every day the body is kept after slaughtering, and these elements are so poisonous that if they come in contact with the arterial circulation, blood poisoning ensues.

The *Progressive Thinker* publishes a well-authenticated account of a new phase of mediumship as manifested through the agency of W. A. York and his sister, Mrs. A. Adamson, of Spring Hill, Kansas. They have independent writing on slates and on paper tablets, also floating lights, and independent voices, but the most convincing and quite unique method of spirit communication is this: The mediums in broad daylight hold a blank piece of paper in front of the sitter's face, and answers to questions come on the paper, the words forming almost instantly, without use of pen, ink or pencil.

The *Banner of Light* proposes to publish a work on Spiritualism to be written by Dr. F. L. H. Willis, provided advance subscriptions can be secured sufficient to warrant its publication. Advance subscribers will have the book sent to them at a reduced price. The exact nature of the work is not stated, but the *Banner* intimates that it will contain spiritualistic experiences, addresses, etc., of Mr. Willis, who is one of the finest trance mediums in America. Send orders to the *Banner of Light*. Price not mentioned. Colby and Rich offer to subscribe $100, payable in copies of the work.

The last public entertainment of the Children's Lyceum of San Jose (as reported by Mrs. H. L. Bigelow, Assistant Conductor) was of unusual interest. The programme (copy sent by H. L. B.) consisted of songs, recitations, dialogues, calisthenics and instrumental music. The following are names of those participating: Eddie Stone, Dottie and Lola Frost, Dora Fitzgerald, Gertie Vores, Minnie Richards, Dave Hambly, Sadie Schell, Mabel Hambly, Zinnie York, Maud Jacobus, F. Hambly, Mrs. Frost and Ollie Frost, Mrs. H. L. Bigelow, Ada Unglish, Eva McDonald, and remarks by the conductor, Mrs. Sarah Seal.

The DOVE is indebted to J. J. Morse for a full report of proceedings of the National Conference of Spiritualists held on the 5th of July, forty-two societies and towns being represented. Among those prominent in the convention were Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten and Mr. Morse. The object of the meeting (to form a National Federation of Spiritualists) was accomplished to the satisfaction of all. The organization provides for an annual conference, a general union of Spiritual societies, the distribution of Spiritual literature, and work to extend a knowledge of Spiritualism. Resolutions were adopted advising societies to engage no speaker not known to be qalified, and protesting against the practice of sending for publication glowing accounts of ill-qualified speakers. Candidates for the rostrum are urged to prepare themselves by reading, study and educationary practice; and societies are recommended to establish weekly conferences for propaganda and as a means of aiding inexperienced speakers to perfect themselves. A public meeting following the conference was attended by over 2500 people.

Levi Elphic, better known as Father Elphic, or "the old news boy," went to Kaweah Friday, July 24, and on Saturday went out with a basket to pick beans. Not coming in at night, search was made, and his dead body was found under a tree with the basket of beans near by. He was 80 years of age, a mild, inoffensive old man, a tetotaller all his life, a hater of tobacco, and for many years a vegetarian. He was a Spiritualist, and of course a reformer. He was an Englishman, but when asked his nativity, he quoted the words of Paine: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion;" adding: "all men and women are my brothers and sisters." He enjoyed life, but had no fear of death, and used to say that he expected to die without pain and without regret, like going to sleep. Death came to him as he desired, finding him engaged in useful work, and ready, as at all times, to go. He owned shares in the Kaweah colony, and it is said he loaned the colony $800 and took a mortgage on the printing material of the *Commonwealth* as security. H. W. Faust affirms that Father Elphic went to Kaweah to see about his loan. He made a will eight years ago, leaving all his property to his daughter. A memorial discourse was given by Mr. N. F. Raylin at Washington Hall, Sunday morning, August 2. The vacant chair of Father Elphic was decorated with flowers and evergreens. A life-size picture of deceased, kindly loaned by the proprietors of the Marceau Gallery, was also draped with smilax and white roses.

The Wednesday evening meetings at 111 Larkin street are sometimes disappointing, but usually the large audiences are fully repaid for the time spent there. The meeting of July 8th was of unusual interest, brief addresses being given by Mrs. J. M. Hendee, Mrs. Sarah Seal, Mrs. P. H. Ward, of Tuscarora, Nevada, and Dr. Wood. The latter also gave some excellent tests, followed by Mrs. Wait, the audience being so interested nothing was said about circles at the close. Mrs. Ward is a stranger to most Spiritualists here, but she made an excellent impression, giving in clear, concise style good thought worthy of her intelligent audience. Dr. Wood is very deliberate in manner on the platform, but his tests, when fully developed, are convincing. The meeting of July 15 was addressed by Mrs. J. M. Hendee on Psychometry, followed by several very successful psychometric readings. Tests were given by Mr. Gee, Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Wait. On the 29th, after Dr. Wood had given some excellent tests, a brief address was made by Dr. M. M. Tousey, of Antioch, who also gave several very satisfactory psychometric readings of character, the subjects, entire strangers to him, rising in the audience. Mrs. Ladd Finnican closed with tests, all acknowledged, and a correct description of mining property made by means of a specimen of rock wrapped in a piece of paper. The hall was crowded.

Samuel Taylor and Alice M. Beighle, eldest daughter of Dr. Nellie Beighle of San Francisco, were married Wednesday evening, August 5, in presence of a large number of friends, Dr. N. F. Raylin officiating. After congratulations and refreshments Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left for their new home in Berkeley.

On Saturday evening, August 13th, there will be a Social at 111 Larkin street, the object being to assist in raising funds for the establishment of an Orphans' Home for the children of Spiritualists. The admittance will be 25cts. The first hour will be devoted to music, five-minute speeches and tests. From 9 to 10 P. M. the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Voy will have opportunity to wish them joy. The double object of the social may seem incongruous, but when friends of Mrs. Briggs ("as was") suggested an after-wedding reception she said she would prefer to make the occasion a benefit for the projected orphan asylum, hence the "double-header."

Moses HULL is writing for *The Better Way* a series of articles on "The Lights and Shadows of Mediumship." Of course he says lots of good and true things. He considers the mediums the saviors of the world. They have saved the world from Materialism, and from the fear of death. Mediums are slowly elevating the world out of its sins and relieving it of its fleshly ailments. They furnish a vicarious atonement, by actually suffering for the sins of the world. In delivering the world out of its ignorance, sins, aches, pains and deaths, mediums carry a heavy load, taking upon themselves, temporarily at least, the burdens of others. Mediums are again the sufferers for the sins of the world, in that they are the objects at which the world hurls its most fiery darts of unbelief, of mistrust and misjudgment. The world knows very little of mediums, still less does it know of how to treat them, how to shield and protect them, and to call out of them what it so much needs, and what they, under proper conditions, are so capableof giving.

Here is the way Moses "pitches into" the pretenders to mediumship, the frauds, who for gain, deceive and mislead those who are seeking for the tokens of the better life. He says: "Here she who would play with the most sacred feelings of the human heart justly falls under the execration of every one who feels the sacredness of this holy communion! In proportion as we prize our spirit friends and the power which can bring them to us, do we feel to brand these fiends in human who impose upon our love for our dear departed and drain our purses of hard earned cash in the name of mediumship. Yet one can hardly expose and denounce these human ghouls without injuring, in the estimation of somebody, those sentiments who stand between the two worlds."

Children's Progressive Lyceum

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Although not quite so numerous as we were a year ago, yet the attendance has been good during the summer so far, and promises a healthful, vigorous growth. Certainly it is reasonable to expect that so true an educational system will attract a large attendance. The subjects recently selected for consideration have satisfied the most exacting Spiritualists, being, "Charity," and "What are the Spirits Doing?" These occupied three Sundays of July. The general exercises have also been fair, both in performance and "words of wisdom," some of them being rich spiritual fruits. Lack of leaders is always a reminder that we need an adult group, of several of them, whose members, growing up familiar with the Lyceum, could thus be drawn upon at any time. More than one group has been left without a leader, but the groups have not lost their existence, twelve being yet preserved. The pleasant weather acts as a counter attraction sometimes, but the interest in each other holds a number of us together through all seasons. Mrs. L. M. Briggs, who has been summering, and the conductor, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, are with us again, while Mrs. A. E. Fossett is enjoying a mountain trip, and Mrs. E. Lincoln is also away.

Dr. Briggs' Position.

The Directors of the Union Theological Seminary at their last annual meeting discussed the case of Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, and the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst reported their action at the anniversary exercises. He announced that questions had been submitted to Dr. Briggs relative to his religious faith and had been categorically answered by him, and the answers subscribed to with his name. Their substance, it is claimed is also clearly stated in the writings of Dr. Briggs. The questions and Dr. Briggs' answers are:

No. 1. a. Do you consider the Bible, the Church, and the "Reason" as coordinate sources of authority?

Answer.—No.

No. 1. b. Or do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice?

Answer.—Yes.

No. 2. When you use the term "Reason," do you include the conscience and the religious feeling?

Answer.—Yes.

No. 3. Would you accept the following as a satisfactory definition of inspiration:

"Inspiration is only a divine direction as to source and form of God's revelation in respect to both fact and doctrine."

Answer.—Yes.

No. 4. Do you believe the Bible to be inerrant in all matters concerning faith and practice and in everything in which it is a revelation from God or a vehicle of divine truth, and that there are no errors that disturb its infallibility in these matters or in its records of the historic events and institutions with which they are inseparably connected?

Answer.—Yes.

No. 5. Do you believe that the miracles recorded in Scripture are due to an extraordinary exercise of divine energy, either directly or indirectly, through holy men?

Answer.—Yes.

No. 6. Do you hold what is commonly known as the doctrine of a future probation? Do you believe in purgatory?

Answer.—No.

No. 7. Do you believe that the issues of this life are final and that a man who dies impenitent will have no further opportunity of salvation?

Answer.—Yes.

No. 8. Is your theory of progressive sanctification such as will permit you to say that you believe that when a man dies in the faith he enters the middle state regenerated, justified, and sinless?

Answer.—Yes.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Directors:

Resolved, that this Board has listened with satisfaction to the categorical replies rendered by Dr. Briggs to the questions submitted to him, and that it trusts that the manner in which he has dealt with the points that are in dispute will operate to correct the misapprehensions that are so widely current, and to quiet the disturbed condition of mind in which as a communion we are so unhappily involved.

The foregoing is from the *Christian Union*, and therefore must be correct. As the answers defining Dr. Briggs' position do not harmonize with statements at other times made by him his honesty may well be doubted. He has apparently modified the expression of his views for the purpose of retaining his standing in the church; if not, then it is quite evident that much more has been said concerning the advance opinions and sterling independence of Dr. Briggs than there was any occasion for. A man who believes what he here professes is still wandering in the darkness of the Christian labyrinth constructed during the time of Calvin, and has a long way to travel before he reaches the light revealed by modern science and liberal thought.

The Arena.

The August *Arena* contains a fine likeness of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and an article from her pen entitled "Where Must Lasting Progress Begin." Also photogravures of Amelia B. Edwards and her "Home Life" written by herself. "The Tyranny of Nationalism," by Minot J. Savage; "Working Women of Today," by Helen Campbell; "Psychic Experiences," by Sara A. Underwood, etc., make up a very interesting number.

An admirable full-page portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes forms the frontispiece of the July *Arena*. A critical paper by George Stewart the well-known editor and critical Quebec, treats of the life and literary labors of Dr. Holmes. Other notable articles are: Edgar Fawcett's "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York"; Prof. Bachmann's closing paper on "Revolutionary Measures and Negotiated Crime;" and "National Control of Railways." Camille Flammarion closes his paper on "The Unknown." W. D. McCrackan contrasts the Swiss and American Constitutions. The well-known Nationalist and Christian Socialist, Rev. Francis Bellamy contributes an article in reply to Mr. Flower's "Socialism." The Rev. W. E. Manley discusses Eternal Punishment. Prof. W. S. Scarborough of Wilberforce University discusses "The Negro Question" from a negro point of view. The story of the month is a touching one of Hamlin Garland's, entitled "A Prairie Heroine." By Hamlin Garland. The editorials, "An Epoch-making Decision" "The Present Revolution in Theological Thought," and "The Conflict Between Ancient and Modern Religious Thought in the Presbyterian Church," are strong, original, and suggestive.

Oregon Campmeeting.

The annual campmeeting of Oregon State Spiritual Society will be held at New Era, Clackamas Co., Oregon, beginning September 4, 1891, and continuing ten days. Good speakers and mediums will be present. One and one third rates on Southern Pacific and Iowa Road lines in Oregon. Hotel accommodations for those not wishing to camp. All are invited to attend.

WILLIAM BUCKMAN, Secy. O. S. S. S.

The Secretary probably means that full fare will be charged to go to the meeting and one-third fare to return

A God of Love.

When Col. Robert Ingersoll arrived at Minneapolis recently to lecture on "Myth and Miracle" he is said to have received a number of letters, one of which was the following letter and hymn:

My Dear Mr. Ingersoll: Every one, in the term, is every unregenerated soul is "dear" to me. My object in addressing you is to warning you to change the theme of your coming lecture to something that will not tend to impede the success of our revival which the Holy Ghost is about to shower upon us; but if you cannot change it, then for the sake of many dying souls I pray you not to expose the, to you, unreasonable parts of the Bible, as I very prove that there is no hope for our labor for Christ is lost. O! I have seen its saving grace work, as I did for many years with my father, who was a great revivalist. He was both exhorter and singer. And such a singer! And he wrote his own hymns. One I remember which, while praising God, tells the repentant sinner of his awful doom and of his chance of salvation if he will only believe in Christ. The precious words of truth in this hymn used to bring hundreds of souls to a belief in the goodness and justice of God, causing them to cry from the wrath to come."

O my dear sir! If you would only take in the whole meaning of this hymn, I feel sure that you would be admonished to turn evangelist and with your great intellect you might make

amends for the awful injury which I fear you have done.

Would to God that you and the world might profit by these humble and prayerful suggestions. May the God of love and mercy be found in your heart, to the end that you may come to Christ and be saved, is the prayer of your humble friend.

This is the hymn:

Thou God of justice, who, when Adam fell,
Doomed all thy children to an endless hell,
Lead us to realize, in thoughts sublime,
Thy vengeance throughout never-ending time.

O, mortal, cursed e'en from thy mother's womb,
Pray let me warn thee of thy coming doom!
Imagination cannot picture true
The eternal agony in store for you.

Each grain of sand upon Sahara's plain
Counts for a million years of woe and pain,
And when these countless desert sands are run
Eternal vengeance will have just begun.

Thy quickening soul more sensitive shall grow,
Each pang remain an everlasting woe;
Yes thou shalt welter in a lake of fire
White with the heat of God's avenging ire.

He'll laugh at thy complaint and mock thy fear;
Thy wail will be but music to his ear;
His nostrils shall thy smoke of torments greet
As incense, but there will be no mercy-seat.

"Mercy for thee? thou art too late to pray;"
"Depart from me, ye cursed," he will say;
Thy shriveled soul shall cower beneath his wrath
Where thorns beset thy never-ending path.

The battlements of heaven above thee frown,
Thy sainted mother may be looking down,
She'll see thy agony, and bless the Lord
That he hath severed the maternal cord.

The heart-strings that in life had held her boy
Are now relinquished for eternal joy.
Her soul with thankfulness will ever thrill,
Knowing that this is all her maker's will.

Plunged in a gulf of deepest darkest despair,
The rocks and mountains cannot hide thee there;
The worm that dieth not shall haunt thy soul;
Thy journey ne'er will end—there'll be no goal.

The gauntlet of the dammed shall be thy race;
Demons shall goad thee on at every pace,
Wreaking hell torments on thy spirit sore—
God hath forsaken thee for evermore.

This reads very much like a travesty on the Christian religion as it is on Justice, but it may be genuine. No doubt there are people crazy enough to believe such an inconsistent and horrible doctrine. Those who oppose Dr. Briggs and some who sustain him (see article in another column) are not advanced very far beyond the position occupied by the writer of the foregoing lines.

The old Anthony homestead in Rochester, N. Y. has been renovated and refurnished by the Women's Political Club of that city to provide a pleasant home for Miss Susan B. Anthony. A room has been fitted up especially for Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who will spend the summer with Miss Anthony. This is the first home Miss Anthony could call her own since she began her work for woman suffrage.—*Womankind.*

What Women Are Doing.

The New England Woman's Press Association numbers 150 members.

Elizabath Stuart Phelps is writing a memorial of her father, the late Professor Austin Phelps of Andover.

Mrs. Atherton, is looking up material for a new work to be called "Literary Women of the Pacific Coast."

The Phoebe Couzins case was decided against Miss Couzins. The court held that Miss Couzins is out of office and can not get back.

Miss Minna V. Lewis, of the BUSINESS WOMAN'S JOURNAL, New York, is in San Francisco, making a study of the Kindergarten System.

Mrs. Alice E. Whitaker, of *The New England Farmer*, has added to her duties the editorial management of *Health*, a Boston monthly.

The Boston *Herald* has more women on its editorial staff than any other journal in Boston, and it is perhaps the best paper in the city.

The Federation of Women's Clubs now number 108 clubs. At the last meeting of the council sixty clubs were represented by their presidents.

Mrs. B. A. Lincoln was invited by the State Board of Agriculture to read a paper before the Farmers' Institute recently held at Putnam, Connecticut.

At Lexington, Miss., Miss Dixie Cole is the express agent, Miss Emily Wright is the postmistress and Miss Mollie Hoskins has charge of the telegraph office.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the popular novelist, has been the mother of fifteen children. It is only of late years that she has discovered her ability to write stories.

An ingenious Western woman designs decorative novelties and makes up fancy and useful articles during the year, then holds a parlor sale just before the holidays.

A farm of two hundred acres in Ohio is owned and managed by Miss Antoinette Knuggs, a young woman who has received a college education. She is making a success of it.

The employment of women in English government offices is steadily progressing. The post-office led the way, and now the war-office is following. There are twenty women clerks in that department.

Dr. Sara C. Seward, niece of the late Wm. H. Seward, died at Allahabad, India, June 15. She was the first woman medical missionary to that country, and spent seventeen years in the work.

Mrs. Shepherd of Ventura and Miss Sessions of San Diego, school teachers who were in ill health, have recovered health, and are making money in the business of floriculture. Mrs Shepherd sends calla lillies to the east by the car-load, and flower-seeds which bring a good price.

At the annual festival of the Woman's Suffrage Association of New England nine hundred people sat down to dinner, Hon. John B. Long presiding. Addresses were made by Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Miss Balgarnie, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, Mrs. Anna Christy Fall, and Mrs. Lelia Robinson Sawtelle.

At the annual closing exercises of Industrial art for women, New York city, many designs by women were exhibited. There were designs for calico, stained-glass, book-covers, carpets, wall-papers, linen, silks, ribbons, oil-cloths, handkerchief-borders, window-shades, and many other art industries. Diplomas were awarded twenty-seven members of the advanced class, and prizes were awarded to Miss Hattie Z. Bickford, and Miss Susie P. Johnson for proficiency in design.

The "Womens' Ministerial Conference" of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the president, was recently in session in Boston. Addresses were made by Rev. Ada C. Bowles, Recording Secretary of the Conference; Rev. Alma H. Shaw, pastor in a Methodist Church; Rev. Elizabeth H. Delevan, graduate of the Boston University Theological School; Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Pastor of a Congregational Church; Rev. Lorenzo Hayes and Mrs. Maria H. Bray. Remarks were made by Charles G. Ames Pastor of the Church of the Disciples. He told the apochryphal story of Christ, who, when asked when the Kingdom of Heaven would come, replied, "when men and women meet and forget that they are men and women."

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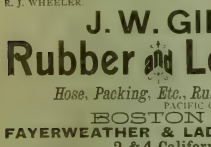

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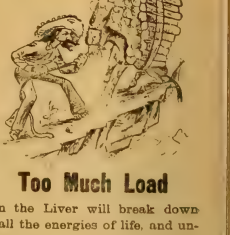

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CHAPTER IX.

FIRE AND SMOKE.

"Gentlemen, what will you do? Is there no plan you can devise to overcome these troubles? I will go with you, heart and hand, in any good measure you may adopt looking to the betterment of the people, and the cessation of these hostilities between the classes!" exclaimed young Albert Mountain in a most decided and earnest tone, as he glanced from one to the other of the seven gentlemen who were seated in the room with him. It was late at night. For over two hours these men had held their conference. They were the most prominent business men of the city, and the two Mountains, uncle and nephew, who had solicited the interview with the purpose of trying to arrange some plan for the benefit of the poorer population. They were seated in the office of one of the corporation, Abel Sawyer, the most unyielding and arbitrary taskmaster in town, he was called; and as yet no satisfactory conclusion had been arrived at.

"My idea," said Sawyer, "is to serve the law on these people; they're a bad lot, sowing the seeds of sedition and discord at all hours. Not one of us is safe from their hands. Even you, Mountain, who have never given them a sharp word, but have helped them with money and food, may at any time fall a victim to their passion."

"It may be so," returned the young man, "and why not? I have not aggravated them by the display of my wealth, and I have tried to ease their hard lot; but they know I have means. I did not get it through business relations with any of them. My property was left me by my father; but these people reason—and with truth—that hands and brains created it. My father did not earn it all by the sweat of his brow. Others labored for him. He paid their wage, but when the net earnings were collected for each year's toil, his was the largest share. They will say someone suffered that I might have this wealth. And it is even so; no doubt men and women toiled early and late, often with hungry stomachs and half clad bodies, that my father might amass the fortune which he left his son. How then can I blame the poor who cry out for redress when I know that their labor and their time, aye and their life, have done as much, even more, to build up the fortunes of the rich, as have the brains and the prudence of these same wealthy men?"

There was a pause until young Mountain went on:

"Gentlemen, you will all admit that without the raw material you could not turn out the finished product of your looms. This material then is essential to the operations of your mills. Very well, I contend that labor and the intelligence, defective as it is, of your operatives, are the raw material of human energy that is converted into the wealth which you have gained. Now I propose that this essential material, this labor, which is the capital of the poor, be recognized henceforth in the business circles of Albans. There are eight of us here, all men of means. Suppose all of us put two-thirds of our fortunes into a common fund; that we unite on business principles and humane ones, too—in the interests of the milling industry. We will agree that the common fund shall stand as invested capital, the income of which will be used in the business, each one of us to draw only a small percentage upon our stock; the remainder of the income of the corporation to be distributed pro rata among the operatives, the overseers and the clerks, according to their individual ability, industry and character."

"Tut! Tut!" exclaimed Mr. Sawyer in derision; "this co-operative plan of yours, young man, is the dream of a visionist, not the sober reflection of a practical man! I cannot consent to enter any such scheme. After all our talk, I do not see that we arrive at any more sensible conclusion than that which the business men of this town have always acted upon; and that is to let the working people alone. You can't lift them up to our level and put them on a plane of equality with the higher classes through any form of division of property or distribution of dividends, or any thing of that sort. They belong to the common herd, and you can't make anything more of them. Keep them in their places, is the safest rule; let them know who is master in the mill or at the shop; pay them a wage for their labor, but *don't* lead them to expect anything more at the end of the year when the accounts are settled up. That's all I've got to say. We had better go home."

There was a little more talk among the gentlemen, Abel Sawyer keeping a grim silence, however, during the discussion. But nothing definite came of it. None but Albert Mountain and his uncle favored the idea of employing the working people upon the distributive plan, and these two were not at present engaged in active business life; so that it seemed likely that the problem of the poor of Albans would still remain unsolved.

Finally, the men rose to depart, all but Abel Sawyer, who lingered to close his office, and probably because he chose to go home alone.

"I shall not give up the fight, uncle, but I will do my best toward making a change in the condition of the oppressed class in this town; I mean to enter business of some kind myself, and when I do I shall adopt some co-operative system in my dealings with my fellow men. I only wish I could make others feel as I do on this question."

"That you cannot do, my boy," the elder Mountain responded; "old systems die hard, and old customs, however unjust they may be, have strong root in the soil of men's minds. I am too old to engage in any new ventures or industries; but you have my blessing and my good wishes. I have not the enthusiasm nor the hot blood of youth, and I cannot help thinking that you are a little too eager in your attempted flight

into new realms—a little too sanguine of success in lifting the lower classes to the higher plane. There is a grain of truth in the rough words of Sawyer, 'You can't lift them up to our level and put them on a plane of equality with the higher classes,' not in one generation at least; and why? Because these people are the victims of centuries of ignorance, of servitude and degradation. They have all the inherited conditions of a past ancestry in their lives: want, ignorance and brutality have been the experience, the heritage of these common working folk for all time. Now, my boy, these people are stamped through and through with the seal of such a fate; how can you or any one else expect to lift them to a conception of a broader, fuller life? You can afford them better comforts, give them higher instruction, and help them to enjoy such life as they are suited to, no doubt; but as water cannot rise higher than its level, so you will find that humanity naturally settles itself in classes, and that the members of each degree find their proper sphere."

"I know your good heart, uncle, and so your words cannot pain me. You reason from the head, viewing things through the glass of custom. I grant you that years of menial service, or of indulgence in corrupting habits will weaken any class and leave the stain upon its offspring; but are we never to try and overcome this condition? Shall we be indifferent to it, willing to see the masses toil and starve in their bondage and pain? No! I believe we should do our best to help them to help themselves—to aid them in self cultivation and growth. To do this we must recognize them not only as human beings, but in a measure as brothers and sisters. We must let them see that we really wish to do right toward them; that we appreciate their service and desire to give them a just return for it. We must send teachers among them to show them how to help themselves out of their low condition."

"I like your spirit, Al, and will not discourage you. I know the poor have been over-worked and underpaid, and they are not without my sympathy. I cannot enter new fields at my time of life; but as you know, I am well-to-do, and what I have will belong to my only child. On the day that Louise becomes your wife I shall place one-half of my fortune in her name, and I know her well enough to realize that in doing so it will be put into any philanthropic scheme that you may entertain. There is no one on earth I could give my daughter to with as ready a heart as I will to you, my boy, though I do not approve of marriage between cousins in general. The fact that your father was only my half brother relieves me somewhat on that point; otherwise I might have hesitated to bestow her hand upon you. As it is, you are both all I have to look to in my declining years, for love and—"

The sentence was not completed, for just at that moment a wild peal of bells rang out upon the air, and a lurid light shooting up toward the sky in the direction from which they had come, turned the attention of the two men from the subject of their conversation.

"The old mill is on fire, uncle, I think, and it must have gained a rapid headway; I will go back and see; but you had better enter the house," said the younger man, as they paused on a street corner close to their home.

"Yes! I will go in, and you will do well to come with me, boy. That fire is a raging one; you can do nothing there; come in with me. I wonder how it caught! Sawyer is the most careful of men; he could not have been the cause. Well, he has left, and is at home by this time, I suppose. I hope none of the spiteful strikers have done this."

But Albert the younger did not accompany his uncle into the house. He hastily turned his steps in the direction of the fire. Sure enough, the old mill was on fire; it must have been smouldering for hours to have gained that headway, and now all hope of saving the main part of the structure seemed vain.

Suddenly there was a shout from the crowd, as the smoke lifted and a streak of flame lighted up the office window of the second floor, for there, pressed close to the pane, was the pallid face of Abel Sawyer, the man most feared and hated by the "common people" for miles around.

The heat was intense; the gateways were black with smoke, and the task of reaching the man, though not impossible, was not a tempting one. Evidently he was afraid to venture out himself, and unless some one went to his aid he must perish. Amid the yells and confusion some one was heard to shout,

"There's old Sawyer! Who'll help him out? Perhaps he'll give yer a job if yer will."

"Twould serve him right to leave him to die like a rat in his hole," said another.

"I'll not risk meself for him," cried one man; "the world's as much need of me as him."

"Well, look now," screamed a bareheaded woman in the crowd. "Yer not wanted to bring him out; sure there's young Mister Mountain an' a fireman rushin' in after the old man!"

CHAPTER X.

THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT—ALBERT'S VISION.

They got him out at last, but it was a wearisome task. As much as he feared the approach of the flames, Abel Sawyer seemed to fear facing the howling mob outside the building more. Albert Mountain and John Lane, the fireman, had dashed through the smoke into the office, and the old man, leaning on an arm of each, was led safely out.

It was no wonder that Abel Sawyer feared to meet the screaming mob, for as he appeared in the street a shout of scorn and derision went up from a hundred throats. The idle jeering crowd pressed so near the firemen that it was with difficulty they could perform their work. Indeed it seemed as if the people were bent on retarding the efforts of the firemen.

"Stand off!" shouted Albert Mountain, as a dash was made toward Sawyer by a member of the lawless ones. "Let this man go to his home in peace!"

"No! No! cried a voice in the crowd. "It's him we're after. It's him has made the bad luck an' the hard times for us. He deserves to be pulled up, an' now's our time."

At these words there was another rush, but Albert resolutely stood his ground in front of the trembling millionaire, and called out, "Men! Men! be reasonable; act like human beings! You know this will have to be answered for—"

Just then another voice shouted from the crowd, "Yer'd better be still, Mr. Mountain, an' mind yer own affairs. We've got nothin' agin you; but we do owe old Sawyer a big bill, an' we've made up our minds ter pay it this night."

"Where are the police?" cried Mountain. "We call on the protection of the police." The police were at hand, a body of them with drawn clubs, that had been making its way through the outskirts of the crowd, and which, after much pushing and shouting, and tapping of heads gained Albert's side and took the trembling mill-owner in charge.

Awed by "the majesty of the law," in the presence of the police the hooting crowd became silent and inactive for a few moments, long enough for Abel Sawyer to be hustled away and out of sight by his new escort.

The fire swept on unmindful of the efforts of man to stay its course. The firemen labored manfully, and again the jeers and yells of the crowd rose high upon the midnight air. The most important mill buildings of Albans were completely destroyed. Accidents of numerous kinds occurred, principally through the reckless conduct of the people. Beaten heads produced by the descending clubs in the hands of blue-coated officers were numerous; while John Lane, the fireman who had helped to lead Abel Sawyer out of the burning building,

was felled by a falling beam, from under which he was rescued with difficulty, sustaining severe injuries.

Finally toward morning the Mayor appeared with a copy of the riot act in his hand, followed by a military posse; but not until several arrests were made was the crowd dispersed, and the field left to the possession of the fire company.

Long before this, conscious that he could do no good by remaining, Albert Mountain had retired to his home to acquaint his uncle with the situation of affairs.

"There is no doubt in my mind," said the young man, "that the fire was the work of an incendiary. It seems to have started in the waste room in the rear of the mill. I think some of the more reckless of the unemployed have been plotting this thing. They knew of our meeting at the mill, and while we were conferring together the flame was started. Perhaps they thought we would all be at home long before the fire gained headway, but when I reflect on the reception that the crowd gave Sawyer when he appeared, I fear that the plot had been against his life as well as his property. A bull hour later he could not have gotten out at all."

"Well, well! it is a most wretched business certainly, and one that we cannot tell the end. An effort must be made to find the ring leaders, and they must be punished to the extent of the law. At this rate, the city will be given up to anarchy and riot, and no one will be safe either at home or abroad. It's a bad state of things, my boy."

"True, uncle, and the question is, how to apply the remedy. Example must be made of the most vicious and hardened, of course. As a protection to society, and as a precaution against further lawlessness, the real culprits must be severely dealt with; but the query comes to me over and over again, what ultimate good will come of it? Imprisonment for men who have grown desperate, perhaps irresponsible in their dealings through want of employment and lack of means to provide food for their families, does not solve the problem that confronts us. These people have asked for bread and have been given the stone of cold denial. Even more, they have not begged the bread, they asked the opportunity to earn it, and the rich corporations have flatly refused them. It is truly 'a bad state of affairs,' uncle, and a sad one."

Still occupied with the thoughts that had exercised his mind that day, Albert Mountain retired to his couch, but not to sleep. The problems of the hour pressed upon his mind. He admitted the condition of the men who had done so much injury that might to become of deplorable ignorance and brutality; and yet, he felt that they are also children of the living God, that they are all members of the human family; and that somewhere a fearful responsibility for their state of poverty and ignorance rests. The rich had said, 'Grind all that you can from these lives; they are machines to do our work;' and the grinding had gone on until the end had come.

Suddenly the walls of his room seemed to be removed, and Albert was looking out upon an unfamiliar scene. In the distance he beheld the shining walls and lofty towers of a large city. The spot seemed to vibrate with life and action, and also to be the dwelling place of prosperity and peace. Human beings moved about, but none seemed unhappy or ill at ease, nor were any clothed in distinctive dress or badge of office, but all appeared to occupy an equal plane of life and society. Near by he discovered an open space, bright and sunny, in which a large concourse of people were assembled. All of them wore the same quiet aspect, the same contented expression; although one might conclude that they were artisans of various lines of employment. These people were apparently paying attention to the remarks of a distinguished looking man of benign countenance and massive form who stood before them in the open space. Now, as our hero gazed, he seemed to be drawn nearer the speaker, until these words fell upon his hearing:

"Ours is called the 'Ideal Republic,' my friends. In our State man and woman stands equal in every department of thought and labor. Here, we are members of one family whose head and parent is the Government. We, its children, pay our dues into the common fund in the product of our labor, and we draw from the common treasury every supply for the needs and demands of our daily lives. 'We are the people,' and in the people is vested the power to control affairs of State. The State is our protection and our support, but we, as its people, contribute our energies, our labor and our lives toward its management. There is no division here such as we learn of in other lands. Let the people of each nation adopt our form of government and by their united will elect to office only such individuals as have the best interest of the whole country at heart. Let these officers be chosen for their integrity and wisdom. Let them receive no stated salary for their service, but only the guarantee of a generous support from the common fund. Let the nations of civilized life come together in harmonious council, and let each agree to take care of its own offspring, and to train the hands and brains of its children to useful exercise, meteing out exact justice and equity to all, and we shall hear no more of wars, and of classes rising against classes in rebellion and strife."

The further words of the speaker were lost to him; the vision of smiling fields and gleaming city walls faded away, and Albert Mountain slept the sleep which tired nature demanded.

To be Continued.

The Coming Man

LILLA WHEELER WILCOX

Oh not for the great departed, who framed our country's laws.
And not for the bravest hearted who died in freedom's cause,
And not for some living hero to whom all lands their knee,
My muse would raise her song of praise but for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman is passing through to-day
A man that is more than human shall yet be born, I say –
A man in whose pure spirit no dross of self will lurk;
A man who is strong to cope with wrong, a man who is proud to work.

A man with hope undaunted, a man with God-like power
Shall come when the most is wanted, shall come at the needed hour,
He shall silence the din and clamor of clan disputing with clan,
And toll's long fight with purse-proud might shall triumph through this man.

I know he is coming, coming, to help, to guide, to save,
Though I hear no martial drumming, and see no flags that wave;
But the great soul-travail of woman, and the bold free thought unfurled,
Are heralds that say he is on the way the coming man of the world.

Mourn not for vanished ages with their great heroic men,
Who dwell in history's pages and live in the poet's pen,
For the grandest times are before us, and the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old earth in the man that are to be.

It appears to be the belief of some that as man in the savage state has for the most part been largely, if not wholly, carnivorous, he will with the progress of civilization become entirely vegetarian or use only the products of animals, as eggs and milk, with vegetable food. A vegetable diet has been found very successful in treating kidney troubles and indigestion. In point of economy it is an enormous saving, not only in actual cost to the consumer, but also in land, as on two equal portions of ground, one raising a cereal and the other beef or mutton, the part devoted to the cereal will support ten times as many men as the beef or mutton portion.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

The *Banner of Light*, Sept. 23, 1876, p. 2, contained an article by Col. H. S. Olcott, entitled "A Tap at Mrs. Tappan," being in reply to remarks on occultism in a published address by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, the noted Spiritualist lecturer. In this article he makes the following remarkable assertion: "At this moment there are, in various parts of the world, 985,000,000 'converts' and 'advocates' of the philosophy that the Theosophical Society was organized to study. And every man of these millions . . believes that it has a claim of (sic) existence in the world of science." Inasmuch as a large number of these 985,000,000 persons have no conception of the connotation of the word "science," the folly of this extravagant affirmation is patent. "Thousands," continues he, "who stand to the great body of these advocates [of theosophy] as Mrs. Tappan, or rather her controls, do to the mass of Spiritualists, could take this control and set him in full sight of her audiences and let him do his own talking. These are adepts of Occultism." Note the childish credulity of this remark, voicing his belief that there are thousands of "adepts," all of whom have such power over the residents of the spirit-world and over the forces of this world as to be able to "materialize" in full form a spirit, and render him visible and audible to a large audience long enough for him to deliver an address of an hour's length! Fifteen years have elapsed since then, and there is no record of any one of the thousands (?) of adepts having attempted even the execution of this extraordinary feat. As all of the Colonel's information about the adepts was derived from Madame Blavatsky, we learn from this the kind of "cock-and-bull stories" with which, at this time, the veracious Madame was regaling her dupes. "What excuse," next says Col. Olcott, "can these guides [of Mrs. Tappan] who live presumably in the spirit-world, give for misrepresenting the Occultists by saying that they affirm that 'there are elementary or *fragmentary souls*, not yet human. . . . , etc., etc? Who authorized them to say that we regard the elementary spirits as fragmentary souls? or not yet human? What author do they study—these guides? The spirits of the elements—the gnomes, sylphs, undines, and salamanders—have no immortal souls, nor ever will have; they are not 'yet' human, nor ever will be. They are evolutions of matter, not like ourselves." In reply it may be asked, What excuse has Colonel Olcott for thus affecting ignorance of his own teachings and those of his mistress in Occultism, Mme. Blavatsky? What excuse has he for falsely charging the "guides" of Mrs. Tappan with misrepresenting the occultists? The doctrines attributed to occultism by Mrs. Tappan were in exact accordance with those published by Olcott and Blavatsky in the *New York Tribune*, *Spiritual Scientist*, and other journals, and which have been published *verbatim* in previous chapters of this narrative. The Colonel certainly knew this; therefore he must have known that his comments upon Mrs. Tappan's lecture, on these points, were destitute of truth. What shall be thought of a man who charges another with falsehood, when in fact the falsehood is wholly on his part? This article of Olcott's demonstrates that no reliance can be placed upon anything emanating from his pen.

In this article the Colonel avows that the Occultists "do not challenge a single genuine message that has been received from 'disembodied human souls.' They believe that there are such genuine messages; and, for my part, I can say I have had them—often—and often without the intervention of a medium. But we believe—nay, we know—that thousands of so-called spirit-messages have come from the Elementary." Col. Olcott did not and could not "know" any such thing; he knew nothing on the subject; he merely was aware of the nonsensical theories with which Mme. Blavatsky was fooling him. When he spoke of receiving messages from spirits without the intervention of a medium, he doubtless referred to those which he had received in Mme. Blavatsky's presence; as by this time he had ceased to regard her as a medium, and considered her an adept,—one of those "thousands" who could control spirits.

One of the original thirteen officers of the Theosophical Society in 1875 was R. B. Westbrook, LL.D., now of Philadelphia; and in the *R. P. J.*, of Sept. 14, 1889, Dr. Westbrook publishes some reminiscences of the sayings and doings of the early theosophists. I have shown in a previous chapter that Mme. Blavatsky was in collusion with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, in the production of fraudulent materialization. This is confirmed by Dr. Westbrook, who states that "Mrs. Holmes subsequently affirmed that the Madame proposed to her a partnership in the materialization show-business, with Col. Olcott as manager, claiming that she had already so 'psychologized' him that 'he did not know his head from his heels!" For some reason or other the partnership was not formed, and the gullible public missed 'the greatest show on earth.' It was well understood, however, in 'esoteric circles' and among the 'secret wisdom' people of Philadelphia, that the magical Madame showed the medium Holmes how to stand the 'tests' and vindicate her mediumship after the thorough exposure of her frauds. Indeed, Col. Olcott himself afterward said among his friends in New York, that the medium Holmes was vindicated through the secret power of the Madame - a fact which soon after I had good reason to believe. The Madame had several escapades in Philadelphia as well as in New York, of which I cannot now speak."

As a specimen of the tricks practiced at this time by the Madame, the following, narrated by Dr. Westbrook, in the same article, is of interest. One evening by appointment, the noted Unitarian minister and author, Rev. W. R. Alger, met the Madame and Col. Olcott at the residence of Dr. Westbrook, No. 15 West 424 street, New York. About 10 o'clock the bell of the outside door rang, the door of the chamber opened, says Dr. Westbrook, "and into our very midst appeared a being of strange form and manner. It was evidently a woman's figure, though so concealed by head-gear and other drapery that Alger compared he, she, or it to 'the man with an iron mask.' With tragic air and rapid motion it heartily saluted the Madame, handed her a letter—and as suddenly left the room, rushed down stairs, slamming the front door behind it. Olcott . . reverently whispered 'an elementary'—while the Madame affected great indignation that the 'Brothers' should send a special messenger on such unimportant business." The purport of the letter was that Dr. Pancoast had been refused admission to the Secret Brotherhood in the East; but Dr. Westbrook states that Dr Pancoast denied that he ever made application for admission. "The Madame grew more indignant as she realized that Alger had failed to be favorably impressed by the 'elementary' visitor." A few months after, Dr. Westbrook discovered that the Madame attempted to deceive Mr. Alger by hiring an Irish servant girl to personate the "elementary." She "had agreed to pay her five dollars for her services, but failing to pay the money, the girl had 'gone back' on her and confessed her share in the attempted fraud."

From an article headed "She," written by a lady member of the Theosophical Society, published in the *R. P. J.*, June 22, 1889, we learn that, according to the testimony of a lady who lived in the same house with Mme. Blavatsky in New York, the latter was "won't to play 'occult' tricks—she was quite an expert at legerdemain—on Col. Olcott, and to constantly call him a d——d fool, and to quarrel with him in the fiercest man-

ner. Furthermore, that she deliberately broke up several families by professing to have some occult knowledge which must lead to that result." We are further told by the same person that the Madame's neighbor having expressed a desire to see one of the 'Brothers,' she was asked by the Madame soon after to look into a certain room, and there, remarkably garbed, sat an alleged adept,—doubtless a confederate, as in the Alger incident. It is a suggestive fact that although, in order merely to gratify a neighbor's idle curiosity, H. P. B. was able to show a mahatma in propra persona in New York, she was unable to gratify the ardent wishes of Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Hume, and other champions of theosophy in India, that they might be permitted to see or meet with an adept. The reason for the latter is evident; the Madame did not dare to attempt to palm off her spurious mahatmas, in person, upon these gentlemen, lest the imposture be at once detected; so they were restricted to correspondence with the 'Brothers,' and never allowed to see them.

The theosophical author of the article headed "She," in the *R. P. J.*, also states the following: "I was told by a famous medium, with whom Mme. Blavatsky lived in London, that she constantly consulted mediums, and that she derived much information and direction from this source. This statement was substantiated by several reliable, trustworthy people who knew that Mme. Blavatsky consulted mediums, both in London and New York. From a lady of culture and high social position, who was a friend of the late Frederick Hockley, Esq., of England, than whom there has been no more profound occult student, I learned that Mr. Hockley refused to call upon Mme. Blavatsky, and declared himself as considering her beneath the attention of a true occultist. Moreover, I was informed by a doctor of divinity of the Methodist Episcopal Church . . a resident missionary in India, that . . he knew an aged Pundit who had stated to him, and since put the statement in writing, that Mme. Blavatsky had come to him for instruction, which he had refused to give her, on the ground that she was wrong in motive from the very beginning, and was not a fit person to be intrusted with the knowledge she sought to obtain. The Rev. Doctor . . spoke of the ancient Pundit, who gave this testimony in regard to Mme. Blavatsky, as a man of the most wonderfully amiable and charming character; of marvelous and subtile wisdom and of deep spirituality."

As regards the allegation above of the Madame breaking up families, it is certainly true in the case of Colonel Olcott. Not very long after the beginning of his association with her, he separated from his wife and children and went to reside with Mme. Blavatsky, with whom he continued to live while she remained in New York, and, I believe, during their conjunct residence in India. His wife obtained a divorce, and it has been published that he dare not return to America, lest the officers of the law pounce upon him for neglect to pay the alimony allowed his wronged wife, his eldest son being much incensed against him, and having threatened to have him arrested should he come again to this country.

During a part of the time that she resided in New York the Madame lived with Col. Olcott in a flat at 767 Eighth Avenue, corner of 48th street, over the dry-goods store of Mr. Morris; and in the New York *Sun*, August 3, 1879, I find some recollections of Mr. Morris about H. P. B. at this time. "Once or twice every week there used to be gatherings in her rooms, and Indian spirits were as common as pie in New England. A good many wealthy people seem to have been duped by her, for Mr. Morris remembers that carriages used to roll up there every day, and fashionably dressed men and women used to go into her apartments and spend hours there. Blavatsky . . seemed to retain her occult information for those who could afford to pay for it."

To be Continued.

Progress.

WILL H. KERNAN.

Upward, upward press the peoples to that pure exalted plane
Where no throne shall cast a shadow and no slave shall wear a chain.
They have trampled on the fagots, broken crucifix and wheel,
Banished rack, and thong, and hemlock, and the headman's bloody steel—
Forced the Church-hold to surrender stake, and scourge, and bolt and bar—
Torn the keys from off its girdle, thrown the Gates of Truth ajar.
They have taught the titled tyrants human rights to recognize,
And with bayonet and sabre, they have slain a legion lies.
They are lighting lamps of freedom on a million altar-stones,
With the torches they have kindled at the blaze of burning thrones;
And this light shall sweep each circle to the very ends of earth,
Touching with immortal beauty every heart and every hearth;
Thrilling every human being underneath the speechless skies,
And transfiguring our planet to a perfect Paradise.
As we higher march, and higher, on into this light serene,
Every man will be a Kaiser, every woman be a Queen—
Aye, Queen-regnant, then, and ransomed from the thralls she wears to-day,
While her lover, son and brother walk unfettered on their way.
She hath wept and prayed in passion—bitterness hath made her moan—
All the terrors and the tortures of the tyrant she hath known;
Still the blood that flows for freedom flows for man, and man alone.
Nay, behold! the light is burning with a strong, and stronger flame,
And the foremost in the phalanx see the stark and stinging shame—
See the biting, blasting, burning shame of sex-oppression now,
And with hearts and hands uplifted, swear a grand and god-like vow
That, despite the fangs of Custom, and despite the Church's frown,
Womanhood shall wield its sceptre, womanhood shall wear its crown.
She hath borne with man his crosses, she hath worn with man his chains,
She hath suffered all his losses, she hath suffered all his pains,
She shall stand with him, co-equal, on the pure exalted planes!

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

Roll on, O slow-wheeled years, and bring the day
When man shall gather wealth to give away;
And spring to help, when tempted nature falls,
As when a builder drops from city walls;

When to do good alone shall men be bold
And seek out suffering as they seek for gold;
When Christain women shall not wipe their feet
Upon their fallen sisters in the street;

And calumny shall be a crime unknown,
And each shall make his neighbor's wrong his own.
Begone! O hate, and wrong, and war, begone!
Roll on this way, O Golden Age, roll on!

When men and angels face to face shall talk,
And earth and Heaven arm in arm shall walk,
When love shall reign, and over sea and shore
The peace of God shall reign forevermore.

—*A. P. Milter.*

Spirit Instruction: Written by Dictation.—No. 4.

BY RAYMONDE.

DEAR PUPIL:—Kind greeting this fair morning. Wouldst that every home was as bright as the sunshine of to-day; but alas! the shadow is across the threshold of many, and the light has gone out in the hearts of the weary and care-laden who know not the blessedness of spiritual consolation in days of adversity and bereavement. The angel world is filled with sympathy for the sorrowing of earth, but the priesthood stands in the doorway of mortals, placing themselves between the inmates and the light of Heaven, thus shutting out the brightness that would naturally enter were there no obstruction. Because priests are familiar with ritual and theology is no reason that they are familiar with spiritual truths. On the contrary, their religion retards their development, and it is not often that a "medium" is found amongst them, although as the term is generally understood, there are few, if any, who would admit that they are mediums.

The term medium is used as an opprobrious epithet by theologists and others who are not versed in Spiritualism. And can this be wondered at when taking into consideration the reproach which many mediums cast upon the term? The business they follow is the gathering in of shekels rather than the dissemination of wisdom. But why a distinction should be made between a business medium and a business-theologian is not quite clear. The sooner people recognize the fact that there are high and low in every calling, the sooner will they become more just in their opinions. I do not think the name "medium" will be used much longer by the more advanced in Spiritual philosophy. It has become so incrusted with objectionable ideas that a change would be desirable, to elevate in the minds of unbelievers the great religion of Spiritualism, placing it above the possibility of ridicule and slander, to which it is now exposed, partly through the fault of the "cheats" engaged in sensational and fraudulent manifestations, giving untruthful messages and thoroughly bad counsel. The mission of the religion of Spiritualism is not to give advice regarding the rise and fall of the stock market, nor any other kind of gambling, nor to prescribe love potions, nor to engage in detective work, although the clergy publicly proclaim this to be the chief occupation of "mediums." It cannot be denied that it is the employment of many, but if clergymen would investigate and classify those generally called Spiritualists, they would inflict less pain on the sensitive and do less harm than by summing them under one head and denouncing them all as in the service of Satan.

When a message comes through a purified mind it is wise to listen. It is not proper for a Christian to call his departed mother, wife, child or grandparent a "demon" and to cry unto them "begone," when they approach in hours of quietude. What queer ideas some people have of politeness, and what offense they give to spirit friends! I am very grateful that my kindred are not disrespectful to me when I return. It is not agreeable to be called bad names. If the rule "think of others as you would have others think of you," were more closely followed by churchmen, a more christian spirit would prevail and angels would not so often weep. In good time those now most opposed to angelic visitation will become reconciled and even anxious to further this great privilege that an all-wise Creator has made possible. They will, if not before the change called Death, certainly after it, appreciate the benefits to be derived from a universal belief in spirit communion.

A STORY—THE HAPPY HOME.

Once upon a time, as stories are wont to begin, there lived in a New England village an orthodox minister. Devout was he and honored by old and young. Much given to charity and never telling of his deeds of mercy, modest in his opinion of himself and ever seeking to do good, this man dwelt in a region of tranquility and neighborly harmony. He was surrounded by a family to whom he was fondly attached and upon whom he was dependent for daily happiness. The more he loved his God the greater increased his love of wife and children. The atmosphere of this ideal home was enchanting. All who came within its influence were moved to better deeds and kinder words. But one day the serpent of Intolerance entered the garden. The wife of this clergyman ate of forbidden fruit. It came about in this way:

QUESTIONING GOD'S JUSTICE.

In the small town in which they resided there lived a widow with two small children. She was left in a destitute condition by the death of her husband, and the good wife of the minister frequently visited the poor woman with crumbs of spiritual comfort; and more substantial aid now and then of sundry packages—concealed as much as possible from neighborly observation—were presented with delicacy. On these occasions religious conversation was most agreeable to the widow, who was in doubt concerning the soul of her deceased partner. As he was not a convert to Christianity, there lurked in the mind of her visitor a thought that he might not be happy, and when questioned closely she admitted that as he was not a church member and had not been cleansed by baptism, in all probability he must have gone the broad road that leads to trouble. The widowed heart was sore with grief, and she began to question God's justice and loving kindness.

"John was honest and good," she cried in her despair; "he wronged no man, and why should God cast him away? Why should he suffer eternally because he was not a churchman?"

The reasoning of the poor woman perplexed the clergyman's wife. "Why, indeed," thought she, "should John, the upright man, go to unrest, and Deacon R., the shrewd speculator and zealous churchman, enter God's heavenly Kingdom?" To be sure the deacon gave to the church; but many of his plans to obtain gold for public giving were openly criticised, by those who lost in the schemes, as little short of actual theft. Yet when Deacon R. died the church was in mourning for this substantial pillar, and referred to his life as an example for young men to follow. He was one of the elect. But poor John's fate was mentally sealed by the silence and evasion attending his funeral, and the common conclusion of the churchmembers was that he was suffering for disobedience of priestly warning. As the widow continued in her questionings at each visit, it set the machinery of her reason in motion, and after a while she became convinced that if God was just, John must be as happy as the deacon. She pleaded so earnestly his cause that the clergyman's wife soon began to think there must be error in the Christian religion; and she too, expressed the hope that all was well with her former and ever kind neighbor.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

One day, as they were conversing in the cool cleanly room where the windows were draped with morning glories, and the perfume of old fashioned posies weighted the air, a loud rapping was heard, as upon the window pane. The women were startled by the noise but uttered no word. A louder rap was followed by a rumbling sound as of faintest thunder, and they cast an anxious eye through the open door, but the sky was clear and no storm was gathering. Again the tapping on the window was heard in irregular, distinct beats. They had heard of the Rochester knockings, but, like many other good women, had considered them of human origin, and had never investigated for their own benefit. Now was the time to ascertain whether these sounds were possessed of intelligence, and they began to ply questions with true womanly instinct, which were answered in monosyllables "yes" and "no" in a manner suggested by them to the unseen cause. The answers were correct in matters pertaining to past earthly affairs, and when the question was asked, "Is John here?" the house seemed agitated to the very foundation, and the widow sobbed convulsively. No more evidence of spiritual company was obtained that day. The following afternoon the widow sat alone, busily stitching, but no noise was heard. A full week she listened for the coming of the unseen, but no unusual sound rewarded her. Upon the eighth day the clergyman's wife made the customary visit, accompanied with a basket and white

napery which she carefully deposited in the square cupboard, telling the sewing woman not to be disturbed by the intrusion. As she fastened the cupboard door, three great raps came again, as if the back of the door had been struck violently with the closed hand. Opening the door courageously, nothing was to be seen, but upon shutting it the noise was repeated. This led to further talk concerning the strange occurrence, and another half hour was devoted to questions.

"Are you happy, John?" "Yes," was the answer.

"Had you united with the church would your condition be better?" "No."

Many queries were put which could be answered by the two words in use, and at the end of the second visitation those good women were convinced of the truth of spirit return.

The clergyman's wife was the "medium" and only in her presence did the manifestations occur. The secret was guarded well, until no doubt lingered in the mind of either of the real presence of John whenever they were together; then did the wife unfold to the clergyman the wonderful tale, and he was asked to witness the phenomenon. He consented with reluctance, and after much delay accompanied his spouse to the humble abode.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DECISION.

The developments were greater than usual, as if trying to convince the dignified man that his old neighbor was there in all his strength; but instead of convincing the priest, he was incensed that his wife should listen to the demoniacal rappings and make herself a plaything of evil influences. He demanded that she withdraw from further intercourse with the widow, unless their time was more profitably employed. The widow pleaded that the friendliness continue. She spoke of the comfort she had received by the affirmation of her husband's happiness, and of the cruelty of assigning her John to torment when he tried to live honestly, contrasting the deacon's funeral sermon with that preached over her dead. The clergyman gently interrupted:

"I spoke justly, as I thought. Deacon R. was a worker in the Lord's vineyard; John was a doubter, refusing to be reconciled to Christ, and therefore merited death everlasting."

The wife looked up, as the harsh words reached her, raising her finger as if to check further the pain that her husband was inflicting upon the careworn woman under whose roof they lingered.

"Husband," she said, "why probe deeper the bleeding wound? Surely our religion should give comfort to the suffering. That it did not, until this time, I knew not. Oh," she continued, "can I be losing faith in its efficacy to console in all emergencies?" The priest frowned because he found himself in the unpleasant position of causing two good women to weep. His mission of peace-bearer seemed slightly blurred by the tears that fell, as he gave utterance to his theology.

"Mary," he said abruptly, "we will return. I perceive I can do no good in this atmosphere of rebellion to Divine law;" and bidding the widow a hasty good day with the hope that she would forever put away the thought of further intercourse with evil and seducing spirits, he bowed himself from her presence.

The walk homeward was not as pleasant as usual. Silence was more agreeable than controversy, and this heretofore happy couple were alarmed at the change in themselves.

St. Paul's idea that the woman must be subject to the will of the man was fixed in the minister's mind, although up to this time he had had no occasion to express it. Now he commanded that his wife cease visiting the widow under pain of his displeasure, and to prevent scandal. "For," said he, "this can only be the work of Satan himself, and nothing good can come through an evil source. When Widow W. ceases to be interested in a foolish manner, she will doubtless apprise you; until that time you must not enter her house."

RESULT OF IGNORANCE AND INTOLERANCE.

But the manifestations did not stop, as he confidently expected. They were transferred to the Parsonage, which soon gained the reputation of being an undesirable place of habitation, and whenever the conditions were favorable "raps" faint, and "raps" vigorous were heard near the gentle woman who had heretofore borne an enviable reputation. Dissension came into the church through her presence. The clergyman prayed fervently for all who strayed from God's holy word; the congregation echoed "amen;" the women were alarmed and the men looked solemn. Satan was abroad, and to fight him was the duty of each and all. But how was he to be cast out? Their prayers failed; their threats availed nothing, and the lovely and angelic woman whose gift annoyed them was soon the target for their displeasure. She bore it meekly. Knowing nothing of spirit control, she could not explain what was to her a great mystery and a growing trouble. Her husband's manner changed. The once happy home was blighted. She lost her cheerfulness when he became austere and sympathetic. Disease found an abiding place within her frame, and at last the mind gave way under the strain that was forced upon it by those ignorant of their cruelty. Was it Spiritualism that made the woman insane? No; it was priestcraft. Ignorance and intolerance, with its usual deadly effect, crushed her; but "Spiritualism" was publicly held responsible for her sad condition, and many warning hands were lifted against the glorious Truth.

Soon after she was pronounced of unsound mind, the clergyman was stricken with fatal illness and was quickly placed in the tomb; but his companion lingered many years upon the earth, never sufficiently recovering her health to take pleasure in her existence.

AN AWAKENING IN SPIRIT.

Upon arriving in spirit-land the first to meet the clergyman was John W., his former neighbor. Astonishment seized upon the spirit man as John upbraided him for his harsh treatment of the two women whose glimpse of the future was cut short by his order not to further investigate the initial phenomenon. "It is the simplest mode of arresting attention," said he; "we know of no better way than to knock for admittance, after we have been thrust out of our homes, and if it were not for superstition we should have little difficulty in gaining access to the fireside. Our children, whom we love ardently, are told they can never more see us; never more hear from us till they are dead; and not then if our religious faith does not correspond." The clergyman was overwhelmed with mortification that he whom he had declared in torment, should be his companion and accuser, and that what he was saying had the appearance of being true. He pleaded for time to consider things in their new light ere he replied. "For I perceive that I am still a man and that things about me look like a reflection of my recent country. Ah," continued the newly-born spirit, "what is death and where am I?"

John, who was more familiar with spirit life, was now sorrowful as he realized the disappointment that the man of false doctrines felt, and kindly offering to guide and inform the oppressed scholar, they walked to a settlement near by conversing in more friendly way.

"What a fair abode is yonder," observed the minister, "and what beautiful scenery; so natural and softly colored. Can this be Heaven? The streets are not paved with gold, but the loveliness of the scene impresses me strangely."

As they advanced an elderly woman with serene countenance came from out the house and approached them. A look of wonder crossed the face of the man as he beheld her. In a moment he cried out, "It is my mother," and hastening forward, embraced her, as tears fell from his eyes. Explanations followed. The newly-arrived was taken by the hand as of yore and led by his affectionate mother to her home.

To John W. had been granted the duty of first receiving this priestly man, that he might at once know his true position and see the folly of his past course, and that he might the sooner investigate the law that he had so foolishly denied.

EFFECT OF FALSE TEACHINGS.

Was he now happy? Twenty years of anguish he endured ere the early partner of his earth life joined him. By his own teachings he found himself an outcast from his earthly home. He perceived with the intense eye of the spirit his ignorant severity to the loving woman to whom a heavenly work had been entrusted. Vainly he tried to approach her through her angelic gift; but the tender heart had been bruised and the brilliant intellect dulled by his unkindness, and when his tiny raps were heard, she heeded them not, seemingly remembering only the unpleasant criticisms they formerly evoked from him and his flock. His children too, regarded all further attempts to solve the mystery as unwise and improper; for was not their parents' life rendered unhappy by "Spiritualism?" So they reasoned, not realizing that it was their father's bigotry instead that made discord. Therefore, through his former intolerance, was he entirely cut oft from communication with his kin. His mother soothed the hours spent in her company, but as soon as alone his conscience tormented him, he often saying that remorse was a near approach to the hell that was theologically reserved for infidels. The knowledge that he had obscured the truth while in the ministry, was a constant nightmare. "How can I undo the wrong my teachings augmented?" he would exclaim. "Misery is mine because Christian churches are in spiritual darkness. I helped to bind the souls of men during my pilgrimage below. Ah, woe is me that I have not reached peace of mind!"

This is only one instance of remorse amongst thousands. Ministers as well as others are more alive after dissolution than before, the spiritual perceptions being awakened by the change. Pity 'tis that all clergymen could not be converted in season to make their earthly ministrations more of a public benefit than a private revenue. We know that they receive very small salaries in many churches; but are they not in all instances paid too much for concealing the Truth? Oh, ye sensitives of earth, give, give freely and without price, of the Knowledge that the angels of Heaven pour into your receptive minds. Oh, ye priests of earth, open your ears to the voices of Heaven and close your musty volumes of theology. The people are pining for spiritual Truth. Do not pretend that you possess it unless you are in direct communication with the spirit world. You are cheating those who look to you for guidance if you claim that there is any other way under Heaven whereby that momentous question can be answered, "If a man die shall he live again?" than through spiritual revelation. Spiritualism is God's way. Theology is your way; and when you arrive in spirit land, if you have preached the latter and denied the former, you will as surely suffer remorse as if you had been by desire the servant of Ignorance.

WORSE THAN PURGATORY.

Thousands die annually only to find themselves in a state of misery and doubt. To take up the thread where it was broken would lead them into deeper trouble. There is no progression in Theology, and there is no truth in the atonement doctrine. It is a wicked and monstrous libel on justice. Clergymen who have upheld it cannot advance in the higher world until they attain to the more sensible view, "As a man dies, so is he." It has often been said in spirit land that there is more "wailing and gnashing of teeth" amongst orthodox divines than any other class of earth's children. The reason is apparent. Their lives have been consecrated to an untruth, and their acts of benevolence and their moral virtues appear so insignificant in comparison with revealed religion, that they hang their heads in sorrow. Some deny that they were wrong, thinking they may have through mistake gotten into Purgatory, and a little later they will reach the "right hand" and be shown the reserved seat they had long ago so confidently bespoken.

Great disappointment awaits all believers in the Christian religion because they must eventually see the error of its ignoble plan of escaping justice. Nor will Spiritualists find happiness unless they live according to the philosophy of their religion. Its phenomena do not make men better, but the lessons, if followed, will aid them to higher conditions. The purpose of angelic intercourse is to simplify and make clear the way to the harmonious spheres. Any clergyman or layman who puts obstacles in the way of progression is guilty of an act for which remorse is the penalty. To bar your door against good spirits is to shut out spiritual sunshine, for when they enter, the light of Heaven is upon you, and its warmth will enter your very soul.

Help the angels, O ye who are praying for the Kingdom of God upon earth. Do not be jealous of their encroachments upon your religion. You have theology and the Bible; but they possess the Truth. One is material and perishable, the other is spiritual and everlasting. Choose wisely.

With love and confidence I remain, dear grandchild, as ever,

YOUR GUIDE.

Phreno-Physiognomy.

Phreno-Phosiognomy is a new science developed by a young lady of London, of Austrian parentage, Prof. Annie Oppenheim, B. P. A. She has studied the brain as well as the face extensively, and is one of the few who is broad enough to grasp both the phrenological and physiognomical characteristics. Describe to her the leading traits of a person, and she will walk around through a large audience and pick out the person thus described. The one-sidedness of development which still characterizes our unripe humanity is apt to lead our phrenologists to ignore physiognomy, and our physiognomists to ignore phrenology. Our anti-phrenologists seem to think that people may have special faculties for music, for drawing, for color, for thought, for emotions of different kinds, without any special organs as instruments for the same, although they admit that the brain is the seat of the mind. The phrenologists themselves, although they have done an important work, are still deficient in their understanding of the subtle ethers which are such leading factors in mental action. The announcement that a large head and brain is more powerful than a small one is in harmony with all the facts of the world, which facts teach us that size, other things being equal, is the measure of power. But a large brain, if not fired up with mental and spiritual ethers, may have only an ordinary power, hence the objector may say the whole theory is wrong. The fact is, that these quickening forces may pass all through a smaller brain more rapidly than through a larger one, and many persons who have the most tact, and wit, and eloquence, are often those with only ordinary sized brains; but let the great brain become enkindled by vital magnetism, by sun forces, by inspiration or by some great epoch in a nation's life, and it will transcend all other brains, and perhaps create an era in the world's history. It is an established fact that a high and broad front brain pushed well forward, is generally the sign of intellectual and moral power. An occasional exception may be found. Does that invalidate the rule? Not at all. Sometimes the back brain is still more potent, and may lead to too great passional excess. Sometimes amativeness is too feeble, and being the negative pole, of which causality in the front brain is the positive, what is the result? A feebler action of the reasoning powers than would otherwise be the case.

There are points of polarity in different parts of the face and body which connect with the brain, and hence show mental chaacteristics. These points, so far as the face is concerned, are the basis of physiognomy—so far as the body is concerned they constitute sarcognomy, a science which Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan has the credit of both naming and developing. The true philosophy of man must include all of these departments. The next step of progress is to unfold those principles of spiritual chemistry which cause the development of the distinctive features of brain and body. This has been a part of my work as already published, and will have still further attention in my future works.

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Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. STOCUM

The mendacity of people everywhere is such that Truth finds it hard to keep her head above the sea of lies that cover the face of the earth. Take the affairs of Chili, for instance, how many of that class of Americans whose sympathies are with the oppressed know which side in the late Chilean contest really represented the principles of justice and equal rights? Balmaceda has been depicted by his opponents as a tyrant, selfish, ambitious, cruel and implacable—a wretch who should be hunted from the face of the earth.

At the same time his friends assured the world that he stood for liberty and progress, and was struggling for the rights of the people against the money power and the privileged classes —the rapacious Shylocks and wily priests, who were combated against him and against the cause of reform which he so ably represented and so courageously defended.

This was vehemently denied, and the charges of selfish scheming and wanton cruelty were repeated in all the papers of America. And now comes Thomas Nelson, of Terre Haute, Indiana, formerly U. S. Minister to Chili, who says of Balmaceda:

"He is the representative of the masses against the classes; the people are for him; the rich and the privileged few are the Congress party. Balmaceda is a true reformer, but he attempts to accomplish his reforms too suddenly. He declared complete divorcement between Church and State, and many other changes for the good of the people, but the people were not ready for them. Balmaceda is a courteous, elegant gentleman, the soul of honor, a man who would scorn to tell a lie."

If that last statement is true it is a great pity he has so few followers. Perhaps the fact that "all men are liars," is the secret of his defeat. The majority are against him.

Since the foregoing was written Balmaceda has taken his own life. Forsaken by friends, hunted by enemies, hopeless of helping the cause he advocated, and disheartened by the apathy and ignorance of those in whose behalf he labored, he believed his days of usefulness were over, and ended them. Since then the jackals have been howling over the body of the dead lion.

Why is it that gold has a fixed value, so that it can be made a standard for everything else? What determines its fineness?

ALICE.

Gold of itself has no fixed value; it is law that makes gold king. The law might make most anything the standard; but gold is scarce; the supply is practically limited, and it is convenient to use as money. It is selected on account of its rarity and convenience. The practice of using a material standard has come down to us from a barbarous age, people at different times having used different articles. The word pecuniary comes from *pecus*, cattle, cattle having been at one time a legal tender. The use of a material standard is retained because such a standard serves the purposes of the moneyed classes. Wheat has been suggested as a proper standard, but human labor is far better than any material product, and is the only just standard for money. An hour's labor should be made by law to represent a unit of value. This would place labor in its true position, the enjoyer, as it is the producer, of the wealth of the world. The present value of gold (bullion), as a commodity, is fictitious, being greatly out of proportion to its real value in the arts as compared with other metals. Its fictitious value is given to it by law.

The fineness of gold is another question. That, of course, depends upon its purity as a metal. Originally the Arab merchants used the carat bean for weighing gold because of its exact weight and uniform size. The weight of a carat is four grains; but as a standard of fineness the carat has no fixed weight. It is merely one-twenty-fourth part of the whole. Gold watch cases are usually from eight to sixteen carats fine; that is, they are from one-third to two-thirds gold; the rest is alloy. The American gold coin is twenty-two carats fine, or eleven-twelfths pure gold. It is a curious fact that gold—the standard by which all other values are reckoned, the chief aristocrat among the rare products of the earth—traces its history back to the time when the plebian bean, the most unpretentious product of agriculture, was the measure, the unvarying arbiter of its value, and the name of the bean (the carat) is still the measure of its fineness. Mankind is progressing, and will sometime progress out of its enslavement to barbarous ideas, chief among which is the absurd notion that money, which is merely the representative of value, must of itself be valuable.

A correspondent of *Light*, London, says "the only chance for happiness lies in the extinguishment of self," and adds:

It is scarcely possible to realize the amount of quiet power, of calm security, that would result if we could completely vanquish the enemy; for he who, by divine assistance, has succeeded in so doing and Heaven help the man who goes about the matter in the confidence of his own strength! lies, to a great extent, rendered himself invulnerable to the world, with all its petty spite and tyranny. A moment's reflection will convince the most casual observer that this is so, for it is mainly through our love of self that the world has power to wound us, and if we have ceased to worship that idol of clay, if we have, ourselves, trodden it down and destroyed it, we shall certainly care very little for the clumsy attempts of those around us to still further mutilate and disfigure the inanimate carcass.

Probably this writer's real belief does not differ materially from my own. Misunderstandings mainly come from misuse of terms. What he would call the vanquishment of self—the immolation of self upon the altar of duty,—I would call the refinement of self, the development of self. No one has ever yet vanquished self. No one can do so. It is not our duty to do it. Nature has decreed that we shall elevate ourselves. With most of us the process is a slow one, but time worketh all things, and there is plenty of time; there is one "eternal now." Some people imagine they crush out self. They do not; they merely stifle its expression. If self could be crushed, it would be the most pitiable thing in the world to do it. It would render one just so much less an individual, and would take away just so much of manhood or womanhood. Every approach to such a condition is an approach towards self-destruction. Oh! the depleted bodies and the starved souls that cry out for relief from the self inflicted agonies of the deluded devotees of the Church of Rome! But they can never quite crush out self. They can die, but self hood triumphs even in death. Nature has decreed it; and to fight nature is to fight Fate.

Though we cannot destroy our own self-hood, we can, if we are cruel enough, do much toward destroying that of another, provided we commence when the victim is too young to resist. There is nothing more cruel than the forcible repression of nature in childhood by ignorant and brutal adults. The sorrows of such a childhood are inexpressible. A child never of itself represses itself. Nature does not prompt it to do so. Nature rebels against it when attempted by others, and the mentally and physically dwarfed, deformed, and miserably forlorn creatures that result from such cruelty are sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of every just and sympathetic soul.

The correspondent of *Light* continues as follows:

There can be no doubt that self is, and always has been, the great enemy to human happiness and peace; and those of us who have any desire to enjoy either the one or the other, must start, in the first place, with a sincere desire to overcome the evil. They only can be perfectly and truly happy who

seek not their own happiness, and perhaps it may help us to remember that "even Christ pleased not himself."

Self is not an "enemy to happiness;" on the contrary, its gratification is the *only* means by which happiness can be secured. It is not an evil to be overcome, but a natural good to be cultivated, refined, and made subservient to the highest uses. The gratification of self is the mainspring of all human action. No one can act voluntarily from any other motive; Christ never did. He who "sacrifices self," as it is called, does so because he prefers to do it. He would not be happy if he did not do it. He may or may not be mistaken as to the nature of the feeling that prompts him. His opinion as to motives does not change the fact. Back of every human action lies the desire of the one who acts. He may seek the happiness of others, and apparently forget himself, but, if so, it is because he most enjoys the happiness of others, and cannot be happy except in such high enjoyment. It is through their happiness that he receives his own. Self lies back of all. He may not think it; it is there all the same; nature has put it there, and there it will remain so long as we are human.

"The Experience of Henry Ward Beecher on the Spiritual Side of Life," is the title of a pamphlet of thirty-six pages recently published by Julia C. Franklin. There are some valuable truths in the work, but they could all be put in two or three pages. The title is misleading, as the work gives very little information concerning the "experiences of Beecher," and no idea of spirit life. Nine-tenths of it concerns life in the physical body. Admitting the honesty of the medium through whom the communications came, I yet haven't a particle of faith in the claim that they came from the persons whose names are signed, Beecher, Humboldt, and others. Some unscrupulous spirit influenced the medium and appended what names suited his purpose. The medium has been so flattered and fooled by this deceiving spirit that she is hardly accountable for what she now says or does. Spiritualism has a big load to carry, and every such publication adds to it.

We make our fortunes and we call them fate.—*Disraeli.*

We make nothing. Our organization and early environments are not of our choosing, and all the choice we may exercise in later life is limited by the nature we have inherited and acquired before we had the sense to discriminate.

"More evictions take place in the city of New York every month than are heard of in one year in all Ireland. And these evictions in New York City are just as heartless in their way, just as pitiless, and just as far-reaching in the hopelessness they entail, as the worst of the evictions carried on by the crowbar brigades in Ireland."

This is the statement of a newspaper reporter who has been studying the social problem. He lived for weeks among the very poor of New York City, and took observations. Every resident of any large American city must arrive at the same conclusions if he keeps his eyes open. Poverty is increasing everywhere.

Of the 136 students who were graduated from the four colleges in Maine this year, only one has chosen farming for an occupation—about the usual proportion in such cases. Nineteen are now law students, and of the 35 who have engaged in teaching probably more than half hope to become lawyers, doctors or ministers. Eighteen of the 136 are already studying medicine, and 13 have selected the ministry. The professions are overcrowded, and a majority of these students, instead of being useful members of society, will become sharpers and swindlers. Well, what is the remedy? The remedy is revolution. Our social system needs a radical overturning, and the signs of the times are that a change is not far distant.

W. K. Owen, President of the Topolobampo colony, says some queer things—this for example:

"We are a devout, religious, and a God-loving people, but we are not believers in theology."

Theology treats of the existence, character, and attributes of God. Those who are "God-loving" must of necessity believe in the existence of God, and if they believe *that* they must be interested in his character and attributes; consequently they are believers in theology, which "treats of God and his attributes." And if they are devout and religious, as Mr. Owen says, they must be believers of a bigoted stamp. A devout person is in one sense a devotee, and a devotee is usually a bigot. So, according to Mr. Owen, the colony people may be religious bigots, but they are "not believers in theology." Mr. Owen is in too much haste to "weigh his words."

In the same article Mr. Owen says: "Women without a public occupation will not be permitted to remain upon our reservations." The editor of the *Credit Foncier* avers that the sentence is printed according to copy, and as Mr. Owen was at the time in Topolobampo, and had plenty of opportunity to correct the proof, it must be inferred that he means what he says, yet in the next paragraph he declares: "We will not permit a drinking saloon, a gambling house nor a brothel in any of our settlements." So women *without* a public occupation, and women *with* a public occupation of the most pronounced type are alike excluded. It is a good thing that the poor women of Topolobampo have a strong-minded man at their head who knows just what is best for them.

Mr. Owen is also a believer in entire co-operation—"Integral Co-operation," a sort of co-operation which not only includes all the industries, all commercial enterprises, and all the material interests of all the people, but which requires every man, woman and child to be a co-operator; yet, with charming inconsistency, he does not permit the co-operators to vote as individuals, but only according to the number of shares they own. In fact they have not been permitted to vote at all for a long time past, although the legal term of office of the Board of Directors expired years ago, and some of the hold-overs (especially the "Director in charge") are opposed by a large majority of the colonists as utterly unfit for the positions they hold. Mr. Owen says the election must not be held until the ditch and thirty miles of railroad are completed (some time in 1892), and then they are to vote by shares—this not because the law requires it, but for the reason that he is opposed to popular suffrage. The incorporation laws of Colorado, under which the Credit Foncier Company was organized, require share voting, but the Credit Foncier Company is insolvent, and to escape its liabilities Mr. Owen proposes to organize a new company free of all incumbrances. In that case he will not be bound by law to give each share a vote. He will, however, be morally bound to concede each co-operator a vote. If, when work is to be done, all must co-operate, it will not do to say that when voting is to be done co-operation must cease. "Our Principles," published by Mr. Owen years ago, recognize popular suffrage as just, and guard against the causes which have heretofore made it a failure. The regulations limit the number of shares that may legally be held, and if shares, instead of colonists, are to vote, an effort will be made to limit the voting power of the leaders to the legal number of shares, and if Mr. Owen evades this by transferring some of his illegally held shares to his personal supporters, great dissatisfaction will follow. In fact, the trouble has already begun in consequence of the denial of popular suffrage.

During the session of the Woman's Press Convention, recently held in this city, Mrs. Plunkett read a poem entitled

"The Nun's Confession," the last words of a dying woman to the lady abbess. Here is an extract:

"A mother's love I never knew. My father, stern and grave,
Withheld that fond affection a daughter's heart will crave.
Despite my long entreaties and my bitter rebellious tears,
He gave my hand in marriage to a man of elder years
As cold, as cruel as himself, who left me much alone;
But even that was better than his harsh and angry tone."

After the birth and death of a child, she was more lonely and desolate than ever. Her confession continues:

"Then *he* came into my life, with dark and lovelit eyes,
His presence changed my lonely days to hours of paradise.
Oh, pity me, good mother, for with each impassioned kiss
I drifted slowly, surely into sin's deep, dread abyss.
I dared not face him I had wronged to brave his anger just.
My soul, that once was pure and true, now trailed within the dust.
I fled. I knew not whither—for many a weary day,
Until you found me, gentle mother, half-famished by the way.
Then have I loved, ah! I have loved, a hopeless, sinful love
Unsanctioned by the court below or by the God above."

Her voice sank to a whisper low that almost ends a sigh.
"And nothing now is left for me but to repent and die."

This poem was received with great applause and gifts of flowers to Mrs. Plunkett from ladies present. Not a woman in the audience uttered, even *sotto voce*, a word of protest against the false idea of chastity and morality set forth in the poem—the idea that the sanctity of the sexual relation depends upon a few words spoken before a priest. This woman, while living a life of prostitution with a man she hated, was favored with a love ordained by nature, yet so effectually had her innate sense of virtue been stifled by false teachings that she mistook the pure for the impure, and apparently unconscious of the degradation of her marriage relation, she thought her sin was in failing to continue the sexual slave which the ceremony had made her. I do not say she should *deceive* any one. She should repudiate the false relation before accepting the true; but the doctrine taught in the poem is that a false life is made sacred when sanctioned by law, and that love is a crime unless permitted by authority. How long is such a detestable doctrine to continue acceptable to women who assume to be leaders in the intellectual and moral life of the people? Have the women of the Press Association more regard for conventional "respectability" based on falsehood than they have for real virtue and morality based on truth?

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Disappointed.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

A child once tended a fair rose tree
And watched its buds with loving care
When the first red rose began to bloom
A worm in its heart lay folded there.

A hunter once found an eagle's nest
On a bald and broken mass of stone—
With toil and danger he scaled the peak,
But the eaglets wild had shrieking flown

A woman gazed with a mother's pride
On the sleeping boy she loved so well—
But when the child was to manhood grown
He lay in a prison's noisome cell.

A young man wooed with a lover's joy
A maid through the long, bright summer's glow—
But when he returned to claim his bride
The maiden slept under the winter snow

An old man followed a laughing child
As she lightly danced the green fields o'er—
When the autumn came he walked alone,
For the great grandchild had gone before.

Immoral Novels.

BY L. C. ASHWORTH.

Persons entering a bookstore, or looking in at the window, find a certain class of novels thrust upon their notice, to the prejudice, it would seem, of other works. They are mostly translations from the French, with some American stories, which, by the style of their covers, frequently appear like imitations of the foreign sort. The titles are frequently suggestive, and the enquirer finds that these novels are considered somewhat improper, or of the "realistic" school, and that there is a great demand for that kind at present.

The French translation is becoming a very prominent feature in literature now-a-days. Books that people unacquainted with the French language probably never heard of a few years ago, are now becoming well known. Mademoiselle de Maupin appeared a little while ago ticketed "new," now we are having some of the choicest productions of Belot and Flaubert, and soon we may expect that Paul de Kock can be sufficiently toned down to appear in the vernacular language.

No doubt the question as to the fitness on moral grounds of a book to be generally circulated is one of the most perplexing of all social questions. Nobody seems to know where to draw the line, and any attempt like that of the Postmaster-General on the "Kreutzer Sonata," is only a conspicuous failure. In this respect America, especially the United States is peculiarly situated. While her institutions are probably the most civilized of any nation, her population is composed of various nationalities of every grade of civilization and morality. In any other country it is different. In England, for instance, the tone of French novels of the above kinds is quite repugnant to the severe ideas of the English people, and they are consequently forbidden to appear in the English language. Many there, indeed, retain the old fashioned prejudice against novels of any kind, but when it comes to writers like Belot and Dumas *fils*, the question as to their fitness, for young people especially, is considered beyond discussion. In America there is, however, generally more freedom. In such a cosmopolitan community it is impossible to be so strict, nevertheless many people must have great misgivings as to how far the liberty should be extended.

The writer of the "Albatross Novels" seem to think that in describing the actions of people whom he places frequently on the verge of the abyss he can convey a moral lesson. He thinks "realism" is a good thing. In the preface to "Her Husband's Friend," he excuses himself to his readers for not being more real, on the plea that native authors are not as privileged as translators of French novels. In the book itself we become acquainted with a woman who is married and has a family, but, under apparently excusable circumstances, falls in love with another man. A divorce is pending, and meanwhile a loving interview takes place between the lovers in which the lady objects for some time to be kissed; then, when she is about to yield, *he* has some scruples, but finally they are overcome, and there is the "touch of lips" as the heading of the chapter describes it, at which the average reader probably feels a sense of relief. After this the woman's actions are a little suggestive of the *femme de jeu* type. She tells her lover she has "tasted something which makes her another creature," etc.

As to the effect of these stories on married people little need be said. The average married man has little use for such reading, and what he does read would probably have little effect on his actions. Married women, on the contrary, are often great novel-readers, and the question as to how they would be affected by such reading is not an easy one. It may be said, however, that the average American woman is generally practical and sensible, and it is probable that her notions of what she ought to do would be settled more by her particular circumstances and her general

ideas of what seems best for herself than by any writer's theories. The question is the most serious with regard to young men and women, and especially the latter, as young men generally have opportunities for more practical observation, and care less for the imaginative atmosphere of novels; but we are confronted with the enquiry whether the peculiar charm of young women—their innocence and modesty—is not endangered by such reading.

In answer to this it may be asked to what extent these virtues depend on ignorance, or are they compatible with the general tendency towards knowledge? In some of the less civilized countries the more ignorant a girl is the more she is admired. A Mohammedan girl must not even see her betrothed, to say nothing of exercising a judgment about him, and even in France a girl is expected to depend generally on her parents' judgment as to the choice of her partner for life. In England this is so to a much less degree, and in the United States the girls have probably more liberty in the choice of a husband than in any other country.

It would seem, then, that with this liberty there should be a corresponding amount of knowledge, not only as to the end and responsibilities of marriage, but also of human nature, in order that it may be used with some degree of prudence.

It may be answered that there is no objection to the girls knowing these things, but the modern novel is not the form in which the information should be conveyed, and that there is a great difference between the unreal, often morbid, atmosphere of a novel and the quiet teachings of parents or of scientific books.

In answer to this it may be urged that all forms of teaching are good and necessary. Many learn from novels what they would not learn in other ways. Some would from a long time ignorant if they depended on other sources of information. This, however, must not be taken to mean that every one should have unlimited access to novels. In this, as in other things, parents exercise a particular discrimination which no general rules can supersede.

But is the knowledge by a young woman of men and their vices incompatible with true modesty or virtue? We think not. Rather it should be considered a sign of the advancement of women. A young woman whose modesty does not arise from an utter unconsciousness of wrong, but from an unconsciousness of desire for wrong, is the nobler type and will be far more likely to command respect from a man than one who merely appeals by her weakness and innocence to his sense of pity.

Every one will admit that Shakespeare's Beatrice and Portia are two of the most charming maidens ever portrayed, and yet neither of them give us any impression of weakness or ignorance. Beatrice, with her bantering and sharp wit, shows a sufficient knowledge of men's true character, and in Portia there is a blending of the softer qualities of a woman with a masculine wisdom and dignity which seem to realize our highest ideal to day.

It is true that in some French novels the lascivious tendency is manifest, with hardly a pretense of any moral lesson. In one, that is very well known, the hero is described as pe-ping through a bathing van in order to get a glimpse of the woman he is supposed to admire. Such writing is hard to defend, and most parents would prefer to keep it out of the reach of their boys. In regard to adults it may be said, however, that those wanting an excuse for their acts can find one almost anywhere (in the Bible, for instance), and if young women read such books as Balzac's they will be more on their guard in their intercourse with men.

Whether or not there may be cases where direct harm has resulted solely from such reading, it must be allowed that the general effect will be salutary. We shall have young women who, by their native independence and love for virtue for its own sake, will so impress men that they dare not do otherwise than respect them.

When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he had contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was—"Friends, by one article alone, in which thou may'st deal too, if thou pleasest—civility."

A TRUMPET CALL

To the Spiritualists of America.

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

FRIENDS OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH: A most momentous period in the progress of our sacred cause is at hand. A crisis is not far off that will test the fidelity and courage of every professed believer in our divine philosophy. The powers of superstition and spiritual darkness in both the material and spiritual worlds are working in unusual unison to stay the progress of a heaven-born truth that has so greatly disturbed their dominion. With the craft of adepts in strategy, the unseen allies of "the visible church" are using every possible psychic power to allure the unwary and the vacillating, and to seduce them from fealty to the cause of truth and progress.

Unable by direct assault to capture the strong hold built of the impregnable facts of nature cemented together by both material and spiritual science, the wily enemy has resorted to the artifice of the captors of an host Troy, and securing the services of a few apostates and traitors, has introduced within our gates the "false gods" of ancient mythology and mediæval mysticism, whose "true inwardness" is to demoralize our soldiery, and capture our citadels when sufficiently unmanned.

Understanding the weak points of human nature, the builders of these idols labelled them with the taking titles of "Christian Science," and "Theosophy," and with an effrontery equaled only by their cunning, they proclaimed them far superior in "wisdom" and vastly "more respectable" than the dianities of despised Spiritualism whose thunder they stole.

Beguiled by these specious pretenses, and persuaded by subtle sophistries regarding the cause and nature of spirit phenomena, the rank and file of investigating Spiritualists have deserted our ranks and gone over to the enemy, from whose intrenched batteries are hurled the "shells" that make so much confusion and havoc among us!

Thus "the church militant" of Rome and of Westminster, holding an armistice with every other that their combined weapons may be directed against Spiritualism, their common foe, though of late firing but an occasional random gun to keep in practice, is being aided and abetted by the gathering hosts of Eddyites and Blavatskyites, who purpose to paralyze us with "occult science," and let loose upon us their "dogs of war," the gnomes, sylphs, undines, salamanders and elementaries, that they believe must surely put the angels of heaven to flight!

Such are the open and covert foes of Modern Spiritualism who are conspiring and plotting its overthrow. Take manner many millions on earth, and an immeasurable host in spirit life still in the thrall of theological error, who are working with mighty power to aid their earthly allies. Doubt it as some may, it is as true to-day as in the days of St. Paul that "we fight not against flesh and blood enemies alone, but against principalities and powers of the air, against spiritual wickedness in high places." These spirit cohorts of ecclesiastical despotism, and not the mythic "astral phantom" and "elementals" of theosophic creation, are the "diabolic emissaries" who cause our mediums to perpetrate fraud, who give lying communications, and use every psychologic artifice to produce confusion in our circles and inspire doubt and disgust in the minds of investigators, etc. They capture every spiritual medium and worker they can, leading them into the "fads" and follies that have disgraced our movement. They are the occult cause of a large portion of the discord, antagonism, jealousy, backbiting and other "cussedness" that has broken up circles and societies from first to last!

Spiritualists, the' time has come when it is a question of vast moment what shall be done by the true friends of our cause to cope with all these enemies, seen and unseen.

What is indispensable to further the aggressive work which it is

the great mission of Spiritualism to perform as an educator and reformer?

The answer comes from a mighty host in spirit life, who, in a recent congress assembled to consider these momentous questions and to devise ways and means, delegated our illustrious friend brother Wm Denton to bear to us their "plan of campaign." This is their scheme of operation:

The first move, and the *sine qua non* for any effective results, must be the organization of our forces into such associations as shall concentrate our human power, and form the battery whereby the divine spirit power can be conducted and radiated, viz.—private circles and regular public assemblies to which all seekers for truth shall be invited. As soon as these nuclei of spiritual forces are in regular and continuous operation, as has hitherto been systematically done, the word, the most unselfish, and the most spiritually gifted should be chosen to form a congress, to convene yearly,—or as the call may seem from its prototype in spirit life—which shall co-operate with its spiritual counterpart in a general supervision of work. Without such methods and means of co-operation we will prove ourselves unable to cope with an enemy, that is already organized in both worlds and disciplined as a veteran army, armed and equipped with all the munitions for the carnal and spiritual warfare which it is determined to wage for our extermination.

This is no idle dream, but a portentous fact which every Spiritualist in Christianized and Reanimized America should awake to consider and immediately act upon. The elements of an irrepressible conflict are obvious to every discerner of the "signs of the times," and it is high time for every lover of religious liberty and of the palladium, our heaven born Spiritualism, to respond to the trumpet-call of the angels of deliverance, and enroll himself as a worker in the cause that embraces every good to man unity.

Be it declared no longer with the delusive belief that the existing church will open its doors and give welcome to any but spirits yet in bondage to its creeds and dogmas. Spiritualism, pure and undefiled, will never be put by the Angels of Light in the old bottles" of dispotic ecclesiasticism. Never! It demands a new garb, new implements, and a new field for its untrammeled labor for human progress. The partizan and sectarian shall descend from the shining spheres. Its oracles and its prophets shall be ordained by angels and not by men. "Let the dead bury their dead" in their "whitted sepulchres," but let not live Spiritualists entomb themselves with their men's bones.

SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA

The time is at hand to begin practical systematic organization. It is the genius of the age that the principle of success, the indispensable means of both aggressive and defensive activity. Until you organize on an immovable basis of clearly defined scientific facts and plainly stated Spiritual principles you must remain, each in a little "dug out" of his own, without effective compression or union or even a life preserver and liable to be wrecked or drowned by every shifting "wind of doctrine" that starts a mental wave.

Without cooperative association in definite lines of action, you are, as to-day, a confused mob, a chaotic, struggling and conflicting mass of angular individualities running "helter skelter" to Pandemonium!

Hitherto benevolent spirits have chosen the principal workers of this dispensation, and led only by such mental agents as they could psychologically coerce into their service. Now they call for volunteers to enlist with them to fight the battle of truth against error, not as "bushwhackers" and lawless scouts, but in solid phalanx that can meet a trained enemy on equal footing.

The immortal heroes who will lead us on to victory won't form this summons to-day. Let not the foolish fear that your liberty is to be hampered by "an creed" longer keep you in a state of cowardly inactivity when the enemy may pounce upon you at any moment and bind you hand and foot with chains of sophistry and error.

If you have any truths to defend or principles to maintain, there is no good reason why they should not be boldly put forth as the basis of your action, and as the rallying ground upon which to concentrate your forces, and from which you may march on to greater achievements and higher attainments, untrammeled!

Moved by these and other considerations of equal practical import, and by special solicitation from a host in spirit life who wish to have their aim and our principles clearly defined that all may know what we have to teach and defend, we submit for your adoption as the basis for associative action the following synopsis of our principles, and urge you by all that you hold sacred to adopt it and rally around your standard and carry it forth to victory over delusion, despotism and darkness.

The united cause of all our unseen helpers calls you to action and to duty. Longer delay is disgraceful. Our enemies are vigilant and active on every hand. They are enlisting to their ranks thousands who should stand by our flag in "the time that tries men's souls." Awake from lethargy and put on your armor. Yours is the highest and most sacred cause that ever nerved the arm of valor—or called forth devotion and sacrifice at the shrine of honor and freedom. The angels of wisdom present you with this standard and from it you to carry it forward to victory and to glory!

A Platform for Organization.

PRELIMINARY

Knowing from a variety of phenomena scientifically examined and verified by thousands of competent persons through many years of observation and experience, that disembodied human spirits can and do communicate with mortals, we believe it to be the duty of all who know this great and important fact to co-operate with them to aid them in so doing, and in carrying out the higher purposes for which the present Spiritual Dispensation was begun.

PURPOSES STATED

Some of these objects may be summarized as follows, viz:

I. To demonstrate a spirit life as the sequel to man's existence on earth.

II. To renew the social and affectional relations between mortals and spirits which death had severed.

III. To reveal the realities of spirit life, and the true relations of earthly and spiritual existence.

IV. To quicken man's spiritual nature by a perpetual inspiration, to reveal important truths for human enlightenment, and to correct the misunderstandings concerning spiritual things which false philosophy and false theology have taught.

V. To aid in overthrowing the work of individual, social, political and religious tyranny, wherever found, and to establish in the higher spheres

VI. To teach a true science and philosophy of life to guide human conduct, so as to lead to the great purposes of human existence, and properly prepare us for the life to come.

VII. To inaugurate the long-expected "kingdom of heaven," or the reign of spirit power manifest through "spiritual gifts," so as to shield the fear of death and all other superstitious fears, and give to mortals a foretaste of the life divine.

MEANS OF ATTAINMENT

As means of accomplishment of these and other purposes involved in the great spiritual movement of this age requires as means the united energies of both mortals and spirits—or "in unison of strength," and experience has taught us that neither mortal or spirit strength only is sufficient to overcome the opposing forces of darkness and evil now entrenched in both worlds, we therefore deem it both expedient and necessary that all the friends of Modern Spiritualism, as soon as possible, organize themselves into societies, local societies, and, when need be, general associations, the better to achieve the ends in view.

And, moreover, as all successful organizations must be formed upon the principles of nature, which show that every living organ-

ism requires a vitalizing soul, and as ideas and defined principles have been the nucleus and concreting power of all successful social, political, and religious institutions, and as Modern Spiritualism needs such a soul around which to accrete or materialize an organized body, we therefore deem it wise, if not indispensable, to summarize some of its cardinal ideas and fundamental principles as a basis or platform of organization.

A MANIFESTO OF PRINCIPLES—PRIMARY CONSIDERATION.

While Spiritualism demands unrestricted liberty of thought, and insists upon the inalienable "right of private judgment" in all matters of belief, no person can properly be called a Spiritualist who does not heartily endorse its cardinal ideas, nor is any one entitled to full membership in a Spiritualist society who does not fully assent to its facts and philosophy, or who is unwilling to do all that is possible for their promulgation and support.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

I. Spiritualists generally accept the idea of an Infinite Spirit; the Soul of the universe; the primal source of life, motion, sensation and intelligence; whose material manifestation or body is called Nature; whose soul expression is termed natural law; and whose spiritual being is manifest in universal mind.

II. Spiritualism teaches that man is the highest known personal manifestation of the Infinite Spirit; that he is intrinsically a spirit, clothed inwardly by a spiritual body and outwardly by a physical one, the complete disunion of which has been termed death, but which really is birth into the spirit spheres.

III. That as a spirit, clad in an etherial body which is a counterpart of his former mortal form, man enters the spirit world with all his powers and faculties intact and unchanged, and by the law of moral gravity is attracted to his own place, finding environments exactly corresponding to his spiritual unfoldment, and beginning there where he leaves off here, and moved by the inherent law of growth or evolution, he progresses mentally and spiritually in the ratio of his personal efforts and capabilities, rising, as he is prepared, to more glorious spheres.

IV. That the spirit world is in space, the first sphere or grade of which is interblended with our present state of existence, so that we are constantly in the presence of spirits such as are attracted to us by the unbroken ties of love and mental affinity; that the spirit spheres are infinitely diversified in refinement and beauty, to correspond to the variety of character or condition of spirits who enter them, and are as objective and tangible to spirits as earth is to us.

V. That as death works neither a mental nor moral change in man, nor does it change his relations to the eternal laws of justice, of compensation and retribution; so in spirit life he inevitably reaps in suffering what here is sown in sin, for that is the realm of effects as well as of causes; but as all suffering, in the economy of the universe, is disciplinary; it continues only till it stimulates the sinner to sufficient personal effort to overcome the depraved condition of mind which caused it; hence heaven, or happiness, is the final destiny of all.

VI. That happiness in spirit life does not depend upon an arbitrary decree, nor upon any mode of faith here entertained, but upon spiritual growth, and personal conformity to universal law; hence, no one can be saved from legitimate suffering by proxy, but each must "work out his own salvation" here or hereafter, by educating his will and moral faculties till they control the selfish and sensual nature, thus bringing him into that spiritual status where existence is harmony, and harmony is heaven. Therefore no person, (or personage) can be a savior to another except, like Jesus, Buddha, and many others, by precept and example, he shows the way of righteousness, and by personal influence inspires the evil-doer to walk therein.

VII. That the ethics of Spiritualism demand that we should be absolutely just, honest, truthful—doing as we would be done by and loving our neighbor as ourselves; or, better yet, "do all for another," forgetting self; that we should be spiritually and not carnally minded, and strive ever to live up to our highest conceptions of right.

VIII. That there being no personal God known by either men or spirits, and as an Infinite Being needs no service from finite creatures, nor requires any but duties to our fellow-men, therefore all ceremonial worship is superfluous and idolatrous, and only such religious exercises as directly cultivate our intellectual and spiritual faculties are necessary, or should be encouraged, such as silent aspiration for spiritual illumination from the highest accessible intelligences, and such vocal addresses to men and angels as express our highest needs and deepest convictions of truth.

IX. That all so-called "special providences" and all "spiritual gifts," anciently attributed to the "Holy Ghost," and all that have been termed "miracles," and "supernatural events," have been wrought by spirits once mortals, who do the same things to-day, hence Spiritualism is the key to all occult mysteries, and the demonstrator of all metaphysical facts.

X. That, while repudiating the idea of a personal devil, as taught by mythology and theology, there are what have been termed "evil spirits," who once were degraded and depraved mortals; who for a time retain their malign dispositions and perverted selfish propensities, and occasionally "obsess" sensitives for their own sensuous gratification; who both ignorantly and maliciously mislead those whom they control in earthly affairs; who often assume to be gods, messiahs, or "angels of light," and inspire the false "Christs" false "prophets," and other impostors who abound in this, as in former spiritual dispensations, and seduce the unwary from the path of truth and progress. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" then beware!

XI. That all so called "Words of God," Bibles or Revelations, so far as "inspired," have emanated from finite spirits, and partake of the imperfections both of their source and of the human channels and methods of communication; therefore none are infallible, nor authoritative, further than intuition and the facts of nature sustain them. Hence all communications from spiritual sources, ancient or modern, should be subjected to the ordeal of reason and science, and accepted only so far as they reveal truth to each individual consciousness.

XII. As Modern Spiritualism rests upon phenomenal facts which are cognized by our senses, whose genuineness, as a great scientist has said, "needs no further confirmation," it should be regarded as a science; and as it explains those facts in their relations to a supersensuous existence, and gives the most rational theory known of life here and hereafter, it is entitled to supremacy as a philosophy; furthermore, as it reveals our spiritual relations to the Infinite Cosmos, and our dependence upon the Infinite Life and Energy that prevades the universe, it may be called a religion, claiming all the rights and privileges conceded to inferior religions.

XIII. As Spiritualism is a universal eclecticism and encyclopædia of spiritual knowledge; as it solves all present and all recorded occult phenomena; as it is the key to all spiritual mysteries, unlocking the hidden truths and recondite facts of both the material and spiritual worlds; as it is the only religious system that is in accord with the facts of science and the principles of nature; as its teachings harmonize with all the known laws of mind and matter, and reveal the grand ultimate of material and mental evolution; as it presents the most rational philosophy of human life, and furnishes the *only* demonstration of its post-mortem continuance, and the only revelation of the *realities* of our future being, it may justly claim pre-eminence over all religious faiths as the most comprehensive, philosophical and scientific religion ever known, and as such it demands acceptance, and the fealty and support of mankind.

Through procrastination a mental cowardice grows upon us, and we lose the power even of resolving where action is necessary.

The Fifth Book of The Chronicles.

BY LUPAH.

CHAPTER VIII.

The feet of the South had grown weary and the weapons broken in its hand, so in its heart it had said, The Lord is not with us.

2. And the men of the North and the men of the South turned their faces toward their own homes rejoicing in that they might order their own ways as it seemed unto them good.

3. But when they came unto the place many of them were astonished because that the women had labored so diligently with their hands, and had bidden their hired men go here or go there, plow this or sow that, until the fields had blossomed like a garden and they had corn and to spare.

4. And the men marvelled within themselves saying, 'Lo, these our wives and our daughters be worthy of us. More we cannot say.'

5. But they knew not how that all this time the women had pondered these things in their hearts, and had questioned of their own understanding.

6. They had said, Verily we have seen that they be dependent upon us even as we upon them, (for did we not care for ourselves and for that which was theirs, or how could they have gone to fight the battles of the land?) therefore should they not be puffed up with conceit, nor esteem themselves as above us, so that they may not grant us justice.

7. But will we wait yet a little longer and hear what they may say unto us; not, however, weary in our efforts, that the year of Jubilee may come for us even as it hath come for the sons of Africa.

8. Yet were they not all of one accord, for many could not see that these things were so; and besides some had come nigh to fainting under the labor and the care, so that the burden of their lives seemed too great for them.

9. As the children of Israel, after they had departed from the land of the Pharaohs to find the place which they have seen, the land flowing with milk and honey, doubted when they hungered and were athirst, and murmured against Moses and against Aaron and against the Power that had brought them forth out of the land of Egypt; so many of those which were in the beginning zealous in the work did weaken when their husbands said unto them, Thou shalt not eat of my bread nor shall my tent shelter thee if so be that ye refrain not from following after these seditious women. And they thought of these things even as the Israelites remembered the flesh-pots of Egypt and turned back even though their souls were exceedingly sorrowful.

10. As because of their much murmuring were they of old led about the wilderness for forty years, yet after that time were made glad by beholding the first fruits of the promised land, and as Moses went from the plains of Moab unto the mountains of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, where the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan,

11. And all Naphtali: and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea,

12. And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar, and said unto him,

13. This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed;

14. So have the women of this land labored in the wilderness which is called Uncertainty, sore beset by persecutions and tormented by their many infirmities, which nevertheless have oftentimes been a gain unto them, to these forty years, yea more than forty, since Elizabeth opened her mouth saying,

15. I declare unto you, Brethren and Sisters, that this thing which is wrong shall be made right.

16. And now have they received the first ripe fruits of their labors, for from the mountains round about the land of Wyoming have they beheld the glory of the Spirit, even the Spirit of Justice, which hath descended into the hearts of men, insomuch that they have said,

17. We would that all women would be free like unto ourselves. Hereafter, as much as in us lies, will we deal justly with them.

18. Rejoice, O ye daughters of Wyoming, and give thanks that the way hath been opened unto you whereby ye may prove that which hath been said, whether it be true or whether it be false.

19. Behold are not these things, yea and more also, set down in the books which Elizabeth and Susan have written:

20. And now may Truth, Temperance and Justice be and abide with you all forever and ever.

Sing Lee.

BY W. W. JETSON.

The following article was written several months ago but was mislaid. What has since become of Sing Lee we are not informed, but presume he was sent back to China.—EDITOR DOVE.

Three years ago Sing Lee landed at the port of San Francisco. He claimed to be a merchant, but it was proved that he made a living by working, instead of by trading, consequently, if the angel officials of this heavenly government had observed the heathen exclusion law they would have cast Sing Lee out of this Christian paradise, back into the heathen hell from whence he came, but it was assumed that he had committed a crime by trying to get into this country as a merchant, after being debarred as a laborer, and he was accordingly turned over by the United States authorities to the State courts, where he was tried and sentenced to four years hard labor in San Quentin prison. In order that this Government might not be outdone by Russia in hellish schemes to make mankind more miserable, it permitted California to torture Sing Lee for three years in one of its hostiles, before proceeding to enforce its own law deporting him to China. On account of Sing Lee's credits for good conduct his term expired in three years, and he was released.

Speaking of this case, a California daily, one that gloats over the persecution of the Chinese, says: "Outside the prison gates Sing Lee paused a moment. There was the soft rippling water, the shining blades of grass, the sun-shine and liberty. Sing Lee was happy. He shook himself like a great dog coming out of a kennel after a night's resting in straw, and turned city ward. Just then his happiness ceased. Deputy United States Marshal Jim Maloney, the representative of that branch of justice that never sleeps, stepped up with a warrant and once more Sing Lee was a prisoner." Sing Lee is in the county jail now; next week he will be remanded in accordance with the provisions of the Chinese exclusion act. It is not claimed that Sing Lee ever injured any person or persons, bodily, financially, or in any other way. He went to a felon's cell to satisfy the pet caprices of narrow minded bigots, as Bruno did during the inquisition. He landed in this country as any other foreigner would, his only crime being that he was not born an Irishman, Englishman, Dutchman, or Frenchman, nor reared a merchant, gambler, or preacher. He was tortured in the California State prison because the Christian God did not make him a Caucasian instead of a Mongolian.

The Christian missionaries now domiciled in China ought to club together and secure the services of Sing Lee as soon as he arrives home. If they will take Sing Lee around with them, as a sample of what Christianity can do for a poor working man in a Christian country, the boom in missionary work in China will no doubt astonish the natives. Sing Lee's experience in our Christian courts, under our Christian laws, and his education in a State institution under a Christian chaplain whose salary is paid by the State, ought certainly to have fitted him to become a good specimen of Christianized heathen, and certainly of great value to the Christian missionaries in China.

First-class book and job printing at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE, 121 Eighth street, San Francisco.

Correspondence.

Letter from Moses Hull.

DEAR SISTER SCHLESINGER:—My heart was made glad yesterday by the receipt of two numbers of THE CARRIER DOVE. Its pages look familiar and read as well as ever. There are two journals and two editors that always find a particularly warm spot in my heart. The journals are THE CARRIER DOVE of San Francisco, and *The World's Advance Thought*, of Portland, Oregon; the editors are Julia Schlesinger and Lucy Mallory. What work you noble women are doing. How quietly and patiently you stick to it; no noise, no fuss, no boasting, but you are always there just the same. I like all our papers, I wish all of them success, but the two I have mentioned deserve, it seems to me, more than any others, the patronage of every Spiritualist. You two silent but earnest women deserve to be known as you are, and to receive twenty times the support you get.

Well, I have been so busy since I left the coast that I have hardly had time to look at the papers; I have spoken every Sunday, with one single exception, from one to three times, and generally from one to five times through the week. The people were never more ripe than they are now for the highest truths of Spiritualism. I have met many old Spiritualists who supposed they were disgusted with Spiritualism, but when I came to get at them they were only sick of some things done in the name of Spiritualism.

The fact is, the world is waiting for a more spiritual kind of Spiritualism—a Spiritualism which makes us, here and now, see ourselves as spiritual beings. One who is conscious of his own existence does not need to look into a mirror to assure himself of his existence, so when we become as conscious of our spiritual existence as we now are of our material existence we will spend less time running after mediums, and more in circumnavigating ourselves.

While I believe in the external phenomena, I do not believe they are Spiritualism. They are only the steps leading to it. Spiritualism produces the phenomena, instead of the phenomena producing Spiritualism.

I think many Spiritualists, in confining themselves to external phenomena, have not only stood in their own spiritual shadows, but have called to the front a set of mercenary leeches calling themselves mediums, who are damaging real Spiritualism and real mediumship more than all our enemies could in a lifetime. Bare-faced frauds and genuine mediums have, for the most part, received the same encouragement from Spiritualists; and the result is, the tricksters and mountebanks have nearly taken the field.

Even when we have sought communion with genuine spirits we have, some of us, been too much like the ancient maiden-lady who was praying for a husband, and were ready for "anybody, Lord." If we were more choice in our communings, and were to demand wiser counsels and purer and better influences, we would grow faster and better under Spiritualism. But here I go, reading you a lecture; of all things that was just what I did not intend to do. I intended to give you a gossippy, personal letter.

Mrs. Hull's California trip has done just what you prophecied; it has made a new women of her. Her health was never so good before. She is getting as fat and as plump as a pig. Thanks to you and the Doctor's mediumship.

I have as yet only laid my work out until January, though I have calls for nearly all next year. I am to spend December in New Orleans, and thought I would make no other winter engagements until I tested the New Orleans people and climate, and they tested me. I may stay there longer. I am urged to go to the Pacific Coast in time to take part in the People's Party campaign in Oregon in the spring. I may do so; and if so I shall not return East until campmeeting season.

With me "the field is the world," and the cause is one, east, west, north and south; and I care little where I work if I can do good work.

Hoping your CARRIER DOVE may carry messages of joy to thousands of weary souls, I am as ever, in the work.

MOSES HULL.

Detroit, Michigan, Sept. 10th, '91.

P. S. My permanent address is 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

On The Wing.

FORT BIDWELL, SEPT. 18, 1891.

EDITOR DOVE: Since my last letter I have organized eight Farmers' Alliances in Lassen and Modoc Counties. By great exertions I am beginning to induce the people to investigate and unite in their own interest. I have greatly enjoyed walking from five to thirty miles a day through the pleasant valleys and over the rugged mountains. A great many pity me and ask, "Why don't you get a horse?" I would rather walk; I am much better in health for walking. Then I am equal to a horse any way.

In the southern part of this county I passed a large hot spring. To see how cold the water was I put in my hand but it came out quicker than it went in. On hot days dogs sometimes jump into it to cool off; when they come to the surface they are in a condition to suit the Chinese.

Times are very dull in Lassen and Modoc counties. There is no money in circulation. The people are anxious for a railroad; but when it comes it will rob them, unless it is controlled by the government. The farmers here get but little for what they sell and pay two prices for what they buy from the merchants. The time is near when the Alliance will start a store at each county seat. That will stop the robbery by the merchants. The greatest opposition I meet with is from the business men, but where they oppose my work I use more energy and come out ahead. The farmers are beginning to see that their only salvation consists in uniting.

Yours for the cause of humanity, J. H. WHITE, Organizer.

Dr. Schlesinger's Mediumship.

The following communication was received just after the issue of the September number. Although late, it will be read with interest:

The Dephos, Kansas, Campmeeting Association closed its 12th annual campmeeting August 24th. Among the mediums present was Dr. Louis Schlesinger, of San Francisco, Cala., manager of the CARRIER DOVE. The doctor gave many tests convincing to skeptical minds. It was no uncommon thing to see people coming out of his tent weeping tears of joy for the knowledge gained o the fact that their dear ones still live and can communicate with them. So intense became the anxiety on the part of skeptics and orthodox to prove the Doctor a fraud or mind reader, that schemes were planned whereby they might trick him, but when they came for sittings, so completely did the Doctor annihilate their plans that they were dumbfounded and many were convinced. The Doctor made many friends, and should he survive, the Society will endeavor to secure him for next year's campmeeting.

I. N. RICHARDSON, Corresponding Secretary.

For many years before the death of "the great showman," P. T. Barnum, it was the custom of the advance agent of the circus to mail to the clergymen of towns the show was approaching, circulars calling attention to the moral character of the exhibition, and inclosing tickets. The circulars were signed "P. T. Barnum." Shortly after Mr. Barnum's death one of these circulars was received by the minister of the First Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn., addressed to the Rev. Dennis Hawes. Now Mr. Hawes had been dead for ten years. The gentleman who received it glanced at the address and then at the signature: "They do not seem to have met," he said.

Selected Poetry.

My Creed

EMMA GERTRUDE WILSON.

What is my creed? I scarce myself can tell.
It is no written law that I obey,
I fear no angry God, nor endless hell
To wait for us,—poor creatures of a day.
I do not seek the Bible's ancient lore
For perfect purity's unerring power,
Those men who lived and sinned in days of yore
Can scarcely help us in the present hour.

No church with vain and idle pomp I seek,
Where canting hypocrites kneel down and pray,
Who sin unstintingly throughout the week,
And save their virtues for the Sabbath Day.
What is the church but fashion's idle hall,
Where pious sinners play at "being good"—
Who turn a-say from duty's toyless call,
And close their hearts to struggling brotherhood.

All, all around I see a suffering earth,
Sin-choked by sin that truth can scarcely grow;
Where happiness must perish in its birth,
And sweetest songs are touched with notes of woe.
From every side come cries of grief and pain,
Where life is but a weary weight of years,
With many losses and so little gain,
Whose only birth-right is the gift of tears.

I do not scorn the souls whose efforts fail;
Whose guileless feet have sometimes gone astray;
For deepest sins hide 'neath religion's veil,
Baptismal waters cannot wash away!
I do not say, "Believe, or thou art lost!"
What right have I to judge my fellow man?
What power have I to judge the tempest tossed?
He is the saint who does the best he can.

Within my temple by the stream and wood,
Sweet nature teaches of the flight of time,
I learn to worship all the pure, the good,
And Truth is sacred in its might sublime
That great, unseen power I adore,
That fills the universe above, below—
That guides the planets by its unseen law,
Creates a soul or buds a daisy, grow.

Why talk of things we can not understand?
Or seek to look beyond the bounds of death?
A mission waits us here on every hand,
Within the bounds of the tiny mortal breath.
One life is given us to live on earth—
Then give no anxious worry to the next,
And in the interval 'twixt death and birth
Make late thy sermon, Truth and Love thy text.

This is my creed—perhaps it is no creed;
But he is wise whose honor is his law,
Who treats a fellow brother in his need,
And preaches not of "Heaven's narrow door."
An honest man! this is the greatest praise;
Whose deeds are many and whose words are few.
This is the height on which I fix my gaze,—
This is my one and only creed—be true.

—*Cambridge Press.*

If We Could Know.

BY MYRA WENTWORTH EMERSON.

If we could know that we should sometime meet
Our loved and lost upon some fairer shore,
Though bruised and bleeding were these weary feet,
Though chill above our heads the black clouds lower,

Could we not patient bear life's seeming ill—
The dreary path that must be short at best—
A little while, ah! yes, until, until
We too shall reach that land of perfect rest?

If we could know that dear ones linger near
To guide and cheer along the lonely way
Would not the thought the saddest bosom cheer,
And change the blackest night to perfect day?

If we could know—and yet it must be so—
The soul within dies not with mortal breath;
"*If we could know*," say not, for we *do* know
In all this changeful world there is no death.

—*Banner of Light.*

Our Dead.

BY ARLO BATES.

We must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
Deceive with gloss of seeming; but all lies
Were vain to cheat a prescient spirit pure.

Our souls (true worth and aim, however poor,
They see who watch us from some deathless skies,
With glance death-quickened. That no sad surprise
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.

Living, our loved ones makes us what they dream;
Dead, if they see, they know us as we are,
Henceforth we must be, not merely seem.
Bitterer woe than death it were by far
To fail their hopes who love us to redeem;
Loss were thrice loss that thus their faith should mar.

Beyond the Mist.

Beyond the mist, beyond the rain,
My ships are sailing o'er the main;
Their white sails hidden from my eyes
By fogs that soon or late must rise,
And when the canvas flushed with rose
Like eve illumined mountain snows

And though life's sea its curtain slips
'Twixt me and my beloved ships,
I still remember that they bear
Cargoes to comfort me in care—
Hopes, loves, ambitions, dreams, desires,
Whose barques may glow in sunset fires.

—*New York Press.*

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was; and yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
But still our place is kept—and it will wait—
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - OCTOBER, 1891.

Organization.

On page 276 of this issue will be found an appeal to Spiritualists in favor of united action, followed by a plan of organization drafted by Dr. Dean Clarke, slightly modified by others, and accepted by many of the Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco. It will probably be adopted by the Society, and it is hoped that under it some effective work may be done.

This is a move in the right direction. The necessity for a definite statement of what Spiritualism is has become apparent to every earnest, honest Spiritualist. Such action is made imperative by the false claims that are constantly set forth in behalf of various fads under the name of Spiritualism, by which true Spiritualism is brought into disrepute and its progress greatly impeded.

It is essential that the philosophy of Spiritualism should be clearly understood and defined, and that the many impostors who use the name should be known for what they are. In the absence of any authoritative statement of the principles of Spiritualism, the people are misled by cranks who consider themselves divinely appointed leaders, messiahs, regenerators, and what not, by whom Spiritualism is misrepresented and made a subject for public derision. These cranky mediums have made Spiritualism so odious to many self-respecting people that they will no longer attend Spiritual meetings, and refuse to identify themselves in any way with Spiritual societies. Large numbers of this class have gone into Theosophy, "Christian Science," and other organizations which, having a well-defined declaration of principles, manage to keep the cranks in subjection, and to make some claim to "respectability,"—a position Spiritualism in its disorganized state has not yet attained.

Undoubtedly the most powerful, most active and dangerous enemy of Spiritualism is Theosophy, upheld as it is by many intelligent people, and attacking Spiritualism under the guise of a "higher development,"—an advanced step in spiritual progress. It has seduced into its ranks many of the former adherents of Spiritualism, and is still active in the work, although its teachings, instead of being an "advance," are diametrically opposed to the known facts and generally accepted principles of Spiritualism. As stated by Mr. Ravlin, in his discourse of Sunday morning, September 27, if Theosophy is true, Spiritualism must be false; both cannot be true, because they are inconsistent with each other.

The cardinal principles of Spiritualism are given on page 278, consisting of thirteen articles, to which the reader's attention is specially called. Consider them carefully, and if you think anything that it is essential to state has been omitted from the synopsis, write to Dr. Clarke or to the editor of the Carrier Dove. Any society or individual is at perfect liberty to amend the proposed declaration, which is not put forth as an ultimatum, but rather as a suggestion. It is to be hoped that Spiritualists will soon organize, and be able by representatives in national convention to adopt some formula that will express the generally accepted facts and principles of Spiritualism, but until that is done, individuals and local societies can take action for themselves. So far as the editor of this journal is able to judge, the epitome presented in this issue sets forth the principles of Spiritualism truthfully, clearly and in remarkably unobjectionable phraseology. If you approve of them, go to work and do something. Join the society in the neighborhood of your residence, or if there is none, organize one, if only a little circle of a half dozen members. Get a supply of the principles in printed form that you may hand to inquirers, and no longer act as if ashamed of ideas which are, in truth, the most exalted yet attained by man.

A Vigorous Protest Against the Theosophic Fad.

[Mr. N. E. Ravlin in answer to a request to contribute to the Dove something in relation to the Summerland campmeeting, hastily wrote the following just before his departure for San Jose, having no time to give a more full report.]

Financially, and in point of numbers, the campmeeting at Summerland was a success. Many mediums and speakers were on the ground. But there was a marked division of sentiment between straight out-and-out Spiritualists, and the "Sun Angels Order of Light" class, with the Theosophical "fad" of re incarnation thrust to the front. I, of course, defended the former and opposed the latter.

The doctrine of Re-incarnation is not, cannot be, true; and I showed conclusively that if it were true the logical result must be the absolute annihilation of Spiritualism, because it involves the total destruction of personal identity, and of all kindred relationships. If Theosophy is true our kindred never return to communicate through mediums; nothing but their astral shells come back, hence we can never meet them in the hereafter, and they are no more to us than if they had never existed.

I know I am in the love of Truth and Good, but I hate the doctrine of Re-incarnation, and believe it to be false, irrational, unphilosophical, an I extremely pernicious in its effects. It is astonishing that Spiritualists can be led astray by it. It is the pestilous foe of everything we hold sacred and of vital import in our spiritual philosophy. It is the upas tree whose deadly shade kills every fair flower of Spiritualism on which it falls. I repudiate it. I propose to take my Spiritualism straight, and defend it on the rostrum and in every other way, till I pass on to the higher life.

It is high time that true Spiritualists awake to the threatening dangers of the hour, and unite to repel this most subtle and crafty foe. Organize everywhere. Draw the line. Define your position. Adopt a declaration of principles such as put forth by Dr. Dean Clarke, that all may know what we believe, what we know, where we stand, and what we propose to do.

As for me, give me Spiritualism, or give me annihilation. Give me Spiritualism pure and simple, or give me absolute atheistic materialism, with the sepulchre as my final goal. No side issues; no popular "fads;" no amalgamation with false theories, false gods, and Theosophical vagaries. Spiritualism to the front! Unfurl the banner of its glorious philosophy. Stand by its long array of demonstrated facts. Encourage all true mediums. Give no countenance to fraudulent manifestations, and no quarter to the enemy. "Prove all things. Hold fast to that which is good." Follow where proof positive leads the way. Stop where demonstrative evidence ceases. Spiritualism rests solely on established facts, and whatever belongs to the realm of the unknowable, and is consequently beyond

human power to demonstrate, is not Spiritualism. No true Spiritualist ever assumes a position beyond the pale of possible proof. Immortality is not merely a question of belief, but one of *fact*, constantly accumulating, as endless ages roll, proving the indestructible personal identity of man.

In the cause of pure Spiritualism and eternal progression, I remain, Fraternally, N. F. RAVLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.

Visions

A few weeks since, Mr. William Bennett, a gentleman seventy-three years of age, long a resident of the Pacific Coast, paid a brief visit to the DOVE office on business connected with the publication of a book of spiritual experiences, during which he related several remarkable incidents of his life, and at request of the editor penned the following:

August 27, 1875, I was on my return by railroad from the East. About 6 P.M., when sitting in my seat, I fell into a trance, lasting nearly half an hour, alarming my fellow passengers considerably. When I came to my myself, in answer to their inquiries, I told them it was merely a temporary illness to which I was subject. In answer to questions of a lady as to my sensations, I replied: "I saw a man drowning near the wharves in San Francisco." We were then over a thousand miles from San Francisco. When we arrived at Ogden the news of the suicide of W. C. Ralston by drowning in San Francisco bay had been received by telegraph. I said I did not believe it was suicide, although I never was acquainted with nor had ever seen Mr. Ralston."

"May 9, 1879, I awoke from a vision, experienced while resting in bed, and said to my wife: "Our Charles is coming home, and is going to die." She replied: "Oh, pshaw! you are dreaming again." But Charles did come the last of May and died on the 17th of July."

"In October, 1883, Leland Stanford, Jr., son of Hon. Leland Stanford, of California, died in Europe. I was lying very sick at the time, and was not expected to live. I told a young man who was attending upon me that I saw the names of young Stanford and Charles Bennett (my deceased son) and that Stanford was dead. I requested him to note it down, but he said, "You're out of your head." I replied: "Never mind, you put it down; I'm not out of my head." He made a note of it, and subsequently it became plain that I was the first on the Pacific Coast to receive any message or intelligence of young Stanford's death!

"In April, 1886, about 2:30 P. M., New York time, Charles Crocker was thrown out of his buggy in New York City, and severely injured. I received intelligence of it in a vision at a few minutes past 11 A. M., Gold Hill time, and a few minutes later got further intelligence in the same way that two gentlemen in a buggy had just driven to Mrs. Crocker's residence in New York, informing her of the accident, and stating that Mr. Crocker was so badly hurt that he was not likely to live. This shows that I received the intelligence on this coast before Mrs. Crocker did in New York. I at once sent a letter to Mr. Crocker, telling him that he would not die till 1888—which proved true. This letter was mailed in the Gold Hill postoffice at fifteen minutes past 12 M."

Mr. Bennett's visions usually occur in the early morning, and seldom later than 11 o'clock A. M. A rest preceding the vision appears to be necessary. We hope to have more full accounts of some of his numerous experiences for publication. He has been a medium from childhood but the ill treatment he received when a boy in consequence of his visions led him to conceal his experiences as much as possible, until within a few years past.

Immortality is inferred, not proved, by life beyond the grave.

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All of these are bound in cloth, green and gold, in uniform style with Grant's Memoirs.

A dispatch to the Boston *Globe*, dated at Fort Sill, I. T., August 28, gives a lengthy account of predictions made by "Howling Bear" head medicine man of the Comanche Indians, who is said to be over 100 years old, and noted for the fulfillment of past prophecies, which have heretofore been of local importance, confined mainly to happenings to the tribe. He now predicts widespread disasters to occur in America, "may be soon; may be ten years." There are to be destructive earthquakes, storms, pestilence, etc. "The shores of the big water will sink, and white men will be drowned by thousands. The Indians will not be so much troubled, for they will be away from the place where the worst is to come. The land will open, and whole cities will be swallowed up. Fire will break forth from the center of the earth, and rivers of fire will run where the water now is." In the vicinity of New Orleans the whole land will be swallowed up and everything destroyed. "In the middle of the ocean will come land where land has not been before. He warns the Indians not to travel East or West, but remain where they are until these things have happened. He predicts that his own death will occur before the close of the present year. He received his information while in a trance after long fasting. How Prof. Buchanan received his has not been so clearly made known, but the inference is that the Professor's predictions are scientific deductions from ascertained facts.

Dove Notes.

Subscribers who have kindly forwarded spare copies of July CARRIER DOVE to this office will please accept thanks. Some were answered by letter, but not all.

The *Daily Democrat*, of Springfield, Mo., in referring to the departure of Dr. Schlesinger for St. Louis, Mo., and his promise to return, adds: "It is safe to say that Dr. Schlesinger has put many persons here to thinking of the problem of life and death in a new light."

Dr. T. E. Casterline, of Edgar, Nebraska, writes the Dove: "I am anxious to get up an interest here in Nebraska, and would like to secure the services of a good test medium. If Spiritualism is true it is a gospel of joy and glad tidings that ought to be published, and I desire to do some work for the cause before I die. If you will insert a notice in your paper it may help me to secure a medium."

A letter from Dr A. J. Swarts, whose advertisement, "Treatments Free," appears on the last page, states that he expects to be in California in a few months and may make his home here. Dr. Swarts is a very successful healer, and will be a welcome addition to the "mind cure" fraternity as well as to the ranks of Spiritualism. His method differs somewhat from most healers. Although he has a home for patients in Alliance, Ohio, and healing rooms in Chicago, much of his practice is by absent treatments through his spirit aids.

A declaration of principles, under the head of "A Synopsis of Spiritualism," has been published by Dr. Dean Clarke in a small leaflet (four pages), which will be sent to applicants by mail at the rate of three copies for ten cents, or two dollars per hundred. Spiritualists should provide themselves with this document to hand to those who, in conversation, as often happens, show their ignorance of the subject. It is a good answer to objections so frequently brought against Spiritualism which are founded on false conceptions. Dr. Clarke's address is 1055 Market street.

The Tea for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten given by the Ladies' Elsmere Club, at the rooms of the school, 1131½ Mission street, on the afternoon and evening of Sept. 25, was a success alike socially and financially. In the evening a special dancing programme was carried out, interspersed with comic recitations by Master Ray Irvin and a young lady present, and a number of fine songs by Misses Queen and Edna Montgomery, and Miss Gertie Roberts. Choice musical selections, including the music for the dancing, was furnished by Mrs. Hofeldt.

One of the handsomest volumes ever issued from the press of Colby & Rich is "Starnos," a book of 200 pages, being a compend of the teachings of Andrew Jackson Davis, given in the thirty volumes published by him, selected and arranged by his wife, Mrs. Delia E. Davis, M. D. The extracts are very brief, averaging less than a half dozen lines, each under an appropriate head, and all placed in alphabetical order. In addition there is an index which enables the reader to find any passage in a moment. There are nearly or quite one thousand extracts, embracing facts, opinions, suggestions, maxims, morals, meditations—flowers of speech culled from the garden of good thoughts which the "Poughkeepsie Seer" has been cultivating nearly half a century for the benefit of his fellow men. A more appropriate present to a thoughtful friend could not be made. The price by mail is only 50 cents, cloth-bound, or 75 cents for extra fine, gilt edge, for single copies. A liberal discount to those desiring several copies. Address Colby & Rich, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NONCONFORMIST, of Winfield, Kansas, has been moved to Indianapolis, Indiana, and consolidated with the Alliance Advocate, state organ of Indiana.

Dr. Schlesinger, writing from Springfield, Ill., says the interest in Spiritualism in Eastern cities is much less than manifested on the Pacific Coast. He will visit Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo, and possibly other places before returning to St. Louis, on his way to New Orleans and Galveston, Texas.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for October has for a frontispiece a fine likeness of Mrs. H. S. Lake, and contains an interesting sketch of her life, by Lydia R. Chase, illustrated with a portrait of the Boston Spiritual Temple in which Mrs. Lake speaks. The leading paper is an able article by B. F. Underwood, showing what the position of the church was towards African Slavery. Miss Nelly Booth Simmons contributes a touching poem on "Tenderness." There are many other valuable articles. Price 20 cents. 383 Eagle St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Harriet E. Beach, who was sent to the lunatic asylum in New York because she spent some of her money with mediums, has been released, and now has written a letter stating that she was kidnapped and kept at the asylum when the subordinates knew she was not insane. She also believes there are patients in the asylum who are no more insane than she is. Some of her fellow prisoners told her they had written to friends and to judges, and that the letters had been suppressed by officers of the asylum.

John Slater, the renowned platform test medium, has returned to San Francisco, and on Sunday last was greeted by many friends at Irving Hall, at which place he will appear also on Sunday evening, October 11th. He gives seances daily at his residence, 708 O'Farrel street, with circles on Monday and Thursday evenings, also on Wednesday afternoon—the latter for ladies exclusively. Mr. Slater has kindly consented to appear on the platform of the Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Sunday morning, October 11, following a brief address by Mr. Ravlin.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan, who prophecied tidal waves, earthquakes, etc., as likely to occur along the Atlantic coast, has been advised by the spirit of William Denton and others to take up his residence in the West, promising him hosts of friends in his new home. As the "coming cataclysm" is not to occur for twenty years or more, before the expiration of which time Prof. Buchanan will naturally pass to the higher life, he does not care to "flee from the wrath to come," still he may make a change of base, and in case he does, it is hoped he will not stop traveling until he reaches the Pacific Coast. He has many, many warm friends and admirers here even among those who do not believe his prognostications.

Mr. H. W. Booser, who has a hall for spiritual phenomena at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and a temporary home for mediums, writes that he believes he is engaged in a work absolutely necessary for the success of lectures and the presentation of the philosophy of Spiritualism. You must "catch your hare" before you cook it; and must attract the people before you preach to them. The way to attract is to give them phenomena. They will not begin to think until you do that. The trouble is that most people do not think even then. Thousands get as far into Spiritualism as the phenomena, and there they stop. They have no interest in Spiritualism outside the seance room. Such people are not properly Spiritualists. Their belief has no influence over their life. Mr. Booser says very few who go there to investigate phenomena read spiritual books and papers. Two or three copies, at most, are sold of the leading journals, and none of the others. He adds: "The best rostrum work has to be forced." Yes, it has to be forced; and even then the phenomena-seekers do not accept it.

The editor of the Dove has received a specimen of the Sunflower Badge from the manufacturer.. The design is appropriate and the badge very beautiful. Spiritualists are advised to wear this insignia of the fraternity. "Wherever you see a Sunflower Badge you see a friend." The profits derived from the sale of the badge will be devoted to spreading abroad the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. Price, one dollar. Address C. D. Haines, 26 St. Clair street, Rochester, N. Y.

The *Daily Democrat*, of Springfield, Mo., giving an account of a Spiritual meeting held by D. Schlesinger in Springfield, says: "Eight persons were selected from the audience (Judge Jas. R. Vaughen, Dr. A. C. Williamson, J. W. Jones, Dep. U. S. Marshal J. W. Eldridge, and a few ladies,) and were taken two by two into private consultation. They all came back completely dumbfounded, and said the Doctor's power of delineating personal history was beyond their ability to comprehend."

Dr. Dean Clarke arrived in San Francisco from the Santa Cruz mountains early in September, and is desirous of securing engagements in neighboring towns. He has made a number of brief addresses very acceptably, and during Mr. Ravlin's absence at Summerland he spoke before the Progressive Society on the present aspects of Spiritualism and the necessity for more thorough orgnization. Dr. Clarke is an inspirational speaker of a high order, and the Spiritualists of Alameda, Oakland, San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento and other places will do well to correspond with him. His address is 1055 Market street.

A move was recently made to put Rev. John Benson, of Frankfort, Ia., on the retired list because "his soul travels when he sleeps," and some other soul, not of the church standard, apparently takes possession of Benson's body. When awake Benson is a model Christian, circumspect in word and manner; when asleep, he swears like a trooper, and uses language too vile for good people to listen to. The move to place him on the retired list did not succeed because his "infirmity" does not interfere with his public ministrations. When the "devil" gets hold of Benson in the pulpit, then will be time for his church to act

The young Men's Christian Association will soon have a new hall, corner of Mason and Ellis, to cost $220,000. The Association own 137½ feet square, and as they do not require so much they will sell 50 feet on Ellis street, the proceeds of which, with the money on hand, will give them a fund of over $100,000. Wealthy people, many of whom are not Christians in practice, if they are in name, have subscribed $103,000, leaving about $70,000 to be raised by further contributions, as the articles of incorporation do not permit the contraction of debt. There is no doubt the $70,000 will be forthcoming before it is needed to complete the building. Will any of the wealthy non-believers or believers-other contribute a hundred thousand to help Spiritualists? If not, why not?

D. Schlesinger sold us writes anything for publication, and he is especially averse to writing for the press in relation to himself; but his private letters contain allusions to his work, from which we are sometimes tempted to quote. Writing from Springfield, Mo., Sept. 7th, he says: "I lectured before the Spiritual society here yesterday, and the hall was crowded. My tests were highly gratifying, and were appreciated by all." We judge so from the favorable notices in the daily papers of Springfield. The Doctor continues: "I have done lots of good for the cause, and have given Spiritualism a new start here and in other places. Some of the most prominent citizens have called to tender their thanks, and some, who received personal evidence, expressed their gratitude. Besides the tests, so many have expressed their appreciation of what I said, that I almost believe I shall be able on my return to take the platform and do some talking."

Some idea of what the illustration of a magazine means, may be obtained from the announcement that the publishers of the *Cosmopolitan* paid Madeleine Lemaire for the illustrations of "Three Women of the Comedie Francaise" ten times the amount paid for the article.

The September number of the *Cosmopolitan* is a Woman's Number, being written mainly by women. The topics are various, the profuse illustrations are beautiful, and the style of treatment of high order. Those who are interested in Russian Nihilism will find an excellent article on woman's share in it, with the portraits of the leading female nihilists. "Society Women as Authors" is also finely illustrated.

A new feature of the *Cosmopolitan*, and one which is original with the magazine, is the publication each month, in the form of foot notes, of a number of little portraits with brief biographies of the writers of the various articles. However widely read one may be, there is likely to be something of information lacking regarding the vast number of writers who appear in the periodicals of the present day, so that these brief biographies and small portraits are proving very satisfactory to the average reader.

In its November number the *Cosmopolitan* will publish a series of letters written by Gen. W. T. Sherman to one of his young daughters, between the years of 1854 and 1865, and covering most of the important events of the war of secession. These letters present graphic pictures of a great soldier among some of the stirring scenes in which he was a giant figure, and in them the patriotic spirit of the Federal generals seem to have been most attractively tempered by a strong affection for the Southern people. The fraternal feeling which glows in these letters is in refreshing contrast to the sectional bitterness which characterized the period, and they will constitute an interesting and important contribution to the literature of the war.

It is impossible to say how large a proportion of the sick and suffering could be made whole if they were sufficiently strongly impressed to believe themselves to be so; we believe the proportion would be larger than most people think. This fact forms the foundation-stone to quackery, and now, as from the earliest times, faith is as powerful an influence for good or evil as it has ever been. Disease is very much a question of nutrition; and the influence of the mind over nutrition is well known. Great joy or hope may bring one back from the brink of the grave, and great fear may kill. A gentleman was once led to believe that he had slept in the very bed in which one had died of the cholera. This truth alone caused the ordinary symptoms of that dread disease.

Another case of stigmata is reported as occurring in Louisville, Ky. A lady (a devout Catholic) at certain times goes into a trance, continuing several hours, during which reddish spots appear on the hands, feet, and left side, which gradually grow more red, until in a half-hour blood begins to ooze from the places. After recovering from the trance little or no sign of the phenomenon remains. The testimony of the fact is said to be unimpeachable, and of course Catholics claim that it is a miracle wrought by divine power, and that it belongs exclusively to the Holy Mother church. Spiritualis's hold that it is a spiritual manifestation produced by some deceased devotee of the Catholic church. Occurrences quite as remarkable, if not the same, as the "stigmata," are common to spiritual mediums. Messages in red letters come on the arms of mediums, and sometimes blood flows from apparent wounds, which leave no mark when the "influence" passes away. The features of some mediums are strikingly changed in cases of "transformation," but no Spiritualist calls it a "miracle." They know that what is done is in accordance with the laws of nature. It could not be otherwise; but we do not yet fully understand the *modus operandi*.

A Protest and a Pledge.

We append our names to this paper for the purpose of protesting—

Against any and all laws violatng and invading the constitutional pledges which guarantee to American citizens the rights of free speech and free press.

Against the enforcement of laws by the instrumentality of private amateur detective associations.

Against the establishment of a censorship of the press and of the mails as is now attempted in the Post Office Department.

And having seen that such laws, and prevailing methods of enforcing them, open great opportunities for fraudulent practices, for the accomplishment of private revenges, and for the suppression of unpopular sentiments by fanatical persecutions, we hereby pledge ourselves to do all that good citizens may properly do to overcome these mischiefs and to reverse the current of this class of legislative and official aggression.

J. Rodes Buchanan	Clara B. Colby
Minot J. Savage	Benjamin R. Tucker
M. M. Pomeroy	Juliet H. Severance, M. D.
T. B. Wakeman	Darius M. Allen
B. O. Flower	Sophia L. O. Allen
Hamlin Garland	Moncure D. Conway
E. W. Chamberlain	Parker Pillsbury
E. B. Foote Jr., M. D.	Hugh O. Pentecost
Julian Hawthorne	Wilson Macdonald
James Parton	Albert Ross
Alexander Wilder	Elisabeth Cady Stanton
Don Piatt	Emma Beckwith
M. Edgeworth Lazarus	Eliza Archard Conner
Edgar Fawcett	John W. Chadwick
Alfred H. Love	W. P. Tomlinson
M. L. Holbrook, M. D.	A. B. Bradford
Elizabeth N. Bradley, M. D.	Howard M'Queary
Rabbi Solomon Schindler	Henry Frank
Matilda Joslyn Gage	John Ransom Bridge
Helen H. Gardener	Voltairine de Cleyre
David Overmyer	Lois Waisbrooker
Otto Reiner	Thomas W. Organ
J. M. L. Babcock	Lucinda B. Chandler
Julia Schlesinger	W. N. Slocum
Deane Clarke	N. F Ravlin

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Pleasant Gatherings and Good Attendance—Hopeful Prospects.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Every session of the Lyceum during the month just closing has had its assemblage of pupils, leaders and officers, so that it has not been necessary to take a summer adjournment on account of the neglect of members to attend. The interest exhibited in the acquisition of knowledge, while it may not at all times have been sufficient to satisfy each of the adults, has nevertheless been considerble when taken as a whole.

The Lyceum Banner.

I notice the advertisement in the DOVE of the *Lyceum Banner*, a monthly journal devoted to the Children's Progressive Lyceum, published at Liverpool by J. J. Morse, assisted by Miss Florence. The American subscription is 40 cents per annum, postage free. I have read the *Banner* ever since its publication was begun, and I can recommend it to all interested in the work of the Lyceum, as an interesting and well-conducted periodical, well worthy of their patronage and support. A list of the many attractive features of the *Banner* will be found in the advertisement in another column.

WM. E. COLEMAN.

Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye on September 20 commenced a six weeks' engagament at Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Foye speaks in Boston in November, then goes to Brooklyn, N. Y. She has an engagement for every Sunday till June '92. Her address till Nov. 20 will be No. 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

The Clergy Challenged.

The following letter is taken from the *Daily Democrat*, published at Springfield, Mo., a place where Dr. Schlesinger spent the early part of September:

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—There is now in Springfield a man possessing wonderful powers as a juggler, necromancer or Spiritualist. If he is a mere trickster no one of the many intelligent citizens of this city who have visited him, as investigators, can yet suggest the cause of the astounding phenomena witnessed. He carries about with him no artificial appliances for working these wonders. A lawyer's desk yields as readily to the service of the alleged spirits as the most consecrated furniture. No dark rooms or mysterious cabinets are required by this aged stranger in giving his tests. The unseen "guides" by whom Dr. Schlesinger claims to be controlled shun neither daylight nor the ordinary habitations of mortals. Wonders have been wrought which no lawyer, doctor or newspaper man of Springfield can explain. Many tests have been given within the past six days, and in no case has the medium failed to meet the most rigid trial demanded by his visitors.

Mind reading does not seem to account for all the remarkable things done. To tell one what he does not know and never had in his mind goes beyond the domain of psychometry. Now this is something worth investigating. If it can be shown that Dr. Schlesinger is a trickster, using the arts of jugglery, he ought to be exposed. He who trifles with the most sacred instincts of human nature, the veneration which the living have for the dead, is the basest of impostors. The ministers generally denounce such persons as Dr. Schlesinger as wicked tricksters who purposely dupe the credulous. How many of the clergymen of Springfield have given this man a test? What do they know of the manifestations so freely denounced to their communicants? Why do they not go in a body to the medium and expose his tricks? When Moses and Aaron went to admonish Egypt in the interest of the oppressed Israelites, King Pharoah called his magicians, the spiritual guides of that cultured realm, and commanded them to duplicate the miracles of the messengers of God. The Sages of the Nile did not dodge the issue. They had the courage of their convictions, and met the test bravely. They answered each challenge of the wonder-workers from abroad, and duplicated most successfully the miracles wrought in their presence. They cast down their rods and saw them turn into serpents. It is true the reptiles of Egypt got the worst of the test, but the conduct of the magicians was at least manly. They exhausted the resources of their art so far as the record shows. Now why will not our Springfield preachers show as much faith and courage as those Egyptian priests, and meet this wonder-worker on their own ground? He is here in their midst, doing things that nobody can yet explain. He will no doubt give all the ministers of Springfield a full test and enable them to expose, if they can, the trickery by which other persons have been deceived. Let us have a fair trial of this matter. If Spiritualism is true the churches ought to know it. If the dead can communicate with the living, then the question of immortality is settled. If these claims of Dr. Schlesinger and his associates are false, the ministers will strengthen their own power over the world by demonstrating the fact. Let us have the test first and then the denunciation of the impostor on the street corners. INVESTIGATOR.

Some people, who do not know what good editing is, imagine that the getting up of selected matter is the easiest thing in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work done on a newspaper. If they see the editor with scissors in his hand they say, "Oh! that's the way you are getting up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new, witty question with a wink or a smile. The facts are that the interest, the variety and usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon the selected matter. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six.—*Exchange.*

Spencer versus Spencer.

"The Economics of Herbert Spencer." by W. C. Owen. 216 pages, price 25 cents, paper. Humboldt Publishing Company, New York.

Each book issued from this press gives the reader renewed cause for thankfulness that such an educator of the people as the Humboldt Publishing Company can be sustained in America. The flood of trash that pours from the press of almost large city would dishearten the well wisher of his kind were not new hope inspired by the success of books of the better class such as are given to the public by this enterprising firm. The "Humboldt Library of Popular Science," consisting of 158 numbers—sixteen volumes of 600 pages each—has been a veritable educator of the people; and now the new series, "The Social Science Library," published monthly at the low price of 25 cts. per volume ($2 50 per annum), promises to give instruction in Social Science more complete and at a much lower price than students of Sociology have ever before been favored with. The volume just issued is No. 7 of this series, and it is inferior to none. W. C. Owen is well known on this coast as a writer, orator and social reformer. Regret for the loss of his local service here is mitigated by the gratification that in the service of the Humboldt Publishing Company, he has entered on a wider sphere of usefulness.

With the fairness that characterizes all of Mr. Owen's criticisms, he commences by quoting Mr. Spencer's own language. The first chapter is devoted to Spencer's ideas concerning Land Nationalization, taken from "Social Statics," published in 1850, but Mr. Spencer says his opinions on this subject were first embodied in a series of letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government," published in 1842, after which, for more than a quarter of a century Mr. Spencer gave no indication that he had in any degree modified his views as to the injustice of private property in land. Spencer's system of land tenure (government control of the soil) or something similar, he holds to be a necessary precedent to the free operation of a law ordained by nature which is: *Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal right of other men.*

Mr. Owen shows that Mr. Spencer's land tenure system of itself will not secure equality of rights. He says: "There is reason to suppose that such a system of land tenure, if put into operation side by side with our competitive system of labor, might result not in freeing the workers, but in augmenting the power of the capitalist." The reason is that the reduction in the cost of living by the saving of rent would enable the worker to exist on smaller wage, and the effect of abolishing rent would be to increase the profits of the employers instead of benefitting the employed, just as charity, in connection with our competitive system, has the effect of reducing wages, enabling the recipienis of alms to work for less than they otherwise could. The control of machinery by capital gives to capital the power to control labor.

Concerning compensation to the landholder, quotations are made from Spencer (1850) to show that the rights of the many are paramount to the rights of the few, and that men may yet learn that "to deprive others of their right to use the earth is to commit a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties." Henry George compares the wrong of land monopoly to the injustice of chattel slavery, and from him Mr. Owen quotes: "As the keeping of a man in slavery is as much a violation of natural right as the seizure of his remote ancestor, so is the robbery involved in the present denial of natural rights to the soil as much a robbery as was the first act of fraud or force which violated these rights. Those who say it would be unjust for people to resume their natural rights in the land without compensating present holders, confound right and wrong as flagrantly as did they who held it a crime in the slave to run away without first paying his owner his market value. They have never formed a clear idea of what property in land means. It means not merely a continuous exclusion of some people from the element which it is plainly the intent of Nature that all should enjoy, but it involves a continuous confiscation of labor and the results of labor."

Mr. Owen says this is a logical deduction from Mr. Spencer's argument that it is impossible to justify private property in land, but he holds that we are not justified in throwing the land-holding class upon the tender mercies of a world where many of them, being unfitted to struggle for self-support, would starve to death. "For none of them would a place be made, since the express declaration of both George and Spencer is that our present industrial system shall remain unchanged. The proposition is, therefore, the despoiling of a special class . . . and it is certain that class-robbery can never satisfy the demands of abstract justice." He adds: "A special class, thus singled out for sacrifice, will fight to its dying gasp; it will make enormous capital out of the injustice of which it is the victim; it will rally immense forces to its standard, and prolong the struggle indefinitely. That Mr. George can believe such a struggle can be carried to a successful issue by the convincing eloquence of abstract propositions, unassisted by other concurrent economic changes, is anything but creditable to his intelligence. The Socialists have indulged in no such sanguine imaginings. They look to a steady pressure all along the line, resulting in modifications in which landlordism will come in for its full share of alteration."

As a more sensible mode of procedure than the non-compensation method, Mr. Owen quotes from Bernard Shaw (in "Fabian Essays") to show that while compensation would be unnecessary if the proprietary system could be at once replaced by full-blown Socialism (which sudden change is not in accordance with the law of social evolution, and therefore impracticable), "Yet, when it is necessary to proceed by degrees, the denial of compensation would have the effect of singling out individual proprietors for expropriation, while others remained unmolested, and depriving them of their private means long before suitable municipal employment was ready for them. The land, as fast as required, will therefore be honestly purchased; and the purchase money, or the interest thereon, will be procured like the capital, by taxing rent."

Mr. Owen, in approving this method, does not discuss the injustice of *interest*, which is itself a robbery as bald as land monopoly. His object in making the quotation is not to criticize it, but to show that there is another and more sensible method than class-robbery. The purchase money could be furnished by the issue of treasury notes received by the Government for *all* dues whereby they would become current among the people. Until we reach the point where labor notes current between the holder and the Government only, may be made the purchasing agent for all supplies, "fiat money," however derided, is the most feasible as well as the most just and philosophical remedy for our present financial difficulties.

In further commenting on land nationalization Mr. Owen says: "One of the main objects of this argument has been to show that the inauguration of any such scheme would not, *of itself*, permanently alter existing social conditions. That these conditions will have to be radically altered, and that at a very early date, all thinkers are practically agreed, the almost solitary exception being Mr. Spencer, who clings tenaciously to the *laissez faire* [let alone] doctrines he formulated in 1842 *minus* the land proposition. His continued silence upon that most vital point, coupled with the fact that when he has occasionally broken silence it has been only to urge the land-owners' claim to compensation, is a virtual withdrawal of the proposition. I have also incidentally endeavored to explain my reasons for believing that such a measure will never be inaugurated by a society still saturated with the selfishness of *laissez faire* philosophy; since that philosophy isolates men, robs them of public spirit, and therefore renders it impossible for them to form the powerful combination necessary for the overthrow of such an institution as private property in land. It has been no spirit of petty pique that has caused the labor movement in gen-

eral, and the Socialists in particular to oppose Henry George. It has been a deep-lying conviction of the fact that it is only the closest solidarity that can remove the mountain of folly, cruelty and fraud which centuries have bequeathed to us. The heritage we take is our existing social system, wherein is crystalized much doubtless that sages and philosophers have dreamed and prayed for, but much,—alas, much more—that is the legitimate offspring of the cruel greed of the few, and of the yet more lamentable cowardice and indolence of the many. That tender aspirations, burning hopes, and high resolves are now waking into life on every hand is unquestionably true; but the shell has to be burst, and the effort required will probably be far greater than any that the human race has yet been called upon to make."

Mr. Owen concluded the first division of his work (which consists of three parts) by a chapter on the growth of the Socialictic idea, a clearly set forth philosophical statement which all reformers may read with profit, but which I have no space to quote. It must suffice to say he asserts that Socialists are much indebted to Spencer for their advance from the Utopian stage of fancy schemes to the scientific stage of growth, and in the next division of his book Mr. Owen points this out more clearly, following Mr. Spencer from the time he first came before the public as the exponent of the evolutionary tendency of social arrangements to right themselves, until he awoke to the fact that the tendencies were bringing about social changes entirely different from those which he had contemplated. His various essays "afford a most interesting study, as showing the tenacity with which a man who has built up his reputation as the exponent of a particular idea will cling to that idea long after it has been proved to be unworkable." The book is an attempt to define the exact position of a philosopher who is quoted as an authority by both sides, and often very ignorantly quoted. Mr. Owen, while mercilessly criticising Spencer, still maintains that as an evolutionist he has rendered invaluable service to thought in general and to the cause of Socialism in particular.

Not being able to do Mr. Owen's admirable book justice within the limit allotted to this review, I defer further notice until the November issue. W. N. Slocum.

An Age of Wonders.

Whatever may be in store for the future in the way of development and discovery, it is certain the present will be regarded as the age of wonders. Not many weeks ago the papers contained an account of a prodigy in mathematics—an uncultivated countryman who could solve the most difficult problems on the instant with no apparent effort. We have now the report of a Texas girl who fortells ordinary future events to the day and hour, who without training improvises and plays the most difficult music in strict accordance with the rules of art, and who recognizes and calls by mame entire strangers who appear before her, with many other curious and incomprehensible things. In addition to these we have the mind reader, the magnetic girl, the fecund mother and the two-headed child. With these wonders supplementing the inventions and discoveries of the last half of the present century which includes about all that is regarded of value at present, what may be expected in a generation to come? Shall it be that the knowledge of future events will become universal; that the abstruce sciences will be an open book to all mankind; that means will be found to explore the planets, and that the spirits of the dead will walk with men in plain view upon the earth? Judging by the progress of the immediate past, these speculations will not appear very extravagant.—*Springfield (Mo.) Democrat.*

To make the child happy while it is developing and being educated is the high mission of *The Kindergarten Magazine*. One of its distinct objects is to help the mothers, and for 1891-92 it will have a special department and course of practical papers for this purpose. Kindergarten Publishing Co., 277 Madison st., Chicago.

The Arena for October.

The frontispiece of the October *Arena* is a portrait of James Russell Lowell. Dr. George Stewart, D. C. L., contributes an interesting, critical sketch on Lowell and his work. The other illustrated paper is by Hamlin Garland, and deals with the life and work of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne. This paper is illustrated by ten finely executed photogravures. There are contributions by Henry Wood, who writes on "Healing Through the Mind;" Theodore Stanton on "Some Weak Spots in the French Republic;" Moncure D. Conway on "Madame Blavatsky at Adyar;" Thaddeus B. Wakeman on "Emancipation Through Nationalism;" H. C. Bradsby on "Leaderless Mobs," and Charles H. Pattee on "Recollections of Old Play-Bills." The story of the month is written by Will Allen Dromgoole, and deals with the convict lease system in Tennessee. The editor writes on "Social Conditions under Louis XV of France," compared with our present conditions, and a short paper on Religious Intolerance. The Book Department, which occupies eleven pages above the regular 128 pages of this magazine, contains reviews by Hamlin Garland, Rev. James Miller, D. D., and the Editor. This issue of the *Arena* is strong, varied and entertaining; it appeals to all who appreciate the best and bravest thought.

The Middle Man.

He is everywhere, in every branch of industry; but where he does his slickest work is in the legitimate lines of business; here he reaps a harvest. On the stock or wheat exchange he looms up as the consummate rascal and depredator. If any one gets "squeezed" you may be sure it will be the customer; seldom the middleman. In this phase of his activity he is more slippery than the eel. His mission is to shear, not to be shorn. In the real estate business he reaps a handsome profit by vibrating between the buyer and seller. He makes the liveliest pendulum the world has ever seen, and is such a swingeing liar that he often makes more out of a bargain than either of the contracting parties. He is a cold calculator. He will insure your life and beat the insurance company, or beat you; it makes no difference to him so long as he gets the money.

There is't a character in the world who has such an eye to business as the middle man. In the produce business if he can't get a fair profit on consigned goods, why, without the least hesitancy, he will dump them into the Bay, advise the consignor that the market is glutted and the goods have spoiled, and laugh when told that that produce would have fed many poor families. What does he care for poor families?

Now what are we to do with this fellow; this blood-sucker; this vampire; this rogue? He is simply imposing on ignorance and good nature. He is'nt necessary to the community. He never produced anything in his life, but is like the English sparrow imported into this country which spends its time in fighting with its kind and picking the seed sown for the harvest.

Let us get rid of the pest! Discard him! Snub him! Kick him out! Starve him! But get rid of him anyhow, for he clogs the wheels of commerce, which must be adjusted upon an equitable basis by bringing the producer and consumer *face to face.* It is the mission of the Bureau of Equitable Commerce to wipe out this superfluity from the marts of trade, and with your help we will do it. The middle man is a "back number;" his scalp is due.—*Plowshare.*

[From "The Leader," Bloomington, Ill., Sept. 23.]

Dudley Smith's Experience.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the famous spiritualist and medium, arrived in the city this morning from Springfield.

He is a fine looking, healthy old gentleman, and on his arrival made a bee-line for *The Leader* office. He invited a reporter to investigate his power as a spiritualist. The reporter was told to go out on the street and get some one to accompany him to a room where a test might be made. The doctor was not to know the names of the gentlemen selected to accompany *The Leader* reporter. Dudley M. Smith, George Simonds, Sr. and Harney Collins were all total strangers to Dr. Schlesinger. The three gentlemen, accompanied by *The Leader* reporter and Dr. Schlesinger, went to a room which the reporter selected himself. The windows were thrown open and the broad daylight let into the room, in the center of which was placed a wooden table. Dudley Smith placed eight names on eight slips of paper, his own name and the names of two dead persons being written. No one was allowed to see the names. The slips were folded and placed in a hat and thoroughly shaken. This was done to prove that the doctor was not a mind reader. After the slips were placed in the hat Mr. Smith could not tell which one of them contained his own name.

Removing them from the hat one at a time until rappings were heard on the table, the doctor called on Mr. Smith to cover the slip with his hand.

"What's the person's name?" asked Dr. Schlesinger, addressing the unknown.

Bending his ear to the table a moment, the doctor exclaimed, slowly and distinctly:

"Your name is Dudley M. Smith. Look at the slip. Is that right?"

"That's right," said Dudley with evidence of astonishment.

Another slip was drawn and the name on it could not by any possibility be known by any one in the room unless it was the doctor.

The spirit rapped that the person was dead. The rappings were indistinct, and the doctor said that evidently the person had not been dead long.

"Tell me the person's name," said the doctor, again addressing the spirit world.

The doctor listened attentively. Twice or three times he called for the name. Finally the answer came, and the doctor exclaimed:

"Samuel Stevens."

This was a remarkable test, as Mr. Stevens had died but an hour previous.

Another slip was drawn in like manner and the doctor said:

"Dave Weldon. He died about 11 years ago. He says tell Dudley to see Line and tell him I would like to talk to him."

Here was occasion for greater surprise, as not one in the circle had thought of Line Weldon, brother of the deceased.

Harney Collins was the next subject. The doctor declared at the start that Harney was a skeptic and hard to convince. But the doctor told him the name of his wife's mother, where she died and of what she died. Taking *The Leader* reporter as the next subject he wrote a message purporting to come from Grant Johnson, an intimate friend of the reporter who died two months ago in Crawfordsville, Ind. The name of the reporter's father was also given. Numerous remarkable tests were made similar in nature to those mentioned. If Dr. Schlesinger is a fraud he is the most accomplished one who ever came under the notice of the writer. There is something phenomenal in his feats. He declares that he is not a mind reader, and his performances this morning tend to prove that he is not. Whatever he is, he is certainly a wonder.

The doctor claims that he is not giving these tests for money alone. He is endeavoring to prove to the world that spiritualism is a living truth, and that he can communicate with the dead. Those who are too poor to pay he claims will not be charged anything for sittings. All he aims to do is to collect enough money to pay his actual expenses.

He Kept His Word.

I distinctly remember the first hanging I saw in a Nevada mining camp. A lazy, quarrelsome miner named Rattlebone struck a man with a pick one day and killed him, and after a fair trial was found guilty and condemned to hang. On the night preceding the execution he sent for me. I had once given him a pipe, and had also written two or three letters for him, and he reasoned that I was his friend. When I entered his presence he held out his hand and said:

"Say, now, you don't believe I'm afraid to hang?"

"Oh, no."

"I propose to hang with a grin on my face—if I've got to hang. There is just one reason why I don't want to however, and I want ou to do me a favor."

"Well?"

There's an old fellow down the creek named Champlin. A month ago I got into a fuss with him and he said I'd be hung inside of three months. This thing will tickle him almost to death. He'll say, 'I told you so!' and he'll go on about the wicked being cut short in their career, and all that, and I want to disappoint him."

"But you are to hang in the morning."

"Yes, I know, but I dont want to, you see. Just go and tell 'em about old Champ, and get me off."

I didn't do anything, of course, and next morning, when he was led out, he pleaded his own cause, but without avail. Just before he was swung off he saw the old man in the crowd and he called him up and said:

"Champ, you pie-bald, knock-kneed old cuss, you'll go around bragging that you predicted this, and you'll wear your hat on your ear and step high. Durn your old hide, but its on your account I hate to go! I've got to, however, but I'll get even with you. Hang me if I don't turn into a mule and kick you to death before the year is out!"

Five months later a speculator came into our camp on a mule. The animal stood tied to a tree, and when old Champ lounged up to pick up a frying pan the brute shot out and hit him in the temple and keeled him over stone dead.—*N. Y. Sun.*

On August 31st, a professional man of Chicago, well known to the public, was seated at his desk. Suddenly, and without any conscious impelling cause, he felt a strong impulse to send his photograph to a gentleman and his wife, residents of a city 500 miles away. He had but slight personal acquaintance with them, never having met them but once, and then only for a few minutes. Naturally he felt that the act was scarcely in good form, and accompanied the photograph with a humorous letter in extenuation. On September 17th he received a letter from Mrs. ——, saying that several weeks ago he had come into her mind while reading and she had tried to recall his personal appearance, but the result caused her to doubt whether she could recognize him again. Then she seemed to feel his psychical influence,—probably an effort of memory—and as she is a fine sensitive who delights in psychical experiments, she spoke aloud, saying, "—— ——, send me your photograph!" This narrative may be only the record of a curious coincidence, but the psychical student will readily see that the thought of the sensitive 500 miles away may have reached the sender of the photograph and caused him to comply with the request.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

Not until crime is recognized and treated as a disease will any progress be made toward the establishment of a just and sensible criminal system.

An old lady of Salinas, Kansas, began her prayer on Monday morning by saying: "O Lord, Thou hast probably read in the morning papers how Thy day was desecrated yesterday."

A Recent Occurrence.

In the suburbs of Chicago lives a devout Christian. A daughter had been very deaf for many years. One night, not long ago, the young lady kneeled beside her bed in prayer, as was her custom. In this position she was seen by some member of the family. In the morning she was found in the same position, rigid and apparently insensible; evidently having remained all night in the posture in which she was last seen on the evening previous. Terrified, the parents raise their darling and lay her on the bed, manipulate her stiffened limbs as best they can, and hastily send for a physician. He comes, looks wise, applies chloroform, sets up a theory—and does no good. Friends gather about the bedside, and under the impression that the patient is insensible, and knowing that in her normal state she is too deaf to hear them, they give vent to their terrified feelings without restraint.

The case comes to the ears of a gentleman who knows something of physical phenomena, and with quick intuition he divines the true status of the case. With the decision and promptness characteristic of the man he acts. Not feeling at liberty to approach the family himself, and knowing the influence of the minister, and knowing also that this minister is a man of sense as well as "a man of God," he appeals to him, and with success. "There is no cause for anxiety. The girl is all right, and when she comes out of it, very likely she will have a story to tell. But caution her folks to be careful how they talk in her presence, for I will guarantee she hears all they say."

Under rational treatment, freed from the tyranny of a doctor ignorant of psychics and blindly groping his way by the rush-light of physical science, the young woman comes out of the trance. She tells the attendants she heard what they were saying; tells more of her experiences, which sometime may be told the public. The experience is a revelation to the devoutly orthodox parents. They do not know what to make of it. It upsets all their preconceived opinions and the teachings of their theology.

This is by no means an isolated case. Every day the intelligent denizens of the world invisible are securing new channels through which to manifest their presence and to work beneficent deeds for humanity. It is folly, wicked folly, for doctors of the body and doctors of the soul to longer ignore or deny the close rapport between the natural and the spiritual worlds. The sooner they acknowledge it and cheerfully seek to strengthen their own equipment by the study of psychics the better it will be for them and their patients and people.—*Religio Philosophical Journal.*

A True Friend.

A sensible woman is a worthy helpmate and a good adviser. Such a woman is a companion worth having for any man.

Talk about the superiority of man! Why each is superior to the other. Not in just the same things, but each in powers, gifts and graces peculiar to their own sex.

In a woman of good sense, apprehension and intelligence, there is a delicacy and tact which at once challenges your confidence and respect. More than this, if she is really your friend, she will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, reputation and success. She will not counsel you to do a mean, shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. Prudence, discretion and sensibility are needful in all such relations; while sympathy, trust and congeniality are, as well, necessities of human companionship.

In this respect, we look abroad for counterparts of ourselves, and, finding them, fraternize and assimilate in harmonious social relations which a common interchange of true friendship always inspires.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of buildings together; a word, a look, a frown—are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things.

Reading the Human Face.

Every one knows that men's passions, propensities and peculiarities are reflected in their faces, but only the few who have made the study of physiognomy a special pursuit are gifted with the power of correctly reading faces. Judges who have served long terms on the bench, lawyers in large practice, and doctors of eminence possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people, but any one can acquire the rudiments of the art by dint of hard study.

It is as impossible to disguise a face (without putting on a mask) as it is to disguise one's handwriting. When the expert comes the disguise is torn off and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniably vice writes its sign manual upon the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks and watery eyes betray him; it is the sensualist whose vice is read in his lips, the knave whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, and the man of violence who has been betrayed by his eyes.

An experienced detective or a trained jailer seldom asks the crime of which a prisoner is guilty; he can tell it on the criminal's face. In short, all the advantages which Fowler told us we were going to derive from the study of phrenology we may possibly gain from the older and more mysterious science of face reading.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Man The Printer Loves.

There is a man the printer loves, and he is wondrous wise; whenever he writes the printer man he dotteth all his i's. And when he's dotteth all of them with carefulness and ease, he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the man of ink a smile and mark "insert" receives. And when a question he doth ask— taught wisely he had been—he doth the goodly stamp, for postage back, put in. He gives the place from which he writes—his address the printer needs—and plainly writes his honored name, so he that runneth reads. He writes, revises, reads, corrects and rewrites all again, and keeps one copy safe, and sends one to the printer man. And thus by taking little pains, at trifling care and cost, assures himself his manuscript will not be burned or lost.

So let all those who long to write, take pattern by this man, with jet-black ink and paper white, do just the best they can: and then the printer man shall know and bless them as his friends, all through life's journey as they go, until that journey ends.—*Exchange.*

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then ye men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Swift.*

Standard Dictionary of the English Language.

A new dictionary, which will in many respects be superior to any other, has long been in course of preparation under direction of the publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, 18 Astor Place, New York, and will be issued early in 1892. Over one hundred scholars and experts have been employed in its compilation, including many of the leading scientists of Europe and America. It will contain all the words in Webster, Worcester and Johnson, and 70,000 additional. The definitions precede the etymologies. The pronunciation is given with exactness by means of phonetic spelling, of which a clear explanation is given. This feature of the work will greatly aid the introduction of a reformed orthography. The quotations have appended not only the name of the author, but the book and page. It will compare favorably with the Century dictionary, and in some respects is preferable, while the price will be but $12 bound in a single volume, or $14 in two volumes. Advance subscribers (those who send the publishers their address and one dollar) will receive the work for $7 single volume, or $9 for two volumes. Address Funk & Wagnalls, 18 Astor Place, New York.

The Science of Motherhood.

There are physical mothers and there are spiritual mothers, and there are those who combine the two. It is a wrong idea that a woman who has given birth to a child thereby becomes a mother in the highest sense of the word. I can show you women who have given birth to five, six, sometimes eight children without apparently a vestige or spark of real motherhood in them. If you will listen to the workers in the dark districts of our city, they will tell you tales of brutality of mothers, such as one kicking a three-year-old child, with a curse, across the room, while straightening out the body of its dead sister; of another letting her child, who had scalded his arm until the flesh had dropped off, go twenty-four hours before the arm was cared for, and then bringing it to the free dispensary to be treated because she could not sleep, the child cried so. Such things are common among that class of mothers.

If again you would go with me or with our missionary workers, and visit some of our charity kindergartens and see those young girls' faces light up with joy as they seize a dirty little hand, and see the loving tenderness with which these little street arabs are taken by them and washed and dressed and sometimes kissed, and see the quiet firmness with which those little, weak, marred wills, born of an inheritance of crime, are patiently dealt with, you would realize that spiritual motherhood can sometimes be developed even without physical motherhood. It is that to which Froebel appealed, and thank God, it is common to all. Of course, the ideal state is where the physical mother is the spiritual mother also.

Your child has a body; that body can be developed into more beautiful and symmetrical proportions, and by means of its development can aid the intellectual life and increase the spiritual growth, or the reverse. The body is trained, so far as all training after birth can come, by means of exercising the muscles and the senses. Froebel gives the mother many hints as to how to do this, of course, he cannot lay down every detail, or tell any mother exactly what she must do with her child. Your mother-instinct, your native good sense, your own ingenuity must aid you, but he can give you the general rules which govern all growth.

The muscles of the child may be trained so that the child becomes very conscious of its body, and the body alone is made strong, the mind and intellect being secondary to it. The true training of the child's muscles should be an unconscious training by means of play, in order that while the body is trained, the muscles are being made willing servants of the spirit, and are aiding the child in its intellectual life. Consequently, a mother's first duty is to learn how to play aright with her child. That sounds absurd. "What! systemize my play! Teach me how to play with my child! I love to do that anyway." Yet there is a best way. Be careful how you play with the child. Each time you fondle and handle him, each time you dance him up and down, each time the little, tossing kicking limbs are stretched by your hands, they are trained and exercised. There is nothing in the world more painful to a true lover of children, to one with insight, than the child conscious of its own body. That is abnormal and wrong.

Another important thing to be considered in the training of a child in play, is that it develops the social, moral and spiritual side of its nature. I want you to see that you cannot develop the child's body without touching its soul and its intellect. Many a mother has the feeling that if she washes, dresses and feeds the child, teaches him the catechism and sends him to school, her duty is done; but far from it. The mother, whether she knows it or not, is a teacher, the greatest, strongest and most lasting teacher that the child has. The mother has not only the physical care of the child in her hands, but she has the source, the fountain head of his intellectual life, because psychology teaches that all true doing is the result of willing, that all willing is the result of thinking, that all thinking is the result of feeling.

"Thought is father to the will." "As a man thinketh, so is he," and as he is, so does he. Remember the source of that statement. Compulsion is the attempt to get a deed done without the desire which should go before the action of the will. Voluntary obedience is a deed performed after the right stages of growth have been gone through. First, the individual desires; second, he thinks about it; third, he wills to do it; fourth he voluntarily does it. Compulsion is just the opposite. It is an attempt to force the fruit without planting the seed. This makes the difference between voluntary and forced obedience. Now, please do not misunderstand me. I would have a child obedient—obedient by forced obedience if absolutely necessary. It is the surgeon's knife, only to be used on the rarest occasions. A child rightly treated and rightly handled, will not in the majority of cases, need forced obedience. But the poor little creature who is brought up without obedience is indeed an unfortunate child. Therefore, do not misunderstand me, and wait until you get voluntary obedience, but plant your seeds, make your child want to do the thing by your own conduct and by his environment:—*Canadian Queen.*

Letter From Miss Firmness Oak.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—I have been reading about the "Little Mothers," a piece in the CARRIER DOVE of October, 1899, by Alma Calder Johnstone. She didn't say where those Little Mothers live, but I suppose they live in San Francisco. I wish very much to aid them. I have no money, so cannot aid them as I would like. If I had the money I would get a piece of land, build a house, and take all the little ones I could care for. I am healthy and can work sixteen hours out of twenty-four. I only need rest when I sleep. I eat only raw wheat, raw rolled oats, fruit and nuts. The only things I don't eat raw are beets and potatoes, so I save fire and time. I never eat anything but plain, clean fruits, nuts and vegetables. I cannot endure the heat from a stove at any time in the year, but I can from a fireplace. I could cook on a coal-oil or gasoline or gas stove for the children. I dress always in summer clothing. I can stand cold well. I have run barefooted on snow when a little child of six years in Canada.

Now, whenever the Spiritualists will furnish those children a home, clothing, and food, I will do my best to tend them—the clothing they wear must always be got new for them. Diseases are often in clothing really people give to the poor. I would not touch an old garment that had been worn by any stranger.

I cannot rest knowing that so many children are so unfortunate. I am such a merry, hopeful little girl, I think all the children around me would become merry and hopeful too, and being a *little* girl, I could do more to make them feel at home than a lady could. I could study and nurse the little ones at the same time, and what I do know I could teach them. The elder ones could assist with the work.

Please show this to the Spiritualists you know, and assist me to find out how I can help the little children. It would kill me to think about their misery if I did not expect soon to help them. I never will rest till I think the world is comfortable. Even death will be no rest to me so long as I think any one is uncomfortable. Write an answer to this as soon as you can give me any information. I am as anxious as a mother about them.

Here I have been nursing a doll when I ought to have been nursing babies. I will give my doll to some poor little girl, and do my best for the poor little children. I would prefer to nurse children who are free from disease. I will be able to do more the better I take care of the wonderful health I now possess. If papa would let me, I would take a child here in my pleasant little home, but he would not; so, when I want to help them, I must go to them, and leave my home. I would gladly give all my life to work for them. I hope the Spiritualists will think of some way of relieving the little children.

FIRMNESS OAK.

The Spiritualist's Badge.

The undersigned, manufacturer of the Spiritualist badge, wishes to notify the public that, by an inadvertency, it has been advertised at the price of fifty cents, when it should have been one dollar. The jewel costs more than fifty cents, and the small profit on its sale will be devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. The mistake in the price, however, having been made, those who have given their orders prior to September 1st will be supplied with single badges at fifty cents. After that date the price will be one dollar.

It may be here stated that those who cannot afford to buy the jewel badge can still wear one of their own making, so that they can be recognized by the sign. Young ladies, handy at needlework, can make a badge out of silk, or any other substance, for that matter, so long as it conforms to the pattern, which is a sunflower in the center of a square field of white. The sunflower has ten front petals, representing the ten immortal principles, and in its center is a full sun with rays. The principles represented are Knowledge, Power, Strength, Courage, Virtue, Zeal, Experience, Reason, Justice and Mercy. The badge can be painted, or carved and painted, etc. The protection only applies to the jewel, which is of enamel and gold.

C. D. HAINES,
26 St. Clair St., Rochester, N. Y.

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Initial Rhyme for an Album.

ANNIE HERBERT BARKER.

My muse would hold the fancy, color bright,
That made your album's cover all alight
With rosebuds, dear forget-me-nots and daisies white.

Life lies before you like an open book,
Its pages fair as these whereon we write
Wise saws, quaint fancies—to your thoughtful look
Her leaves turn hidden treasures to the light.

I would be prescient did the future show
Fair, fruitful slopes, smooth vistas for your feet,
But mindful that both wheat and tares must grow
Together, so to touch the Master's feet
And share His sifting in the harvest heat,
Bid the fair vision pass; He knows, He knows
Life's needful sting, the thistle or the rose.

The soul's growth and its destiny are binged
On this one lesson: Dignify your lot.
Smile with clear skies; when clouds fall tempest-tinged
Tread with quick courage every roughened spot,
And you may find all wayside borders fringed
With rosebuds, daisies and forget-me-not.

A Vagrant Theosophist was expounding the doctrine of universal reincarnation.

"All shall live again," he cried, kindling with enthusiasm and consuming himself in the flame of his own felicity; "all the creatures of the Creator shall pass, without loss of identity, into other bodies—every living thing that God has made!"

"It's a bad outlook for me," said an adjacent mule, sadly shaking his head: "I'm not in it. God made all other living creatures, but I am the work of an ass."

"So is Theosophy," said a miscreant observer.

And the mule was comforted.

A. B.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

The most dangerous lie is that which is glossed over with the light of truth.—*Mocum.*

What Women Are Doing.

The Girls' Normal School of Philadelphia reopened in September with 1,800 pupils.

Miss Johnson, the sculptress, of Washington, has completed a bust of the late General Logan.

Eskimo women are boot and shoe makers, tailors and mantuamakers. Boots are made of sealskin.

Of the four hundred graduates of the Chicago high school this year, over three hundred were girls.

Ellen Olney Kirk, better known as "Henry Hayes," has written a new book, a story of modern New York society, called "Ciphers."

A woman at London, Ont., has been earning a living by dressing up Chinamen in widow's weeds and smuggling them over into Detroit.

Miss Fannie Rodgers, of Madison, Ind., has served as city treasurer of that place for the last ten years, filling the office with marked ability.

Men exceed women by four to one in the senior class of the University of Illinois, but in scholarship women distanced the men and won the valedictory.

Miss Charlotte Higgins, who carried off the honors of entrance into the University of London over 1,600 male students, is a little Scotch girl, twenty years old.

A club in London is composed of women who have made a vow never to marry. If a member marries she withdraws from the club and pays a fine of $500 to the club.

Woman is alert in this day, says the Atlanta *Journal*. Man is everywhere recognizing her as a co-worker in large enterprises, and she need lose none of her womanliness in such work.

Miss Kate Kauffman, of Springfield, Ohio, has written a novelette entitled, "As Nature Prompts," an old-fashioned love story, which is said to have unusual merit. She will be her own publisher.

The *Democrat* of Springfield, Mo., says: Mr. Allen, a first-class stenographer, receives $10.00 a day and Miss Mooney, also a first-class stenographer, receives $5.00 a day. Both stenographers do the same work in the same place.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has called upon women sculptors to send designs in the form of miniature models of the sculpture work for the women's building. The designs must be delivered to Mrs. Palmer's office before November 15th.

Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks will exhibit at the World's Fair a full length figure in marble of the "Sleeping Iolanthe," the model of which attracted so much attention at the Centennial exhibition in 1876. Mrs. Brooks has a studio in New York.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who is appointed to make the allotment of lands to the Nez Perces Indians, has her headquarters at Fort Lemhi, Idaho. Much of the time Miss Fletcher is going over mountains and through canyons living in a tent at night.

Miss Xavier, a former instructor in Spanish in Wesleyan College, has been appointed secretary in the French and Spanish consulate. She is mistress in Spanish, French, English, German and Italian, and is the first woman ever appointed to such an office.

The official report of the issue of marriages in France shows that 2,600,000 wedlocks were childless; 2,500,000 had but one child each; 2,300,000 had two children each; 1,500,000 had three children each; 1,000,000, four children; 550,000, each five; 300,000, each six; and 200,000, each seven or more children.

Mrs. Juana Neal, of California, has been placed in charge of the women's department established by two leading life insurance companies of New York City, at an annual salary of $10,000. Nearly all life insurance companies have ignored or discriminated against women. This movement makes them eligible to all the advantages of these protective agencies. Mrs. Neal's position gives her the organization of the work in the Pacific Coast states, which involves filling a hundred places with women of ability.—*Woman-kind.*

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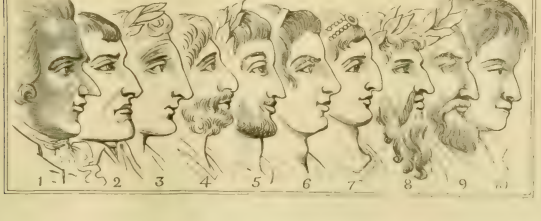

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Sweet Summer Land Roses.
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Echoes from Beyond the Veil.
Gentle Words and Loving Hearts.
I Love to Think of the Old Times.
Glad that We're Living Here today
There are Homes Over There.
They'll Welcome Us Home Tomorrow.
Open Those Pearly Gates of Light.
The Angel Kiseth Me.
We will Meet You in the Morning
Little Birdies Come to Rest.
On the Mountains of the Light.
Open thy Gates, Beautiful World.

PLAIN TITLE PAGE.

We'll All meet Again in the Morning Land
When the Dear Ones Leave Home.
We'll All be Gathered Home.
All are Waiting Over There.
Open Those Pearly Gates of Light.
They'll Welcome Us Home To-morrow
Mother's Love Purest and Best.
The Angel Kiseth Me.
I Love to Think of the Old Times
There Are Homes Over There.
Only a thin Veil Between Us.

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"They'll Welcome Us Home Ps-morrow."
"All are Waiting Over there."
"On the Mountains of Light."
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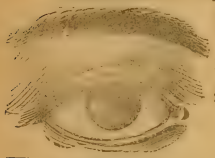

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Original Story.

Toilers for Bread—The Story of the Poor.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

Two weeks later, and the ferment has only increased—poverty and desperation on the one hand, ease and apparent indifference on the other, with no softening influence of love between to harmonize the contending forces. Albans was truly in a pitiable plight; social disorder seemed to reign. Business was nearly at a standstill. The rich corporations said they could afford to wait until the working people came to their senses, and the poor, hungry classes vowed that they would have bread, even if they burned out every shop and factory in the town to get satisfaction out of the tyrants who oppressed them.

A number of arrests had been made after the big fire, but nothing could be proved against the men; and only those who were captured in the act of hurling stones, and in other ways committing deeds of violence, were punished. If the fire was the work of an incendiary, the culprit was not found; nor were the leaders of the most serious outbreaks discovered.

As before stated, there were wealthy families in town whose members were charitably disposed toward the suffering poor, and many were the well laden baskets of food, with orders for fuel or necessary clothing, that were sent from those hands to the home of destitution. Some among the recipients were grateful, and remembered the donors of these gifts in their prayers. There was Teddy Evans, a cripple who used to stand all day at the loom in spite of his lamed and shortened leg, but who, since the labor troubles began, had been without even this poor employment. He was a young man of twenty-two, with no hopeful outlook before him. He and his widowed mother had lived together, she doing what she could on cheap sewing work, and he contributing his meagre wage to the scanty weekly fund; but now they were without employment or means, and had it not been for the charity of Albert and Louise Mountain, with a visit now and then from some other benevolent person who came with offerings of food or money, their condition would have been one of absolute destitution. And Ted was grateful for the gifts, grateful for the sunshine that came at times to his mother's heart and broke in smiles over her tired face, when the hand of some visitor opened a basket of needed food before her, or left an order for some wood in her care. But most of all, the lame man was grateful for the presence of gentle Louise Mountain in his squalid home, and her visits were to him like angel visits, full of good cheer; while the trusty, encouraging words and manly hand grasp of Albert Mountain on his occasional visits left a world of brightness in this young fellow's heart.

There were others, too, who spoke warmly of the kindness and benevolence of the more favored children of fortune toward their suffering fellow creatures; but there were many who sneered, and said boldly it was "no more than the rich uns ought to do. They have got all the cream, an' it don't hurt 'em to give out a little of the skim milk that they can't use all up anyhow." They also said, these poor, disgruntled ones, who, if they were poverty-stricken and soured, had brains to think: "It isn't charity we want, it's justice. If we had our own, there'd be no need of these fine people bringing our children bread. If they'd give us a chance to earn our living decently we wouldn't be crowded so that we're glad to take the loaf that's held out to us in pity, and stuff our mouths with it so as they won't hear the growls we make against the wrong. It's not pity we want, either, it's work!"

The miserable tenement of Marcus Lane was the scene of much discussion and loud talking on the part of three or four men who had wandered in on a drizzly afternoon. Marcus was a burly, stupid looking man, very different from his brother John, the fireman, who had been hurt at the mill fire two weeks before, and who still lay in a critical condition at the hospital. Marcus had always been a day laborer, earning but a small weekly wage, never advancing to a higher post, and never profiting much by experience, or gaining even the same amount of knowledge that a brighter mind would have gained from the observations and the happenings of daily life. Small enough were the the opportunities in such a routine as his to become informed, or to acquire knowledge, but yet, even the most ill-fortuned can develop something of mind and character if they use their brains, and think and reason for themselves.

Marcus did not think much; others did that for him; in the shop his associates advanced opinions and he sucked them in. In the beer saloon the loudest talkers won his attention and his friendship. At home his wife did the planning and contrived to make both ends meet, but how she did it the man did not know, and never wondered at her calculation and thrift. They had three children, the youngest but two years old, the oldest, eight.

It seems a shame to have human beings brought into the world from such stock as Marcus Lane, and we wonder why such children are born, and ask ourselves if it is right for men or women who are stupid and ignorant, and even brutal by nature, to become parents. Is it in accord with the plans of Divine Government? And we pause for a reply.

Since her husband had been idle Mrs. Lane had managed to keep the family together by doing chore work of any kind at the houses of those who would employ her, aided by the contributions of the Mountains and of two or three ladies who belonged to missionary societies.

All the afternoon the men talked over the situation of affairs. Sometimes the voices were low and intense, and again they would rise as if in altercation and menace. "I tell you wot," said Marcus Lane, bringing his fist down with a thump upon the old pine table, "Something's got to be done. We mought

just as well take the law inter our own hands as ter wait for them fellers ter right things; they won't do it. Why should we an' our kids suffer when thar's plenty in this town? Why shouldn't we get a lot of us tergether and go through the place? I say we ought ter do it, an' begin wid the high-tops, too, out thar in Baloo Avenoo, whar the Romneys, an' the Carlyles, an' the Mountains, an' such bigbugs live!"

His wife, coming in from her scrubbing, listened to these words as she paused at the door, but before she could speak, one of the men, a tall, hungry looking person, whose face showed his destitution, said in a drawling tone, "Well, I dunno as that 'ud be just right; ter break inter houses an' steal things that don't belong ter us aint just according to my idee of things."

"Oh! hold up, Jim Brown," said another. "I doubt about that being stealing. Those folks got that money out on us working people; course they did; big profits for themselves, an' little wages fur us; so I think it wud be evenin' things up for us fellows to go in a body an' help ourselves."

"That's so," rejoined Lane, "it makes me sick to hear about the charity of these bigbugs, an' if they cum wid a basket of something ter eat, you'll hear all the wimmen folks a telling how good they be."

"You are right, my friends. Your opinions are sound and show that you think over these questions. Now, according to our friend Brown, it's not right for you to force anything from these moneyed people, even if it does belong to you as a result of your toil. Well, according to law he is correct. But I wonder if in the sight of Heaven it would be doing wrong for you to get your share of the good things of life from those who hold them back, even if you have to do it by force. Law, my men, is made by the rich, in the interests of the rich, for those who have money, and to help them keep it. You never find a poor man getting justice in the courts. No! he is kicked and cuffed, so to speak, by judge and jury, while the rich man is bowed out with added honors. Who ever heard of a rich man being sentenced for swindling the public, or for scooping in a hundred thousand from his creditors? And who ever heard of a poor man who had been taken up for stealing a loaf of bread for his hungry child, getting off with a clear name and with out a sentence?"

"That's so!" "Yer right, Capt!" "Yer've just hit it there!" were the remarks that greeted this speech of a rather large man with a full, red face and a bald head. He was evidently better educated, and considerably more experienced as a man of the world than his hearers. He was one possessing a share of native wit and shrewdness and not a little personal magnetism. A dangerous man for ignorant persons to follow if he engaged in any disreputable business, because, by the very force of his will, he would lead them into trouble while keeping clear of it himself; but a good man to guide the uninformed if he would direct them only in channels of thought and experience that would enlarge or benefit their lives. Some of the town's people distrusted him. "He is not honest," they said; "he is only making capital for himself out of the grievances of the poor." But others regarded him as an oracle, and followed his every word as if they were to find the solution of all their difficulties from his counsel.

"As for this charity business," continued Solomon Wright (called "Capt." by the men because he had been at the head of a Labor Union), "its all humbug. Of course the rich can afford to give away something every year; they've got enough to do it with. But that's not to the point. *You* want justice, and you've got to get it by your own blows. It will never come to you in any other way."

"And I say this," exclaimed Mrs. Lane, coming forward with an angry step, "any man that talks like that can keep out of my house. It's all very well for you to be stirring up the men till yer-git 'em ready for a riot, or anything; but yer can't plan no such goings on here; I won't have it. Didn't I hear Marcus Lane there say yer'd better begin an' raid on the Mountains an' the Carlyles—people as is doing all they can ter help us tide over these dark times—people as is giving me the bread ter put in my children's mouths? What wud we ha' had ter eat ter day but for the work an' the pay they're givin' me?"

"Oh, well, Miss Lane, don't be huffy, we're only a talkin' about matters an' things," broke in the man called Jim Brown, as the plucky little woman stopped to gain her breath; "we aint none of us done anything mean as yet, an' I guess we ain't agoin' to."

"I don't know what yer've done afore this," snapped out the angry woman; "I know there's been some bad goings on in this town the last few months. I dunno whose ter blame; but I can tell yer this, Marcus Lane, if yer goin' ter join in any raids, or such like, yer can git out o' this house for good an' all. *I'll never look at you again.*"

She was not an educated woman; her manner was uncultivated, and her speech illiterate, but she had a good heart, and although her sense of justice was somewhat different from that of her husband, she was not slow to express it.

"That's all I've got ter say," continued Mrs. Lane—"those who can't 'preciate kindness when its shown 'em had better learn their lessons over again. As for you, Mister Wright"—she scorned to call the big man "Capt."—"I think yer'd better be in other business; yer allers setting my man on with yer smooth talk about the law bein' made for one class an' not for the other. Now, just look out that yer aint caught up yerself an' twisted some day by that same law."

"There! There! my good woman, you're excited, and you don't know what you are saying. I think I'll go now, as you'll be wanting to see to your children. Crafts, are you going my way?" The man who had told Jim Brown to "hold up" in his criticisms assented, and Wright added, "Well, then, we'll be going, friends," and the two departed.

"I just *hate* that man," sighed poor Mrs. Lane. "I know he will get some of yer inter trouble yet. Jim, yer'd better stay an' have a bite with us. Yer hearty welcome; Miss Mountain gave me a good basketful ter bring home."

CHAPTER XII

HIRAM STRONG AND HIS SON.

A day or two later there was another discussion of the same ever-recurring subject, concerning the rich and poor, and the relations between them; but not by the same characters that we have seen. In the rear of a little hardware store sat two men, an open newspaper between them. One had been reading aloud while the other filed a lock, but now they were both idle as far as the hands were concerned. They were the proprietor of the shop and his twenty-five-year-old boy—respectable men belonging to the trades-people, suffering a little privation now because of the dullness of business, but not in special need.

"Father," said the younger man, "it seems very hard that this state of affairs should exist—great misery on one side; extravagance, and display, and fashion on the other, with a few helpful, glorious souls between to try fruitlessly to balance conditions. Half of this paper is covered with reports of labor troubles, strikes, financial difficulties, crime, and the sufferings and outbreaks of the unemployed. While the larger part of the other half is given to accounts of balls, social assemblies, brilliant dinner parties, the description of lovely costumes, of rare feasts and the like. To me it seems terrible."

"Yes, Joe, it seems all wrong. I should think the world had turned up side down, and everybody in it had been made

mad," replied Hiram Strong to his son. "It seems to me that the rich are growing richer and more hardened, and the poor are getting poorer and more desperate. I wonder when it will be made right."

"Not until justice is recognized and every man receives his due. Here is one man worth fifty millions, and another, but a stone's throw from him, is obliged to beg his bread. The papers tell us of magnificent charities on the part of the rich, and of great public bequests; but if there was a little more justice exercised by these rich men all along the years of their business lives, and if their ancestors, who left them millions, had been a little more just and a trifle less exacting, there might have been less poverty and crime around them, and not so much need of charity now."

"True, my boy; and again, so much stress is laid upon this charitable giving on the part of the very rich, by the public prints. Now there is much generosity on the part of the poor too. I have known a man who only had enough to keep him one day, share it heartily with one who had nothing; and I have known more than one blessed woman to give away the very bread she ought to have eaten herself. That is what I call pure benevolence, and higher than the charity that gives because it has plenty to spare."

"Yes, and then look at it; a man worth fifty millions endows a hospital or a "home" for the poor, or something that perhaps costs him a couple of hundreds of thousands, not half a million any way. He is lauded to the skies by the press, and his name becomes a synonym of charity. He has given less than a hundredth part of his fortune for good works. How much more has he done than the poor mechanic, who, working for six or eight hundred a year, spends from ten to twenty dollars of it in charity, and a good many do much more than that; or than the poor shop girl who earns four dollars a week and gives a dime to some poor wanderer to buy a loaf of bread?"

"Your fifty times millionaire does less for charity in giving his half million, than does the shop girl in giving her dime, for with *her* every cent counts, and if she gives away ten, she must go without something that she needs; while the millionaire sacrifices no personal want by his generosity."

"So I see; and then I think of all the good might be done if all who are worth more than a couple of million each, in this country, would put their surplus income into a common treasury, the great fund to be used for educational and business training purposes, for the now uncared for and ignorant population, and also for practical helpfulness toward the needy and suffering of the country. That would be Christian charity indeed. Oh, yes! the good that might be done if there was a will to do it. I read the other day a grandiloquent description of a pair of massive statues, elegantly designed and wrought out, costing thousands of dollars, that had been presented to a fashionable church by a very rich young man, and I thought, if the cost of those images had been spent in easing the aching hearts of the widowed mothers, and hushing the hungry cries of their starving children in that city, the young man would have found a grand investment for his money."

"Right you are, father, and the lady that the *Times* says spends twenty-five thousand a year in good works has an annual income of three million, so I think she can afford to do much more for sweet charity."

"Twenty-five thousand is but a small part of three million, and although it can be made to do a great deal of good for humanity, I doubt if it will be counted any more to the credit of the woman who uses it for charity, in that land where good deeds are the treasures of human souls, than will the widow's mite that goes ungrudgingly to buy a meal of food for a suffering fellow being."

"Father! Joe!" called a fresh, clear voice from an open apartment in the rear of the shop. "Tea is ready, come;" and at the same moment a door opened letting a stream of light into the darkening room where the two men sat, and the owner of the voice appeared upon the threshold.

"Are you discussing great affairs of State?" she asked, or is it some grave question of man's political rights, upon which no woman should be allowed to intrude? Oh, I see, it concerns the ever present subject, the business stagnation and the labor troubles of the country. But, come, tea is poured, and it will grow cold; you can continue your talk at the table, where I can listen."

She was a trim, comely body, with a bright eye and intelligent face. About twenty-two years had passed over her head.

This was Myra, wife of Joseph Strong, and housekeeper for her husband and his father. A daughter of the people,—of that brave, sturdy middle class of thrift and intelligence whose good judgment and common sense are of more value to the American nation than any amount of financial wealth can be.

The meal to which this trio sat down was a frugal one, consisting of baked potatoes, a dish of chipped beef, graham bread and butter, flanked by a plate of baked apples and a pitcher of good, creamy milk. These, with the hot tea, completed their simple meal, which was served with such neatness and even daintiness by the cheerful hostess, that it might attract even one who was much more of an epicure than the two beloved men for whom she catered. The conversation which had been interrupted was not resumed just then; the talk drifted into other channels for a time, and it was not until the tea things were cleared away, and Myra had seated herself at the table with some sewing that the subject again came up.

"You were out this afternoon, Myra," said her husband, looking fondly at his young wife; "did you find anything new in your trip?"

"The same old story of want is heard on every side, and the same sad sights of suffering are seen. I just ran over to mother's to have a little chat with her, and while I was there May Thorne came in. She said she saw me pass her window and she knew I has going to see mother, so she came to ask me to go with her to see a poor widow who had been hurt—she fell down an open hatchway and is injured badly. This woman—a Mrs. Bailey—has two little children, girl babies, that she left alone, and when the poor mother was taken up, she begged so to be carried home that the men who raised her could do no less. Well, May heard of it, and she got a lot of things together. Charlie lets her do as she likes, although he don't take much interst in her charitable visiting among the poor. May has a little money of her own, beside what her husband gives her from his salary, and she spends quite a sum during the year, among the widows and the fatherless. Well, as I didn't want to lose time in coming home for things, mother packed me a basket, and I went with my life-long friend to visit these poor creatures. It was a shocking sight. The *home* of the widow is one room containing an old stove, one unpainted chair, another chair without a back, a high stool, and one low cricket, a pine table and an old dresser, on which were two or three pans, a few old dishes, a frying pan and a couple of small tin dippers. Yet, everything was clean and looked as if it had been well scrubbed, including the splintery floor. On the walls were a few wood cuts taken from old papers, and pasted up to amuse the children, I suppose. There was a bit of brightness at each of the two little windows—curtains of pink muslin, and a plant on each sill, green and fresh in its battered tin can of earth. Out of this living room opened a smaller room, originally meant for a closet, I think, though it has a narrow window. Here was the injured woman, lying on an old comfortable spread over a heap of straw on the floor. She looks old and worn, but can't be more than thirty-five. Her little

girls are pretty creatures, shy and tearful, wondering what the matter is with mamma. Their clothing is faded and thin, and well darned in spots. A dispensary doctor had visited Mrs. Bailey before we arrived, so a woman from the floor below who was with the sufferer, told us; but he could not yet determine the extent of her injuries, for they seemed internal. He had left some medicine, and the patient was evidently dozing under its effects while we were there.

"I was particularly struck at the sympathy and kindness of the poor toward the poor, while there, for the woman down stairs, although very needy herself, had brought some bread and molasses up to the little ones, had kindled a fire from her own scanty store of fuel in the old stove; had brought her one poor pillow from her own bed to place under the head of the unconscious patient, and is neglecting her own work, to spend the night with her unfortunate neighbor.

"May and I did what we could to brighten things; we had taken bread and crackers, and butter, and tea, and sugar, and oatmeal, and rice, and some wine and jelly, and a few other things I can't think of; then she had a roll of flannel and linen cloths, some lotion for bathing, an old but warm woolen shawl, some stockings, and one or two other things to help along with. We are going to-morrow to see what else we can do. I had a couple of dollars in my pocket. I was going to get you an extra good dinner with that to morrow, Joe, for it is your twenty fifth birthday: but we can celebrate it just the same in our hearts, if I do give you salt codfish and potatoes instead of a roast chicken and fixings, and I left the largest part of it in an order for some wood and coal for the Baileys on my way home."

"You're a blessed little woman, and the best wife in the world!" exclaimed six-footed Joe Strong, as he leaned across the table to kiss his helpmeet, while the elder man nodded his approval and wiped the moisture from his glasses at the same time. Codfish and potatoes, as *you* cook 'em, are fit for the dinner of a king, and with a good dish of those pickled beets, will be a royal birthday feast for me."

Myra laughed and gaily said, "I knew you would be all right; but I'm not such a little woman, Joe, only you're so big you think so; I'm five feet four, and weigh a hundred and thirty; so—but oh, dear!" changing her tone—if we only had plenty of money, wouldn't we make things comfortable for Mrs. Bailey and those dear little babies—not to speak of helping other forlorn persons. On my way to mother's I saw a great funeral; splendid carriages and trappings; a hearse handsomely draped, in which was an elegant casket covered with flowers. Two carriages at the rear of the procession were filled with floral pieces. Think of the money wasted on a corpse when the living need it so much!"

"Yes, money worse than wasted in this instance, Myra," responded the father, "we know whose funeral it was you saw. Joe and I watched it go by from our door as it came this way. The poor, miserable body of Abel Sawyer, the once rich and authoritative man, lay in that casket under its costly trappings. Where his hardened soul is now God only knows; but I feel that it is where it will realize the want and misery his exactions and injustice have helped to create in this town. Everybody knew how grinding he was in his dealings with the working people; how he docked them a forenoon's wage for half an hour's tardiness; how he was the first to cut wages down and the last to put them up; how he rejected all offers to compromise with the strikers, and how mean he has been all along; and yet his coffin is piled with costly flowers; his virtues are rehearsed by the minister who speaks above his grave; and only folly and extravagance are displayed at his funeral, where sackcloth and ashes should have been prepared.

Yes, Abel Sawyer, the millionaire manufacturer, had gone to his long home. Since the night of the fire he had steadily failed in health, and two weeks from the time he was led away from the howling mob, came the final stroke that severed his unworthy spirit from its trembling form. The papers spoke of his life as a successful and a prosperous one; of him as a man of shrewd business energy and tact. They mentioned the fact that he had left a large fortune to be distributed among his heirs; they described the pageantry of his funeral, and told that a splendid mausoleum would be erected over his remains, but they had no story to tell of any philanthropic work or humanitarian service he had done, for such had not been a part of his career.

(*To be continued.*)

Telepathy.

BY. L. C. ASHWORTH.

According to an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, reproduced in the *Eclectic* for September, great things may be expected of Telepathy as an explanation of the phenomena connected with Spiritualism. The writer, Mr. Reginald Courtenay, does not belong to that rapidly decreasing number of educated men who regard such phenomena as a compound of fraud and illusion. He admits the phenomena to be real enough, but thinks a great deal of it may be explained without having resort to any supernatural [supermundane] beings. The exponents of telepathy (the name adopted by the English Society of Psychical Research for a kind of thought transference or feeling transference) think that in dispensing with the aid of "ghosts," the subject is placed on a scientific basis and can receive scientific treatment. The word itself brings to the mind a relative term, sympathy, the latter meaning feeling with or together, and telepathy a feeling afar-off thus implying that telepathy is sympathy at a distance, using the latter word in its proper signification.

It is this kind of sympathy by which, in the opinion of Mr. Courtney, people are often enabled to describe persons and events, have presentiments, etc , which phenomena have been so remarkable as to have hitherto needed the theory of spirits to account for them. He gives several instances which apparently favor the theory of telepathy, one of a girl having a remarkable vision which suggested some calamity happening to her uncle or to his children through a negro insurrection, and afterwards the trouble taking place so as to give the vision the appearance of being prophetic, and Mr Courtney suggests that the feelings of the men in their secret councils could easily have been conveyed to the girl by telepathy, and so acting on a very sensitive temperament have caused the vision referred to.

Other similar instances are given, but besides direct telepathy, Mr. Courtenay finds it necessary to assume indirect—that is, by means of a third person acting as medium, not in the spiritualistic sense of the word, but as a means whereby the influence could be transferred; e. g., A has no direct knowledge of C by telepathy, but, through B, A can learn C's feelings. Then again he considers it not unreasonable to assume that such influences can continue for some time after the original cause has ceased. For instance a person's feelings or atmosphere may remain a long time in a room which he or she had occupied until some sensitive person may become conscious of them by telepathy, and this consciousness may become so vivid as to produce mental images of the individuals themselves and even cause the sensitive to imagine noises etc, thus accounting for haunted places.

This reminds one of the odic force which has been regarded by some as a conclusive scientific solution of the phenomena of Spiritualism on the theory that physical manifestations are merely the result of a force of nature like the phenomena of electricity or light. Impressions also could be received by a kind of odylic rapport between individuals and even premonitions and predictions could be received in the same way. The trouble with this theory was that many people found it more difficult to accept than the Spiritual

theory itself, and some preferred to call on the "devil" as an efficient cause.

The telepathic theory, though in many respects similar to the above, seems more simple and natural, and indeed not so pretentious, though it seems difficult in telepathy also to know how far it may go; as Mr. Courtenay himself says: "Who shall predict the range." If other people's thoughts and feelings may be transferred so easily, where is the limit? Not only would so many of the tests of Spiritualism have to be accounted for by it and works like "Nature's Divine Revelations" and Mrs. King's "Principles of Nature," but why not the plays of Shakespeare and the works of many of the geniuses who do not appear to have any ordinary means of knowledge adequate to the production of their work. Why not the boy Paschal, solving many of Euclid's problems while rigidly excluded from learning anything on the subject, have been under some telepathic influence?

In regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism however it would seem that telepathy cannot possibly account for some of the most important and characteristic parts of it; as, e. g., the various mechanical means by which the spirits are wont to communicate, such as rapping, table tipping, planchette writing, telegraphy, and special instruments made expressly for the purpose; also the playing of musical instruments and the floating of them and other objects, even human beings, in the air. Such things cannot be explained by any extension of telepathic theory, and even in the case of some of the ordinary tests it requires considerable faith to accept such an explanation. For instance, in a public seance, how could a medium on the platform distinguish the feelings of one person from those of the hundred or two others that compose the meeting, and describe them accurately? Such a thing would be as impossible as for the medium to tell, while each person was playing or singing a different tune at the same time, what tune any of the company might be performing.

Of course we must allow in the case of telepathy that affinity has much to do with it (and blood relationship according to Mr. Courtenay); but making every concession, such an explanation could never be sufficient to account for even the verbal tests of Spiritualism. That there is a medium by which thought can be conveyed was demonstrated by Mesmer a hundred years ago, and indeed seems entirely natural to those who have attained any knowledge of a sympathy with spiritual forces. Even from the material standpoint, regarding thought as motion, or accompanied by the phenomenon called motion, it seems very reasonable to assume that such motion with its accompanying intelligence can be conveyed to others. Far from denying such a force, Spiritualism has done more towards illustrating its operation than anything else.

Mr. Courtenay does not deny the existence of spirits, but he thinks that if they do commune with mortals "such communion must be of a far higher kind than that which takes place in haunted chambers." This is the tone in regard to Spiritualism which is very common among educated men in England. One of the best illustrations is in Carpenter's "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc." where he remarks, after naming such phenomena as levitation, spirit photography etc., that "the very catalogue speaks to any unprepossessed mind of the extreme impossibility that any spiritual agents would so manifest their presence."

Yet it is this *apriori* condition of mind—this taking anything as a foregone conclusion—that Dr. Carpenter especially objects to among investigators. He accounts for most of the Spiritual phenomena by the mental condition and predisposition of the sitters and medium, yet he does not seem to realize that he is bringing as strong a prejudice in the opposite direction.

Mr. Courtenay admits that "it is not so easy to lay the ghosts." Indeed it is not difficult to perceive in the general tone of his article, especially towards the conclusion, that, like many others, there is, between him and Modern Spiritualism, nothing but the inherited predilection in favor of angels of the New Testament kind, as opposed to the commonplace spirits of the seance.

Here is a paragraph in illustration: "In a future state and in a higher world than this, one may believe that there will be an intercommunion of spirits to which the telepathic influences at work in this world will bear a faint analogy."

Then follows a very pleasing passage in which the writer points to a glorified future where spirits can hold a "sympathetic union with many souls at once" without the need of "elaborate signs or words." But why not now and here? In the literature and history of Spiritualism there is so much that seems to realize and illustrate such a condition that it seems strange that men are so anxious to consign it to the future.

But Spiritualistic literature is not considered scientific, and has to be ignored. Men of science will continue to interrogate in their own way, and there is indeed no lack of material. The phenomena increase daily. Recently it came out that George Eliot, probably the greatest female novelist of the age, considered herself "possessed by a spirit" while writing some of her finest passages.

Spiritualists are content to wait, realizing that no possible theory or discovery can take away the glorious birthright of man, immortality, their knowledge that, as Whittier says,

"Life is ever Lord of death,
And Love can never lose its own."

Written for The Carrier Dove.

Motherless.

MIRIAM C. BUCK.

Angel mothers, look down and see
This motherless child that has come to me,
With the sad, sweet eyes, and slender form,
And the ready tears at a word that is warm.

Blown like a snowflake out of the West,
So fair and frail against my breast—
Help us, O God, that we must be
All she can know, for a time, of Thee!

Blown from the rocky, rude world-land,
A trembling bird within my hand,
The mother in Heaven will watch and see
If I cherish her child full tenderly.

Oh, angel mother, impress me to do
For her what seemeth best to you,
And symbol through me the mother love
You took to your own bright home above,

When you left two small "twin doves" in the nest,
And folded your wings, but not to rest—
Never to rest till your lone doves cease
To mourn your going, and so find peace.

Bellwood, Neb.

When Babylon fell, two per cent of her people owned her entire wealth. When Persia went down, one per cent of her population owned all of her wealth. When Rome succumbed 1800 men owned and controlled the known world. In the year 1800, 63½ per cent of the people owned the entire wealth of the United States. In the year 1870, 37 per cent of the people owned the entire wealth of the United States. In the year 1890, 20 per cent of the people owned the entire wealth of the United States. At the same ratio in 1920, 5 per cent of the people will own the entire wealth of the United States if a gigantic revolution has not wiped out Shylock and his usurious game. There are $15,350,575,000 of mortgages on farms in the United States. There are 3,000,000 people in the United States, out of employment. There are 15,000,000 people in the United States working for $1.00 per day and less. There are 2,000 foreign laboring men coming to this country, daily, who must either starve, beg or steal; or else take the places of other workingmen.

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER IX.

While I was residing in Leavenworth, Kansas, in or about 1878, a French lady, M'lle. Pauline Libert, called upon me, and gave me a graphic account of her experiences with Mme. Blavatsky. M'lle. Libert, who was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, informed me that she resided with H. P. B. and Col. Olcott in New York for some eighteen months; and during that time she became acquainted with the tricks of the Madame. Mme. B. had, said M'lle. L., a music-box concealed in the house, the music of which she palmed off on her dupes and visitors as magic music. The effect of its gradual approach and dying away was produced by having the box carried gradually from a distant room to the neighborhood of the one where the listeners were, and then as gradually carried away again. Drawings and paintings previously purchased or prepared by Mme. B. were on different occasions imposed on visitants and friends as instantaneous productions of her magic power. Sometimes she hoodwinked Olcott, and at other times the two united to hoodwink others. Mme. B. had painting materials in the house all the time and was a proficient in painting. One of the impositions practiced on the Colonel was this: On the walls of his room was painted an inscription, said by Mme. B. to have been produced magically. His private room being changed one day to another apartment in her house, during his absence Mme. B. erased the inscription in the first room, and repainted it in room No. 2, telling him, on his return, that the erasure and painting were accomplished by occult means.

That, even as late as 1878, Mme. Blavatsky claimed to be a firm Spiritualist, is evidenced by a letter written by her Jan. 26, 1878, to Col. John C. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the original of which is in my possession, and from which I copy the following: "I am a *true, firm*, and if anything *too exalted Spiritualist*. Desiring, as I do, to leave no stone unturned to force Spiritualism and its higher and nobler truths upon the world of scientists in general and skeptics especially, I try to show the readers that I am neither credulous nor blind to the imperfections and shortcomings of Spiritualism as it is now. I work in my own way and try to do my best. Why believe me a deceiver and a schemer? . . I feel pained to see that I have no greater enemies in the world than Spiritualists themselves, whose faith or rather philosophy I would see spread throughout the whole world and become the *only* and universal belief on earth. Please pitch into myself, cigarettes, entourage, fatness, Calmuck nose, etc., etc., as much as you like, and I will be the first to laugh, but *do not* represent me as an enemy of true Spiritualism. Olcott is as sincere as myself in that. If he has several times protested against being called a Spiritualist, I have as many times pitched into him for that. He may be a flapdoodle in his loose expressions, but he has always been a true Spiritualist." (*Her italics.*)

It seems that in 1876 thirteen destitute Arabs arrived in New York from Trinidad, and Col. Olcott exerted himself to raise the money required to send them back to their country. The Colonel persuaded a member of the Theosophical Society, Mr. E. S. Spaulding, to accompany the Arabs to Gibraltar, from whence they were to be shipped to Tunis. Olcott's letter of instructions to Mr. Spaulding was published in the New York *Graphic*, August 3, and in the *Banner of Light*, August 12, 1876, p. 3. In this letter Mr. Spaulding was directed to devote his time to two objects: "1. To seeing every possible phase of magical and necromantic phenomena, and taking notes of their minutest details, so as to be able to report the facts to the society. 2. To finding a real magician or sorcerer who will consent to come to this country with you and display his powers before the society." "If you could persuade a real magician or sorcerer to come here and show us proofs of his will-power, you would do a great thing for the society and for science. For I give you my word that if these men will only put me in the way of showing what we mean by theosophy, I will select the most skeptical of our scientists, and either compel him to acknowledge that there is a spiritual side to the universe, or show the public that modern science writes above every graduate's diploma the legend, *'Quandi est fatbre!'* [What a great thing it is to deceive]. The query naturally arises, if Col. Olcott was so anxious to convince the scientific world of the actuality of the spiritual side of nature, through the exhibition of magical feats, why did he not introduce them to the marvelous performances of Mme. Blavatsky? What need of searching for an African sorcerer, when a Russian sorceress was on the spot? On Sunday evening, Sept. 26, 1875, Col. Olcott, in a public lecture (see *R. L.*, Oct. 16, 1875, p. 4), stated that he had witnessed numerous wonderful phenomena, performed by magical power, with no medium present; and in his address on "Spiritualism and Theosophy," delivered at Simla, India, Oct. 7, 1880, as published in his volume on "Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science," London, 1885, he gives a list of the remarkable phenomena he had seen produced by Mme. Blavatsky in America (See pp. 251, 252). Combining these two accounts of the Madame's magical skill, we obtain this collection of wonders: According to his statements, the veracious Colonel had seen spirit-hands, faces, and heads; a full materialized form; butterflies, a canary bird, and a large fly in midwinter; atmospheric phenomena of a most incredible description; a gold ring caused to leap out of a moss-rose held in his hand; a sentence instantly engraved in the inside of a gold ring, held in the hands of an editor; letters to himself, in answer to letters written by him, made to come into closed envelopes, laid upon the mantelpiece, and never out of his sight; writings instantly appear and disappear from paper, note-books, and other books, while holding the same; showers of roses made to fall in a room; letters from people in far countries dropped from space in his lap; heard music coming from afar, grow louder and louder until it was in the room, and then die away again; writings made to appear upon paper and slates laid upon the floor; drawings upon the ceilings beyond any one's reach; pictures upon paper without the employment of pencil or color; articles duplicated before his eyes; a living person instantly disappear out of his sight; jet-black hair cut from the head of a fair-haired person; absent friends and distant scenes shown as in a crystal; and more than a hundred times (!) upon opening letters received through the common post, from all parts of the world, he had found inside, in their handwriting, messages from men in India "who possess the Theosophical knowledge of natural law," whatever that may be. Surely if a skeptical scientist would not be convinced of the reality of the spiritual universe by the sight of all these extraordinary occurrences, it is not probable that the feats of an African magician would be any more effective in that direction.

The published letter of instructions to Mr. Spaulding was the last ever heard of this matter. No magician was ever brought to America, and, so far as known, no report was made by Mr. Spaulding of the magical phenomena seen by him. The return of the Arabs to their country, and the publication of the letter to Mr. Spaulding, were doubtless contrived by Olcott and Blavatsky, for the purpose of getting a little additional notoriety thereby,—to attract a little attention to themselves and the almost moribund Theosophical Society.

A more striking instance of notoriety-seeking, on the part of Col. Olcott and the Theosophical Society, was exemplified in

the circumstances attending the funeral and the cremation of Baron de Palm. In November, 1875, Baron Joseph Henry Louis de Palm, a Bavarian nobleman, joined the Theosophical Society.

As reported by Hudson Tuttle, in the *R. P. J.*, June 24, 1876, p. 114, Baron De Palm, according to Col. Olcott, was a spendthrift, "who lived a gay, extravagant life, spending fortune after fortune upon vain display and luxurious tastes." Thoroughly wasted, he settled in New York and became a theosophist. On May 21, 1876, he died in New York City, and on May 28, 1876, the funeral services were conducted at the Masonic Temple in that city under the auspices of the Theosophical Society with great pomp and parade. Oriental symbols adorned the coffin; seven candles of different colors burned upon the coffin, and these, with the brazier of incense at the left, were said to symbolize fire-worship. Upon the right stood a cross with a serpent about it. The seven members of the society selected to perform the service carried in their hands twigs of palm, believed to be instrumental in warding off danger and misfortune. There were three Orphic hymns sung, and a Theosophical liturgy, during the services. Col. Olcott delivered the funeral oration, and Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten made a brief address. The New York press largely advertised the coming "pagan" funeral prior to its taking place, and long accounts of the services were published in the leading New York journals, the desired notoriety being thereby secured. See Emma Hardinge Britten's "Nineteenth Century Miracles," pp. 140, 141.

The Baron's body was embalmed and was kept till December 6, 1876, when it was cremated at Dr. Le Moyne's crematory, Washington, Penn. In order to secure greater notoriety on this occasion, a circular of invitation to attend was sent to many of the principal newspapers of America, as well as to many prominent persons in different parts of the country. The desired notoriety was again secured, for, in one account of the cremation, published in the *Banner of Light*, Jan. 6, 1877, p. 2, the writer, A. C. Simpson, of Pittsburg, Penn., says, "Having access to the exchanges of a newspaper office, I can safely say that there is not a journal printed in the United States but has had more or less to say, not only about the Baron's burning, but also about his theosophical religious views."

According to Mr. Simpson's account of the cremation, there was in attendance there upon a man in a black suit and black slouch hat, and with a pale olive complexion, who was alleged to be a Hindu corresponding member of the Society. He could not be found at any of the hotels, and immediately after the body had been burnt he is said to have disappeared in a most mysterious manner. Evidently this was no genuine Hindu member, but some Asiatic hired for the occasion, with instructions to conceal himself as soon as the cremation was completed. Accounts were published of a remarkable phenomenon that took place during the burning. "The left hand, which had been lying by that side of the body, was gradually raised, and three of the fingers pointed upward." This was asserted to be "a mystical sign employed by the Lamas of Thibet when they bless." A more rational solution of the action of the body, provided it really occurred, was that given in *Frank Leslie's Newspaper*, December 23, 1876. "This action was, of course," it says, "the mere result of intense burning heat, producing muscular contraction."

In his address at the cremation-exercises, Col. Olcott said, "I rejoice that my deceased friend, like myself, possessed a faith that neither exacts nor tolerates moral cowardice. It is the faith of the ancestors of the earliest Aryans, the once universal world-religion, the trunk from which sprung the branches of Brahmism, Buddhism, Chaldaism, Judaism, and even Christianity. It is the so-called SECRET DOCTRINE of the ages, dormant from antediluvian times to the days of the Neo-Platonists, but now taught in its purity only in silent cloisters among the Himalayas and beyond." At the Baron's funeral, in May, 1876, Col. Olcott had stated that the Theosophical Society was "neither religious, nor charitable, nor scientific. Its object was to enquire, not to teach" (*R. P. J.*, June 17, 1876). But a few months later, we find its President defining theosophy as the once-universal world-religion, the Secret Doctrine of the ages; ergo the Theosophical Society must be religious in character, and its mission must be to teach.

The *finale* of the Baron De Palm farce was enacted on the night of November 20, 1878, just prior to the departure of Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott for India. The ashes of the Baron were then cast into the sea, at New York, with elaborate ceremonies, Hindu in character, and patterned after the Vedic ceremony for the disposal of the ashes of the dead, according to the ritual of the Pandit Swami Dyananda Saraswati, the Hindu reformer, with whom Col. Olcott and Mme. B. were in close affiliation at the time. A veiled Hindu (?), an alleged high priest, said by Olcott to be the same one who disappeared mysteriously at the time of the cremation, conducted the exercises. Chanting and prayers, in an alleged Hindu language, addressed to Iswara, Indra, and other Hindu deities, constituted the bulk of the exercises. The ashes were poured upon the bay near Governor's Island by Col. Olcott, who said, "Oh, Mother Sea! from whose depths all mankind were evolved, take into thy bosom these relics of poor humanity, and guard them against profanation until the cycles are accomplished, and the Great Pralaya come!" Although the exercises were to be private, care was taken that a reporter of *The Sun* was present thereat; and in that paper of November 21, 1878, a long, detailed narrative of the entire affair was published. See also *The Spiritualist*, December 13, 1878, pp. 286, 287.

By Baron De Palm's will his property and money were left to Col. Olcott, in trust for the Theosophical Society, and it was at first thought that the Society had secured a great windfall in the shape of the Baron's gift; but upon examination of his affairs, it was discovered that he had died a pauper,—thus adding another to the varied disappointments of the credulous and ever-hopeful Colonel. It is, however, alleged by Dr. Elliott Coues, in the New York *Sun* of July 20, 1880, that Baron De Palm left behind him a collection of occultic manuscripts, which were self-appropriated by Mme. Blavatsky, and made use of by her, without credit, in the preparation of her ponderous work, "Isis Unveiled."

To be Continued.

Truth is one;
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Who so has eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.

The Unknown Beyond.

JAMES BUCKMAN.

I watched a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white—
A last far-flashed farewell—and, like a thought
Slipt out of mind, it vanished and was not,
Yet, to the helmsman standing at the helm,
Broad seas still stretched before the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign,
Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon line.
So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it Death! To them 'tis Life Beyond!

Spirit Instruction: Written by Dictation.—No. 5.

BY RAYMONDE.

My Dear Pupil: It may not be uninteresting to describe a stroll through a valley in spirit land. You will kindly bear in mind however, that words are inadequate to convey to mortal man the fairness of celestial spheres, yet a simple description may serve to make those who live righteously familiar with scenes that await them beyond the river, and perhaps awaken in careless souls a desire to live nearer God, in whose hand lie the gifts of Heaven.

One bright morning, when emerging from the thick growth of trees that border my field, I was surprised and pleased to hear the musical voice of a young pupil calling me in vigorous accent to accompany him through the meadows that we could see not far beyond the silver river that skirted the settlement. With morning salutation and a "thank you" for the agreeable invitation, I turned my steps in the direction indicated.

It was an early hour and we were not interrupted; although had we been joined by others we should not have been annoyed, but on the contrary our lesson and stroll would have been more animated. We discussed the last page of yesterday's text book, which related to the floral kingdom; and as botany in the open air is more delightful than within doors, our walk proved beneficial to the young and eager mind of Harold, whose clear eye sparkled with pleasure as his quick mind absorbed the object lessons that we easily discovered to illustrate our theme. We crossed a bridge of pretty design upon whose sides were growing in profusion wondrous and gigantic lilies, the rustic projections forming suitable receptacles for the roots of these fragrant flowers. They were blossoming from the water's edge to the low rough railing on either side of the narrow structure. Their heads were modestly drooping—perchance they were holding converse with the vivid and straight-standing leaves which encompassed them, as apparently they were looking intently down upon them and smiling, I doubt not with loving sympathy for the needed support and generous protection given. Harold, upon bended knee, reached over the bridge and drew from its seclusion a most perfect flower-form. Together we admired its beauty. We dissected it, dwelling long upon its peculiar and marvelous fashion. The delicate odor was like incense, as with gentle touch we separated its pearly leaves, giving name to its innermost parts; and it was not without a sigh of regret that we placed our subject to wither near its companions at the conclusion of our analysis. To the spiritual man these beautiful expressions of God's love seem possessed of sensitiveness, and we neither rudely tread upon them nor wantonly pluck them. Teach the young, O my readers, to deal gently with flowers; by so doing you cultivate the finer sensibilities and prepare them to appreciate these precious gifts of an all-wise Creator. Teach them to respect and admire all that is beautiful in nature and the love of God will grow in their hearts.

Passing down a gentle decline we turned into the path leading through the wood that encircles the quiet vale where are clustered many mansions, and where dwell many saintly spirit men and women who love the peaceful and dreamy atmosphere of their homes. Through a broad avenue we walk, Harold talking and I listening to his bright sentences which flow with enthusiasm as we pass the artistic abodes of our neighbors. Would that I could tell you minutely of the occupants, their pleasures, pursuits and hopes; but a hasty glance is all that this writing will permit, and in the good time coming, should you so elect, you also may take this walk, and we will then disclose interesting details, and if you desire, enter the open portals to gain closer acquaintance with the gentle folk within, whose kindness, generosity and hospitality are only equalled by their refinement and spirituality.

The home life of good spirits so far surpasses mortal conception that it is in vain we try to familiarize you with it. We make little effort to do so, because your minds are not prepared to receive and picture correctly; but since theology has been shelved by aspiring minds, we are making headway, and in coming centuries descriptions of heavenly life will be read with more interest than earthly narratives, and the two worlds will be drawn into closer relations. God speed the day when priestcraft shall give way to angelic guidance. I should really like, at this point, to preach a short sermon, but knowing that they are usually considered dry reading, I forbear, and you may follow Harold and myself as we turn into a by-path at the right of the main avenue.

"What is that singular looking structure?" you exclaim. That is a fern castle, designed and kept in order by an old botanist. It looks like an irregular pile of rocks, or, were it less cared for, an ancient ruin. The base was fashioned long years ago, and at intervals since have been heaped great masses of conglomerate substance in which cling and grow the rarest specimens of his beloved study. We can enter through the archway and ascend on either side of the grand hallway. Every leaf and tendril breathes health and contentment, for the nature and requirements of each one are studied as a fond parent anticipates the needs of tender offspring; and the result is perfect growth and genuine gratitude. I bid Harold climb upward in search of desired specimens while I await the coming of the master, who has seen us approach and is hastening forward. His fine countenance glows with pleasure, as he perceives the object of the boy, who is waving a hand in salutation from an upper opening. Our meeting is cordial. We are old friends.

"Of your family I need not inquire," I remark. "The eye is satisfied that they are well."

"Yes," he replied, "my children are in good health, and my fondness for them increases with their growth and multiplying number. You will notice that many new plants have been given space since your last visit, and no father is happier than I am surrounded by my botanical children. We might be called a happy family without help of the imagination, for we dwell in harmony. The young student above us is a true lover of nature; he promises well for future work."

"Yes," I answer, "Harold is better adapted to botanical study than any other of my young class. In the morning and in the evening he is gaining knowledge of God's delicate handiwork, and is preparing a book for the use of the students. While books of mature minds are useful, those compiled by the young are often more easily digested. Their language is better understood by those of the same age, and I invariably encourage this mode of instruction. Oftentimes their original style of expression is amusing, but their fellow students grasp at once and without mental fatigue the abbreviated and pointed answers; and my own pleasure is increased when I sit amongst them, and an earnest student fills the professor's chair, and it makes a boy of me, too. I forget that I am a grandfather. But the spirit never grows old. We count not age by years but by experience."

Harold soon descended from his search with a handful of leaflets closely covered with notes and drawings. The master drew the boy closely to him and imprinted a kiss upon the pure brow. Quickly the notes were placed in a case and the boy warmly embraced the botanist. There was sympathy between these souls.

I sat in the green bower, and the two wandered a long time in the nooks and dells of the enchanted ground. I was thinking of you, my dear grandchild. I was wishing that I could be visible to you. Would I frighten my kin, I asked, by my apparition? My words are plain: would a vision be alarming? Conceal thyself a while longer, prudence suggested; be content that your presence is recognized and your words heard and penned. Oh, be thankful my child, that your spiritual ears are opened, and be ever ready to speak of your experience to others who know nothing of spiritual existence. Your knowledge is not vague, but clear, and sufficient for your present need. Be willing to grow in the light of the Truth. We will impart as you can assimilate. More than is meet would not be wise. Your confidence in us is pleasing, and no semblance of an untruth shall reach you if you continue in the path you have chosen.

When Harold and the master returned, I was so lost in revery that I noticed not their approach until cheerful laughter awakened me. They were laden with graceful studies that would form the basis of the next class lesson.

You may ask why we should be interested in the study of botany. I am aware that Christians usually confine our accomplishments to vocal and instrumental music, but I can assure you that many spirits are better adapted to other branches of learning. Harold, for instance, will make a superior botanist, but he is an indifferent musician. There is, after all, a fitness in things little comprehended by theologians; but they will come into a better understanding of the future existence when creeds are abolished and they seek newer sources of information. The Bible is not definite enough for man's use. You must have the written experience of your friends who have passed on to clear the mystery that surrounds death. The people are fast acknowledging this fact in private, but are slower than is good for them in making public their convictions. After a promise to visit the master of the castle soon, Harold and I decided that we would return to our home by a different route.

When we reached the border of my own habitation I found your grandmother awaiting our coming. I am in the habit of so often leaving my family that my absence causes little surprise. My flights occasioned some solicitude when I first began to go regularly to teach, and when I am missed it is a usual remark, "he is probably on the earth plane." I found, however, that grandmother surmised I was nearer home, and knowing my usual path of return she stood near the long rustic bench where I frequently sit, and as we approached she came forward and walked between us to the house. How pretty she looked in her soft pearly robe. She is an angel of goodness and purity, my child. To be in her company is ennobling. You must not think of her as an old lady. Years have left no mark upon her. Mature is she, but with the bloom of perpetual youth. It is only the outer covering of the soul that fades. The fleshly body is subject to earthly conditions; but the spiritual body, the tabernacle of the soul, knows not decay.

I would like to continue longer with you; but these writings must not be made too long, and therefore tiresome. I have previously described to you in personal letters my present abode, the members of our family, our daily and busy life. You were astonished, I well remember, when first you heard my unfamiliar voice. Your orthodox mind was troubled when I swept away former teachings. Some of my remarks struck harshly on your churchly trained ears. My treatment of religious subjects was shocking, but well for your future, you turned not away, but began to reason, and have you not found the result more satisfactory than the spurious doctrine that your young mind was accustomed to imbibe? Had I not reached you I am inclined to think that agnosticism would now claim you. A mature and reasoning mind demands a religion based upon common sense and justice. Such is the spiritual religion that is handed down to mortals from the spheres above.

With solicitude for your present and future spiritual and temporal welfare, I shall continue to make myself your guest. Your loving

GRANDSIRE.

I'm no reformer, for I see more light
Than darkness in the world; mine eyes are quick
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,
And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm.
The fragrance and the beauty of the rose
Delight me so, slight thought I give its thorn;
And the sweet music of the lark's pure song
Stays longer with me than the night hawk's cry.
Even in this great throe of pain called Life
I find a rapture link with each despair.
Well worth the price of Anguish. I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Curse of Charity.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Some of the readers of the CARRIER DOVE were inclined to criticize my article of last winter headed "The Christ Plane a Failure," and of course such will not agree that charity is a curse; nevertheless, an honest, fearless analysis of the effects of charity, together with the causes which make charity a necessity to the *unfortunate* while cursing the *cause*, will sustain the position taken—charity *is* a curse.

The New York *Herald* recently published an article upon the "Rapid Multiplication of the Unfit," an extract taken from an essay read by Victoria C. Woodhull Martin before the "International Congress of Hygeine and Demography" held in London recently. This paper is reported to have attracted a good deal of attention, and even though coming from one so misunderstood and condemned as is Victoria C. Woodhull in many quarters, it certainly deserves attention, or the subject treated of does. She says:

"The best minds of to-day have accepted the fact that if superior people are desired they must be bred; and if imbeciles, criminals, paupers and the otherwise unfit are undesirable, they must not be bred."

What has this to do with Spiritualism? asks some zealous phenomenalist who thinks that to hold communion with his personal friends who are upon the other side of life is all that there is of any account. To such I would reply in the language of another—a spirit: "If you want truthful communications, stop manufacturing and sending liars over here;" and I supplement: The spiritual atmosphere can never be pure and soul-invigorating so long as this earth is covered with such hells of degradation as now prevail in all of our populous centers, and while good workers in this direction may not bring so much present joy as do good test mediums, they are doing a thousand times more for "Pure Spiritualism," for they are preparing the only conditions under which a *pure* Spiritualism is possible.

Now, our present false economic system forces thousands down into conditions of degradation, and *charity* tries to save the progeny of such degradation, helps to perpetuate the lives of the "unfit." All who have a thought of human weal outside of their own personal interests, know something of the conditions of the tenement house poor in New York City. Over 24,000 evictions in one year, over 23,000 families set out upon the street shelterless, because too poor to pay the landlords' exactions.

Under these miserable conditions, when hot weather comes the mortality among the children is very great, rising sometimes to 300 a day. Now these children are immeasurably wronged when born under such conditions; but when born, the shortest road to death is their greatest boon; but mark, charity, philanthropy, steps in and tries to save them—and for what?

With tens of thousands of wretched women who sell themselves nightly for bread, with over 24,000 evictions a year, with an average of more than 15,000 nightly lodgings in station houses, with an abnormaly large proportion of the unfitted continually increasing in numbers, what is the prospect for the future of those babies that the philanthropic souls of New York City are doing their best (in the way of charity) to save?

There are nightly upon the streets those who wish they had never been born, and who, could they find those who in the hour of sickness had saved their baby lives, would curse all such to their face. In the eyes of those who extol charity it is a great and good work to save the lives of those babies, but in the eyes of the clear seeing such charitable ones are only perpetuating the elements of degradation and earthly damnation—yea, a condition that does not stop with this life, but extends far into the next life, reacting upon this to intensify that which must

be cleaned out, purified, cleansed as if by fire, ere the spiritual atmosphere can be clear, pure, and soul invigorating.

Yes, the philanthropic are trying to save the lives of the babies. An organization called "The King's Daughters" sends its members among them, to teach the mothers how to take care of the babies. Physicians are paid to look after their health. St. John's Guild has saved the lives of thousands, and excursion boats take from 900 to 1,000 sick babies in their mothers' arms out upon the ocean's bosom, where the salt sea breeze brings back the fast ebbing life, and the poor, ignorant mothers bless those who save their darlings for their loving embraces.

Oh, the pitifulness of it! Oh, babes, so cursed, from before birth, that death would be the greatest of blessings to themselves and to society! Oh, mothers' arms, that (with the vail of futurity dropped between) cradle thieves, prostitutes, drunkards, murderers! Oh! oh! oh! and yet there are those who claim to be benevolent, to love humanity, who continue to amass their millions; Spiritualists, even, who can see our best workers sacrificed, our best publications go down for telling too much *truth*; those who can spend thousands in trying to *save* the wrecks, but not a dollar to help destroy the conditions which make wrecks. Away with charity; give us justice.

Nameless.

BESSIE GRAY.

There's an emerald region in every heart,
A mine where our jewels are sleeping;
There's a brilliancy that can never depart,
While it brightens our smile in a moment of joy,
Or softens a tear when we're weeping.

There are pearls in our mine that we oftentimes watch,
When the forms that surround us are dreaming;
A face, or a step, or a hand on the latch,
Or a voice that we loved for a soft-spoken word,
Are pearls of a marvelous gleaming.

A grave in the churchyard—a coffin, a pall,
A funeral hymn solemnly singing,
A heart has grown cold at a heaven-sent call,
And its clay is a pearl in our emerald shrine,
Where jewels in clusters are clinging.

There are words that we heard when the lips they revealed
Would brighten with warmth at our greeting;
In the shadows of time they were long ago sealed,
And their sunshine yet dwells 'mong the gems of our mine,
In a radiance soft and unfleeting.

There are faces we knew when the river of life
In musical numbers was flowing;
They have all floated out on the surges of strife,
Leaving naught in our mine but a diamond of love,
With the beauty of buried days glowing.

This emerald shrine may be darkened by woe,
Or the silver of age o'er us creeping;
But our jewels will ever be bright in their glow,
Till our hearts are at rest 'neath the veil of the tomb,
And the pearls in our dust will be sleeping.

Once, in a dream,
I saw two spirits shine above the town
Whose marts ten thousand busy mortals thronged.
One said,
With eyes of utmost pity gazing down,
"Behold, the dead."

First-class book and job printing at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE, 121 English street, San Francisco.

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

I have one face for the world, and another for my friends. The worldly face is a veil to conceal the soul; the friendly face is a glass to reveal the inner life. Those who are not friends sometimes get glimpses of the glass, but only those who love me can clearly discern the image within. All others see a distorted figure which is far from my true self.

Sometimes those I have never met write to me because of something flowing from my pen, and their letters bring assurances of sympathy and harmony of views. These assurances come not in words alone but in the general tone of the message, and sometimes in an indescribable influence pertaining to the letter itself. This last, some will say, is but a vagary of the imagination. Possibly; but if so let it nevertheless be welcomed, for it is often agreeable, and the enjoyment of pleasant things is one of the objects of living. If it is not agreeable the sensation gives rise to reflection, and that is good for the one who reflects.

I cannot answer all these letters. Time will not permit. The *happy* writers do not need reply, and the sorrowing ones I sometimes feel incompetent to help. Yet it is to the latter I most often write, and the result always repays the trouble.

It is no betrayal of confidence to refer, not by name, to one of these appreciative correspondents. Fortune has not been kind to her. Early bereft of a mother's care—her father she never knew—she fell into cruel hands; was made a household drudge; was denied education; was never understood; was often brutally beaten, and only escaped this life of torment by passing into a slavery more degrading—a married life unsanctified by love. It is no wonder that with such experiences her whole being has dwarfed, and warped out of its natural channel. Inordinate self esteem and stability of character, with firmness amounting almost to obstinacy, have alone preserved her from being utterly crushed under such untoward environments. But recently she has released herself from a part at least of the thraldom of her later life, and is now looking forward towards a happier future. In chirography rude, and with misspelled words, she writes many beautiful thoughts well expressed. Here are some of them:

"I ought to be free to have the friends I choose. But no one can hinder me from enjoying the bright sunshine, the soft shadows, the beautiful bluejays, the trees and flowers, and all the pleasant things of this country place. Then I have health and strength, and books, and above all my happy dreams of life as it should be, and might be, and *will* be sometime, somewhere. There is a great deal to enjoy that no one can ever take from us—no one but ourselves. Our souls are our own. The blessed peace that comes from a sense of rightful doing is one's very own. The mind can make for itself an imaginary heaven out of a veritable hell. I don't want you to pity me. I need no pity. Do not fear. I defy my worst enemy to make me unhappy. I will not allow any one to prevent me from being as merry as a wild bird. I shall laugh, no matter what happens; and when the actualities of life are most dreary I will warm myself all the more in the sunshine of my imaginings. Enemies may sometimes prevent me from enjoying material things, but they cannot touch my spiritual life. There I am beyond their reach—out of their sight even; they know little of me as I really am."

Her personal experience must have given her an unfavorable opinion of the marriage institution as it at present exists, for she says:

"Marriage, often, is but another name for slavery. The fowls of the air select their mates and are happy. They love their young and delight in providing for them. Surely men and women, standing at the head of animate nature, ought to have as much freedom as wild birds. Wherever there is real superiority there should be the most perfect liberty. If a man loves his family he will love to support them. If he does not love them they would do better without his support. Sustenance unwillingly given brings grief to those who receive it. When a man with a frown and a grunt,

doles out money to his wife for family expenses, or gives with a growl new school books or new shoes to his children, nearly all the pleasure that should be theirs is destroyed, but when a father cheerfully confers a gift as though he enjoyed the giving, the article seems far more precious, and the child is made happier by the manner of giving than by the gift itself."

Referring to the hypocrisies and deceptions of some women of fashion, who are held up as models because they maintain a "perfectly lady-like demeanor," calm, unruffled, always fair outside, no matter what storm is raging within, she says:

"My idea of a perfectly lovely woman is one who is *not* versed in the art of concealment, but one so pure in heart that she has nothing to conceal—one who shows in her face every thought she thinks; one whose real character you can read the moment you look at her; one who is gentle of voice because she has gentleness within, and calm of manner because peaceful at heart; one who is kind to children, and courageous enough to defend them; one who respects herself and commands respect from others, who values beauty as the outward expression of inward grace; one who is as pure as the clouds that float over her head, and yet so loving towards other women that she cannot treat with disdain even the lowest of her sex."

I have had a score or more of letters from the one who sends me these words—some of them bubbling over with merriment like that of a happy child, but with an undertone of sadness that makes the reader sad also in sympathy. I have never seen the writer. I can imagine her a middle-aged woman, uncultured, physically unattractive, but she has a beautiful soul, a naturally superior intellect, and with better advantages would have made a woman of refinement, of great power for good, a happy being herself, and a blessing to the world. It is a pity that one capable of such genial growth, is, from adverse circumstances, kept from the attainment of life's highest pleasures and most noble uses.

The admirable addresses of ex-Rev. Hugh O Pentecost, discontinued some time since, will not be resumed this winter. He cannot spare from his editorial work on the *Twentieth Century* the time necessary for their preparation. Mr. Pentecost says: "I am now at work revising a number of my addresses for publication in book form. When this is done I intend to write the story of my departure from the Christian faith, and of my mental journey to the point I have thus far reached, and publish that. Then I intend to complete and publish a novel that I worked out in something more than outline during the summer of 1892."

What do you think of spirit circles which are open to the public, and consequently composed of heterogeneous elements?

If the medium is fully developed and well protected by spirit friends, such circles may be a success in spite of the untoward circumstances; but without a medium of this character, a miscellaneous circle is usually untantisfactory to the sitters and injurious to those in the circle who are susceptible to spirit influences. Mediums in the course of development should sit in a select circle only, and at regular times. Spirit friends will usually keep engagements punctually, being present at the appointed hour to influence and protect the medium; but if circles are held without regard to regularity, and with new members at each sitting, there is likely to be no protection, and the medium may be subjected to injurious influences, causing great annoyance if not permanent injury. Spiritualism has been brought into disrepute from various causes, the most common of which is the holding of circles in utter disregard of the laws which govern spirit communion. Some Spiritualists seem to think we have nothing to do except to welcome the communicating spirit; that only the good are allowed to return, all others being kept in subjection by the action of higher spirits, or by the law governing life on the spirit plane. Unfortunately this hopeful theory is negatived by experience. There are facts innumerable to prove not only that evil spirits do return, but that such have greater attraction to earthly existence than more exalted spirits, and consequently a greater number of them are seeking opportunity to influence sensitives. Investigators must guard against them by every means within their power, such as refusal to sit with people not known to be of good character; refusal to entertain spirits of a low order of development, and efforts to resist influences in or out of the flesh which the medium feels to be evil.

Edward F. Jones, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, elected by the Democrats, has temporarily joined the Republican party because Democratic political bosses have stolen millions from the taxpayers of New York. He says:

"We must defeat the Tammany ticket by voting for men whose politics are opposed to ours, and when we have rescued our party from the usurpers we may hope it will be guided by the principles laid down by Jefferson, Jackson, Seymour and Tilden."

There's freshness for you. Because the Democratic party is corrupt, Mr. Wisdom Jones is going to help the Republicans under whose corrupt rule the people of America have been brought to the verge of ruin to-day. In one respect the country is prosperous; the aggregate wealth was never so great; but while this is true, the poverty of the people was never so dire, and it is the direct result of political misrule. Legislation is wholly for the rich, and for schemers who are seeking by legalized robbery to become rich. The money power rules both parties. To enable them to do this they require the help of political bosses, and the bosses have to be allowed to steal to repay them for their services.

The adoption of some system of proportional representation, by which minorities would be accorded a just show in legislative bodies, would render it impossible for bosses to manipulate politics and determine results. Our present system is called "majority representation," but every one who has studied its workings knows that the majority of voters have little voice in the matter. Very small minorities nominate the candidates; these minorities are controlled by bosses, and the bosses are bought by bankers and other monopolists.

The *Catholic World* says:

"The best ordered and best administered state is that in which the few are well educated and the many are trained to be obedient and willing to be directed."

Yes, if the interests of the few who assume to *be* the state Louis XIV said "I am the state" is considered as all, and the welfare of the many who *serve* the state as *nil*, it may be said that the sharper the few and the duller the many, the more easy will be the usurpation of the few and the subjection of the many. The same rule applies to the church as to the state, and undoubtedly the editor of the *Catholic World* had the church in view when he penned his dictum. But both church and state, as at present constituted, are oppressors of the people and the organized foes of human liberty. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The thing most important to be done by Christian ministers is to preach against the hell they now see on every side—the hell of lying, avarice, stealing, intemperance, debauchery and the like; and not so much against a hell they have never seen.—*Pacific Union Advance.*

A more important thing than that is to ascertain the underlying causes of the falsehood, the avarice, the stealing, etc., and destroy the causes. When they are destroyed the effects will cease.

Now what is the cause of nine-tenths of the wrongs that exist in society? Primarily, of course, it is the undeveloped condition of man (and evolution is so gradual that most people think the nature of man does not change), but the secondary cause may be found in the institutions which man has built up in the past, and which now, instead of being a help, are a hindrance to progress. Institutions live long after the necessity which brought them into existence has passed away; then they remain an incubus on the people. Government, as it exists everywhere on earth to-day, is such an

institution. The church is such an institution. The established modes of production and exchange sanctioned by church and state are as debasing as any system that could be devised for the corruption of mankind. The competitive system grew out of an uncivilized era. Its principles are equivalent to a denial of the equal rights of man, and to the maintenance of the barbarous assumption that to the shrewd, the selfish and the unscrupulous all the riches of the earth belong.

It is useless to complain of "lying, avarice, stealing, intemperance and debauchery" so long as the political and social system under which we live impels men to these vices. The man who does not lie in "business" loses the game; he who does not steal under cover of the law remains poor, and has no other recourse except to be a drudge. Poverty and drudgery lead to intemperance—strong drink being the consolation of the poor and the stimulus of the overworked. To escape poverty and its degradations men lie, steal, oppress their fellow men, commit injustice of all kinds, become hard, unfeeling, avaricious. Avarice, if accompanied by shrewdness, leads to wealth; and great wealth is the natural breeder of intemperance and debauchery. These two vices belong essentially to the extremes of society, the middle class being comparatively free from them.

Now let us stop our condemnation of effects and go at once to the corrupting cause, and that lies at the very basis of society itself. A change is coming. It is inevitable. All men ere long will be compelled to stand before it face to face. The question is, how will you meet it? On which side will you array yourself? In behalf of humanity, or in sustaining what is called "well-ordered society," which means the oppression of humanity? Come now, Mr. Editor of the *Union Alliance*, no more fighting of shadows; strike at the giant wrongs without which the shadows could not be.

A Virginia negro woman of good character, unable to obtain work, and seeing her child starving, drowned it to end its sufferings, and the state has just hanged her for doing it. The question is, who is the real criminal, the poor woman, driven to despair, who, as a last resort, committed a desperate act, or society, through whose neglect she was driven to frenzy?

The following is an extract from the decision of Judge Hammond of the United States District Court of Tennessee, in the case of R. M. King, a Seventh-day Adventist, who had been prosecuted, imprisoned and fined for working in his field on Sunday. He appealed to the United States Court, and this is the answer he gets from Judge Hammond:

"Many thousands work on that day, without complaint from any source. But if one ostentatiously labors for the purpose of emphasizing his distaste for, or his disbelief in, the custom, he may be made to suffer for his defiance by persecutions, if you call them so, on the part of the great majority, who will compel him to rest when they rest."

So it was not for working on Sunday that this man was punished (thousands do that with impunity), but it was because he had religious convictions which required him to rest on Saturday, and a necessity and a conscience which demanded industry on every other day. Because he obeyed his conscience, and defied those who would infringe on his religious and constitutional rights, he is fined and imprisoned, and the sentence is affirmed by a Federal judge who, apparently, has never read the Federal Constitution. According to this decision a man might be compelled to attend the same church the majority believed in, or sustain the same school of medical practice. The personal liberty of the citizen might, in fact, be wholly destroyed, and the individual be compelled to become a part of the huge machine which, under the name of government, crushes out the personal rights of the people. Of course the necessity for "compliance" holds good to a certain extent in all organized society; but carrying it to the length this judge affirms would establish a despotism as oppressive as that of the Czar of Russia. There can be no worse despotism than the unrestricted rule of the majority. It has become a truism in America that majorities are tyrannical.

The interest paid on the national debt amounts to six times the original principal, and it would take more products (at present prices) to pay what remains than the whole debt would have cost twenty-five years ago. The people have been robbed, while the money lenders and their tools in congress have pocketed the boodle.

The following, from an editorial in the *Call* on the postoffice site steal, is fairly illustrative of the popular idea of the ethics of "business."

"No one expects the people of San Francisco, or the people of any other city to rise above a dollar-and-cent consideration of a business proposition; but it is not good policy to try too much at one grab."

I don't know that this needs any comment. It speaks for itself.

The Executive Committee of the Illinois Woman's Alliance has asked for the privilege of making a display at the World's Fair which will show the evil results of child labor.

The most "evil results" can not very well be placed on exhibition, but visitors to Chicago can find them in the slums, where poverty and wretchedness hold sway because the people have been brutalized from birth; and in the prisons and houses of prostitution, because ignorance leads to vice and crime, and the child who is made a drudge when he should be in school is unfitted for the struggle of life, and consequently gravitates to the low levels of society. All children should be the wards of the state, provided for and educated by the state, except in cases where the parents prefer to perform that service themselves. As the children of to-day will constitute the responsible society of the future, it becomes the duty of society to protect itself by caring for the children.

Not only is the standard of society lowered by the vicious element,—the ignorant, idle, dissolute and immoral—but many who would otherwise be good members of society are ruined by such untoward influences. If governments are instituted for the protection and advancement of all—if they are established for the good of humanity, and not merely for the purpose of aiding the selfish and avaricious to accumulate and preserve material wealth, then it is clearly the duty of government to protect, provide for and educate those who in the future will constitute society. Any other view of the case involves the unrepublican idea that the government is not *of* the people, and not even *for* the people except in the sense that it is for their subjection.

That there are many who hold to this aristocratic idea is evident when sentiments in opposition to popular government can be uttered by a prominent citizen in a public address without eliciting a word of disapproval from any leading newspaper. Ex-Judge Shafter, one of the trustees of the Stanford University, in his address at the opening of this institution, as reported in the *Chronicle*, said:

"He was sorry to see embodied in our national Constitution the sophism that government derives its power from the consent of the governed, and hoped that the error of this assertion would be impressed upon the students."

The opinion of Shafter, as an individual, is of no more value than that of other citizens, less perhaps, than that of many, but as a trustee of the University his utterances on such an occasion may be accepted as indicative of the principles which are to be taught in this latest, and in some respects greatest, institution of learning in America; and when such an utterance calls out not one word of dissent from the daily press, the outlook, to say the least, is not encouraging to the lover of republican institutions.

The University was built with money stolen from the people; and, it appears, is to be conducted for the corruption of the people.

Well, possibly nothing better could be expected. The mode of spending is perfectly in harmony with the way of getting.

Mr. Stanford is said to be a Spiritualist. His acts do not prove it. True Spiritualists are well-wishers of the human race; they are advocates of equal rights, lovers of justice, and above all they believe in future rewards and punishments—that "as a man sows, so will he reap," and the harvest of woe that is ripening for some of our robber-rich is appalling to contemplate.

But this is a digression. The subject for consideration is child labor. What sort of "display" it is proposed to make at the World's Fair I am not informed, but I would suggest that some of the physically stunted and mentally dwarfed results of such labor—the prematurely old and permanently blasted specimens of overwork in childhood—be procured and photographs taken for the edification of visitors, with written descriptions of the labor performed and its results as exhibited by the camera. Of course the living specimens would be excluded from the Exhibition; building, but possibly a picture might be admissable. Photographs cannot shed tears, as some of the ruined children might, nor curse the public as others would be justly disposed to do, therefore these and silent pictures would make mute appeals for justice, and some visitors' hearts might be touched.

I would also suggest that the Committee procure copies of Charles Bellamy's admirable story, "An Experiment in Marriage," and after marking all the passages relating to the public care of children, offer the books for sale.

Thousands of visitors would purchase them if they were afforded such an opportunity, as booksellers do not keep the work on their shelves, nor even under their counters, for fear of prosecution at the hands of our legalized censors of the press. Anthony Comstock and his assistants, who are always on the alert to prevent the public from imbibing ideas inimical to our most sacred institutions.

The book was published by the American News Company, more than a year ago, but has not been advertised, although it is far more worthy of circulation than "The Kreutzer Sonata." It depicts a state of society in which the evils set forth in the latter work could not exist.

Who Bids for the Little Children?

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"Who bids for the little children—body and soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children—fair and without a stain?
Will no one bid? What no one—for their souls so pure and white
And fit for all good or evil which the world on their page may write?

"I bid" cries Beggary, howling, "I bid for them one and all!
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—to lie, to sulk, to crawl!
They shall sleep in my lair, like maggots; they shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose, I hope they will answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher," says Crime with wolfish grin.
"For I love to lead the children thro' the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer, they shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity, and ripe for the law to slay
"The prisons and the gallows are plenty in the land;
'Twere folly not to use them, so proudly do they stand.
Give me the little children—I'll take them as they're born
And feed their evil passions with mockery and scorn.
"Give *me* the little children, ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round, while ye shut your eyes.
And your judges shall have work, and your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the goalers and policemen shall be fathers to the young."

The Mad Race for Wealth.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The insatiate desire for wealth has brought this nation to the verge of ruin. The fact is startling, anomalous, yet true. Aaron made a golden calf for the worship of Israel in the wilderness, we worship the gold of which the calf was made. No Moses, though he came direct from the presence of the Eternal, with the laws in his hands, could compel us to resign our god. We have come to love wealth for its own sake, not for the advantages it bestows; as a means of sensual pleasures and not for spiritual gain. Hence has come corruption in high and low places, and wealth has become the crowned king of the world.

Moneybags can do as he pleases, without risk of being out of style, for he makes the style. Moneybags is the autocrat of America. He receives the homage of the nation. He steals a railroad, and founds a theological college; corners the grain market, and builds a church; wrings the last energy from the starving hand of labor, and subscribes to the high salary of the gospel minister, most careful not to mention the ways of this world when he softly dilates on the charms of the golden streets of the next.

Genius may abide its time unless worshipping at this shrine. Genius if applauded must know how to make cents into eagles. Then it is dined and wined and wears silk and soft raiment; gets office; becomes a senator, or perhaps, if excellently skilled in the art of helping itself, of the eminently swinish quality of "rooting its way," will become cabinet minister or president. Success will depend on the dollars gained. The wealth of an Edison counts for more than all his inventive skill, and is fted spoken of. Had he remained poor, he would be called by the worshipers of the Goulds and Vanderbilts as an unsuccessful genius, well deserving the pity of mankind.

Genius defying after absolute truth, for truth's own sake, is refused the crust from the hands of the servant in Astor's kitchen.

A stranger drops down from, say, the moon, into the center of New York. The first question he will be asked is: "At what hotel do you stay?" "At the Dollar House." "Ah, good day, sir!" "Taken a suite at the Palace, with ten dollar dinners at Delmonico's." "Ah, my dear sir, I congratulate you on your visit, and hope for your intimate acquaintance." Not how much do you know, but how many dollars have you? A dollar a day is beggary; ten dollars respectability, though gained by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Wealth is a powerful agent; it should be. We do not seek to disparage it. We scorn the folly of making it the end of life. In this man is unlike all animals. The bee seeks a store of honey against the waits of winter; the squirrel secures a magazine of nuts. It is satisfied with its needs. You never heard of the latter hoarding forty thousand or a million bushels of nuts. No for it would be impossible. He cannot hire help, and cannot gather a small bushel alone. Yes, and it would be equally impossible for a man to accumulate as many dollars, if he had not the power of a tyrant to compel others to work for him. No man by honest labor can become vastly wealthy, more than a squirrel can gather a million bushels of nuts. To become so he must receive more than he returns as equivalent. The "balance of trade" must be constantly on his side.

If a squirrel could say, "Here, I own this forest. It came down to me from the antediluvian squirrel saved by Noah, or at least my line is lost in clouds of the past. If you wish to gather nuts, you can do so by giving me half." The trees are loaded with nuts, the ground is covered. There are numerous squirrels, hungry, with hungry broods. They dare not touch a nut, for the owner has the tremendnous influence of education and prejudice on his side, carefully instilled for innumer-

able generations, that he has a "vested right," a "divine" charter, which he and his offspring have as a birthright, and so strong is this idea that the squirrels will kill each other for touching a single nut.

They labor assiduously, old and young, carrying one nut to their own hollow tree, and the next to the vast pile of their autocrat. They have half as much, or labor twice as hard, or suffer both disadvantages. But they have been so dwarfed that they pay their "rent" and are thankful that instead of a half, it is not nine-tenths which might as well been exacted.

The squirrel is satisfied with the acorns it can accumulate with its own labor. Its desires are unperverted. Better than man it knows the uselessness of stores beyond its essential wants. Search the forests and you will find no venerable, aristocratic squirrel watching his mouldering pile of nuts and acorns, gathered by the toil of others from year to year. There is no law in the forest which enables such to say, "for every nut you eat you must bring one here for me, or if you cannot find one, and are starving, you may take one from this pile, if you will agree to bring me three next year."

Unfortunately, what appears so absurd when applied to the squirrel, is true of man. The aged aristocrat may, after watching his mouldering pile of dollars for a year, until grey with anxiety, and trembling on the brink of the grave, leave all to an orphan asylum, or a charity hospital! seeking posthumous fame which should be branded with infamy and the execrations of right thinking men. Had it not been for rent and interest; for profits never earned; for "vested rights," which are rights of the robber, there would be no orphans to care for, or beggars at the door of charity hospitals.

Small credit gains the man who awaits death before using the means for good placed in his hands.

Colleges, asylums, libraries, founded by the munificence of money-bags on his death bed to gain applause of coming generations is the homage conscience pays to justice; but it is small and puerile atonement. The crowd will gape and repeat your name coupled with your enormous wealth. For what else will you be known?

The masses go and seek to do likewise. The motto has become: Never stand for conscience. Conscience is a bad guide. Play your cards well, and turn a trump if you can, and if you cannot, keep one in your sleeve. Get all you can, and when you approach the end, endow a college to instruct the ignorant, or an asylum for the wayward. You will thereby have enjoyment through life, and the means to make all right at death, and gain a name like Peabody, who, during her direst need and distress, sold his country, to have his body brought home by the navy and received with thundering applause.

In business, religion (far from an assurance of honesty) is a cloak of rascality. The bond is even more necessary from the sanctimonious deacon than the unbeliever. "One cannot be honest and succeed in business," was the honest confession made to me by a church deacon of high standing. "No one expects honesty, under fair words, and there is no show for the strait forward dealer." There it is in its terrible deformity! Dishonor to get the dollar, because the dollar in hand atones for the lie! Spurious wares, shoddy warranted fibre; jute woven into silk; vile rags into woolens; cotton prepared to feel like flannel; sugars made of glucose and white earth; coffee adulterated with peas; spices with dirt; flour with alum; so to the interminable end of the catalogue where ingenuity to defraud gains the miserable penny at the price of honor and the cost of health and human life. Against this mad current, which religion as expressed in the churches has rather aided than resisted, there is now but one force opposed, and that is the new views of life here and hereafter expressed by Spiritualism. That noble philosophy teaches that man does not have to await death to become an immortal spirit. He *is* a spirit; immortality being his birthright, and with his first breath on earth he enters the spirit-world and comes into the presence of God.

As an immortal intelligence, started on a journey which shall have only begun when worlds grow old, he cannot afford to waste or divert his energies; be unjust or selfish. Those only who have studied this subject can comprehend the depth, the height, the sweep, of this view of man, his duties and responsibilities. If aught can divert from the insane worship of wealth, and enforce right views of the true objects of life, it is the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

The Clergy on Spiritualism.

The following sensible letter by T. Ernest Allen, Secretary of the American Psychical Society, we find in the *Worcester Spy*, of September 28. It explains itself:

EDITOR OF THE SPY.—Your paper for September 14 has reached me, and I hasten to reply to some of the allegations and arguments contained in the report of the sermon preached by Rev. Archibald Mc Cullagh, D. D., upon the previous evening. As I interpret the words of the reverend gentleman, he considers the following to be the strongest argument, and one amply sufficient, against any attempt to communicate with spirits, and therefore against Spiritualism, which is a more or less organic system based upon such communion:

1. The Bible is "the infallible work of God."

2. "What it condemns as wicked and wrong" is "wicked and wrong."

3. The Bible condemns "holding intercourse or attempting to hold intercourse with the departed."

4. Therefore Spiritualism is an "offspring of hell" and a device of Satan.

It is probable that any other arguments made in the sermon might be more or less completely met by calling Dr. Mc Cullagh's attention to the fact that the use of a telegraph line does not depend upon the morality of the operator, since he may transmit pious or blasphemous language, but upon his knowledge of and obedience to the laws which control the working of the system, whence, similarly, we can easily conceive that, if there be laws which render it possible for the so-called dead to communicate with the living, it may well be the case that saints as well as sinners can produce effects. The preacher's argument strikes deeper. He warns us, not against the wicked telegrapher, but against the whole race. If there be any lines joining the two shores we must tear them down, smash the batteries and break up the receiving instruments; the whole business must be stamped out, root and branch.

Doubtless the argument which I have epitomized stands in the minds of thousands of professed Christians all over our country, a breakwater against which the waves of Spiritualism dash without making an impression. But can this breakwater continue to stand? If the argument be valid it ought to stand, and it will; but if, on the other hand, it be fallacious, it ought to fall and it will fall.

Let us examine the first premise: "The Bible is the 'infallible work of God.'" Is this true or false? I glance in the faces of many readers as they catch their breath and say, "Surely he is not going to say that this statement is false?" Yes, that is precisely what I am compelled to say, If this premise be true the conclusion does not follow. [Here Mr. Allen calls attention to various interpolated passages and scripture contradictions, and continues:] Those who wish to pursue the question further will find other contradictions and much matter helpful to the understanding of the Scriptures in Rev. J. T. Sunderand's little book, "What is the Bible?" (G. P. Putnams' Sons, New York.)

Why in view of such inconsistencies, do ministers persist in telling their congregations that the Bible is infallible? Not only are there contradictions which cannot be reconciled, but it is demonstrable that, from the nature of the case, a fallible being cannot be the recipient of an infallible revelation. The dogma of infallibility

is everywhere reared as a barricade against human progress. In the fight between Genesis and geology, was not the world told by the preachers that the fossils of fishes were placed high up in the mountains by the devil, to mislead men? Did not geology triumph in the end? Did not a new generation of preachers discover that there never had really been any disagreement between Genesis and science? Has not the evolution philosophy been steadily driving Genesis back from its stronghold? Thus combat is carried on not because the preachers love the truth but because they place creed and dogma above truth. It may be that ministers have been somewhat influenced to assume this attitude because they wished the people to reverence the Bible and feared that the admission that any flaw existed in it would weaken its effect. But, "honesty is the best policy." It is wiser to make a clean breast of it, to ask reverence and obedience for a teaching because it is true and can lead men to purity, righteousness and the establishment of the kingdom of Heaven on earth, not simply because it is in the Bible.

The false dogma of infallibility has led to the use of the Bible in evil and darkness also. This was notably the case in the great anti-slavery agitation. The abolitionists were constantly having the Bible quoted at them. The Hebrews kept slaves, therefore slavery was a divine institution. It is very easy to see now, when every one has been converted to the anti-slavery position, that this was a perverted use of the Scriptures, but how is it when we come to some great unsettled question, like modern Spiritualism? The dogma of infallibility is trotted out as cheerily to prevent an an investigation of the subject as though it had never tried to throttle the liberties of our black brethren. Truth is too vital and too precious to longer permit this "lie," albeit "conscientiously and profoundly believed" to stop the way. And yet I am arguing now, not to show that Spiritualism is all or even partially true, but to insist that the Bible shall not be thrown at the heads of people who wish to investigate the subject with a view to finding whatever of truth there may be in this movement.

Setting aside the philosophy which Spiritualists allege to be based upon phenomena, the two most fundamental and important questions involved are:

First, Are there laws in operation through which man can communicate with an extra mundane intelligence?

Second, Does a candid study of all the facts warrant and compel the induction that our friends continue to live after so-called death and that they are indispensable factors in the production of the communications received?

These are scientific not moral questions, and it is as futile to oppose the Bible to the search for truth in this direction as it has proved in the case of geology, and as it is proving in that of evolution. The American Psychical Society has been expressly organized for the purpose of instituting an investigation of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism in accordance with the scientific method.

After stating that he has read published statements etc., bearing upon the subject, but that he has never attended a seance, Dr. McCullagh says: "You may ask, am I not disqualified from speaking on the subject? I answer, it is no more necessary to know more, than it is to attend a mosque to discover the truth and errors in Mohammedanism."

Turning from this for a time, let us read a portion of an interview with Rev. Minot J. Savage, president of the American Psychical Society, published in the Boston Globe of Feb. 11:

"I have been quietly investigating psychic phenomena for the past 15 years. My motive? In the first place it has not been curiosity. I have observed the fact that thousands of people are being deluded by Spiritualism, if it is a delusion—and you make the 'if' a good sized one—and I have had no end of people come to me for advice. I made up my mind that it was part of my equipment as a minister to know something about it. I felt that I ought to be able to give inquirers something more than a prejudice. I had been convinced that it was either the most important truth or the saddest delusion of the modern world. I have rigidly followed the scientific method in all my investigations, first trying to be sure of my facts without any prejudice of what those facts ought to be, then trying to find out what they meant. The present status of the matter I believe to be just about here:

"Hypnotism, which was for a long time ridiculed and rejected, is now accepted by everybody, and is even being used in the practice of medicine by old style physicians. While a great many persons who claim to be clairvoyants are not, yet that clairvoyance is a genuine power is established beyond reasonable question. In the next place, telepathy, or mind reading, or the impression made on one mind by another at a distance, is established as a reality. But of course neither of these establishes Spiritualism.

"In regard to Spiritualism there are two points I would like to make. I have been told things which the medium did not know, but which I did know, so many times that the novelty has worn off. I have always said in such cases, wonderful as they are, that they do not go far enough to demonstrate the central claim of Spiritualism. The second point I want to make—an I there is what staggers me as this. I have been told things which neither the medium nor myself knew, or could by any possibility have known. If there is any other theory than the spiritualistic one to explain facts of this sort I don't know what it is. I can't explain certain experiences of this sort except on the theory that I am dealing with some invisible intelligence. I am not prepared as yet to say that there is no other possible explanation. I hold that as the only tenable theory I am acquainted with."

In answer to the question of the Worcester divine: "Am I not disqualified from speaking on the subject?" I say yes, so are. For, first inspired by the false doctrine of Bodo infallibility, you sweep away at one blow the possibly true and false, good and bad, in Spiritualism; whereas, without that vitiating prepossession you would see that here as in all realms of human experience, it is necessary to discriminate between these opposites.

Second, the average Orthodox minister is well aware of the solvent effect of a belief in Spiritualism upon creeds, that it is very rarely that both can maintain their hold upon a mind, and so his partisan ire is raised against it, and as a rule he fails to handle the subject in a judicial manner. Third, the doctor's method is wrong. Spiritualism can not be judged from any one book, far less from the sporadic statements which appear in the secular press. One who wants the truth must plunge farther beneath the surface of the stream of Spiritualistic literature than Dr. McCullagh, judging from his sermon, has done. And, at the present juncture, since these phenomena, if not all illusory, constitute the subject matter of a possible science, it is also necessary that he should study the subject at first hand with mediums, public or private.

How does one would be guide know that in sweeping away Spiritualism in such a disdainful manner as "the offspring of hell" he may not at the same time be turning his back upon a possible offspring of heaven? Nay, more, since he seems to concede that the Spiritualists have some genuine phenomena, is it not now incumbent upon him, the Bible infallibility prop having given away, to unfold to us the philosophical principles upon which he relies in drawing the conclusion that the wires of communion connecting with hell do a lively business, while those connecting with the realms of light are almost perfectly abandoned or were torn down when the canon of the Apocalypse closed? "It may be," says the Doctor "that the spirits of the sainted dead come back, but only when sent by God." How can he know that such a return is as infrequent as his words seem to imply? It is to try to answer some of many questions that arise that the American Psychical Society has been formed, and its methods will be different from those followed by the gentleman whose thought I am reviewing.

In conclusion let me repeat that I do consider him disqualified from speaking on the subject. T. ERNEST ALLEN,

Untarian clergyman and Secretary American Psychical Society.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 22 1891.

A Vindication.

Status of a Vaunted Science Before the Higher Claims of Spiritualism.

BY A. J. SWARTS, PH. D.

[From the Progressive Thinker.]

For a long time the writer hereof has been inclined by invisible power and by justice to ask the privilege of laying before your readers a few historic facts, and of giving a brief survey of the rise and decline of a system known in the public mind as Christian Science. Many of your readers write me in relation to it, and ask questions involving earnest solicitude. Having, as you know, established and edited the *Mental Science Magazine* several years, and having taken so active a part in this system in both the West and East, it is fitting for me to answer their questions with facts. Some of them say: "As you have been a Christian Scientist so long, or hold with them, how is it that you are working also in the line of Spiritualism." Another says: "While Christian Scientists say, 'Mediumship is a crime and Spiritualism is a humbug,' I do do not see how you can agree with them and still be a Spiritualist." To these and all I say emphatically, I do not agree with them, and I strongly object to the term "Christian Science," and have for nearly four years.

Justice ever says, "Honor to whom honor is due," hence the quietness of Spiritualists toward the above-named sect leads me to a review of the past, while charity seems a willing mantle in their hands. During the years that Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan and other able writers defended so justly the true term and fact of spirit-healing as against the denial of Christian Scientists, the new move was on the crest of high tide. The public gave attention to results rather than to the cause of power which produced the results. Although I had been instructed in a class by Mrs. Eddy, the alleged founder of Christian Science, still after that, in the winter of 1884, I wrote to many defenders of Spiritualism urging them to lift their voice and pen in defense of the system of spirit cure, that had come by evolutionary order to our spiritual philosophy, instead of allowing its usurpation by the adroitness of craft in a mere title. Among those whom I addressed were Prof. Henry Kiddle, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Emma H. Britten, Lyman C. Howe, Charles Dawbarn and others. They replied in accordance with our views, but advised the leaving of it to the natural trend of things to be adjudicated by the court of time.

Every fundamental principle in this so-called science had been held and practiced by Dr. Phineas P. Quimby, of Maine, from about the year 1838, when he was a public mesmerist and lecturer. In April, 1888, I visited Portland and Belfast in Maine, to gather facts. At the latter place, Dr. Quimby's former home, I visited Geo. A. Quimby, his son, and another son, a banker there. From these gentlemen of prominence, as also from editors and others, I obtained a fund of valuable information, as well as documentary evidence, which I still hold. Part of this evidence is authenticated newspaper articles, covering the doctor's work and cures from 1844 to January, 1866, when he deceased. It is a fact often alleged by Mental Scientists (but denied by Christian Scientists) that Geo. Quimby possesses history and writings by his father that settle forever the claim that to him spiritual beings first gave spiritual metaphysical healing, instead of to the lady whom they led to him for cure twenty years after he had been healing by the understanding of spiritual or mental forces. It is a fact not yet known by the public, that in Geo. A. Quimby's safe he has letters written by Mrs. Eddy in May, 1862—she was then Mrs. Patterson. The said letters were addressed to Dr. Quimby, showing that she was planning to visit him for cure by his new method of healing. I saw these letters in her own writing, and she went to him in the International House, Portland, in June, 1862, to be cured. In the Portland *Advertiser*, the *Evening Courier* and other papers, she wrote interesting articles that summer about Mr. Quimby's new system of cure, and in them she compared him with Christ, and even asked: "Is not this the modern Christ?" She eulogized him with voice and verse, and told of her quick recovery from invalidism by his new system, so that, as she said, she "ascended in a few days to the dome of the city hall, 183 steps."

Dr. Quimby called it the "Science of Health and Happiness," and this is still the name of his manuscripts preserved by his son. He also spoke of it as the "Science of Christianity." Miss Ware (her father was judge of the U. S. Court) told me that when she was secretary for Dr. Quimby, he often entertained a company of friends with his explanations of the new system. She and others still say that he called it by the above names. If to the term of Christian Science any special honor attaches, it belongs to him who first called it the "Science of Christianity," for from that the transposed form came. It was also by a stroke of the pen that the name of his writings, "Science of Health and Happiness," were, ten years after his demise, changed to the name of the book, "Science and Health." "Of" was displaced by "and," while "Happiness" was dropped entirely. Yes the book, "Science and Health," derived its name from the name which Dr. Quimby gave to his new system, and to his accumulated writings. As the author of the said work had been an apt contributor to Godey's Lady's Book, and became a patient and a scribe at the Quimby forum, she readily obtained ideas of the new science or system of healing, which he, Dr. Evans, and others, as magnetic and spiritual healers, had used many years prior to her visit.

While all these facts are established, and will go down as history, it will serve justice, and is proper to inquire, "What did Dr. Quimby claim or practice as the *modus operandi* by which he discovered the cause of disease and cured it?" It would interest inquirers to read the articles I obtained, but they cannot come into the space of this contribution. I can furnish some that would show that this system of scientific spiritual healing came to afflicted humanity as a part of and at the time that Spiritualism made its advent by raps and other phenomena, in 1848. It would establish the further facts that the modes of operation employed by Dr. Quimby were those which have been the recognized methods of Spiritualism during its entire history. I may be allowed room for one or two brief extracts, and if so, it will be seen that clairvoyance and true mediumship, as also the interesting science of Mesmerism, were the means used to bring this book, or spiritual method of cure, to the race. If these facts are established, who will prove able to longer distort justice, or to wrest one honor from the star-lit galaxy of our grand spiritual philosophy?

The editor of the Bangor (Maine) *Jeffersonian* made extended reports at various dates. From one of these, written in 1856, I quote:

"A gentleman of Belfast, P. P. Quimby, who was remarkably successful as an experimenter in mesmerism some sixteen years ago, and has continued his investigations in psychology, has discovered, and in his daily practice carries out, a *new principle* in the treatment of disease. . . . His theory is that the mind gives immediate form to the animal spirit, and that the animal spirit gives form to the body. His first course in the treatment of a patient is to sit down beside him and to put himself *en rapport* with him, which he does without producing the mesmeric sleep. He says that in every disease the animal spirit or spiritual form is somewhat disconnected from the body, and that when he comes *en rapport* with a patient, he sees that spirit form standing beside the body; that it imparts to him all its grief, and the cause of it, which may have been mental trouble, or a shock to the body, or over-fatigue, excessive cold or heat, etc. This impresses the mind with anxiety, and the mind, reacting upon the body, produces disease. . . . With this spirit form Dr. Quimby converses, and endeavors to win it away from its grief, and when he has succeeded in doing so, it disappears, and reunites with the body. In a short time the spirit again appears, exhibiting some new phase of trouble."

Another editor there, writing under date of Feb. 15, 1844. says: "Mr. Quimby has exhibited specimens of clairvoyance with his intelligent young man, Lucius Bickford, to our citizens, for the last two evenings, with great approbation in all his experiments in this mysterious and wonderful science. A gentleman present, with whom he was in communication, was intimately acquainted with the Governor's palace at Havana, where he conveyed the clairvoyant, and to the astonishment of all present, Lucius described not only that, but the other important public buildings near it, some that the gentleman himself had forgotten until reminded of them by the young man."

On February 14, 1862, Dr. Quimby contributed a long article over his own signature to the Portland *Advertiser*. In it are interesting facts, such as "Clairvoyance is very rare," (this was thirty years ago), "and can be easily tested by blindfolding the subject and giving him a book to read. If he can read without seeing, that is conclusive evidence that he has independent sight. This was my test during my experiments. I arrived at the stand I now take, viz., that the cure is not in the medicine a doctor may give, but in the confidence of the doctor or medium."

From these brief extracts is it not evident that Dr. Quimby was led by superhuman intelligence, and that he diagnosed disease by the spiritual or mediumistic methods which many of us in spiritual philosophy and spiritual science use for cure? He was a great spiritual healer and intended to take up public healing later on, but overwork for others wound up his mortal career.

On April 26, 1888, a Mrs. Brooks, then in Portland, a Congregationalist, yet a medium, was controlled to see and hear interesting things, and she sent word to Mrs. J. M. Hussey, 58 Oxford street, Portland, where I was stopping, directing her to tell me that in a strange experience some spiritual being influenced her brain and told her he was Dr. Quimby. This spirit said to her: "Mr. Swarts is going up to my old home to get some papers about my earth work. I shall go ahead of him and prepare the way, so he can get some papers." This lady knew nothing about Quimby, nor what it meant, but it greatly stimulated my hope. I was pointedly refused at first, as George Quimby will remember when his eyes may see this. I kept quiet, however, as I was instantly charged from head to foot with a strong invisible battery that I shall never forget. A few words followed, in which I acquiesced, then this gentleman began to express kindness and confidence. He reached me a book of 116 pages, filled with writings and articles of his father's work, and told me I might copy from it all I desired.

I had often been impressed with the influence of the immortal Dr. Quimby, and it is highly probable that this spirit brought about that public healing in science that occurred first in Marshall, Michigan, in July, 1885. In that meeting of forty people there were five important cures. Although this was in our Science work, still it is a fact that healing circles or meetings are common among Spiritualists. Prominent Spiritualists of Cleveland will remember a message that came from Dr. Quimby to me through a medium there nearly two years ago, and it was sent to me by her husband F. Muhlhauser.

Dr. Quimby manipulated the head of a majority of his patients. Some he cured by conversation and mental power only. She who has claimed to be the discover and founder of all this metaphysical system copied him also in manipulating her patients at first, and permitted her early students to do the same, as she admits. She also imitated and practiced mediumship when she was spiritually led. I can give the names of more than one who heard her giving public tests in former years.

Although I lost over 1,600 subscribers for my magazine very soon after I reported in it the result of my fact-gleaning in Maine, I still said, let justice be done. The most of the 1,600 were Christian Scientists and direct sympathizers. If I had it to do over, and knew that it would cost me my magazine, as it did, I could not do less, and I regret it not. It is a fact that nearly every healer or worker who has wrought much as a Christian Scientist came from the ranks of Spiritualism. It is also true that there are in our land to-day ten mental or spiritual scientists to one of the straight jacket of the above sect. They are now regarded by their own best lights as merely a Christian or religious sect.

To the vast multitudes in our spiritual philosophy, and to those in spiritual science, I desire to extend the most fraternal hand. There is no system on earth that equals the grand works of our higher Spiritualism. To it there is more honor due for wonderful achievements than to any other system on earth. When we scientists have cured and said it was God that did it, I say emphatically that none of us ever gave a successful treatment, only as spirit power or invisible forces were back of every effort. I am fully content to labor side by side with true men and women for the full defense of our noble Spiritualism. There is no science higher than the departments and systems ruled to-day by its life, wisdom and power.

362 W. Madison st., Chicago.

In the Face of Death

The following, from *Lucifer*, Topeka, Kansas, was written by the late S. N. Wood, while very ill, and not expecting to recover:

Let my funeral be as quiet as possible. I do not want any show or parade, I prefer that no show be made of my body. Don't wear morning. I am not dead. What you see of me is only my body, for which I no longer have any use, and I cast it off as I would a suit of old clothes. I wish there was a furnace where it could be reduced to ashes and thus be dissolved into its original elements and not have to be buried, filling the air with noxious gases, endangering the lives of the living. You can bury only my body. I have departed from it, as life always departs from death. I am with you. I witness your every act. Cheer up: "death is only transition." "man, though apparently dead, still lives;" lives as a conscious, distinct entity.

I feel, as I write this, no concern for the future. I am persuaded by study and research that life in the spiritual world commences where it ends here; hence the advantage of well spent lives, full of good works. I believe in no deathbed repentance. I have tried to believe the dogmas of the churches, but the more I have tried and the more diligently I have investigated, the more firmly I am convinced they are not true, but rather a cunningly devised scheme of the priesthood to live upon the people. Heaven and hell are conditions, not places. God should be spelled with two "O's" (good); devil without "D" (evil).

I reject all the dogmas of the church. My religion is a sincere desire to do right, to do the most possible good in this world. I believe sincerely in the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." As I have lived, so I am willing to die. For these reasons I want no religious ceremonies over my body; no priest, no pastor to officiate. Let ministers and churches quit worrying about the after life, and go to work to solve the problems of *this* life. If possible, let them prepare the people to live *here*. Let them teach us our duty to each other and mankind.

I cannot conceive of any beginning to this world. Generations may come and go, but the earth will continue forever. Matter and spirit may change their form, but there is no such thing as annihilation. I believe firmly in a future life, or rather, I know there is a future life. I hail the separation from the body, called death, as a joyful change.

Read this as a reason for rejecting all ceremonies at my funeral.

I realize the hardship of parting with the friends here, but I have hosts on the other side waiting for me. I am, beloved, yours,

S. N. Wood.

The following epitaph is in Lunesboro, S. C.: "Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble-cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of this same style, $250."

An Open Letter to a Clergyman.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

[From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

A few weeks ago I had a conversation with a clergyman of the liberal faith—a man of real merit and of fine spiritual culture, but who, like too many of his class, fails to appreciate the need and the high importance of modern Spiritualism. Some part of my reply to his objections I will put in the form of an open letter, which may reach others in whose minds like objections may exist.

MY FRIEND: In our last pleasant interview the conversation turned largely on Spiritualism, you leading it that way. You expressed no prejudice, but a wish that the truth of spirit-presence might be established. Neither did you carp at imperfections, but sensibly remarked that "to err is human" everywhere.

Yet you seemed to me to fail of any fit realization of the far-reaching importance of the matter. I remember you said: "I do not know of anything new or important which has purported to come from the spirit-world. What comes is well enough, but common-place." Suppose you should visit Rev. James Martineau for a brief hour, others with you interrupting the flow of thought, and that you should not take pains to meet him again. Your talk would be of common things, pleasant enough yet not specially instructive. Should you judge the learned divine by your brief interview you would greatly underrate him. This is the way most persons judge Spiritualism even when they profess to investigate it. A sitting or two, some facts rather surprising yet common-place, that it all, and nothing more is sought for.

What more could be expected? When you meet a friend or a stranger, the first words are introductory and familiar, utterances of good will, news of family and friends, and the matters of daily life. It takes time, familiarity, and repeated conversations to open hearts and minds and lead to larger and richer topics, to the interchange of precious experiences and cherished thoughts. So it is with people from the life beyond. Suppose William Ellery Channing should come through some medium, could you expect him to reveal the wealth of his spiritual gifts to a company of strangers in a half hour? Those who have persevered through months and years of wise investigation, have gained the proof positive of immortality—the evidence through the senses to verify the soul's intuitive faith. They have gained, too, a clear sense of the naturalness of the higher life, of its ample scope for growth and work—a sense which is leavening the thought of millions who know not from whence it comes, and is powerfully uplifting and rationalizing our views of the future life. Written and spoken messages and addresses, purporting to come from from the spirit-world—from the world of causes to this outer world of effect—are also extant, which are sometimes of singular merit and eloquence.

I do not suppose that right and wrong—the ethics and morals, the religion and philosophy of life in the great hereafter are unlike those here. "Over there," it will be only moving along the same lines as here, but farther on and up, with clearer sight and broader view. The conditions of that future life we can but dimly comprehend. True it is that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the imagination of man to conceive them."

The daily life of a civilized man here is beyond the comprehension of the savage, yet it is developed from the crudeness of primeval savageism; so the glories of the celestial life are beyond the comprehension of those in the terrestrial life, yet the glimpses we get of them show that they are growths in a fairer clime from our life here. Surely such glimpses are not commonplace, but of entrancing interest and high value. The continuity of high life, the truth that man cannot die, the nearness of the life beyond, the open door between us and the spirit-world are not new, but never have they been so illustrated and emphasized, never brought home to so many hearts and minds as to-day—coming like balm to the wounded heart and light to the darkened soul, and giving large scope to the unfettered yet reverent thoughts. Spiritualism has been a leading power in this great change, and its work is only begun.

You spent seven years in college and divinity school, and put heart and mind to your work, to be fit to begin to preach. Have you spent seven months in the study and investigation of Spiritualism? "New occasions teach new duties."

Is it not blindness in religious teachers to neglect this duty of to-day? You and your liberal religious brethren accept no frivolities in faith or spiritual knowledge, and are bound by no dogmatic limitations. Therefore it is especially incumbent on you to follow the light and avoid the poor ways of those who, "having eyes see not." The power of persons in the spirit-world to come to us implies our power to go to them. Not only is spirit guidance and influence true, but the open vision of the seer on earth, by which he sees and holds converse with supernal beings, as did Swedenborg comes with the culture of our interior powers. Those powers have been little known, but a new sense of their splendor is dawning upon us, and the quickening of our inner life which has come with modern Spiritualism has brought the glory of this dawning light.

No land is without its Spiritualists. Not among the vulgar and ignorant, but among the thoughtful middle class and those illustrious in wealth and ability, do we find this "great cloud of witnesses." From Melbourne and Bombay to Paris and London, and to New York and San Francisco, the intelligent powers bringing us messages and manifestations make the same claim. They say, "We are people from the life beyond." Has this world-wide statement been commonplace and familiar in the past? It was only known in isolated cases until within less than half a century. It tells of a flood of light from the spirit world, coming when we need it and are somewhat prepared to accept it.

The people of Judea gladly heard Christ's sermon on the mount, while the chief priests held his words too plain and familiar to be worth attention. You and your clerical brethren of the liberal and enlarging faith have too much heart and light to follow their poor example and ignore this "great cause, God's new Messiah."

DETROIT, MICH.

The Silver Lining

BY ELLEN KEITH.

A fisherman sat in his door one day,
With clouds that, heavy and gray,
Obscured the sunlight's shining,
And said to Bright Eyes at his knees,
"Look yonder out in the west and see
The cloud with the silver lining."

I think when our skies are cold and gray,
And we vainly seek to find the way,
Somewhere the light is shining.
If we bravely resolve to do our part,
And bear our griefs with a patient heart,
And free from all repining,

We shall be led to a higher way,
To a better work than we do to-day.
And find love's sunlight shining;
For truth of spirit and strength of soul
Will make the darkest cloud unroll
And show its silver lining.

HEAVIEST HUMAN BRAINS ON RECORD.—Rustan, an ignorant unknown laborer, had a brain that weighed 78.3 oz. (See Bischoff's "Brain weight of Man." Bonn, 1880, page 137.) A Chipewa Indian squaw had 73.5 ounces of brain, although she died at 85 years of age. (See "A Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences," New York, 1886, page 163.) The average weight of male brains is given by Dr. Flint of New York at 50 ounces. Brain weight is no index of mental power.—*Dr. Sims.*

To The Spiritualists of the United States.

In view of the rapid advance of the cause of Spiritualism during the past few years, it has been deemed advisable, in the face of the present interest manifested, to make a practical endeavor towards organizing believers and advocates of Spiritualism into a body politic or social.

But as a basis is necessary on which to build the structure, and all do not agree on what is generally termed the philosophy of Spiritualism, the following cardinal points pertaining to the phenomena on which none disagree, are presented for consideration:

1. That there is no death except that of the body.
2. That the soul is immortal and eternally progressive.
3. That spirit return and communication with mortals through mediumship or otherwise is well established, and
4. That individual, moral responsibility is recognized.

Therefore, with the hoped-for more widely disseminating the proofs of immortality with its natural moral effects, to place ourselves in position to protect ourselves from unjust legislation, to provide homes and hospitals, and to create funds and provide industries thereof, and recognizing the truth of the maxim "in union there is strength," it is thought advisable to meet in national convention to take such action as will effect the above named objects according to the following plan:

1. That the place of meeting be at St. Louis, and the date the first Tuesday of March, 1892.

2. That all Spiritualists are invited to attend, properly accredited by certificate of membership of any Spiritual society or Spiritual campmeeting association, or evidence of being a regular subscriber to one of the following named journals: Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.; Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.; Progressive Thinker, Chicago, Ill.; Summerland, of Summerland, Cal.; Carrier Dove, of San Francisco, Cal.; Alcyone, of Springfield, Mass., and The Better Way, of Cincinnati, O.

For the purpose of expediting the preliminary work, a representative shall be selected from the staff of each of the above named journals, and the representatives so selected shall act as an Executive Committee, and shall meet at Chicago, in the parlors of the Auditorium Hotel on Tuesday, the fifth day of January, 1892, at 2 P. M., and at this meeting organize by selecting from their number a chairman, secretary and treasurer, and appoint sub-committees to arrange for hall and hotel for the general convention, and to arrange transportation on the usual reduction plan, and appoint one person to sign such certificates, to admit as many as possible, a representative for each state to act as committee on credentials, which shall convene on the first day of the convention, and act upon all credentials presented.

In order to assist the committee in making arrangements with hotels, railroads, etc., each person expecting to attend is requested to notify either of the above named journals by letter prior to January 1, 1892.

REMARKS.

The sum of $ has been subscribed towards carrying out this plan, but as the expenses attending this move will undoubtedly be large, and not possible to be met by one person, others are requested to donate according to their means, and notify any of the herein named journals to that effect.

REMARKS.

All societies and associations should have this matter brought to the notice of their members at an early date, and promptly ascertain the number that will attend the St. Louis convention, and advise some form of credential with signature of officers or others.

The above named journals should in every issue of their paper, request patrons desiring to attend the St. Louis convention to send name and address to their respective paper on receipt of which the publisher will forward a certificate to the effect that he is a regular subscriber. Each subscriber thus equipped must, on his arrival at the place of meeting, present his certificate to the committee on credentials for further information.

The Executive Committee, immediately after the Chicago meeting, will notify the friends through their respective journals, of the hotel and railroad rates and the quarters selected for the general meeting, and also the head quarters for the respective states.

Every one attending the convention is requested to report first to the headquarters of his state, and thus assist the work of the general committee on credentials.

It might be suggested as a closer that every one come with the purpose of acting rather than discussing.

[illegible]

Another Famous Man saw Spirits

Walter Besant, a famous English author, "Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund," educated at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, England, gaining high mathematical honors; author of many successful novels and plays, and other valuable and able works, writes to the *Pall Mall Budget* the following:

My personal experience of spooks is not much, but it is, perhaps, more than falls to the lot of most. The first "figure" I ever saw was about 6 o'clock on an evening in September. I had been writing up to the last moment of daylight; it became too dark for me to see any longer and I knocked off. As I turned from the window I became aware that a female figure was in the room; it made no sign, but it moved about noiselessly. As I looked it disappeared. I was then living as a bachelor in chambers, and my outer door was closed so that no one could be in the room except myself.

Another experience, and a far more singular one, was this. I was traveling in Northumberland. The day I had spent in driving over a wild and lonely moor to a village set in the midst of it. A village built round the quadrangle of what had been a monastery. There was the old gate left; part of the buildings part of the wall; the quiet village inclosed by the old wall; the convent chapel, now the parish church; there were only two or three hundred people living here; outside ran and babbled the trout-stream with its high bank covered with bushes and brambles and wild flowers. All round stretched the moor. At the inn, where I took some tea or something, they talked to me about the past; the place was filled with echoes of the past; whispers and voices were heard at night; things had been seen in the bedrooms.

A wonderful place; nowhere else in England is there such a wonderful place. I drove back and spent the evening alone in my room reading certain books of the Queen Anne time, and at 11 o'clock went off to bed. My room was a very old room, and the inn itself was at least three hundred years old.

All this is introduction in order to show you why the thing that I saw took the shape that it did. For in the middle of the night I woke up suddenly and sat up startled. I found the room perfectly light; the door, which I had locked, flew open, and there walked in three ladies, dressed in the Queen Anne costume, with the pretty old stiff cardboard ornament of the head and everything. Never before had I understood how beautiful was the Queen Anne dress. The ladies sitting down on chairs round the fire, which was now burning merrily, began to talk, but I know not what they said. Suddenly it shames me to confess the thing—I was seized with a horrid terror. I leaped from the bed, pulled back the curtains and pulled up the blind. It was about three in the morning, and twilight. Then I turned to my visitors; they slowly faded away. The light slowly went out of the room; the fire slowly burned low; the figures slowly became faint; they slowly vanished. Who were they? Well. You see that I have seen things."

A preacher who arrived at the kirk wet through, asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied. "Gang into the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

The Ecumenical Conference and the World's Fair.

The Methodist Episcopal Conference, recently in session at Washington, resolved to petition the United States Commission of the Columbian Exposition to close the Fair on Sundays. The following is a copy:

The Ecumenical Methodist Conference, composed of 500 ministers and laymen, and representing the Methodist churches throughout the world, respectfully petition your honorable body to prevent the proposed opening of the World's Columbian Exposition on the Lord's Day. We make this petition for the following reasons:

1. It is the religious conviction of the great majority of Christian people that man needs and God commands the observance of the Sabbath.

2. The opening of the Exposition on Sunday would violate the Sabbath-keeping traditions of the American people and their anglo-Saxon ancestry, and also the laws of the United States and Illinois.

3. The Columbian Exposition ought to exhibit to visitors from other lands a characteristic Christian American Sunday rather than a weekly holiday.

4. The proposed opening Sunday would deprive the thousands of employes in the service of the Exposition of their right to one day in seven for rest and worship. The same injustice would be done to the many thousands in the employment of the transportation companies. It would also furnish an excuse to employers for refusing to grant holidays for the purpose of visiting the Exposition which would otherwise be given to their employes.

5. The spirit of the movement to open the Exposition on Sunday is not philanthropic, but mercenary. It is not primarily to give the workmen a chance to visit the Exposition, but to increase the gates of the transportation companies and others who are large stockholders in the Exposition.

6. As an offset to the plea that the stockholders will lose money if the Exposition is not open Sunday we beg leave to remind you that the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia was a financial success with the gates closed Sunday.

7. We have reason to believe that many exhibitors from Great Britain and other Christian lands will refuse to expose their exhibits on Sunday, thus rendering the Sunday exhibit very unsatisfactory to visitors, and at the same time silently rebuking the mercenary spirit that would open the gates that day.

They Give us Work.

[From Enfant Terrible.

By the assistance of two horses a man was enabled to till ground from which he gathered 1000 bushels of corn and 500 bushels of oats in one year. A wild horse poked his nose into the barn window one day and saw that the farmer carefully measured out to these horses small quantities of oats and that he counted the ears of corn he gave them. And the wild horse said:

"Is not this slavery?"

And the domesticated horses said:

"If it were not for the farmer we should die; he gives us work."

One hundred men live in a township. Ninety-nine work for one. Ninety-nine have $1.00 a day each for their labor; one has $99.00 a day and does no work. Ask one of the ninety-nine whether this seems to him fair and he will say:

"Number One Hundred is a splendid fellow; if it were not for him we should starve; he gives us work."

Three hundred coal miners worked ten hours a day in dirt, danger and discomfort. They received per month, some enough to pay for the powder with which they did the blasting, others a few dollars more, and the few very fortunate ones, favored by the boss with superior allotments in mine-locations, $2.50 a day. The owner of the mine never put a pick in the earth, but he wore fine raiment and rode about in palace cars. And the men said:

"He is our reliance; without him we should starve; he gives us work."

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Memory Bells.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

Sweet memory bells! when hopes ran high
And spring's rare flowers were blooming bright,
We heeded not the gathering storms
That wrapped us in the gloom of night.

We struggled on through hopes and fears
And laughed at Fate in childish glee;
Believing that, through storm-clouds dark,
We should the silver lining see.

With aspirations high and pure
We climbed the steeps in search of Fame—
With weary feet and care-worn brow
Discovered but an empty name.

Then, weaving garlands for the brows
Of others we had timely met,
At last beheld how jewels rare
Are placed in life's bright coronet.

Dear memory bells! your grandest chimes
Wake chords of blissful harmony;
And all the shadows of the past
Then flee before thy melody.

For harmony is heaven's key-note,
No golden gates enwrough' with pearls
Can shut away harmonious strains
Of melody from a waiting world.

Oh memory bells! we hear your chime
Far-wafted down the gliding years—
Sweet tones from youth's far rosy morn
Are mingled with our hopes and fears.

We softly lift the curtained past,
Review sad lessons o'er and o'er,
Until the heart has larger grown,
The head far wiser than before.

Dear memory bells! your mellow tones
Come echoing back with sweet refrain;
And heart-chords that so long were still
Now vibrate at love's touch again.

And sweeter strains of music thrill
The waiting heart, the yearning soul—
Just recompense for loving deeds
That shine on life's unwritten scroll.

O joy bells list! we hear you still;
You've rung us many a merry chime.
When hearts were light and cares were few
Our nimble feet kept perfect time.

With sweet accord we give to thee
The brightest spot on memory's page;
Thy silvery chimes will help renew
Our youthful freshness to old age.

Sterling, Ill.

Bear constantly a manly part in the battle of life. Shun meanness and deceit. Practice sobriety and patience. Be true to yourselves and to your friends. Be ever ready, according to the abundance of your stores to alleviate suffering and distress, and be certain that when you arrive at the close of an honorable, honored, and useful existence, for you there will be a rich and glorious reward in the future life.—*Dr. J. Simms.*

Ecclesiasticism The Deadly Parasite.

From the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Never was there in this country such a widespread and determined effort by Ecclesiasticism to abridge liberty as that now in progress demanding the closing of the World's Columbian Exposition on Sunday. The indigo-hued parasite which first fastened its life-sapping tentacles on the eastern coast has extended its rootlets in to every part of this vast country. Vigilance is required to prevent its absolutely killing the liberty tree on whose succulent juices it has waxed strong and proud.

An insatiable, hydra headed monster, Ecclesiasticism shows its fangs in every locality; reaches out its Briarian arms to grasp control of every great activity, aiming not only to have the earth and the inhabitants thereof but to jump every claim in heaven and hell. Her devotees seek to found in this land of the free and home of the brave a Puritanic oligarchy which shall dominate the souls and bodies of all human beings within its borders and eventually of all lands, and fix their destiny for this life and the life beyond. In the name of Christ whose teachings they ignore, and of whose spirit they have no conception, is this warfare against liberty, equality and fraternity waged, and this oligarchic sway sought.

On another page [page 342 of the Dove] appears the bull of the Ecumenical Methodist conference evolved from the Puritanical brain of a doctor of divinity and promulgated by that would-be august body as the sentiment of a great sect. We ask every intelligent liberty-loving person to carefully study the spirit of that remarkable document, remarkable for its falsehoods, its misrepresentations, its pseudo-religious pretensions, and its arrogant assumptions. The dangerous proclivities of Ecclesiasticism were scarcely ever more lastly pictured than, unwittingly, by her henchmen and would-be rulers of men in this Methodist bull, which for audacity and arrogance has seldom been rivalled by any Papal bull. Unlike the bulls from Rome it will prove impotent. Its tatuousness is apparent to all but those whom the slimy touch of Ecclesiasticism has diseased with theological ophthamia.

The Rev. Dr. Curts, of Chicago, prefaced the introduction of his document by declaring that the local directory of the Fair is under the control of the railroads, street car companies, and the brewers; and that all these corporations are clamoring to have the Exposition open Sunday. Nothing could be falser than these assertions of this "man of God" as he calls himself. The "local directory" upon which Dr. Curts vents his spleen is composed of very able men who cannot be controlled in the interest of any special class or classes of stockholders. The World's Columbian Exposition is a corporation organized under the laws of Illinois, and its purpose is precisely what its name implies, and not to make money either for its own stockholders, or for transportation companies or brewers. It is probable there is not a stockholder in the whole number who would not be satisfied to get back half his money after the close of the enterprise. There has not only been no "clamoring" for Sunday opening on the part of the transportation companies and brewers, but no request from these or any other stockholders to the directory.

Furthermore the present board of directors have not the authority to decide the question of Sunday opening; they cannot bind their successors. The board in existence when the Fair is opened will be the body on which devolves the responsibility of deciding the Sunday question. The implication of possible criminal action on the part of the local directory and of corrupt motives, could not have found utterance other than through the lips of a man lacking keen moral sense, nor have been formally promulgated by other than a body of ambitious ecclesiastics.

Dr. Curts and his Methodist confreres of the Ecumenical Conference declare that Sunday opening of the Fair would be a violation of the laws of the United States and of Illinois. This assertion is either an exposition of ignorance or a premeditated falsehood; the Methodist magnates may say which. There is no national Sunday law; nor can the U. S. Government dictate to Illinois or any other state on this question. The Illinois statute on which the Ecumenical Conference presumably bases its assertion in referring to the laws of this state reads: "Whoever disturbs the peace and good order of society by labor works of necessity or charity excepted, or by any amusement or diversion on Sunday, shall be fined not exceeding $25." . . . This statute, enacted in 1845, it will be seen does not declare that there shall be no "labor, amusement or diversion on Sunday." It only provides for the punishment of whoever disturbs the peace and good order of society by labor or any amusement or diversion. If peace and good order are maintained that is all there is demanded. If the statute had been framed with the design of prohibiting labor on Sunday, there would have been no qualification in regard to disturbing the peace and good order of society any more than there is in the statute against keeping open tippling houses on Sunday, which reads: "Whoever keeps open any tippling house or place where liquor is sold or given away upon the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, shall be fined," etc. It is universally known that in the state of Illinois and in the city of Chicago people ride for pleasure, visit the parks, where they lie on the grass, listen to music, view the animals and flowers and are pleased and entertained on a grand scale by public excursions authorized by the state. It is also well known that theatres, base-ball parks, picnic groves, etc., are opened on Sundays for the amusement and diversion of all those who desire to partake. It is also well known that art institutes and many other activities for the instructive entertainment of the people are open Sundays in Illinois and elsewhere; and all this without disturbing the peace of society. True it all tends to disgruntle the minions of Ecclesiasticism, but neither the United States Government nor the Government of Illinois owes allegiance or respect to any ecclesiastical oligarchy, and the people will be quick to cut off the head (official) of any public servant who assumes to abridge their inalienable prerogatives.

We grant that in a community where Puritanism is largely in the ascendency, any sort of labor, amusement or diversion on Sunday might, under the Illinois statute, be construed as a disturbance of the peace and good order of society; but the law is so worded that it will conform to the prevailing sentiment of the commonwealth; and that sentiment is decidely in favor of rational amusement, restful recreation and entertaining instruction. And it is just this which excites the alarm of ecclesiastics who view with increasing trepidation the growing liberality of the people.

On the day preceeding the promulgation of the Methodist bull from Washington the Presbyterian Synod of Minnesota, in session at St. Paul, formulated and published its edict against Sunday opening of the Fair. In spirit and language this Presbyterian bull closely resembles that of the Methodists. The Synod asks the Fair directory "speedily to determine the question," which demand, as above shown, the directory has not the power, even if it had the inclination, to do. The only redeeming feature in the Minnesota document is the resolution which reads:

"Resolved, That if the remonstrance of the law-abiding citizens and Christian church throughout the United States against the proposed opening of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday is unheeded we may deem it our duty to discourage the Presbyterian people of the State of Minnesota from contributing in any way to its success either by their presence or exhibit."

This is so supremely funny, so entertainingly farcical, so

ludicrously inane that it lightens up the sombre blue of its setting. For this little clique of fore-ordained saints to essay the boycotting role as against the World's Fair is too amusing for expression.

The plain fact of the matter is this: While there are honest and sincere members of Orthodox churches, both ministers and laymen, who conscientiously and on what they deem the commands of God, desire to have the Fair wholly closed on Sunday, the ecclesiastical oligarchy is actuated by motives of conquest and propaganda; by an overweening and wicked ambition to dominate the entire life and conduct of the people; by a determination to interpret civil laws in ecclesiastical courts and to enforce the mandates of such courts by violence if need be. To close the Fair on Sunday these conspirators think would help them in enlarging and perpetuating the personal power of ecclesiastics and aid them in exploiting Protestantism to an immense throng from all quarters of the globe—gathered at no expense to the oligarchic exchequer. To dictate the terms on which the World's Fair shall do business, in order to turn the gigantic enterprise to the immediate benefit of the orthodox propaganda, is the determination of Elliott F. Shepard's Sabbath Union, the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, their auxiliaries and accessories. Not until the spring of 1893 will it be seen whether they are successful in their machinations.

Far more rational than the attitude of most Protestant ministers in relation to Sunday observance is that of the Catholic prelates, who regard the day as one on which the people after religious service should, while abstaining from unnecessary servile labor, be free to engage in social intercourse and in all innocent amusements. We commend to all professing Christians the sensible expression on this question of the late Illinois State Convention of Universalists, to wit:

Whereas, The day was made to promote man's best interests, it is the sense of this convention that while the machinery should be silent, the parks, gardens, art galleries and scientific collection, and all the other attractions calculated to educate and improve the mind, should be opened during Sunday, and thus be a potent means of counteracting the many temptations with which the great city will abound.

How to Read the Tongue

The perfectly healthy tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papilæ. The tongue may be furrowed from local causes, or from sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver.

The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fever, and indicates a nervous prostration or depression.

A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with perhaps a sour stomach. When it is moist and yellowish brown it shows disordered digestion.

Dry and brown indicate a low state of the system, possibly typhoid.

When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation, gastric or intestinal.

When the papillæ on the end of the tongue are raised and very red we call it a strawberry tongue, and that means scarlet fever.

Sharp, pointed red tongue will hint of brain irritation or inflammation, and a yellow coating indicates liver derangement.

Persons in health and desiring to continue so should at all times be cheerful and happy, and those who are sick should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and also by their faith they die. If a man wills not to die, he can often live in spite of disease; and, if he has little or no attraction to life, he will slip away as easily as a child falls asleep.

Voltaire said of an apothecary that his employment was to pour drugs, of which he knew little, into a body of which he knew less.

Moses Hull and Dr. Schlesinger.

ED. CARRIER DOVE:—I inclose a clipping from the Duluth *Evening Herald*, relative to the work at present going on in this city on behalf of Spiritualism. The Unitarian Church is far too limited to accommodate all who desired to attend last Sunday night. There was not even standing room. M. Hull's addresses are receiving favorable and extensive notices, and Dr. Schlesinger's tests are "knock down arguments" in favor of Spiritualism. The like of them have never been witnessed in this country before.

Mr. Hull is at present engaged in a debate in Minneapolis with a Christ-adelphian minister. Dr. Schlesinger is more than busy in this city, with his remarkable mediumship.

In spite of every obstacle, the work goes on. Were it not for mountebanks and tricksters who pose as mediums, and the foes in our own household, who are determined "to rule or ruin," the Spiritual movement would sweep all before it. In the work,

Duluth, Minn., Oct. 14. MATTIE E. HULL.

Duluth Evening Herald.

CALLING THE SPIRITS.

A considerable stir has recently been created in the Spiritualistic circles of this city by reason of the arrival here of Moses Hull and wife, two of the foremost and most prominent exponents of the doctrine of Spiritualism in this country, and of Dr. Schlesinger, of San Francisco, who is one of the most noted test mediums of the world. These apostles of Spiritualism have come hither with a view of carrying on a month's "campaign" in this city, and of presenting the doctrine of Spiritualism to the people of Duluth in what they claim to be its true light.

Mr. Hull has already delivered three lectures at the Unitarian church, and those who have heard them are agreed upon one thing, and that is he is one of the ablest and most intensely interesting speakers that has ever visited our city. Thus far, though unadvertised, he has had large audiences, and they have been composed, not wholly of Spiritualists, but largely of members of the various religious denominations, together with quite a sprinkling of non-church members or agnostics, and the indications are that a much larger room will soon have to be secured to accommodate those desiring to hear the remaining lectures.

A well-known agnostic of this city who has heard the three lectures above referred to, when asked by a *Herald* reporter what he thought of them, replied as follows:

"Well, candor compels me to say that the three recent lectures of Mr. Hull, have, to my mind, come nearer to establishing the reasonableness of the doctrine of Spiritualism than all else that I have ever read or heard on that subject. Then, too, the tests—especially the private ones given by Dr. Schlesinger, have been of such a character as to utterly preclude the possibility of trickery or deception, and unless they can be philosophically accounted for by mind reading, or in some other manner, they must certainly go a long ways towards demonstrating that the theory and philosophy of Spiritualism, as explained by Mr. Hull, are really true, and that the materialists, who hold that 'death ends all,' are mistaken. If those tests were not what was claimed for them, viz: genuine spiritual manifestations, it is certainly incumbent upon the materialists to explain what they were."

Mr. Hull lectures at Odd Fellows hall at 10:30 o'clock tomorrow morning, and at the Unitarian church at 7:30 p. m., on which occasion the audiences are promised some more of Dr. Schlesinger's wonderful spirit tests.

The Proctor Steel Tower, at the Chicago World's Exposition, is to be 1215 ft. in height, and will resemble the Eiffel Tower. It will be hexagonal in plan, instead of square, and will have a larger base. The designer of the tower is David A. Proctor, the architects are Helabird and Roche, and the engineer is Corydon T. Purdy, all of Chicago. Of steel 7500 tons will be required. The total cost of the tower is estimated at $3,000,000.

To The Carrier Dove.

Among workers apace for the good of our race
And for all that is needful to gain,
May our CARRIER DOVE a good messenger prove
And a just recognition obtain.
There's a work to be done like to beams of the sun
To spread light from a life-giving source;
And the work we find here has its true line and sphere,
Like a stream on its ocean-ward course.
So here 'neath the crest of Coast Range of the west,
Where the Golden Gate leads to the sea,
Metropolitan port and the tourists' resort,
Is the fitting place surely for thee.
At a harbor so wide that world's navies can ride,
And proud cities now rise to the view,
Where the Occident's fleet on Pacific's waves meet,
San Francisco, thy tribute is due.
In philosophy's name let thy columns proclaim
In clear words that all people may learn,
The endurance of soul on Eternity's scroll,
And the test of real spirit return
As exponent of Truth for ripe age and bright youth
Thy appearance with pleasure we hail;
For glad tidings of peace shall cause turmoils to cease
And the cohorts of evil to fail.
Like a rock-girdled oak, whose deep rootings invoke
The fierce storm or the hurricane's force,
Let thy footprints be sure, like a mound to endure
'Till the earth shall roll back in its course
True manhood can never from principle sever,
And not worst its conditions in life.
Not yet should we better the soul or its charter
To fan flames of wild discord and strife.
In all that is human between man and woman
Let justice and harmony reign;
While sister and brother shall each of the other
Have no cause to rebuke or complain.
Though 'tis human to err, we may safely aver
That Divine it may be to forgive.
And wholesomeled emotion suggests true devotion
To a life we should all aim to live
And Oh! CARRIER DOVE, on thy mission of love,
Let thy pinions be outspread afar;
That the good and the wise may yet herald the rise
Of true Freedom's magnificent star.
May the Church and the State their high purpose await,
And give man his just status and place.
May their forces combine to count women in line,
And help save our good name from disgrace.
Tho' not in our power in the course of an hour
To complete the redemption of man,
Yet the work may progress if we merit possess,
And strive to do the best that we can.
For the right shall yet rule in the world's leading school,
And the minions of error succumb,
While the truths we hold dear shall in triumph appear
And the tyrants of earth be found dumb.
Notwithstanding the charge against mankind at large,
That our race is all bonded in sin,
We have facts now in store that will show evermore
That good deeds of all kinds are akin,
By true life and action assembled from faction,
The whole world as we find it we take.
But in all that we do, in the course we pursue,
Let us aim to be up and awake.
If by act, word or deed, we can hope to succeed,
To have better conditions in hand.
We must seek for the cause under nature's great laws,
Which can place such results at command
Then the creeds of the past and the dogmas at last,
Must give place to the line of true thought;
While titled profession must yield to possession,
The rich boon which true reason hath wrought.
Old theology spurns such science as turns
A quick ear unto data that's plain;
Hence often we find many teachers quite blind,
And grave errors seem bound to sustain.
As we mortals assign to emotions divine,
We may better conditions acquire:
If we strive to amend we shall doubtless ascend
In the scale of an honest desire
When our forms now in trust shall have mouldered in dust
The spirit unencumbered can weave,
And the peace that we share in the life "over there"
May depend on what earthlife may prove.
If we are but sincere as our acts may appear
On the day books of Infinite Grace,
There is no debit at all but to come and to all
Due credit will be given in place.
If we fail to do right under freedom and light,
And impose on our neighbor a wrong,
Then the verdict will sure be bound long to endure
And our misery tend to prolong.
But if with good intent we see cause to relent,
And atone for the wrong that we've done,
As sure then as we live will our neighbor forgive
And rejoice at the victory won
If our talent and strength be the measure at length
Which we wield at humanity's call,
The world will soon better and thus will be debtor
For the good that we vouchsafe to all
So then let us render by words free and tender
Many thanks that so justly are due
To all moulders of mind for the good of mankind,
And the deeds that are worthy and true
Let the DOVE from the ark of our great ocean bark
Sally forth in the search of dry land;
And like Ararat's brow let this pageant prove now
A grand emblem forever to stand.
So then onward in line let our forces combine,
With our pole-star well fixed and defined;
Let all discord subside while in works we abide
For the peace and sole good of mankind.

San Francisco, Oct. 24, 1891. W. B.

Your Good Will Find You Out.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."
Ah, yes, perhaps, but just as sure
Is good to follow on your track,
To gain some day upon your steps,
That past, then flash a radiance back
To brighten all your after way.

Though, blinded by the gath'ring tears,
You may not know it as your own,
That good you did and then forgot,
The weary feet that follow yours
Are safer that it was your lot
To beat the unused path for them.

Life holds of sunshine more than shade
And more of right than evil things.
Some blessed day, if now or then,
If here or there, we cannot tell,
The good we do will come again,
Some blessed day will find us out. *Lupah.*

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - NOVEMBER, 1891

"To the Spiritualists of the United States"

The address under this head, printed on page 311, was sent to this office in proof furnished by the secretary of "The Better Way Publishing Company," who, in an accompanying note, says:

"While we are heartily in accord and predict a successful outcome we were in no wise the originator or author of the movement or plan; we simply agreed, on its publication, to join in an earnest effort to make it a success. The author will always remain, as he has ever been, a private in the ranks."

The proposition to hold a convention is a good one, but the unrestricted invitation (extended to all members of Spiritual societies and even to subscribers for Spiritual journals) does not seem to be what the occasion demands. A mass meeting, such as proposed, would not be *representative* of any body but the persons composing it, nor of anything except the personal ideas of those in attendance; and (judging by the closing suggestion) the members of the convention are not expected nor desired to discuss principles or to present their own views. They are requested in advance to become willing instruments for carrying out the plan of the originators of the convention. It is quite unnecessary to say that no independent, self-respecting Spiritualist will submit to anything of the kind. If this is the spirit of "a private in the ranks" what would be his demands if he were to become an officer? Such assumption is simply amusing. It is quite too absurd for serious consideration.

But, it may be said, this "private" does not want Spiritualists to agree to anything objectionable. Ah! that's the most objectionable part of it; when reformers can tone themselves down so there is nothing objectionable in their demands, their kind of "reform" is not worthy the name claimed for it; and when people avowing themselves Spiritualists disavow the possession of any distinctive principles apart from the mass of mankind, their Spiritualism isn't worth considering. That appears to be the case with those who put forth this address, "To the Spiritualists of the United States." Here are the propositions:

1. That "there is no death."

All Christians and many who are not Christians believe that.

2. "That the soul is immortal and progressive."

Excepting materialists and agnostics, *who disputes this proposition?*

3. "That spirit return is an accepted fact."

Of course it is a fact accepted by all Spiritualists, by some scientists, and by a large majority of well-informed people, but the mere acknowledgment of this scientific fact does not entitle one to the name of Spiritualist.

4. "That individual moral responsibility is recognized."

Is there any intelligent and sane person who does not recognize such responsibility? And does such recognition constitute one a Spiritualist?

The October issue of the DOVE contained a platform of principles put forth by Dr. Dean Clarke, as inspired by spirits who not long since were active workers under the Spiritual banner in the struggle for the establishment of truth and justice on earth. The synopsis of Spiritualism put forth by them means something. The cardinal principles are embraced in thirteen propositions so clearly expressed that there can be no dispute as to their meaning whether there be to their acceptance or not. They were not given as an ultimatum, to be accepted without discussion, but as suggestions for careful consideration, and they are well worthy of the attention they ask.

Mr. Clarke contemplates first the formation of local societies; second, of state and national organizations, and ultimately of a universal Spiritual Brotherhood. He would begin at the foundation, so that the superstructure may have something to rest upon; but our nameless "private" would at once construct a national edifice of self-appointed material bound together by a few "glittering generalities," and with no "constituency" to sustain it. True, the constituency is expected to be the entire people—all who recognize "individual moral responsibility." But why should such ally themselves with Spiritualists any more than with church people? And suppose they did, would they add strength? The projector of this "plan," if such it may be called, evidently believes in the efficacy of large bodies. It may be well to remind him that numbers alone do not constitute strength; quality is quite as essential as quantity.

In this issue the reader will also find some suggestions on organization made by the spirit guides of J. Frank Baxter. The editor of the DOVE prints them under the heading "Here is Something Practical." [Page 317] They are from spirit sources, and have the true ring. Dean Clarke's "cardinal principles" are also from spirit sources, and are worthy of their reputed authors. There is no conflict between these two, but the manifesto put forth by a "private in the ranks" is evident's the production of some one who desires to "make Spiritualism respectable," and to bring within its pale a large number of the world's people, not by fitting them for our company, but by extending the limits of Spiritualism for their reception. The barriers that now fence them out are to be removed and the mob invited to enter.

Great detriment comes to Spiritualism from the fact that it is not well defined. Almost every vagary of the human mind which can not be readily classified is called Spiritualistic. Cranks of all kinds and frauds of all degrees help to give character to what is popularly known as Spiritualism. Swindlers advertise in its name, speak and write under what they assume to be its sanction, and avow sentiments as diverse as are the various people who utter them—all under the name of Spiritualism.

A fixed creed is not desirable, but for the ultimate spread of Spiritualism it would be much better to have limitations laid down with strictness than to continue in this disorganized condition and permit Spiritualism to be saddled with all the absurdities that irresponsible writers, speakers, healers and mediums choose to put forth in its name. Restrictions which would cut off one-half of the people now calling themselves Spiritualists, though temporarily reducing the numbers, would increase the influence of Spiritualism, and its future growth would be far more rapid and in every way more satisfactory than has been its past.

Correcting proof requires more care even than the original writing, so true is it that "one error leads to another." On page 303 (a little below the middle) *interest* was changed to *interests*, but by neglecting to change the verb in the next line the sentence was made worse than before. Considering the many thousands of little bits of metal used in each issue, perhaps one should be thankful that the errors are not more numerous than they are.

Some people are actually unable to comprehend how any one who differs from them can be entitled to any respect.

How to Get Up in the World

If you want to be loved, appreciated, and praised by everybody, have scores of dear friends—have money flow into your pockets in a continual stream—in fact, get rich, be happy, enjoy life, "get up in the world"—*start a Spiritual paper*. There is nothing like it to insure success. Spiritualists are so united, so fraternal, they think so much alike, and all want to do so much for "our beloved cause," our "glorious philosophy," that they make the path of the Spiritualist editor a flower-strewn way, leading through ambrosial meadows where the sweetness and brightness of summer skies and blooms, summer birds and breezes, make life one melodious, rapturous dream from the moment a seat is taken in the editorial chair with the desire to become the inspired instrument through which angels voice their love for poor humanity. Ah, what a blissful existence! what an enviable fate!

Of course, there are "Straight" Spiritualists, "Christian" Spiritualists, "Liberal" Spiritualists, "Sun Angel Order of Light" Spiritualists, "Theosophical" Spiritualists, "Mental Science" Spiritualists, "Materialization Seance" Spiritualists, "Phenomenal" Spiritualists, "Religious and Philosophical" Spiritualists, "Progressive" Spiritualists; and Heaven only knows how many other and divergent views are entertained by this united fraternity.

Now it can be seen at a glance what an easy and pleasant task the Spiritualistic editor has to please each and all of the "brotherhood." Every person who subscribes for a Spiritual paper expects to find his or her particular ideas advanced in its columns. The Christian, or Bible Spiritualist cannot endure to read an article from the pen of a Liberal Spiritualist. "Such infidel doctrines are a disgrace to the paper," they say. The Liberal Spiritualist reads an article by the Christain Spiritualist, and throws down the paper in disgust, exclaiming, "Such a lot of stuff and nonsense! Way the writer has not got out of the church yet. I had enough preaching in my early life, and do not propose to pay for a paper that is not more liberal and progressive." Then the Skeptical Spiritualist, who weighs evidence and sifts everything to discover the truth, reads some wonderful account of marvelous phenomena and says, "What a credulous fool that editor must be to allow such a report of that humbug to appear in a Spiritual paper. Everybody knows that medium is a fraud;" and forthwith he writes that he wants the paper stopped, as he "will not support a journal that exaggerates and misrepresents, and advertises an exposed humbug." Then the Credulous Spiritualist, the one who accepts all phases of phenomena—imitations and all—as coming from the "dear angels," reads a criticism, written by the skeptic, of some of the manifestations witnessed at seances which had the appearance of being fraudulent, and immediately his angry passions rise and the editor is denounced for permitting his columns to be desecrated by reports from "fraud-hunters" to the injury of "poor persecuted mediums." He stops the paper, saying, he "has no farther use for such a slanderous sheet." Then the Straight Spiritualist picks up the paper and reads something from the Theosophist entitled "Recollections of Former Incarnations," wherein the writer describes previous lives in which he figured as a priest, poet, slave, king, warrior, and other personalities *ad infinitum*. The "Straight" is thoroughly disgusted. He does not want a Theosophical paper; he believes in and wants his Spiritualism straight. "Stop the paper, please."

The Progressive Spiritualist writes an article showing up the wrongs and abuses resulting from the present social system, which legalizes prostitution and condemns and ostracizes the man or woman who dares to obey the higher laws of love engraven upon the heart and soul, but not incorporated in the statutes made by men. The article is given space in the paper. The Conservative Spiritualist reads it and immediately requests his name taken from the subscription list. He writes the editor saying "As long as you published a Spiritual paper I was willing to take it; but since you allow such free-love doctrines to be *openly* expressed I cannot permit it to come into my family, as my wife and children might read it. Such reading is all right for *men*, but women are too weak-minded to grasp and comprehend the social question."

The editor is nonplussed. "What do Spiritualists believe, and what do they want?" he moans in anguish of spirit. Despair seizes him, but, though hopeless, he struggles on until the grim specter Want stares him in the face, then, looking appealingly towards Heaven, he gasps faintly, and dies of starvation.

Spiritualists, Here is Something Practical.

J. Frank Baxter has recently given a series of lectures in Cincinnati, in one of which, as reported in the *Better Way*, we find some practical ideas on organization as follows:

"Spiritualism has accomplished a great deal despite great opposition, above fearful contention, amid discouraging conditions, and notwithstanding the apathy of influential Spiritualists. Spiritualists should be organized, but care should be taken not to attempt any organization [crystalization] of Spiritualism. Spiritualism can take care of itself. Spiritualists need organization. A National organization is demanded for protection, for respect, for redress, for concert of action, and for more effective promulgation."

Mr. Baxter, after making his argument, closed with a concise summary.

"Let me recapitulate," said he. "what I would have you bear in mind. Spiritualism demands:

"First, a careful consideration of the practical bearings of its teachings.

"Second, a scrupulous discrimination between what it absolutely teaches, and what certain unprincipled, thoughtless, and some lawless advocates assert as its teachings.

"Third, the establishment of naturally recorded facts, the exact truth in accordance with the facts, and a sacred devotion to everything principle.

"Fourth, a true manhood or womanhood for the part of each individual Spiritualist, and especially so if a medium.

"Fifth, a strict account ability from each for all he deeds done and thoughts entertained, since an equal responsibility naturally obtains with each human soul.

"Sixth, a pure platform, not only exemplified in its teachings, but in the lives and character of its teachers and that, too, whether they be free-will, inspirational or trance instruments, yes, whether they be mortals or spirits.

"Seventh, a just and sure protection of mediumship, and unqualified renunciation and denunciation of all known charlatanry, mountebankism, and fraud perpetrated in its sacred name.

"Eighth, the establishment of training rooms for children, of enquiry-rooms for the young and mentally growing of all ages, Lyceums for friendly disputation and debate, and halls or houses of its own for lectures and illustration.

"Ninth, not only individual effort, but co-operative action, from a harmonious brotherhood and sisterhood, that it may not only attract the attention of a part, but command the admiration and respect which are justly due from all."

"The Spirit World, Its Inhabitants, Nature and Philosophy," by Eugene Crowell, M. D. The second edition of this book, Colby and Rich, publishers, is now ready. An idea of its contents will be given to the readers of the CARRIER DOVE next month. It is sufficient here to say that the subject treated is one concerning which there is very great difference of opinion, and the "information" purporting to come through spirit sources since the advent of Modern Spiritualism has not lessened the diversity of views. It is an interesting study, to say the least, and while listening to the contradictory accounts received, it is well to seriously inquire, What does *Nature* teach? The book is offered by the *Religio Philosophical Journal* as a premium for each new subscriber.

A Psychical Congress.

The Chicago directory of the World's Columbian Exposition decided some time since that, to make the exposition complete, the wonderful achievements of the age in physical and psychical science, literature, education, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, religion, and other departments of human activity should be conspicuously displayed as the most effective means of increasing the fraternity, progress, prosperity, and peace of mankind. Accordly a series of world's congresses was proposed, to be held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition. To promote the success of such congresses, the World's Congress Auxiliary was organized with the following named general officers: President, Thomas B. Bryan; treasurer, Lyman J. Gage; secretary, Benjamin Butterworth.

The Directory of the World's Columbian Exposition has undertaken to provide suitable places for meeting for the proposed World's Congresses,and to that end has taken action with the Art Institute of Chicago for the erection of a permanent Memorial Art Palace, with a suitable auditorium for large conventions, and smaller rooms for committees.

The number of congresses to be held is quite large, embracing, as they will, such a variety of objects, but none of them are of more interest to Spiritualists and the world generally, than the proposed Psychical Congress. The committee selected to make all necessary arragements is as follows: John C. Bundy, chairman; Professsor Elliott Coues, Ph. D., M. D., vice-chairman; Lyman J. Gage, Ernest E. Crepin, Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Professor A. Reeves Jackson, M. D., and D. H. Lamberson. Mr. Bunday says: "The gentleman composing the committee have all had experience in psychical research, all are in full sympathy with the central claim of Spiritualism and a majority, have had convincing demonstrations of the continuity of life and spirit manifestation. The several members have been appointed by President Bonney by the advice of Mr. Bundy, who in making the selection had in view the special qualifications of each individual. Care has been exercised to select men who hold truth above all partisan or demonstrational ties; who, while zealously guarding the interests of all that pertains to psychical scieuce and spirit manifestation, will act with judicial fairness in every particular."

The members of the committee, with one exception, are residents of Chicago, selected from that locality on account of their ability to take active part in committee work; but they will be assisted by an advisory council to be hereafter selected from the most capable and best fitted men and women throughout this country and Europe. The chairman of the committee says: "The general purpose of the Psychical Congress will be to promote research in psychics and rational consideration of cognate themes; the separation of fact from fiction, and the statement in scientific form of facts duly established and the principles logically deducible there, from. It is the intention of the committee that the work of the congress shall be practical rather than theoretical." Mr Bundy confidently relies upon the support of that large body of intelligent Spiritualists who are so thoroughly grounded in their knowledge of spirit manifestation that they are fearless in courting investigation and eliminating all that is doubtful; and he believes that the proposed congress will do much to advance the interests of psychical science, and to disseminate knowledge of and confidence in a future life.

J. B. Hayford, editor of *The Sentinel*, Laramie City, Wyoming, reviews the working of woman suffrage there for twenty-two years, and sums up the matter as follows: "The women of Wyoming prize as highly and as generally exercise the right of suffrage as the men do. Their numbers, and political power and influence are steadily increasing, and they are now prominently taken into account by the politicians in conventions and in making up the tickets. Women are rather less bound by partisan ties than men, and are more influenced by moral and personal considerations."

The Poor Get What They Earn.

Senator Stanford was severly criticised by Rev. J. B. Silox, of the Congregational church, Sacramento, in the course of a sermon Sunday, November 1st. Here is an extract from the newspaper report:

You will hear men say, as I heard the President of Palo Alto University say the other night, that "people get what they earn;" that "if people are poor it is because they have earned their poverty." A more damnable lie than that was never uttered. . . . The awful condition of the people in the poor districts of London came from low wages, high rent, poisoned air and lack of education and religion. Low wages produce intemperance, and intemperance brings poverty and irreligion.

There is considerable truth in that, but the reverend critic might have brought the illustration much nearer home. He need not have gone to London. Hundreds, it not thousands of poor men in California owe their poverty directly to the oppression of the railroad company of which Mr. Stanford is a director and large stockholder. The action of the railroad magnates has amounted in many cases to actual robbery, all the profits on produce being demanded as the price for carrying it to market. The acknowledged rule in the establishment of rates is to put on "all the traffic will bear." This rule is unblushingly admitted by railroad men to be the standard for fixing rates. In principle it is not one whit better than the highwayman's demand, "Your money or your life!" Wherever an industry has been built up on low rates of transportation freights have been raised until the railroad company had secured nearly all the margin of price over cost of production. What better is this than robbery? The result has been that in California this year hundreds of tons of fruit and vegetables have been left to rot on the ground because of the cruel exactions of Mr. Stanford and his fellow-robbers, yet he has the audacity to say that "people get what they earn." If he had what he has earned he would today occupy a place of less prominence and far less comfort than the one he holds in the United States Senate. And yet Stanford is the very best of that quartette of railroad robbers who have made California infamous.

Dr N. F. Ravlin

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists are still favored with the ministrations of Dr. N. F. Ravlin, who lectures every Sunday morning and evening at Washington Hall. The subjects discussed by this speaker embrace a broad range of thought and touch the vital questions of the day in no uncertain manner. The views expressed are always progressive, liberal, and practical. They appeal not only to the hearts and affections of the people, but also to their best judgment and good sense. Dr Ravlin is no milk-and-water conservative upon the great reform questions that are agitating the minds of thinkers. He is fearless, outspoken and radical—the champion of the oppressed, the friend of humanity. Spiritualists should support such speakers and not allow them to faint by the wayside, overcome with the burdens and stresses of their material environments, but keep their hands uplifted, their families provided for and themselves sustained and encouraged.

Wake Up!

We recently offered a set of the memoirs, either of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, McClellan, or Lee, in their respective original editions, in connection with a year's subscription to the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and a year's subscription to this paper, for $6.00.

Thousands of orders have already been received by the publishers of the *Cosmopolitan*, so that if our friends wish to avail themselves of this extraordinary opportunity, they must wake up. No such offer has ever before been made to the reading public, and it is doubtful if it will over be duplicated.

If you wish to see the magazine, send postal card request for a free sample copy to the Cosmopolitan Publishing Company, Madison Square, New York city. See offer in another column.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Are coming, and I propose to give the readers of the CARRIER DOVE the difference between the wholesale and retail prices (with exception of costs) of my publications, until January 1st. The books were written to be read, and to be read they must be sold. The sales have been so large and the support given me, even from the first announcement made asking for subscriptions, so generous, that I am now able to share this generosity with those who may desire to purchase. The books are all neatly bound, and are excellent holiday gifts.

"RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE." *By Hudson Tuttle.*—The past has been the Age of the Gods and the Religion of Pain, the present is the Age of Man and the Religion of Joy. Not servile trust in the Gods, but knowledge of the laws of the world, belief in the divinity of man and his eternal progress toward perfection is the foundation of the RELIGION OF MAN and the system of ETHICS as treated in this work. 320 pages. Price $1.50; reduced to $1.00.

"STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE." *By Hudson Tuttle.*—This work essays to unmize and explain the vast array of facts in Spiritualism and the border land between spirit and matter. It is the first attempt to systemetize this field of science. 292 pages. Price $1.25, reduced to $1.00.

"FROM SOUL TO SOUL." *By Emma Rood Tuttle.*—This volume contains the best poems of the author, and some of her most popular songs with the music by eminent composers. 225 pages, elegantly printed and bound, with engraving of the author. Price $1.50, reduced to $1.00.

"HOW ELSIE SAVED THE BABY. A STORY OF THE CONEMAUGH FLOOD OF 1889." *By Emma Rood Tuttle.*—Tablet form, heavy card paper, beautifully illuminated cover, 11 pages, price, post-paid, 50 cents, reduced to 25 cents.

"TIGER STRIPES OF THEOLOGICAL DESPOTISM." *By Hudson Tuttle.*—An eight page tract on the ever pressing questions of "Sunday Laws" and "God in the Constitution." Price 5 cents, $2.00 per hundred.

"THE PSYCHOGRAPH, OR DIAL PLANCHETTE," an improvement on the instrument used by Prof. Robert Hare in his investigations in the early days of Spiritualism. Of especial value in the home circle, as giving messages with a less degree of mediumship than even the famous Planchette. Price, with full directions for use, $1.00 post paid.

Any book sent on receipt of price, post paid, all for $4.25, or with the Psychograph for $5.75 post paid. Address

HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

The Freethinkers' Magazine for 1892.

This well known magazine commences its fifth volume in January, and with improved prospects for usefulness. It is to be enlarged to eighty pages, and will appear favorably with the best magazines of the country. Each number will contain a fine front ispiece, consisting of a good likeness of some distinguished Freethinker. The publishers set forth the prospects for 1892 as follows:

"Everything that it is possible to do to make the magazine interesting, instructive, scientific, philosophical and beautiful will be done. It will voice the best thoughts of this age. No subject will be tabooed that relates to the interests of humanity. As heretofore, it will give every person a hearing who has something to say and knows how to say it. It will be a publication that no Materialist, Agnostic, Free Religionist, Spiritualist, Liberal Christian or Progressive thinker of any school of thought can afford to do without, and one that every orthodox minister and orthodox church member ought to read. It will be the oldest and most liberal and progressive magazine ever before issued in this country."

Subscription price, invariably in advance, $2.00. Single numbers 25 cents. Club of five, $8.00 each. Address, Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.

GENERAL GRANT'S MEMOIRS.

Original $7.00 Edition for Less Than Nothing.

No book, excepting the Bible, has ever had such a sale in the United States as General Grant's Memoirs. 650,000 copies have already gone into the homes of the rich, but the subscription price of $7.00 has placed it beyond the reach of people in moderate circumstances. We will send you General Grant's Memoirs, publisher's original edition, best paper, cloth, green and gold binding, hitherto sold by subscription at $7.00, together with the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* illustrated one year and the CARRIER DOVE one year,

ALL FOR SIX DOLLARS,

the books and magazines to be sent to you postpaid. This is less than the original price of General Grant's Memoirs alone, and is less than half the usual price of the books and magazines.

This offer is not only for new subscribers of the DOVE but to all who will at once renew their subscriptions, and send $6.00 instead of $2.50. By so doing you not only receive Grant's Memoirs, but you get the DOVE at less than its regular price, and the *Cosmopolitan*, the brightest of the great illustrated monthlies, itself equal to the best $4.00 magazine.

The *Cosmopolitan* has grown from 16,000 to 100,000 in less than three years under the present management. No magazine is to-day more popular or more thoroughly in touch with the times in its selection of subjects. Giving 1536 pages annually by the best known writers of the world, with over 1200 illustrations, it is certainly the cheapest literature known. The *Cosmopolitan* is enabled to make this offer because of the purchase of 100,000 volumes at a price which even publishers would deem impossible, and with the idea of running up its circulation to half a million copies. By contract with the *Cosmopolitan* we are enabled to offer our readers a share in the low price obtained through the largest purchase of books ever made in the history of the world. If you have Grant's books the *Cosmopolitan*'s offer will permit you to take instead, either one of the following:

GEN. SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS, 2 vols., sold by subscription for $5.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S MEMOIRS, 2 vols., sold by subscription for $6.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S MEMOIRS, sold by subscription for $4.75.

All of these are bound in cloth, green and gold, in uniform style with Grant's Memoirs.

The Cosmopolitan for November.

As the time approaches for the World's Fair, great interest is taken in the marvellous City of the Lakes. The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has devoted twenty-eight pages of the November number to a most interesting article upon Chicago from the pen of the famous novelist, Col. Charles King. Count Jacassy, who spent some time on the ground for that purpose, and Harry Fenn have illustrated the most charming features of the city by twenty-eight sketches.

An article on Alkali Farming in this number, is by John Brisben Walker, who, gives much valuable information in regard to the irrigation and curing of the wonderful plant.

General Sherman's letters to his daughter, written from the field during the war, are perhaps the most valuable contribution that has yet been made to the literature of the war. Judge Tourgee furnishes a charming story called "An Outing with the Queen of Hearts." Louise Chandler Moulton, Commander Crowningshield and ex-Postmaster-General James are among the other contributors. C. Osborne Ward, whose book "The Ancien: Lowly" last year excited much attention, gives an article in the November *Cosmopolitan* on the "Massacres of the Roman Amphitheatre," and the article is illustrated by drawings from famous paintings, covering pages of history which will hold the reader's closest attention. (Cosmopolitan Publishing Co., Madison Square, New York. Price 25 cents.)

Dove Notes.

Death is but the waking from a dream called Life.

Florence K. Rich, trance medium, of Boston, is in Los Angeles, to remain during the winter.

Moses and Mattie Hull have been speaking in Minnesota cities. She will be in Chicago in January and he in St. Louis.

Mrs. Melissa Miller is at 83 Salem street, Malden, Mass., under medical treatment. A letter from her was received too late for this issue.

Carrie C. Van Duzee, inspirational speaker, will start for Oregon in March, expecting afterwards to come to California. Her address is Geneva, Ohio.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger spent the month of October in Duluth, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn. The Minnesota newspapers report favorably. He spends November in St. Louis.

Luther R. Marsh, of New York, has abandoned the practice of law, and will devote the remainder of his life to lecturing on Spiritualism. He is about to make a western tour. Being a man of wealth, he can, if he chooses, do pioneer work.

An article from Mr. Thomas Buckman, Marshfield, Oregon, on "The Origin of Thought" was received after the matter for this issue had been put in type. If anything prevents its publication it will be its length—thirty pages of manuscript—but perhaps it is susceptible of division.

Mrs. Mary Pettengell, of Cleveland, Ohio, visited a Spiritual Campmeeting in July, where she "made light" of some things that she heard, whereupon she was told by a medium, as a test, that a death would soon occur suddenly in her own family. In the latter part of August Charles Pettengell, aged 22 years, a son of the lady, was murdered at Fort Collins, Colorado.

The meetings of Mrs. Logan, at 908½ Market Street, Sunday at 11 o'clock, continue of interest, though the attendance is not large. "The Circle of Harmony" is an appropriate name for them. Investigators and mediums seeking further development are made to feel at home and at ease in this charmed circle, and consequently the best in each is drawn out for the benefit of all.

E. W. Gould, commenting on Dr. Dean Clarke's platform of principles, says: "A far shorter and less comprehensive creed, or declaration of principles, must be submitted for consideration in order to secure general approval." The proposed declaration can be made as short as seems requisite after Mr. Gould or any other person has pointed out the falsity or weakness of any of the propositions.

The powder mill explosion, which occurred at Clipper Gap on the 5th of November was predicted by M. C. Gee, a medium of this city, while visiting friends at Clipper Gap in October. A prediction Gee had previously made (that the proprietor of the Clipper Gap box factory would have two fingers cut off by the machinery having come true, some of the powder-makers left the mill, and the people threatened to mob Gee. Several lives were saved by his predictions.

Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan has left Boston for Kansas City, Mo. He had a farewell reception before his departure, attended by many warm friends. Appreciative letters from others were read. The Professor explained some of his latest electrical discoveries and displayed a number of electrodes, a 400-pound magnet, and a powerful galvanic battery. A current of magnetism was diffused through the circle, and recognized as a powerful, soothing, hygienic agent. Currents of medical electricity were diffused, some producing lively stimulation and animation, others producing soothing and healing influences.

A. W. S. Rothermel, now in Kansas City, Mo., is gradually working his way west, and expects to be in California in a month or two.

W. J. Colville speaks on each Sunday of November in Adelphi Hall, New York, in the morning, and in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, in the afternoon.

A "Spiritual and Liberal Research Society" has just been organized in Duluth, Minn. Lecturers and mediums intending to visit Duluth will do well to write to R. C. Mitchell, Secretary.

The prizes offered by by J. L. Morse for the best three essays on the origin and objects of the Children's Progressive Lyceum were awarded to Jenny Pamperin, Ella Lincoln and May Walters, One or more of them will be published in the December Dove.

To make the child happy while it is developing and being educated is the high mission of *The Kindergarten Magazine*. One of its objects is to help the mothers, and for 1891-92 it will have a special department and course of practical papers for this purpose. (Kindergarten Publishing Company, 277 Madison St., Chicago.)

The *Lyceum Banner*, J. J. Morse editor, Liverpool, England, has completed its first volume, and gives evidence of permanency. The editor says: "Orders have increased in numbers, and our circulation shows no signs of weakness. We hope to see it considerably increased during the coming year. The editors receive no pay for their labors. They only ask that the *Banner* may be made self-supporting."

"Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" A book bearing this significant title, being the experiences of Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard, was received from the publisher too late for extended notice in this issue. From a cursory glance of the volume, we judge it to be of great interest. It is illustrated, and well worth the price, $1.50. Orders may be left at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE.

A new phase of slate-writing is exhibited by F. M. Donovan, a medium of Wichita, Kansas. The sitter furnishes his own slates, nailed and sealed together, with nothing between them except a flower or piece of colored paper, and in broad daylight in the presence of any number of people, in an incredibly short time, the insides of both slates are covered with writing in the colors of whatever is placed between them, and signed with the name of some departed friend of the sitter.

A letter from Mattie Hull, dated Duluth, Minn., October 23, says: "On Wednesday evening Elder Hastings, by request of the Christians, delivered a discourse against Spiritualism. Moses attended (400 persons present) and last night he replied. The Unitarian church was filled and the side doors were opened and one hundred extra chairs were brought in, and a hundred or more stood. We are grateful that the work has been a success." They had crowded houses during their entire stay. They both promised to return in March. They went to St. Paul a few days after, and expect to go from there to St. Louis, thence to Chicago.

On Thursday evening of each week Mr. Ben Barney gives psychometric readings at 111 Larkin street to large and delighted audiences. Many of his tests are remarkable, and nearly all are acknowledged as correct. Mrs. Barney (and sometimes Miss Eva) assists with the music. Once each month a musical and dramatic entertainment is given, followed by psychometric readings. These have been highly successful in point of merit and not discouraging in amount of receipts. That given October 29 yielded about $8 over expenses. An excellent class of people attend Mr. Barney's meetings, and the same may be said of those presided over by Mrs. Voy. The fact is, the investigators of Spiritualism are above the average of what is called good society.

Mrs. E. B. Crossette is at present speaking in Riverside and San Bernardino. Her lectures are much appreciated and the psychometric readings are correct.

Mrs. Hendee is actively engaged in her Spiritual work as a medium and healer. Her powers remain strong and satisfactory to all who consult her either for sittings or treating. Strangers visiting the city and desiring to consult a reliable medium would do well to call upon Mrs. Hendee at 667 Minna St., corner of Eighth.

The lectures given by Mr. N. F. Ravlin in Washington Hall are worthy of much larger audiences, and to extend their usefulness the DOVE will hereafter publish a brief synopsis of each given during the month. Mr. Ravlin has been repeatedly invited to furnish an epitome of his discourses, but he declines to report his own lectures.

John Slater has been employed by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists during the past month to give tests at the close of Mr. Ravlin's address on Sunday mornings. These tests have always been very satisfactory and convincing, for John stands unequalled as a platform test-medium on the Pacific Coast. His Sunday evening meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall are thronged by hundreds of eager seekers after light from the other shore.

Mr. S. M. Tucker of Wichita, Kansas, writes that a medium in that city can get spirit photographs under conditions that render fraud impossible. The person desiring a picture selects his own operator, and sits for his picture in the usual way; all the medium does is to place his hand upon the top of the camera while the exposure is made. In nearly all cases there is found upon the plate from one to four figures beside that of the sitter, and in a large majority of cases the likenesses are recognized as deceased friends of the sitter. The medium's name is F. M. Donovan

A year ago W. F. Argo, arrested for burglary, hanged himself in his cell in the Marin county jail at San Rafael. Since then many prisoners have complained of hearing noises in the jail at night, but the sheriff has been unable to ascertain their cause, although his watchmen also heard the noises. Recently a prisoner named Henry Baker, to escape from further confinement, pleaded guilty to a charge of murder, when the probability was that the verdict, at most, would have been manslaughter if he had awaited his trial. On being asked his reason for pleading guilty under such circumstances, he said: "Every night, about eleven o'clock, I have been awakened by noises of heavy weights dropping on the concrete floors, the rattling of chains, the slamming of the iron doors and the steady tramp, tramp of some invisible spook This thing became unbearable to me, and had I not pleaded guilty I would have been insane before my trial was over."

The Riverside *Enterprise* gives an account of one of a series of parlor lectures given in that city by Mrs. E. B. Crossette The lectures are somewhat conversational, the evenings being devoted mainly to answering questions and replying to suggestions advanced by the "class." The *Enterprise* says: "The questions asked were discussed in a scholarly way, and from the standpoint of one who professed to see both sides of the shield, and they embraced subjects material to the welfare of humanity. The speaker took the ground that whatever improves the material welfare of the human family, necessarily contributes to a better spiritual and moral condition, and that upon the surroundings of the individual, progress must necessarily depend The subjects embraced the Farmers' Alliance, Edison and his discoveries, etc. The question whether Edison is aided in his efforts for the welfare of humanity by spirits of an advanced order, was answered in the affirmative. Mrs. Crossette's lectures will be continued for a time at the residence of Dr. Jennie Williams on Orange Street

In the last four months New York has reported twenty suicides occurring in that city as the result of poverty; men and women unable to get employment, who preferred ending their own lives to begging.

Mrs. Kate Kahn, one of our most reliable mediums, has gone to Chicago to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. John Sherman formerly of this city. We hope the friends in that city will extend to our sister a fraternal welcome, as she is known, loved and respected by a large circle of friends upon the Pacific Coast as an honest conscientious medium and a refined intelligent lady.

The editor of the DOVE received recently a Psychometric Reading from Prof. Severance of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It was correct in every particular so friends who desire to know her well declare. If the editor herself were to express an opinion she might say it was "too good to be true," but she will not say anything about it except to recommend all who desire to follow the advice of the Grecian philosopher "Know Thyself"—to write to Prof. Severance for a delineation of character, and learn just what all wish to know concerning themselves See the Professor's advertisment on another page.

Eutrat Terebbs is the name of a little fortnightly paper published at 101 Fifteenth street, San Francisco, by H. C. B. Cowell and Clara Dixon Davidson It is small in size, but great in honest, outspoken, original thought The short articles are in excellent English, plain, simple, and yet poetical. C. D. D., by the way is a poetess, and each number yet issued contains a little poem by her. The longest article in the second issue, which would possibly make a page of the DOVE, is a prose poem by H. C. B. C., entitled "In the Mist"—a series of pictures in which Truth is told in allegory. Truth is not always palatable, but as here prepared it is swallowed before the partaker is fully aware of what the dish is composed When the nature of it is understood the sensation produced depends entirely on the reader himself. Truth ever remains the same, no matter what we think of it

The Wednesday evening meetings at 111 Larkin street continue interesting and instructive. That of October 21st was especially excellent It was opened by Mrs. Dunham, followed with a very earnest and sensible address by Mrs. Sloper; an interesting personal experience by James Battersby, and a good little speech by Mrs James. The meeting of October 28 was opened by Dr Dean Clarke on some of the absurdities of Theosophy, followed by Prof. Henri Fairweather in mild reply and several thrilling songs, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Fairweather. Then circles were formed and tests given by Mrs. Sloper, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Place, Mrs. Haley and Mrs. Smith November 4, Prof. Fairweather gave a lecture, the lesson of which was "be faithful to your ideal," The discourse included several very fine pieces of music. Mrs. Place and Mrs. Waite followed with platform tests

Dr. Schlesinger, writing from St. Paul, Minn., October 29, gives an account of the loss of his gold spectacles, taken by a visitor who, on the plea of poverty, had a free sitting. Needing his glasses very much, after two days' search for the thief, he was about to purchase a new pair, when his guides told him not to do it; that he would soon recover his spectacles. Having no confidence in the promise, he went to an optician to buy a pair, when he found the thief in the store with the glasses in her hand, about to offer them for sale. He not only recovered his glasses, but the woman paid him two dollars for her sitting, taking the money from a pocket-book containing several $5 and $10 bills, showing that she did not steal from the pressure of poverty, but from a mania for theft. The doctor says he will have more confidence in his guides hereafter. He thinks the woman will be benefitted by a kind moral lecture the guides gave her after her confession.

Henri and Wilfrida Fairweather.

The reform element of San Francisco, the lovers of music, and especially Spiritualists, are delighted to greet the sweet singer and orator, Henri Fairweather, who with his no less worthy wife will hold reform meetings in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday afternoon until further notice. It is hoped they will remain in the city a month or more. Their first public meeting was held in Washington Hall, November 1st., greatly to the delight of the audience. The entertainment was unique consisting of solos by the professor, with piano accompaniments by Mrs. F., and short addresses by both—alternate outpourings of melody and argument, inspiring and instructive. The subject was the People's Party platform, but the speeches embraced the general rights of humanity. Two brief addresses by Mrs. Fairweather were very effective, being pictures of real life,—pictures of the past,—of Roman magnificence and poverty; of Egyptian splendor and slavery—and yet so closely connected with our own time, our own experience, that the lessons could not fail to come home to the heart of each one present. Mrs. F. is as poetical in her treatment of the hard facts of the past and the struggles of the present as her husband is musical in his rendering of political platforms and his appeals to the humanity and sense of justice of his hearers. May the highest success attend the labors of both.

The second "concert lecture" will be given in Washington Hall, November 8; the third, and succeeding ones in the Temple on Fifth street.

Protecting His Rights.

Dr. J. Simms has commenced suit against Mary Stanton and her associates, claiming damages for infringement of copyright of Dr. Simms' works. Dr. Simms is the author of several books on physiognomy and hygiene, among them "Nature's Revelations of Character of the Mental, Moral and Volitive Dispositions of Mankind as Manifest in the Human Form and Countenance," "Nature's Revelations of Character, or Physiognomy Illustrated," "Health and Character, with Directions for Their Improvement." All his works are protected by copyright. The passages found in Mrs. Stanton's book which are similar to those in Dr. Simms' works fill seven large volumes of type-script. A bill in equity has been filed in the United States Circuit Court asking relief against Mary Olmstead Stanton, the Argonaut Publishing Company, Frank M. Pixley, and the San Francisco News Company. The asks that the defendants be restrained from publishing or circulating the works of Mrs. Stanton and for damages for infringement of copyright. The Argonaut Publishing Company is made a defendent because it printed her book in 1881 and because of the articles in the *Argonaut* in 1884. Mr. Pixley is sued because he is a stockholder of the Argonaut Publishing Company, editor of the *Argonaut* and advanced Mrs. Stanton money to publish her first book. The San Francisco News Company is joined as defendant because it published and circulated the book issued in 1881.

Of Interest to Everybody.

No matter whether you believe there is any truth in Spiritualism or not; no matter whether you have ever had an opportunity of investigating its phenomena or not, yet if you are in the habit of thinking and reasoning for yourself, you cannot fail to be deeply interested in and greatly instructed by the lectures of that profound thinker and scholar and that most able speaker, Moses Hull, at Turner hall at 10:30 tomorrow morning, and at the Odd Fellows hall at 7:30 in the evening. On both of these occasions Dr. Schlesinger, the noted test medium, will give some more tests similar to those which he has given during the past ten days, and which have so astonished and interested a large number of the most intelligent ladies and gentlemen of this city.—*Duluth Herald*, Oct. 18.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Some of the workers of the Lyceum would like to see the groups better filled than they are, and continue to hope that other methods may be pursued to attain that end. So wise a system of education should be extended, and a greater number of persons brought in bonds of sympathy; yet such as do attend experience much of the happiness for which the Lyceum was designed. Just now we are preparing for the holiday presents which are usually distributed in December to the younger members. Some of the friends of the Lyceum have made generous gifts to its funds, and the November entertainment will be set aside for the providing of holiday presents. To increase this fund it has been thought best to exact an admission fee from all who attend on the last Saturday of November, including all members except those who are engaged in the performances or on committees. The complimentary tickets were abolished by the same members some time ago. In anticipation of the January election for officers, by a vote of some of the officers and leaders present a few Sundays ago, it was decided to issue certificates to members who should be permitted to vote for officers, and these certificates are to be issued by vote of the leaders' meetings three months prior to the election, so that no member can vote who has not procured a certificate prior to October 1st.

Case for the Psychical Society.

The following is a dispatch from Luverne, Minn: "Mrs. Mary Murray Eggleston is a beautiful woman of twenty-two years, residing in the township of Springwater, Rice County, Minn. Her home is a typical farm home. Her husband, Alfred Eggleston, is kind and loving. Her two little girls are interesting and amiable. The mother is blessed with a splendid physique and good general health, yet with all these blessings a terrible cloud hangs over her life, as she is a somnambulist or a type that perplexes the medical men who have examined her case. For three years past she has been a most phenomenal sleeper, her sleeps lasting from three to five days at a time, during which, with eyes closed, she does marvelous things in the way of needle and fancy work, in paper wreaths and leather flowers, assorting and arranging colors with the nicety of true art. She will retire to rest and fall asleep in a perfectly natural manner, and soon thereafter will arise, though sound asleep, and with closed eyes, in a dark room, will make articles requiring the most delicate and skilful work. Many of these articles are on exhibition in this city. She will remain in this condition for several days, and when she awakens has no recollection of what has occurred during her trance. These troubles are exceedingly trying on her strength, and she is usually exhausted when she awakens. Of late the sleeps are of shorter duration, but of more frequent occurrence. She converses loudly when in the trances, and although one of the most amiable of ladies when awake, she is at these times petulant. No means of awakening her have as yet been devised, vigorous shaking, pinchings and shower baths having no effect whatever. She is exceedingly sensitive in regard to her affliction, and reluctant to take medical advice."

The worst harlots are not they who sell their bodies for bread, but they who, with prayer book in their hands, sell their souls for jewels and gold.

J. H. White, one of the organizers of the Farmers' Alliance, has returned from Lassen county, but will be "on the wing" again soon.

The concluding portion of the notice of W. C. Owen's last book, "The Economics of Herbert Spencer," set up for this number, is unavoidably crowded out. It will appear next month.

Correspondence.

From Dr. Dean Clarke

Napa, Nov. 5, 91.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:-I came here Sunday evening to try the experiment of speaking again, and succeeded so much to the satisfaction of my audience that they re-engaged me for next Sunday. But the effort was quite exhausting, and it is problematic whether I shall be able to continue my old vocation. Quite an interest in our philosophy has been aroused here, and a few energetic women and men are anxious to continue public meetings. Were I physically able, I could soon awaken a general interest among an intelligent people, who have become drowsy on old theological opiates.

What I can do now remains to be determined, but rest assured I shall fail only for want of physical power. My Spiritual strength was never greater than last Sunday. I shall return next week. DEAN CLARK

Letter From Martha L Wright

DEAR DOVE.—This morning I was delighted when reading the "tidings of great joy" the DOVE had to bring away up on the mountain in regard to organizing among the scattered forces of Spiritualists in general. I have realized the splendid power of Theosophists, their aggressiveness, and am pleased the Spiritualists are waking up to use their weapons of truth—forces that is simply sublime in its simplicity. It needs no unaccountable mystery upon which to build its foundation. Christian Science and Theosophy are alike in crushing the finer instincts of the heart, in the endeavor to reach the something so "grand" they cannot explain, what it is, it is so mysterious-ly veiled. Occasionally one or two order comes this way, and they always have a fanatical influence on the people, but their kind of talk could never lead me into their ranks.

William E. Coleman is doing a good work exposing the founders of Theosophy, and Dr. Dean Clark and Mr. Keeler are true leaders in a movement so necessary.

RENO, Oct 24, 1891 MARTHA L. WRIGHT

Oakland Spiritualists.

TO THE EDITOR. I would like to have you mention in your paper that we have organized a new society to be known as the Mission Spiritual Society with the following officers:—

John Thompson, Pres.; Mr. Carson, Treas.; and K. Thompson, Secretary. The Society held its first meeting on Sunday afternoon Oct. 4th, at Native Sons' Hall, which proved a grand success.

The president opened the meeting with a few remarks, followed by Dr. A. K. Mc Sorley, who gave the invocation; and after that many of the friends gave their experiences, and told how they became Spiritualists. In the evening Mrs. S. Cowles, the well-known and popular medium of East Oakland, gave some wonderful tests, all of which were immediately recognized. Mrs. Kingsley and daughter rendered excellent music. We expect to do some grand work this winter. K. THOMPSON.

Oakland, Nov. 2, 1891.

EDITOR DOVE:—The new society formed in Oakland is a success in every way. Our regular meetings are all well attended and on last Sunday afternoon we had a very interesting meeting, having many excellent test mediums and speakers on the rostrum. In the evening Mrs. Harland of San Francisco delivered a splendid lecture on Spiritualism, and gave some tests. The members of the society are jubilant. All mediums are cordially invited to come and see us. We meet at Native Sons' Hall, 918 Washington Street, Oakland, Cal.

K. THOMPSON, Sec. Mission Spiritual Society

Organization.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE.—The matter of a National Organization of Spiritualists appears to be vibrating in the spiritual atmosphere, and I am sanguine that something can now be effected. For some time past visions have been shown to me illustrative of the coming together of Spiritualists upon a platform of principles, and I have been tempted to draft a foundation upon which all true Spiritualists could stand, but upon receiving the last CARRIER DOVE I find that Dr. Dean Clarke has gone ahead and done the work in good shape, and a great deal better than I could. The only addition I would make, I would place at the close of the first clause of the "Cardinal Principles" the following:

But the vastness of the visible universe precludes any idea of a personal being that we can ever become acquainted with who is adapted sufficiently powerful to govern and move the great machinery.

This would give some idea why we cannot accept the doctrine of a personal God. Of course I do not insist on this, or anything like it, if it is thought objectionable in any way, and would only be too glad to enlist under the platform as it is. What is now wanted is, for local societies to discuss the subject, and canvass the matter of calling a national convention where, if possible, a platform of principles may be established upon which the Spiritualists of the world can stand. It would give character and strength to our now scattered forces.

Marshfield, Oregon. THOMAS BUCKMAN

Spiritualism in Los Angeles.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—From city of the angels is becoming a head center of Spiritual manifestations. W. C. Bowman, the silver-tongued orator of North Carolina, has been for two months speaking most acceptably to the true Science of Spiritualism here. Dr. J. M. Peebles, of world wide fame, has given tests from the platform at the close of these Sunday evening addresses. The Doctor is a fine test medium, and gives them at meetings at the Washington House on Spring Street.

Mrs. Eleanor K. Rich, of Boston, is a recent arrival. She needs no introduction to those who know her. Those who do not will do well to go to her circle at the Alhambra.

Among the many good test mediums we have a wonderful psychometric and trance medium—Mrs. M. White, corner of Second and Los Angeles streets. Mrs. White has been recently developed as a psychometrist. I have thoroughly tested her in this phase of mediumship, and find that her psychometric power is very great.

She can analyze the character and traits surrounding persons from whom articles are brought to her, but depicts their mental, moral and physical conditions, their hopes, fears and aspirations, with the result of their endeavors in life. Any article connected with the magnetism of an individual may be sent in a sealed envelope, and the reading will be perfect. I have tested her in this phase of mediumship, and find that her psychometric power is very great.

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Mrs. N. D. Miller, the materializing and slate writing medium, is favorably mentioned in Dr. Watson's *Spiritual Harvest*, as also here doing good work for the cause.

The indications are that the spirit forces are concentrating here in great power. This is doubtless owing to the equable condition of the atmosphere, for spirits, like mortals, are subject to conditions.

The State convention of the Pacific Alliance and Industrial Union recently held in this city was a grand success. Believing that all reforms which look to the uplifting of humanity are inaugurated and carried on by progressed and advanced spirits, the mention of this convention is not inappropriate in this connection. A clergyman in this city was on the platform on Sunday and in glowing words called down the anathemas of the church upon the heads of those who were engaged in the movement. The hope of the world, in its present state of political corruption lies in the united efforts of the grand and good here and in spirit-life. Let us then work with them for the uplifting of humanity.

Los Angeles, Nov. 1st. MARY A. WHITE.

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Lenora Herron, of Dedham, has been appointed to the position of librarian of Hampton College, Virginia.

The domestic science department of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn N. Y., has about 1200 women enrolled as students.

The Cornell School of Law has enrolled Mrs. Mary Kennedy Brown, a graduate of Wellesley and a young widow, as one of its students.

In London the number of women on school boards increases, and this year twelve women have been elected in eleven different districts.

A Mexican woman who is said to be 105 years old has filed her final entry for 160 acres of land in Stanislaus County, Cal. She is hale and hearty and the mother of twenty-five children.

The ladies upon the Missouri State Board of Commissioners for the World's Fair have asked for $25,000 of the appropriation made by the Legislature, to be applied in the women's departments.

Miss E. H. Lothrop, for two years past a teacher in the Oxford, O., College for women, takes the instructorship of mathematics at Oberlin College left vacant by the death of Professor Stanley.

Pauline Lucca, Madame Modjeska and Rose Coghlan are all said to be devoted to rural life, and Madame Modjeska's ranch in California, where she raises grapes and cattle, is especially successful.

Mrs. Emily Verdery-Battey, for nearly twenty years on the staff of the New York *Sun*, has opened a "Woman's Bureau of Journalism and Literature," at 30 West Sixty-first street, New York City.

Work has been begun on Clark Hall, the main college building for the Cleveland College for women, a department of Western Reserve University. Last year the whole number of students was forty-five.

A number of Ventura young ladies have pledged themselves not to dance with any young man whose breath is tainted by liquor, or allow any young man to call upon them who drinks even a glass of beer.

Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, the author of "A Girl in the Karpathians," assumed the dress of a boy on her travels through the regions her book describes. Miss Dowie is under twenty-one years of age and made her journey without companions.

In 1872 Sarah Bernhardt's salary at the Odeon was only $400 per month. For each of the last ten years her average earnings have been $60,000, and for the last five $100,000. She has received during the last twenty-five years $1,000,000, to which sum her present comparatively short engagement will add $400,000.

The Princess of Monaco, who has at last prevailed upon her husband to close the gambling establishments in his principality so soon as the leases expire, is said to have decided to convert the magnificent building and grounds at Monte Carlo, where so many lives have been wrecked, into a hospital for consumptives.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who is well known by her works of benevolence, is between eighty and ninety years of age. She is the eldest of the three daughters of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody. One of her sisters married Horace Mann; the other was the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Miss Peabody lives in Boston and possesses a wonderful fund of reminiscence of noted New Englanders.

The Association for the Advancement of Women at its recent meeting in Grand Rapids, Mich., elected Julia Ward Howe President for the coming year. Jennie A. Froiseth of Utah, and Ellen C. Sargent of California are among the Vice-Presidents. The congress closed with a symposium on the subject of "Man," that personage being handled severely by numerous witty speakers.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, whose golden wedding celebration took place recently, is said to resemble her half-brother Henry Ward Beecher, very closely. She has seldom failed to speak before the Legislature of Connecticut when woman suffrage or temperance has been on the tapis. She is one of the woman managers of the Chicago World's Fair, and shows no abatement in vigor, despite her advanced age. She is a Spiritualist.

[The following items are selected mainly from the colums of *Womankind*, an eight-page weekly published in Springfield, Ohio, at $1. per year.]

A woman jewelry drummer is the latest novelty.

A woman in St. John, N. B., is at the head of the ice trade at that place.

Eighty-one per cent of all public school teachers in the country are women.

Some Western young women are finding a new way of earning a living by riding race horses.

Annie B. Saunders keeps a paint shop in 8th avenue, New York, and makes a good living at the business.

The curator of the Proctor Memorial Observatory at San Diego, Cal.., will be Mrs. Proctor, the astronomer's widow.

Five thousand girls employed at a lace factory in Venice, under the patronage of the Queen of Italy, receive seven cents a day.

The experiment of employing women in government positions is about to be tried in the republic of San Salvador, Central America.

The Eighteenth Annual Convention of the National W. C. T. U. will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., Nov. 13 to 18 inclusive.

A girl of eighteen years, the daughter of a sea captain, recently navigated her father's ship when he and all the crew were down with yellow fever.

A woman clerk at Washington has a hot-house, and last year she sold 100,000 violets. She thinks of resigning and becoming a florist.

Mrs. Perugini, second daughter of Charles Dickens, paints children's portraits and is now making a series of sketches for an English magazine.

Gibraltar's postoffice, with branches in several Moorish towns, is looked after by a woman, Miss Cresswell, who receives a salary of $2,800 a year.

Miss Lizzie E. D. Thayer, the train dispatcher of the New London Northern Railroad, is the only woman in the country who holds such a position.

Miss Florence E. Soule, a recent graduate of Wellsley College, has received the appointment of a teacher of Greek in the high school, and supervisor of music in the common schools at Mankato, Minn.

In the kingdom of Corea women not only choose and divorce their husbands, but practice a form of polygamy common nowhere else in the world, every woman being entitled to ten or five husbands.

An English lady of high medical rank, L. R. Cooke, has set out for Seoul, the capital of the Corea, to open a hospital for women and children in connection with the missionary station there.

Captain Mary Miller, who has proved herself a thorough sailor and steamboater during the past seven years, on the Mississippi, as captain and pilot, now seeks an appointment as a lighthouse-keeper.

Four women writers share in the honors awarded by the Institute of France this year: Mlle. Marcel, novelist; Mme. Jules Samson, educational writer; Mlle. Miran, poetess; and Mme. Carette, biographical and historical essayist.

There are now one hundred and twenty women in the Berlin telephone exchanges. It has been decided to employ only women in the future, as their voices are much more audible than men's, owing to the higher pitch.

Miss Enid Yandell, of Louisville, Kentucky, the sculptor to whom was awarded the contract of decorating the Women's Building at the Exposition, has completed the clay models of two principal figures which are said to be very satisfactory.

In the last rush for homesteads in Oklahoma was a company of young women from Guthrie. They were mounted on Texas ponies and were attired in cowboy costumes, armed with revolvers and equipped for camping out. They settled on adjoining claims.

Nellie Cashman, a young woman of twenty, is a mining expert in Arizona. Nine years ago she went from Kansas to Tuscon, and there, working with her brothers in the mines, she became wonderfully expert in judging ore. Her judgment is so good that the oldest and most experienced mining experts are governed by it.

Miss Florence Hartley, the court reporter in Wichita, Kansas, has a commodious office in the new Court House, with flowers, pictures, and other feminine surroundings. At the trial of an important case six years ago she took the place of a man who had to give up, and she has held the office ever since.

MUSIC.

We have just received a large assortment of new music from the celebrated composer, Prof. C. P. Longley, of Boston. These songs have a handsome lithographic title page, representing a symbolical spiritual scene, also very good likenesses of Prof. and Mrs. Longley. We will sell any of these beautiful sheets of music for 30 cents per copy, or send by mail for 35 cents. Plain title pages 25 cents. The following is the list of songs.

MUSIC FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

LITHOGRAPHIC TITLE PAGE.

Mother's Love Purest and Best.
Back from the Silver Land.
Your Darling is not Sleeping.
What shall be my Angel Name.
Vacant stands Her Chair.
Love's Golden Chain.
Ever I'll Remember Thee.
We'll All be Gathered Home.
Sweet Summer Land Roses.
All are Waiting Over There.
Echoes from Beyond the Veil.
Gentle Words and Loving Hearts.
I Love to Think of the Old Times.
Glad that We're Living Here To-day.
There are Homes Over There.
They'll Welcome Us Home To-morrow.
Open Those Pearly Gates of Light.
The Angel Kissed Me Once.
We will Meet You in the Morning.
Little Brother's Gone to Rest.
On the Mountains of Light.
Open the Gates Beautiful World.

PLAIN TITLE PAGE.

We'll All meet Again in the Morning Land.
When troubles come Gather Home.
We'll All be Gathered Home.
All are Waiting Over There.
Open Those Pearly Gates of Light.
They'll Welcome Us Home To-morrow.
Mother's Love Purest and Best.
The Angel Kissed Me.
I Love to Think of the Old Times.
There Are Homes Over There.
Only a thin Veil Between Us.

"Echoes from an Angel's Lyre." A collection of new and beautiful songs, with music and chorus, in book form, by the well known Composer, C. P. Longley. The book is nicely gotten up, printed on fine paper, standard size, and bound in boards. And is made indeed by a finely executed title page, a symbolical picture of scenes soon departed to Mr. Longley by the Angel Band, like Dr. S. B. Britton many years ago. The work contains twelve choice and original pieces, three of which have appeared in print. Its contents are as follows:

"Only a Thin Veil between Us."
"There are Homes Over There."
"Mother's Love Purest and Best."
"Open those Pearly Gates of Light."
"They'll Welcome Us Home To-morrow."
"All are Waiting Over There."
"On the Mountains of Light."
"In Heaven We'll Know Our Own."
"Gladness We're Living Here To-day."
"We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land."
"The Angel Kissed Me."
"We'll All be Gathered Home."

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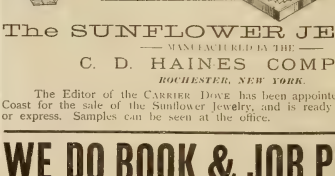

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Mrs F C. Treadwell

Has ever a lady been more in the world before the public than Elizabeth Blackwell of New York, now in London, there to practice medicine. Both were pioneers in a profession from which women had been arbitrarily excluded, both were early moved to their great work by the wrongs and sufferings of women, both fought their way single handed against the combined mind and the narrow misconception of women, and both have come out victorious, beyond dispute, the capacity of women to wield the implements of the highest trained of professional skill, and even to surpass men in some of the endearing, enduring and peculiar application.

Mrs. Treadwell was born in Wayne county, New York, and at an early age one of that spirit of freedom and intelligence which so carried her through a career of those trying, embryotic days to success in a grand and noble profession can be appreciated.

At seventeen she went from home to attend her widowed sister and to pursue the coveted course of a woman to win the child's mountain, position and honor in the comprehensive life, an ambition tolerated as it is by no means universally accomplished.

In 1850 eighteen months was spent in Cleveland, Ohio, and was soon established in the country by a large dressmaking establishment of that place. Her business of dressmaking, millinery, and women's and children's underwear, at that time, upon a scale unheard among women in the country, has, each year and decade, grown more and more. It was left to women, the right women, upon a woman's enterprise to organize millinery and dressmaking establishments in competition with those already conducted by women. Your chart of Cleveland opened a dressmaking department which broke up the long established custom. Mrs. Treadwell's house established and the success proved their trained business minds, the necessity of and the appreciation of labor in order to working to the new impetus of a greatly enhanced salaries. Her young mind grasped the situation and realized the necessity of invading the enemy's camp in order to explain the misconception of remunerative labor. Her tastes and habits had led her from an early age to take a deep interest in practical surgery, and her brief years as dressmaker had only augmented her desire to the calling of surgeon of that city had been open and women, her home would be established. Nothing daunted she walked to the medical college of dentistry and followed out her calling.

A year and a half's course in had not only implemented, it gave the student and the faculty reason to honor her. Dr. Treadwell, then Miss Hoxie, was appointed her to a dentist and operative class to dental faculty and under their supervision, to operate her last years. She did not stop with the work very readily, and in her sympathy and her interest in the unfortunate. Doctor, I will go to the operation in the hospital with the Dispensary patients." So Dr. Newton says he had to the honors of the important day of graduation to the faculty of surgery and the slightly modified to the commencement which Dr. Treadwell subsequently ordered. I appeal to mere women's rights which he appeared in remarkable article in behalf of women.

While in Cleveland two women dentists—Drs. Wells and Hamilton—came to that city and established an office. Dr. Hamilton had been a student of Dr. Blackwell's, and had graduated from the medical college of Cleveland, and had been appointed by the faculty to the chair of physiology. Dr. Hamilton was assisted for obtaining a woman's examination in the same college. But while the matter was under the jurisdiction of public opinion is bound, some one had to time, and so it was in her case.

Dr. Hamilton, with her usual determination and still further encouraged by the word of counsel that was encouraging began to practice. Her office was on the corner of the streets from door to door, and with a gentle determination succeeded in winning many patients to her office. She plunged her wardrobe, as necessary, to pursue the requisite tools and implements. In this manner she succeeded in obtaining such an interest to open an office in that town, where she remained for a short time with decided success.

After practicing for a year in her professional career for three years, she then opened an office in Delaware City. She remained there for a short time with decided success. Dr. Hamilton, who was a student of Dr. Blackwell's, and had graduated from the medical college of Cleveland, had been appointed by the faculty to the chair of physiology. Dr. Hamilton was assisted for obtaining a woman's examination in the same college. But while the matter was under the jurisdiction of public opinion is bound, some one had to time, and so it was in her case.

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CHAPTER XIII.

"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

On their second visit to the rooms of Mrs. Bailey, Myra Strong and her friend found things more comfortable. The injured woman had rested a little through the night; there was a warm fire in the stove; the children had been washed and fed, and the aspect of the place generally had improved. The visitors brought clothing for the children, skirts and jackets contributed by friends to whom they had told the sad story of destitution; and some shoes and stockings which they had purchased. Neighbors had been up to inquire about the sufferer, and Jane Teddy Evans had offered to do any chores or errands that needed to be done. Little Mrs. Lane had carried the news of the accident to Louise Mountain, and that young lady had promptly engaged Teddy's mother to tend and wait on the sick woman, which was a kindness to both, for the money she thus earned was sorely needed by Mrs. Evans, and the care she bestowed was truly a comfort to Mrs. Bailey and her little ones. When the doctor came he examined the patient more thoroughly, and pronounced her severely, though not fatally injured. "She ought to be in the hospital," he said, but with good care she might recover where she was. A bed with clean fittings was prepared in a corner of the larger room to which the patient was removed, and a little cot, with a new mattrass of clean straw and warm and neat coverings, was placed in the tiny room for the little girls. "You ought to see those babies; they are the cunningest little midgets. Both have light hair and blue eyes, and if they weren't so pale and thin they would be real beauties. It's amusing to see how motherly the five-year-old puts her arm 'round the smallest tot and cares for her. I don't suppose you could induce the mother to part with one of 'em for a mint of gold, and it would be a pity to separate them, that's a fact. But if they were adopted by some good family, and brought up in the way they should be, away from tenement life and all that, what a blessing it would be for them. Say, Charlie, won't you go with me and see the little things?"

She was a roly-poly sort of woman hers if, with fluffy blonde hair and shining blue eyes, this May Thorne of whom we have heard her friend and former schoolmate speak. Her husband was a tall, dark-whiskered, dark eyed fellow, good natured, slow motioned, and less voluble than his chatty wife. He was a bookkeeper in an adjoining town, to and from which he daily traveled by rail. He earned a good salary in a clothing house that had not been seriously affected by the labor disturbances.

Thorne and his wife had been married five years and had no children, but they seemed to be contented with their lot, if one could judge by the air of happiness they wore and by the atmosphere of peace and comfort in their bright little home. "Oh, nonsense, May! what's the use of my going with you on your tenement house tramping?" slowly replied the husband to his wife's impetuous speech. "You know I have no time through the week, and Sundays I like to spend at home with you and my books. No, little girl, go and do what you can for these folks, if it pleases you, but don't ask me to join you. I'm glad you are helping the woman and her babies; that's Christian-like; but I don't know about you or any one else putting bread in the mouths of those people who have made so so much trouble in the shops.

"Now, Charlie, just stop!" closing his mouth with her own rosy lips. "I don't help any one to live that don't deserve to be kept alive. It's not their fault that work is dull and money scarce; and I'm sure the wives and children suffer enough any way."

"Well, my child, do as you like; you will anyhow, I reckon, so I give in; only don't do anything rash; such, for instance, as adopting those two babies you tell me of, or the whole family of some one else. I couldn't stand that, you know."

She laughed, and promised, and he left her for his daily work, for it was at the breakfast table they had just conversed; but the after noon of that same day, May Thorne, on her round of visits, found another poor family whose condition seemed so shockingly destitute that she vowed her husband should go and see for himself. This time, a helpless father, in the person of John Lane, discharged from the hospital as incurable, and yet as one likely to live for years, and who could not be kept indefinitely in that institution, had been conveyed to his home where his young wife, with her babe of a few months, stitched and stitched in order to earn a few cents of needed money. The fire department paid her rent and would continue to do a little in that line in their behalf; but here was the once strong and healthy young man stricken down as with a plague, and in a moment robbed of his vitality and power, only to become a wreck whose shrunken lower limbs revealed the story of his fate. They were very poor and not one of Abel Sawyer's heirs had given even a thought to the suffering family; and yet it had been while working to save the life and the goods of the old man that this fate had fallen upon John Lane.

"Ye had better let him and his old mill burn," said the young wife bitterly. "He's dead, anyhow, and 'twas all for nothing that ye worked."

"It is hard; God knows it is hard," sighed the crippled man; "but I did what I knew was right; I stuck to my post, lass, and I've nothing to be sorry for in that way."

And so they found them, May and her husband, one Sabbath morning as the ringing church bells pealed out loud and clear upon the sunny air. How she had induced the unwilling man to accompany her it is not necessary to relate, but she had accomplished it and here they were at the top of an old rookery of a house where John Lane and his wife and babe found a home. They had had nothing to eat that morning but a crust of bread. There was no money in the house and but a meager fire burned in the grate

"We are forgotten by God and man," the wife had told herself, not daring to whisper her forebodings to her husband, whose contorted features revealed the pain he bore. No one had visited them for three days and she could get no work that week to do. Even h sold companions had not sent to see how he was; and as for his brother Marcus, John had not heard anything of him for days. No wonder the sight that met the eyes of Charles Thorne as he stood within the little room seemed more terrible to him than to his wife, who had grown accustomed to scenes of misery and want. Just as they seated themselves a small boy, not more than eight years old, came climbing up the stairs and panting into the room, holding a tin pail in his hands.

"Here, Aunt Sarah," he called, "mother sent yer this wid her love. It's some fresh soup; she says it'll do you an' uncle John good, an' yer must eat it right off while it's hot. Mum says she'd 'er been 'round ter see yer last night, but she didn't git home till 'twas too late, an' father didn't come a tall, so she's goin' ter look him up now. Can't stop, 'cause she told me, mum did, ter git right back. Better eat yer soup while it's hot."

That was the oldest son of Marcus Lane, a bright little lad, and the knight-errant and pride of his poor, hard-working mother. Not pausing for any further remark, he dashed out

of the room and down the stairs, shouting as he went, "Good-bye, mum will be in ter see yer after a while."

"I wish you would do as the boy said, and take that soup while it is hot; it will warm you both up. I know it is good by its appetizing steam," said Mrs Thorne, who suspected that the couple had had but little food that day. "Mr. Thorne and I will amuse ourselves with the baby while you eat," taking the child from its mother's lap, and turning with it toward her husband, who was looking from the dingy, window into the court below. Two bowls and spoons were hastily produced from the cupboard, and the savory soup was poured into them. It did the visitors good to see how the food warmed and cheered the hearts and faces of the two who ate, bringing them up under its inspiring influence as flowers are revived by the moisture and sunlight after a chilly night. They staid an hour talking with and encouraging the poverty stricken pair, and when he left, the pocket of Charles Thorne was somewhat lightened of his weekly pay. Then his wife coaxed him to just step in and see Mrs Baily on their way home, and so he did, finding the sick woman bolstered up in bed, with lame Ted Evans reading to her from an old book, and the two little girls playing quietly in the corner.

"Mother has run over home to see to things," Ted explained. "She said Mrs. Baily was all fixed for the day, and I'd better come over till she gets back to see that the children don't get into trouble. She'll be in soon if you'll kindly wait." And just then Mrs. Evans did come, and her son hurried off, but the visitors only tarried a few minutes.

"That's enough for one day," said Charles, as he and his wife left the squalid quarters of the poor. "Let's get home where we can breathe. Heavens! what a shame for human beings to be pent up so! The churches are filled, I suppose with God-fearing and well-satisfied people to-day, while the tenement houses are reeking with misery and despair. Yet those human beings in the slums are just as much God's children as are the more favored ones in the churches. I don't understand it. Anyhow, little girl, I'll never say another word against your philanthropic notions. If you can cast a ray of sunshine into such unhappy hearts, or bring a little comfort to their lives, in God's name do it, when and where you find the way."

That was a long speech for him to make, but he was deeply moved by the poverty he had seen; and yet he had not begun to dream of the sorrows of the poor, with which the world is filled.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALBERT AND LOUISE. MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DISPOSES.

"I know it is not the best way to really help these people, Albert. To give them bread and coals when they are able-bodied and well enough to work seems hardly good for them. But what can we do? There is no employment to be had. I think it would be much better to pay these poor people for some service rendered than to bestow simple charity upon them, because I find that those who earn what they have are happier and more self respecting, and even more respectful as a rule to others, than are those who receive without yielding an equivalent of some kind, so I am trying to divide my work among the poor in such way as will prove to be the best for them. I am paying Mrs. Evans for attending to her injured neighbor, Mrs. Bailey. I have Mrs. Lane come here twice a week to do odd chores, and I see that she is not only paid in money, but also that she takes a supply of food home to her children; and there are one or two other needy women who are engaged upon my sewing. But there are many more who suffer, and who must be assisted. We cannot let them starve, and so, alms-giving, though an evil in some respects, seems to be a necessary one in this city."

"I admit it, my dear Louise, but I hope to see less need of the evil very soon. The needs of these people, and the injustice that has helped to create the present state of things among the poor, haunt me. I have done my best to interest some of our monied men in this question and to gain their co-operation in some new scheme for the improvement of affairs. I am now in a fair way to do this. Your father has at last promised that when we return from our trip to New York, he will join with me in a new business enterprise, provided I can get two other responsible men to share it with us."

"I am very glad to hear that. Papa has repeatedly said that he was too old to engage in active life again. But that is not so, he has energy and shrewdness, and forethought, that I am sure a younger man would not disdain. Have you matured any plans?" I am sure they are wise ones if you have."

I thank you for your assurance, love; my plans are to invest two thirds of my estate in a sinking fund for business purposes, if I can persuade others to do the same, your father will use a large share of his capital with me, but it is to be invested in your name. I have talked with our two wealthy townsmen, Wesson and Aimes, and they seem inclined to go in with us. "Wesson, you know, is a bachelor, with no near kindred to care for, and Aimes has provided for his two children, so he can use his surplus as he likes. I am to meet with them this evening, as Aimes did not return from New York till yesterday, and Wesson has to start away on business. I hope to win them entirely over at that interview. Now that your father has decided, I think I shall have no difficulty with them."

"I am glad you are so hopeful, dear, and my best wishes and prayers will go with you. I had counted on your attendance at church this evening, but perhaps you will be doing a higher work in pleading with these men to engage in some plan of helpfulness for the poor, than you would even at divine service. I presume papa will be with you, but I will go in the carriage. James is a good coachman, and I will do very well."

"But for this promised meeting I would be only too glad to attend you. In a very little while I trust to be in a position to attend you all your life. In two weeks more, sweet cousin, you will be my cherished wife, and home-bird. God willing, we shall walk hand in hand, trying to do His work unitedly together, with but one heart, and one purpose, and one will to use our gifts according to His behest."

Her eyes were moistened, but a sweet smile rested upon her lips at her lover's words.

"You wished to know of our plans," continued Albert Mountain. "Uncle thinks the spring will bring a revival in business throughout the country. Indeed the indications do point that way. He also believes that we can secure the site of Abel Sawyer's old mill at a reasonable rate, as the heirs wish to settle up the estate as soon as possible. Wesson and Aimes have the largest interest in the milling industry of Albans, so that if we get them it will be an easy matter to deal with the heirs, for the corporation practically consisted of Sawyer and these two men. We shall begin rebuilding at once, erecting substantial and modern buildings with improved methods. This will give work to quite a force of the idlers of this city during the summer months. In the meanwhile we intend to start one of the old mills, and to reengage the hands at advanced wages and under more humanitarian conditions than they have ever labored under before. We shall work upon the distributive plan, and once a year declare a dividend for our help after paying expenses and securing a fourth share of the profits to each partner in the concern. Probably we shall in time form a stock company of our operatives, and make each one a shareholder according to his character and his willingness to work.

"Then I hope to see other branches of industry broaden out in the same line in Albans, and I think that if we can demon-

strate to our monied men that it is practicable, they will take hold of the plan in their own concerns, and so help to make of this place a happy, contented spot for the common people."

Shortly after this the lovers were called to dinner, at which the elder Mountain joined them, and where the future plans of the young couple were discussed. They were to be married quietly in the bride's home, with only a few congenial friends to witness the ceremony, after which they were to start on a fortnight's trip to New York. On their return they would settle down at home with their father, and the business life of the young man would begin, if as he had hoped, the scheme for which he thought and planned could be carried into successful operation.

* * * * *

"Yes, my friends, it is as I tell you. In times of great need the people have to take their lives in their hands and rise to conquer the enemy or to be conquered in the attempt. It is the people who are trampled on and bruised in the dust, while the chariots of the rich ride by! It is the people who are ground into powder by the wheels of oppression that turn out dollars into the coffers of the kings of iron, and wheat and wool, and coal. And bye and bye the people turn, my friends. Yes, the people turn, and they throw over the golden images of the worshippers; they tear down the costly draperies of the money kings; they pull the palaces about the ears of the tyrants, and they make justice for themselves, for they get tired in calling for justice from their masters."

It was "Capt." Wright who spoke these words on that same Sabbath day when May Thorne and her husband visited poor John Lane in his miserable tenement, and when Marcus Lane was sought far and near by his hard-working wife. The same Sabbath day when Albert and Louise planned for the poor and unfortunate, and looked hopefully forward to the near future when something practical would be done in the interests of labor and humanity. Around the speaker were a group of men, a dozen or more, some of whom we have seen before among them Marcus Lane, for whom his wife had made search fully sought. They were seated in the one apartment of an old shanty in the outskirts of the city; the abiding place of Crofts, the particular friend and tool of Wright, and no less a friend and counsellor of Marcus Lane who had spent the night and day at this unsavory haunt.

"But, Captain," interrupted a voice, "worn the people rise again th'ir masters, an' blood is shed, the guilty don't often suffer alone, sometimes the innocent are punished. Is that all right?"

"Yes, it is right when great principles are involved. What is a human life compared to a great ideal. In the time of the French revolution many innocent persons perished at the hands of the populace; but they belonged to the tyrannical brood, and so they had to bear the guilt. Down with the aristocrats! was the cry, and why? because the aristocrats had ground down and enslaved and oppressed the people until the masses could stand it no longer. So the mass arose, and they turned on the blue bloods, and whether those they seized had personally harmed them or not, did not matter. A great principle was involved, and the idea had to be sustained, if innocent blood was shed now and then!"

That night crowds of unkempt men gathered in the streets of Albans. Not all together, but in groups they lounged, whispering to each other and shuffling along as if on some forbidden quest. The sky had clouded over and its appearance betokened a storm; there seemed to be no special attraction to call these people from their lairs, but yet they lounged, seemingly in no hurry to depart. After awhile a group was seen to be moving, and it was noted that it went in the direction of Banker Carlyle's mansion, which before morning was burned to the ground. Another group sauntered off toward the center of town, and there came reports of several robberies during that uneasy night; but the group with which we have to do stationed itself upon the corner of a street just beyond the church where the Mountains attended religious service. At 9 o'clock the meeting closed, and shortly afterward the worshipers dispersed. There was no outbreak nor cry among the foot passengers, and but few noticed the group of five upon the corner opposite. Just, however, as the carriage of the Mountains rolled by, there was a rush and a stir. One of the raiders seized the horses' heads, and another tried to pull the driver from his seat. The horses reared and plunged, while the vehicle swayed to and fro. A third of the miscreants pulled open the carriage door, and with the cry, "Down wid de 'ristercrats,' attempted to seize the frightened girl who sat within. Just then the horses started, knocking down the man who tried to hold them, and dragging the coachman who had been pulled from his seat. Tearing away, the plunging animals went, dashing the carriage about as if it had been made of paper, and flinging Louise from side to side as she vainly tried to brace herself against the seat. It was a wild run, but a short one, as the mettlesome steeds were brought up against a standing wall of the burnt mill, and the carriage was overturned just as the two Mountains, uncle and nephew, appeared upon the scene on their home ward way from the business meeting they had attended.

Hastening forward to learn the cause of the disaster, these gentlemen were appalled to find it was their own vehicle which had been upset, and to discover the unconscious form of their dearest one beneath. A crowd had collected, and the panting but now quieted animals were unfastened and taken away, the carriage lifted, and the insensible girl was borne in the arms of her lover to the nearest house, followed by her almost distracted father and a gentleman friend who had come up with the crowd. An examination proved that Louise had been seriously injured. It was with difficulty that she could be moved, but borne by tender hands and upon the softest of cushions she was taken to her home on the morning following the accident, where she lay upon a bed of pain for many weary months. At times the sufferings of the gentle girl were so endless that it seemed as if the spirit must loosen its hold upon the body, and for days together she would be unconscious of her surroundings, one of the watchful care and loving attention and solicitude of these to whom she was most dear. Days came and went, bringing the looked for date which she had chosen as her bridal morn; but in that house of woe there was no sign of festivity. In a darkened chamber lay the helpless girl unconscious of the passing hours, while below, at a young man, stricken by the weight of a great grief, and an elderly counselor trying to impart to the son he had hoped to gain that day, a little hopeful comfort, while his own heart ached with anxiety and pain, and just beyond, in a little room which Louise had used as her boudoir, spread out upon a silken couch, gleamed a bridal robe of ivory white satin and shimmering lace, that would never adorn a bride.

To be Continued.

Two or three minutes recipes for making a good cup of coffee, but perhaps the most delicious product of the bean can be obtained in this way: Take of freshly ground Java and Mocha, an equal parts, one ounce; pour over it sufficient cold water to thoroughly saturate the coffee, then add the white of one egg, together with the shell—and mix well together. The paste is now put into the coffee pot and boiling water about one quart poured upon it. The pot is then placed over the fire, where it is allowed to boil for about half a minute, after which it is allowed to rest for five minutes. The coffee is then ready. It is clear as crystal, and the addition of a spoonful of thick cream, instead of hot milk, with sugar to the taste, makes a cup of coffee fit for anybody.

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN

CHAPTER X.

In the *Spiritualist*, December 7, 1877, Col. Olcott published at length the views of the Theosophists concerning Spiritualism and its phenomena, in which he says that although in accord with Spiritualists as to the genuineness of mediumship, "the Theosophists "do not consider it beneficial to the individual or to society to indiscriminately encourage mediumship." Physical mediums should, he thinks, be divided into two classes,—those moved by "the spirits of the departed, and those whose occult phenomena are attributable to the agency of their own doubles in concert with other potencies." Man is a trinity; permeating the physical body is an astral body, or soul, and these two are overshadowed by a third,—the divine immortal spirit. At birth the babe is a duality, and becomes a trinity only when reason begins to manifest itself, usually at seven years, sometimes earlier. The man of flesh dies and decays; the astral man or double, or soul, after death either becomes purged for the last traces of earthly grossness, and finally, after inconceivable ages, is reunited to his divine spirit and lives forever as mentals, or, having been completely debased on earth, sinks deeper into matter and is annihilated. Usually the separation of soul and spirit occurs before the bodily death, but there are exceptions to this. The souls of the depraved, bereft of the spirit, wander about the habitations of men obsessing sensitives, to gluttonously drink the gross appetites until their lives burn out, and the solution comes. These are the elementaries. In the effort of Nature to produce her masterpiece, the finest Man, lower astral forms have been evolved; these are the Elementals, over whom man has natural dominion. The perfect initiate has absolute dominion over these material, soulless forces of nature, and with their help can do what are called miracles. The elementals are no more responsible for their actions than the wind, the fire, the flood, than are the forces of the wind, the fire, the flood.

All physical manifestations from rapping to full form materialization, are produced either by elementaries, helped by the elementals, or the souls of the mediums-in action, with or without the help of elementals. Last previous, in this examination, Col. Olcott had stated that physical manifestations were produced either by "the spirits of the departed," or "the double of the medium in certain exceptional potencies." Now he affirms that none of them are due to "the spirits of the departed." "We thoroughly concluded," continues he, "that most of personally adored human spirits are the sublime phases of aspiration prophecy, transcension, and blessed craving. But not in all cases. The medium's soul may be pushed to speak in all these, as may also the elementaries. Judge then how like the others, by its "traits." It is better to eschew both classes more or less except in the light, no phenomena without test conditions, no mediumship save at the mercy of every crude mass begun which has a sovereign to spend."

In the *Spiritualist* of February 8, 1878, pp. 68, 69, Mme. Blavatsky supplements the views of Col. Olcott as expressed above. "Let it not be supposed," said she, "that I or any other real Theosophist, neglects the true Spiritual phenomena or philosophy, or that we do not welcome any communication between pure mortals and pure spirits or between wholesome communication between bad men or bad spirits or between good men with bad spirits under bad conditions. We would not say that all the great and noble souls—all the grand geniuses—the poets, painters, sculptors, musicians—all who have worked at any time for the realization of true, high, ideal conceptions of selfish ends—have been spiritually inspired. Not mediums, as many Spiritualists call them—passive tools in the hands of controlling guides—but incarnate, illuminated souls working consciously in collaboration with the pure disembodied human and new-embodied high planetary spirits, for the elevation and spiritualization of mankind. We believe that everything in material life is most intimately associated with Spiritual processes. As regards psychical phenomena and mediumship, we believe that it is only when the passive medium has given place, or rather, grows into the conscious mediator, that he can discern between spirits good and bad. And we do believe, and know also, that while the incarnate man (though the highest adept) cannot vie in potency with the pure disembodied spirits, who . . have become subjective to the physical senses, yet he can greatly equal, and can far surpass in the way of phenomena, mental or physical, the average "spirit" of modern mediumship. Believing this, you will perceive that we are better Spiritualists, in the true acceptation of the word, than so-called Spiritualists." In the same article, Mme. B. tells us that when the third member of the human trinity, the spiritual body, has been lifted out of the psychical the astral man or soul, it can even then "influence, inspire, and even communicate with men subjectively. it can make itself felt, and even, in those rare instances, when the clairvoyant is perfectly pure and perfectly developed, be seen by the inner eye." We are also informed in this article that not all of the elementaries are annihilated. "There is still a chance for even . . By a supreme struggle these may retain their third and higher principle, and so, though slowly and painfully, yet ascend sphere after sphere, casting off each in transition the previous lower garment, and clothing themselves in more refined spiritual envelopes, until, rid of every finite particle, the trinity merges into the final Nirvana, and becomes a unity—God."

In an extract from a letter of Mme. Blavatsky published in *The Spiritualist*, March 10, 1876, and republished in the same paper January 1, 1878, she says: "When the elementary dies out of our state of existence, he is born into a higher one, and when man dies out of the world of gross matter he is born into one more etherial, so on, from sphere to sphere, man never losing his trinity?"

Mr. Dawson Rogers, F.R.G.S., in *The Spiritualist* of December 1, 1877, p. 277, in view of the fact that Col. Olcott calls the elemental the forces of nature which latter modern science calls modes of energy, says: "the scientific explanation of the elementaries is this 'in them . . ' which we'll the traces the disunderstood the dissolution of their existence and manner of these imaginary beings."

We are informed by Col. Olcott (*The Theosophist*, January, 1886, Supplement, p. lxxxiii), that when the Theosophical Society "was organized in New York, the members had no idea of forming . . a church; they intended to study occultism as presented by Mr. Judge." Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, one of the original founders of the Society, tells, in *Nineteenth Century Miracles*, 1884, p. 438, that "quite early in the movement, one of the officers first appointed made a series of most damaging statements against the . . conduct and character of . . Madame Blavatsky," and that "the chivalric feeling of the newly formed society induced them to suspend the too candid but offending member, swear fealty to the new Psychological Founder, and organize themselves into a . . society, with passwords, signs, and grips, &c., &c., wherein all revelations reports should cease from trembling." From this it would seem that the society became a secret body for the sole purpose of preventing publicity of remarks critical of Mme. Blavatsky's life, actions, and character.

The *Progressive Thinker*, June 15, 1891, publishes the substance of an article in the New York *Recorder*, in which Mr. Henry J. Newton, its first Treasurer, gives an account of the early history of the Theosophical Society. Webster's "Dictionary" defines the word "theosophy" as "attainment of superhuman knowledge concerning God and superior spirits by physical processes," and as this society was organized to study the alleged demonstration, by Mr. Felt, of the existence of the elementary spirits by physical processes, the word "theosophical"

was selected as its name. Mr. Newton tells us that the name was chosen from Webster's "Dictionary" for this reason. This had been evident from the first; as in the Preamble of the Society, printed in 1875, it is stated that its title "explains the objects and desires of its founders. They seek to obtain knowledge of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Power and of the higher spirits by the aid of physical processes." "According to Mr. Newton, there was no other idea in the foundation of the society than the study and investigation by physical tests of processes of so-called psychic phenomena in its physical manifestations." "There is not a word in this original constitution of the original Theosophical Society setting up any claims to present a new religion—nothing about a 'Universal Wisdom Religion,' or a 'Brotherhood of Humanity,' 'or the Study of Aryan and Other Oriental Literature,' or 'Esoteric Buddhism'—the rallying cries of the present society." It is stated in a valuable work called "Theosophy Unveiled," by John Murdock, Ll. D., Madras, 1885, p. 10, that a "Mr. Frederick Thomas had been a prominent member" of the society in New York. "After a time he denounced it as a fraud, and there was a secession of at least some of its members." In an address by Emma Hardinge Britten, published in *The Two Worlds*, Nov. 15, 1889, we are told (p. 1) that when first organized nearly all of the members of the society, including Olcott and H. P. B., were reported to be Spiritualists and acknowledged as such; that "for the several months during which the first members of the society came together, there was not a single idea promulgated of the doctrines now alleged to be the basis of the Theosophists' belief. At the various meetings . . the teachings of the lecturers were all Spiritualistic, and the doctrines discussed were the same. Some hired mediums exhibited the phenomena usual amongst Spiritualists, and no hint was breathed by any parties connected with the society of any other source for those phenomena, than such as is now accepted by Spiritualists . . The society, as founded and conducted in New York, was distasteful to the generality of its members, and after duly paying their fees, finding nothing of interest to reward them and no information to be derived from their continued association, they one after another quietly withdrew, and, . . the society—as originally constituted amongst shrewd-thinking Americans—virtually died out, and was deemed by the majority at least of its original members as defunct." And again, Mrs. Britten remarks as to the early history of the society as follows: "As time passed on, and dull, fruitless meetings succeeded, . . it was evident that the claims of its founders were baseless . . As to the founders (or 'conspirators' as some scrupled not to call them), they had nothing to add to the revelations of 'Art Magic,' then just published . . As no phenomena were forthcoming—as the 'Himalay Mahatmas' had not at that time dawned upon the founder's vivid imagination—although some vague talk of a mysterious brotherhood at Malta served to introduce the idea subsequently formulated into that of Hindoo Mahatmas . . the early Theosophists . . one after another dropped off . . and left the two founders 'alone in their glory.' The said founders, realizing that some 'new departure' was necessary . . proceeded, in the same marked duality in which they had hitherto sustained each other, to exchange the poor New York upper flat lodging for the splendors of a Hindoo bungalow, and a docile following of Hindostanee curiosity hunters. After this change of base having been brought into existence a full corps of 'Mahatmas,' at too great a distance from their own scene of action to be accessible to any prying eyes except in their astral bodies, they carried on a prosperous trade in unpronounceable names—'astral bodies, astral letters, astral shrines, and astral crockery, &c., &c., until in the plenitude of old Hindoo traditions and scraps of antediluvian philosophy they found it expedient to share their wealth of Oriental lore with those European branches whom Carlyle has described in language more plain than recondite, but whom we prefer to call persons somewhat easy of belief [that is, "mostly fools"]." (*Two Worlds*, June 12, 1891, p. 359.)

"In less than two years," says Mr. Newton (*Progressive Thinker*, June 6, 1891), "the society died a natural death. I resigned both my treasurership and membership toward the end of 1877. The by-laws required eleven members to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, but for months before my resignation and up to the time Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott went to Europe, in 1878, not more than three members could be got together, so it was impossible to have any legal business meetings. The society was practically dead and abandoned when I resigned. Nevertheless, on the eve of their departure for America, an article appeared in the *Sun*, stating that Blavatsky and Olcott had been commissioned by the society to go to India and preach theosophy to the Hindoos. This was not true, as there was no society then in existence and no such action at any time appears on its records. . . I believe it [this statement] emanated from Col. Olcott, and was designed simply to screen the real nature of their visit to India. The Russians were then advancing on the Afghan frontier, and it was of great importance that they should have knowledge of the English position and preparations to resist their movement. . . Only a short time before they decided on going, she [Mme. B.] spent the whole evening talking with a member of the Russian Legation here in this house [Mr. Newton's residence]. Col. Olcott was also well fitted for a political mission of this kind. . . It looks as if the religious or philosophical movement, intended at first only as a cloak to their real mission in India, proved such a success that when their services were no longer needed by the Russian Government, they kept up theosophy in India, and afterward started it in England." In an address at Bombay, India, by Col. Olcott, November, 1879, the President Founder said (*Theosophist*, March, 1880, vol. 1, p. 147), that of the thirteen officers and councillors of the society elected Nov. 17, 1875, only three remained,—Olcott, Blavatsky, and W. Q. Judge no doubt. Had Col. Olcott told the whole truth, it is probable that he would have said that when he and H. P. B. left America, the entire Theosophical Society, as regards its legal membership, consisted of barely more than these three. This is confirmed by the fact that it was stated in the New York *World* in 1881 that there were only two Theosophists in America at that time,—this statement being made by one of the two, presumably W. Q. Judge.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan, the discoverer of psychometry, has recently published some reminiscences of his acquaintanceship with Olcott and Blavatsky in 1875. He says that although he never saw the slightest display of psychic power by Mme. B., Col. Olcott assured him that "she could walk out in a pouring rain without an umbrella and come in perfectly dry, not a raindrop having touched her." "In the way of romancing on the one hand, and passive credulity on the other, it would be difficult to find a match for Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott." "When she personally assured me that the vast payment made by France to Germany after her armies had been defeated was not furnished by the wealth of France, but was raised by the power of occult magic, I saw that she was setting out on an unlimited scheme of imposture" (*American Spectator*, June, 1891.) "Her conversation . . was of a bold and reckless type, entirely free from profound or deep sentiments. Scoffing was her habit. . . On one occasion, for example, she said in her brusque way, 'Dr. Buchanan's a very nice man, but he thinks too much of Colonel Christ.' . . The whole Blavatsky movement . . is a wild affair, not to be taken seriously; its author had but little of the serious sentiment of truth." (*American Spectator*, July, 1891.)

Among the modern sects of India is the Arya Samaj, founded by Swami Dayananda Saraswati. He was a reformer of some of the abuses of present-day Hinduism or Brahmanism. He was opposed to idol-worship, he repudiated caste, and advocated female education and widow-marriage, under certain conditions. He regarded the Vedas as divine revelation; with him, what was

not in the Vedas was false or useless, and whatever was in the Vedas was beyond the reach of controversy. He actually believed that everything worth knowing, even the most recent inventions of modern science, railroads, steamboats, etc., were alluded to in the Vedas (See sketch of his life in "Biographical Essays," by Max Mueller. New York, 1884, pp. 162-165. In 1877, says Col Olcott, the design to come to India to live and die there had been stormed in his (Olcott's) mind, and in *The Theosophist*, vol. 1, July, 1882, Extra Supplement, p. 3, he narrates the circumstances attending the transfer of the Theosophical Society from America to India. The Society being practically dead in America, it behooved Blavatsky and Olcott to turn their attention elsewhere if they would save both the society and themselves from oblivion; and of all places India seemed the most promising, if an entrance for them and the society, under favorable auspices, could only be obtained in that land of superstition and debasing occultism. Col. Olcott wrote to Mr. Mulgi Thackersey, a native Hindu whom he had met in 1870, during a steamboat voyage, an account of the society; and asked his co-operation and that of other friends of Aryan religions and philosophies. Mr. Mulgi responded and introduced the Colonel to Mr. Hurrychund Chintamon (Harichandra Chintamani) President of the Arya Samaj. He also spoke of Swami Dayananda Saraswati, "the best Sanskrit scholar, and now traveling through India to teach people the Vedic doctrines in their true light." From this Col. Olcott considered the Swami as a "Yoga-adept, our natural ally, and a fit leader for our members;" and he was assured that the principles of the Theosophical Society were identical with those of the Swami and his Samaj. Accordingly he and H. P. B. "joyfully entertained the proposal for an amalgamation" "I begged the Swami," says Olcott, "to take up the relation of Teacher" to the "members at large" of the society. Feb. 18, 1878, he thus addressed the Swami:

"Venerated Teacher, A number of American and other students who earnestly seek after spiritual knowledge place themselves at your feet, and pray you to enlighten them." The Swami replied April 21, 1878, accepting the position tendered him; and he was then informed by Olcott that at a meeting of the Council of the Theosophical Society (Olcott, H. P. B., and Judge?), it was unanimously resolved that the society accept the proposal of the Arya Samaj of India to unite with itself, and that the title of the society be changed to "The Theosophical Society of the Arya Samaj; Resolved, that the Theosophical Society, for itself and branches in America, Europe and elsewhere, hereby recognize Swami Dayanund Saraswati Pundit, Founder of the Arya Samaj, as its lawful Director and Chief." "We perceive, oh! venerable Sir," continues Olcott, "in your definition of the nature and attributes of God, of the All Good, that we humble students at the West have not misinterpreted the teachings of our Aryan ancestors. The Supreme One whom you teach your disciples to contemplate and lift their aspirations to is the very same Eternal Divine Essence whom we have been pointing these Christians to as the proper object of their adoration" (Murdock's "Theosophy Unveiled," p. 45). In a letter to Hurrychund Chintamon, May 29, 1878, Col. Olcott says, "That 'Wisdom-Religion' is all contained in the Vedas . . It is this Wisdom-Religion which the Theosophical Society accepts and propagates, and the finding of which in the doctrines expounded by the revered Swami Dayanund Saraswati Pundit, has led us to affiliate our Society with the Arya Samaj, and recognize and accept its chief as our supreme religious Teacher, Guide, and Ruler" (*Theosophist*, July, 1882, Ex. Suppl., p. 5). In 1878 and 1879, some 600 rupees was remitted to Hurrychund Chintamon, from New York and London, from the Theosophists, to be handed over to the Samaj, but when Olcott and H. P. B. arrived at Bombay they found that the Samaj had never received a penny of it. They compelled Mr. Chintamon to restore to them these funds, but when offered to the Swami by Col. Olcott in April, 1879, he refused to receive them (*Theosophist*, loc. cit., p. 5). This conduct of Mr. Chintamon led to the severance of his relations with the Arya Samaj and with the Theosophists as well *The Spiritualist*, Aug. 1, 15, and 22, 1879, vol. 15, pp. 89, 85, 95). This is the theosophical account of the cause of the rupture between Mr. Chintamon and the Society, but in an article in *Light*, Nov. 10, 1883, p. 444, it is stated that "Mr. Chintamon could not agree with some of the doctrines or rules put forward by Col. Olcott . . ; consequently he declined to have anything more to do with the founders, and the Colonel, therefore . . took the matter into his own hands, and 'bossed the job' himself."

In September, 1878, Colonel Olcott published a translation of the rules of the Arya Samaj, with the statement that the Theosophical Society had been "admitted to fraternal co-operation" in the "holy work" of the Samaj, and that it appeals for the zealous support of its Fellows." As formulated in the rules thus published, the "holy work" of the Samaj consisted fundamentally of 1. the unqualified acceptance of the Vedas as the sole authority in religion, and 2. the practice of moral virtues. Rule 2 says, "The true texts of the Vedas shall be received, and regarded as containing within themselves all that is necessary to constitute them a correct ordinary authority in all matters relating to human conduct; and the Brahmanas . . the six Angas or the limbs of the Vedas . . the four Upvedas, the six Darshanas or the Schools of Philosophy, and the 1,127 lectures on the Vedas, called Shakhas, or the branches, shall be accepted as exponents of the meaning of the Vedas. So far as these shall comport with the views of the Vedas, they shall be considered as an ordinary authority." Rule 3 says, "As it is the Vedas only which teach doctrines which can bear the test of logical examination and scientific demonstration . . therefore it is required that every member shall follow out, so far at least as lies in his power, the religious practices contained in those, and these only. No tenets of other so-called religions which do not agree with the words of the Vedas shall be considered as any authority whatsoever." And rule 15 is, "These Samajis shall observe, in strict accordance with Vedic forms, all Samskaras or ceremonies, beginning with the Nishek ceremonial and ending with the Antyeshti or funeral" *The Spiritualist*, Oct. 11, 1878, vol. 13, p. 180. It thus appears that every member of the Theosophical Society was pledged to celebrate no ceremony of the Vedic hymns as the sole authority "in all matters relating to human conduct," as explained by the other Vedic writings, the Brahmanas, etc., and also pledged to strict observance of all the ceremonies of the Vedas relative to man's whole life from before his birth to his funeral; that is, every Theosophist became, nominally at least, a full-fledged pagan, accepting as supreme authority the childish fancies and crude speculations of the primitive Hindu Aryans 1500 or 2000 B. C., with their multitude of imaginary gods and goddesses, but misinterpreted and distorted so as to accord with the nineteenth-century *quasi* monotheistic ideas of the Samaj. In fulfillment of this pledge to observe all the Vedic rites of the Samaj, we have seen that when the ashes of Baron De Palm were deposited in the sea at New York in 1878, just before the departure of Blavatsky and Olcott to India to meet the Swami and his Samaj, the ceremonies were conducted in strict accordance with the Vedic ritual in use in the Samaj,—a pretentious farce throughout on the part of the Theosophists, but decidedly Oberaman.

The alleged resolution of the Council of the Theosophical Society pledging its fealty to the Swami, published above, speaks of the society's "branches in America, Europe, and elsewhere." At that time there were no branches of the parent society anywhere, except one in London, which had been started a short time before with five members, the resolution, therefore, embodied a falsehood evidently inserted to impose on the Swami, and cause him to think that an association of some magnitude extending to various parts of the world had chosen him as its chief and ruler. In an article by C. C. Massey in *The Spiritualist*, Jan. 24, 1879, vol. 14, p. 41, this branch is called the "British Branch of the Theosophical Society of the Arya Samaj." Mr. Massey further tells

us that the study of the occult was then subordinate in the mind of of Mme. Blavatsky "to the great social, moral, and spiritual objects of the Arya Samaj, to which she is entirely devoted. 'The Brotherhood of Humanity' is with her and Colonel Olcott no mere sentimental phrase or visionary aspiration. To break down all the barriers of race and religion beween man and man . . and to emancipate the mind alike from its theological and materialistic trammels, are the main objects of the great Indian society, of which she has been so active and efficient an agent in the West. . The work of the Arya Samaj, as a public exoteric body, is educational and missionary. . . The doors of our society are open to all who are in sympathy with the public objects of the Arya Samaj, and who wish . . . to avail themselves of the instructions and help in occult researches which we expect to receive." This information concerning the views of Mme. B. at that time, anent occultic, religious, and philanthropic matters was derived by Mr. Massey from her during her two weeks' sojourn in England, while en route to India. One of the Madame's objects in visiting London, Mr. Massey informs us, was to consult certain books and manuscripts at the British Museum, where most of her spare time was spent. As she had joined forces with one who based every thing on the Vedas, and as she knew hardly anything about the Vedas, it is most likely that Mme. B. devoted her time at the British Museum to obtaining a superficial knowledge of the Vedic writings, in order that the Swami might not detect what an ignoramus she was concerning the Hindu sacred books.

The Theosophical party, consisting of H. P. B., Col. Olcott, Miss Bates, and Mr. Wimbridge, left New York for India December 17, 1878. From January 3 to 17, 1879, was spent in London; Jan. 17 they sailed from Liverpool, and they landed at Bombay February 16, 1879 (*The Theosophist*, vol. 1, p. 1, October, 1879; *Spiritualist*, vol. 14, p. 41, Jan. 24, 1879; Murdock's "Theosophy Unveiled," p. 11). Miss Bates and Mr. Wimbridge were English by birth, and had become members only a few weeks before the party left America for India ("Murdock", p. 11). In May, 1879, the Swami was regularly initiated as a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, at Saharanpore (*Theosophist*, June, 1882, Supplement, p. 6, note); and after this we find him styling himself "Supreme Chief of the Eastern and Western Theosophists of the Arya Samaj" (Rev. Arthur Theophilus: "The Theosophical Society," Madras, 1882, p. 16, note 2).

To be Continued.

At a dinner given the members of the press in New York, a journalist was called upon to reply to the toast. "An Independent Press." He at first refused to reply, but finally said.

"There is no such a thing in America as an independent press, unless it is in the country towns. You are all slaves. You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dare express an honest opinion. If you express it you know beforehand that it will not appear in print. I am paid $150 per week for keeping honest opinions out of the papers I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, like Othello, my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would be out on the street looking for another job. The business of a leading journalist is to distort the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to villify, to fawn at the feet of mammon, and to sell his country and his race for daily bread, or for what is about the same, his salary. You know this and I know it, and what foolery to be toasting an 'independent press.' We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping jacks. They pull the string and we dance. Our time, our talent, our possibilities are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

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Progression vs Stagnation.

ELLA LUCY MERRIAM.

Our interest in and enjoyment of life deepens in the same ratio as our ideas of its possibilities expand. Hence I can see but great good in the eventual outgrowth of superstitious religious belief. By superstition I mean that portion of past inculcation undemonstrated by the actual, natural phenomena of cause and effect.

Just so long as we remained in the fog of tradition we made no effort to rise above the every-day, commonplace view of life. For this we were in no wise to be blamed, for it had been apportioned to us by a long line of ancestry, becoming a natural, methodical course of procedure and belief. All progression, all happiness, all hope, were attributable to and centered in another —in a myth! Thus the divine in man, the real, immortal, lovable part, became dormant, warped, shriveled, and even dissolute. In this unfortunate condition do we find the majority of humanity today—without reason, groping, striving after Truth and its multifarious blessings. The smaller part of mankind has just come into a faint conception of its existence—only a glimmering—but enough to show that individually we possess the key to intellectual and spiritual wealth. This outlook is teeming with enduring treasures just in proportion to the effort put forth to attain them. These fertile fields promise just as abundant fruitage here as hereafter. They extend through all time, which means Forever! We may begin their enjoyment now, or we may postpone it indefinitely. We cannot reap that which we have not sown. What a beauty in living, when we realize that we are the moving, moulding, producing factors in life, that we can make it what we will, that one effort opens the door to a still grander achievement! All fear leaves us; warm, bright confidence takes its place. We behold promise in everything. Longfellow truthfully as poetically says:

> Oh what a beauty does the world put on
> For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
> Under the bright and glorious sky and looks
> On duties well performed and days well spent.

Reasoning from cause to effect we infer that all other celts present similar conditions and opportunities. This increases it possible our admiration and love for the Great First Cause, and our zeal for accelerated unfoldment. We revel in appreciative enjoyment and endeavor. Our gaze is now upward and forward; never more downward and backward. We linger no longer in the gruesome past, so sadly sterile and morbid; neither do its resultant imperfections, so conspicuous in the present, discourage us; for we are the liberators from this thralldom. Our touch alone can sever the chains. We are our own saviors. This gives us confidence and courage. We shrink no longer from the erring ones, for we now plainly behold sin to be simply the natural consequence of fallacious teachings, and we joyfully hasten to do our part by precept and example to wipe from the face of our beautiful earth all traces of its primitive darkness and weakness. Hence, in summing up the immortal advantages accruing from unfettered thought and reason, I am led to exclaim, without malice or prejudice, "I rejoice that the age of dogmatic religion is passing away—an age, however dark and cruel its annals, that has filled its proper niche in the Great Temple of human progress. It has performed its destined work, and to its retreating figure I wave a kind but tearless adieu.

A laborer told his wife on awakening a dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by three others, two lean rats and one blind rat. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has been said that to dream of rats denotes calamity. He appealed to his wife but she could not help him. His son, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. He said: "The fat rat is the man who keeps the saloon that you go to so often; the two lean rats are my mother and I; and the blind rat, father, is yourself."

Spirit Instruction—Written by Dictation

BY RAYMONDE

NO. VI.

TO MY ATTENTIVE PUPILS: Were I sure this letter would be read by church members, I would address them particularly to-day, for they need light, but as I am not, we will continue our regular course. Our desire [the desire of your spirit friends] is not simply to entertain, but to teach the philosophy or religion that we enjoy. Therefore, if we scatter a few seeds by the wayside, be patient with us. Those who follow may reap. It is not for our amusement that we write. It is for the advancement of the human family that we consent to linger in a lower atmosphere.

It has been my custom to intersperse descriptive writing with short sermons, knowing that earthly children better relish bread if well buttered. A dry loaf is less palatable to both old and young. Evidently I have been cutting the slices too thick and spreading the butter too thin, for recently I discovered that some of the bread had been cast into the scrap basket. In other words, our lesson, I presume, was considered too prosy, and therefore was not printed. I make no complaint. I have been in the spirit world so long that I am not perhaps well qualified to judge of the prevailing taste. I know full well, by the condition of your representatives to our country, that you should be made familiar with our religious views, as well as acquainted with our every-day life. It is very difficult to make spirit writings fit into your busy lives; but you can, perhaps, be taught the spiritual alphabet, and you will find it of more benefit than the catechism when you arrive in the spirit world. Therefore you must pardon if I stray now and then into side paths to gather a blossom within easy reach.

To-day I will lead you, if you please, into that deep forest yonder. The stillness of the place is restful, and 'twill do you tired mortals good to walk with me under the majestic trees that stand with uprightness and graceful bearing before us. They are murmuring to each other, not in angry cadence, as though a storm were gathering, but with gentleness do they whisper of the beauty of their surroundings. Their heads are lifted high and their view is far reaching, encompassing a settlement and hills beyond.

In this forest dwell Indians; not hostile, but peace-loving spirits whose mission is upon the earth. They are better adapted to this kind of work than many of their white brothers. In the alleviation of pain they are invaluable; as teachers they may be deficient; as bearers of messages they rival the telegraph. Although their knowledge of your language is limited, they make themselves understood, and do much good in various ways. Those having a familiar spirit are well aware of the truth of this statement. Those knowing nothing of spiritual communion ridicule it and wonder when men will cease to be fools. The red man progresses in spirit life as rapidly as the white man. He has less of covetousness in his nature, and knows little of the corrupting influence of money, therefore he is ready to return when he has chosen an assistant, and we must admit, to the credit of the Indian, that he is often superior to his co-worker the medium, who is sometimes so encrusted with the love of gold that he is a poor instrument for spiritual work. A good Indian guide with proper earthly conditions is a valuable factor in our service.

There is much purporting to come from spirits that has origin in foolish minds. Unless mediums live very close to truth and virtue, evil and untruthful influences gather about them to confuse and lead astray. This accounts for much of the falsehood and absurdity in spirit communications. But churchgoers do not understand this. Indian dialect offends educated ears; impossible stories disgust them. In most things church people use common sense, but when investigating Spiritualism they seem bereft of it. Therefore I would advise the cultivation of this very necessary aid to the study of our philosophy. It cannot fail to preserve them from danger, and it may prevent them from denouncing the wholesome truths of Spiritualism as offensive and the designing work of the enemy.

The Indians who live in the woods above mentioned are commonly called "medicine men," and much good do they below. Their homes amongst the trees are quiet. Their lives are tranquil. Their medicine is magnetism applied in various ways to the needy physical body. Their cures are wonderful, and there is great rejoicing when a mortal is raised from pain and feebleness to vigor and usefulness. I often go amongst them. They are hospitable and kind to all who enter their retreat. They live simple lives and rest on the bosom of Dame Nature when fatigue overtakes them. A prolonged rest under the foliage restores them to a proper condition for work.

This particular tribe, or order, are intelligent, benevolent, and sympathetic, working in unison with advanced minds for the alleviation of suffering on earth. Therefore you will understand that the despised and oftimes feared red men will not always be bloodthirsty, but must eventually, like his white brother, seek his advancement by doing good to others. This is the inevitable law of our world. Deviation is impossible.

If you desire, we will enter one of the wigwams. The chief of the tribe will receive us with dignity. You will imagine that you are on the earth plane, so similar is this abode to the pictures you have seen. Why do they like their rude out-door life here? I cannot tell you. Probably because they were accustomed to this mode of living. They certainly could have different surroundings if they desired, but what could be grander than the forest? Truly there is inspiration and contentment in the silent shade, to which spirits are not insensible. Is an Indian guide desirable? There is as much difference in them as in other men. Try the spirits, whether they be of good or evil. This is excellent advice, plainly given by the Bible. Use common sense in the acceptance of a spirit counselor.

At the foot of the tall forest lies a great lake upon which float light canoes of pretty color, and anchored far from the shores are barges upon which young children sport. Wild laughter breaks the stillness as their peculiar play progresses. They are graceful, happy, and not a thought of self-consciousness has yet reached them to mar the naturalness of their movements and the pleasure of their existence. Under the care of wise men they are growing in ways of wisdom, and your children, oh, mortals, will be benefitted by these children of the forest when you have entered the shadowy path that leads from earth to the spheres. They are being educated for the earth work. Despise not an Indian spirit when he speaks through mortal voice, but subject the advice to critical consideration. If you are prudent you will treat all spiritual counsel, especially in regard to business matters, with caution. You would do thus with those in the physical body, why be less practical with those in spirit form? Spirits are not infallible, and should not be offended if they are occasionally disbelieved and disobeyed. There need be no hesitation, however, in believing plain statements of facts as they exist in the spirit world, and accepting kindly counsel, providing always that the communicator had proper regard for veracity when on the earth. If not, it is more than likely that he may draw upon his imagination after the physical change called death.

Dissolution does not change the character. The great sin of lying clings with tenacity to those who have cultivated the hateful habit. Spiritualists should be familiar with these facts; close students of the philosophy are, but those who are yet on the lower plane of phenomena, and others who are quietly in-

vestigating, should bear in mind these points. They are shoals upon which many are wrecked. It is better to be skeptical than over-credulous. Of the two a skeptic will make a more sensible convert to spiritual religion than he who accepts every kind of message and phenomena without weighing the testimony and duly considering the source. Such simplicity would be disastrous in any investigation. The necessity of precaution must be apparent to a sound reasoner. Although your pastor insists upon the acceptance of his unreasonable theology without query, we do not advocate a similar course. Analyze, criticize and question. We do not ask you to believe anything contrary to reason, justice and common sense. Be content with slow development, and be duly thankful when assisted by your red brother, a departed relative or a benevolent stranger.

It is with pleasure that I speak of the progress of the Indian in spirit life, though they give anxiety to those living in close proximity on the earth plane. I do not intend to discuss the Indian question in these letters, but cannot refrain from saying that according to impartial judgment justice is also, much sin at the white man's door. An unjust treaty makes an unjust people. It makes them ruthless of consequences and inclined to take the lion's share whenever and will permit. The religion that I would teach would root up perse craft and mental error will deter men from robbery each other legally or otherwise. It offers no escape from a guilty conscience in the spirit world, and you may rest assured that be every dead your conscience now is, even if Gabriel's trumpet fails to arouse it on the last day, in future ages of spirit life it will awaken to your discomfort if your life has been overbearing, selfish and given to abominations. This law applies with equal force to all, Heathen, Savage, Christian and Spiritualist. There is no class legislation here. Politicians will wear this in mind. There are no corrupt judges, juries or law pull ers." Personal worth only will insure happiness. You are making your homes in the spirit world now in deeds. For architecture lacks beauty and symmetry to the many instances where character and not gold is the principal theme. Many that are now first shall be last, and they that are last shall be first. If I should continue in this strain I might again be found guilty of obeying your city edicts. Therefore, to preserve myself from censure, and to satisfy your desires, I will draw with the hope that you may find it possible to use the words contained in these letters.

Very sincerely I remain the most sincere friend of my beloved grand child, and sign myself, A SPIRIT MAN.

Dew of the night are diamonds at morn; [illegible]
here may be pearls in heaven.

A woman bought in a city goods store in Paducah, Ky., three buttons at one cent apiece. Next day she stopped in the same store, skirt braid, costing four cents, and the proprietor presented her three of the buttons bought on the previous day and said:

In eighteen months Miss Kate Sadler has risen from a humble clerkship under the government, to one with a salary of three thousand dollar salary. She had a "pull."

George Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario, has excluded the teaching of sewing from the girls schools in his jurisdiction on the ground of its being a hindrance to the girls in the development of the mental faculties.

Sweet spirits of nitre applied several times a day is a [illegible] remedy for poison ivy

Common baking soda mixed with water to the consistency of cream and applied night and morning cures poison ivy or Poison Oak in a few hours

Above all things be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you every where, to the last hour of your life. It will frustrate all your designs. It will ruin you [illegible] the most important opportunities, and [illegible] yourself to [illegible] and aversions to the prejudice of your [illegible] interests.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

Recompense.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

One stood for love I would not give
And claimed that it was only as his right
Craving a lover's gift divine.
My weakness broke to his might.

My woman's pride uprose in arms
And anger was a stinging, [illegible]
Like fingers blood hot upon within my heart
To [illegible] his scabbard for kings.

I left apart which never yet
Had known the cursed training hand,
"What stole it here" my brain there swept
The vision of a distant land.

[illegible] plane I seemed to stand,
For center of a lighting throng,
Wade on the [illegible] me touched his lamp
And music poured his gift of song.

His voice [illegible] I left to mine,
His hand [illegible] my gaunt's harm,
I [illegible] low voice woman
I never [illegible] broken

I [illegible] [illegible] mine
Was [illegible] I read by my smile
[illegible] and [illegible]
Yes my [illegible] to battle

He [illegible] My vanity stood
Still [illegible] woman's weal, defense,
Yes [illegible] in my soul
[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Darkness, or other mortals or spirits, are deadly [illegible] and [illegible] They are always working to destroy [illegible] Nothing can [illegible] in their taking on conditions from [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Who Are the Gods?

[illegible]

[illegible] Ancient Egypt[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

personal God of theology? Go through the illimitable universe, from world to world, system to system, from the material to the spiritual, from the visible to the invisible, and from Heaven to hell, and where will you find Him? You will seek in vain, for no such God exists. Outside of nature in her multifarious forms you will find no God. God, or Good, is in everything that is, and fills immensity. Hence, external to what is, no existence is possible. A personal God who fills infinity with His presence would leave no room for other and separate existences, but if such an impossibility were possible, then all other intelligences would see God face to face. But thus far He has eluded all search. He is the Creator of all things, and yet creation sees Him not. He is the Father of all intelligent beings, but His children have neither seen nor known Him. They have neither heard His voice nor felt the warm embrace and affectionate kiss of Paternal love. They grow weary and sorrow-laden, while cold wintry winds sigh in mournful measure through their wretched huts of poverty, and, shivering with cold, their children cry for bread, but no God comes to cheer them, supply their needs, or wipe away their falling tears. Angel loved ones may come and minister to them, and give loving welcome as to the spirit-world they pass, but no God bids them come to His loving arms and rest from the weariness of their journey. It has been said, "God tempers the breeze to the shorn lamb," but it is a sentiment as false as it is beautiful. The pitiless blizzard sweeps in its death-dealing power over the wintry fields, with no regard to shorn lambs, naked children, or poor helpless human beings. The cry of distress is not heard; the bleating lambs, the crying infants, and the dying wail of anguished mortals are alike unheeded. If there be an Omnipresent, Omnipotent, Personal God, who sees, hears, and knows all the temptations, weaknesses, crimes and sufferings of humanity, then why does he permit these things to exist? Why does he not kill the devil, and put an end to all this terrible train of evils by striking at the very fountain head itself? He has but to remove the cause and the effects will after a time be eliminated. He could have prevented the entrance of evil, wrong and injustice into our world at the first. It would have been easier to have kept the devil out than to evict him now that he is in possession. Satan has "nine points of the law" in his favor. It gives him a tremendous advantage. He is strongly entrenched and runs things in this world just about as he pleases. He operates on a very extensive scale. He holds the nations of the earth as hostages and their rulers as bond slaves. He holds a mechanic's lien on the scheme of redemption, and a chattel mortgage on the church which she is powerless to lift. He, by his agents, shed the blood of Jesus, without which salvation was impossible. It is written the crucifixion of Christ was "by wicked hands" and yet without that crucifixion the saints never could have sung,

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains."

Judas, the Jewish priesthood, Pilate, and the Roman soldiers, were as necessary to the commonly accepted scheme of salvation as was Jesus himself.

The devil threatens a foreclosure of his lien, and is likely, judging from his reputation, to spring a snap judgment at any moment. Every trial for heresy is a preliminery step towards it. Every attempt to tinker the creed is his crafty scheme to pull out the screws and bolts that hold the ecclesiastical craft together. By and by a tremendous tidal wave of heretical thought will sweep over the earth, and the old ship of Zion will not be able to weather the storm. Her timbers will part, her anchor will not hold. Even now she drags anchor and is drifting towards the fatal rocks of Reason, Scientific Research, the Higher Criticism, Freethought, and Personal Liberty. Her "dogmas" are falling to the earth like meteoric showers, while her theories are being blown like chaff before the tempest. All are going, and the God idea with the rest. It is bound to go, and with it will depart the reign of Ignorance, Bigotry, Superstition and religious Intolerance. But till then the preachers will continue to talk about God; books will continue to be written and published; trials for heresy will multiply, and the shadows of superstition will join in a war dance against the light of progressive development and scientific investigation. Let no man charge us with atheism because we do not dogmatize concerning God. Our criticism is of the theological God, and not the deific principle that permeates universal nature, from molecules and atoms to the grand worlds and systems with which the universe is filled. It will be said the quotation with which we close is pantheistic, but what of it? Pantheists hold one view of God and the dogmatists another. The one class behold God in all the realms of nature; the other insists that God is external and wholly separate from nature. The whole subject is beyond the comprehension of either.

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is and God the soul;
> That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
> Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided operates unspent;
> Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
> As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
> As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
> As the wrapt seraph that adores and burns
> To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
> He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all."

They Are Not Dead.

L. MASON RICE.

> Could man, so marvelous and great,
> Be but an accident of fate,
> Surviving not his breath?
> Are love, ambition, fate and pride
> But phantom ships in rolling tide,
> And swallowed up by death?
>
> Will gates ajar yet open wide,
> Earth's pall-like curtain roll aside,
> And Heaven bring to view?
> It may be so; who dares say nay,
> When mighty progress of the day
> Proves equal wonders true?
>
> Religion, Science, Faith and Hope,
> Unclipped their wings and wide their scope,
> Explore each spirit land;
> Their vision, magnified by love,
> Beholds in Paradise above
> God's countless angel band.
>
> The great and good we ever mourn
> As fled away to mystic bourne—
> They are not dead.
> What we call "death" is but a birth
> From nurseries of Mother Earth
> To mansions overhead.

"He is sowing his wild oats" is a common excuse for the immoralities of young men, but it is a very poor one. Think of saying the same of a wild young women! And why not? Has not a woman the same rights as a man? If it is wrong for her to degrade herself, is it any the less wrong for him? What any one sows, man or women, young or old, that also shall he or she reap. There is no escape, and it is wicked to encourage anyone in wrong-doing.

Make life a ministry of love and it will always be worth living.

Dangers That Surround the Sensitive

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

[From the *Progressive Thinker*.]

Fifty years ago a young farmer took a lad twelve years of age from the poorhouse. The boy was a mulatto, born lazy, counting every task an imposition. He had such an ungovernable temper, and spiteful, revengeful disposition, that it was hopeless to make him either happy or contented. I do not know any details of his treatment, but most likely he deserved and received punishment, for he soon ran away. He was never heard of again, but the incident was so marked that the children born many years after often heard it alluded to by their parents. There was nothing very unusual in such an experience, but it proved to be the first chapter in a family history extending through several generations.

Twenty years after the above incident the farmer and his wife became interested in Spiritualism. They formed a family circle. Tests from their own children so convinced them that the mother became full of enthusiasm, and began to seek mediumship for herself by sitting for development. For this purpose she sat alone at any and all hours when she could escape from domestic duties. Here she made a serious mistake. Our spirit friends are not always by our side. They have their own occupations demanding their attention, but they keep an appointment with sacred punctuality. The undeveloped and the more or less unprotected medium, who has no regular hours for sittings, thus easily becomes the prey of spirit visitors, who find a ready acceptance and then outstay their welcome. There is something so sacred in spirit presence, especially to the trained, orthodox mind, that any spirit is likely to be treated as a friend. But it is only those who are very sensitive who discover the danger by painful experience.

Presently this mother became distraught, and then she discovered that she was rapidly becoming the slave of those who had claimed to be her guides, but were now apparently working to do her harm rather than good. She realized her peril in time, and for nearly two months fought a silent battle. She refused to reply to the voices round her, till at last these spirits left her. She fought her battle to victory, but sacrificed her mediumship to avoid a second contest, thus, through ignorance, losing that which should have proved the greatest blessing of her life.

Strangely enough she continued to encourage mediumship in her children, giving them no warning of any possible danger. Her oldest daughter grew to womanhood, was married, and had a daughter sixteen years old, before she became interested in spirit return. She was a true sensitive, and at first was much happier in her mediumship than her mother had been. It was orderly, and none but loved friends came to her inner life, until she began to visit public miscellaneous circles, so dangerous to the undeveloped medium, and then came proofs of her hereditary tendencies and sensitiveness. Like her mother she began to hear voices. She presently found herself compelled to say cruel and unkind things to her husband and daughter, although really devotedly attached to them. For months she was in an asylum, where her husband visited her daily, only to be insulted and attacked. Yet in his absence she was so perfectly normal that the doctors and attendants could not realize but that she was only "making believe" to be insane. When she would beg these spirits to leave her, they would reply that it was the only fun that they had. At last a spirit sister came to tell her that her spirit father had succeeded in forming a band with power to power to protect her; and from that time the obsessing spirits left. After a time the husband died, and then the daughter and granddaughter moved to a distant city. The young lady had grown up with no interest in Spiritualism, although when a child she had once or twice seen and described spirit forms. She was talented and ambitious, and, intending to qualify herself for a profession, seems to have overworked her brain. She became suddenly and violently insane, evincing hatred for her mother and a desire to do her injury. The first attack was brief, and the poor girl remembered all that she had said and done. She is of a very affectionate disposition, and the unkindness of the insanity wounded her deeply. A year went by, and then came another attack, rendering removal to an asylum a necessity. And from that time, at irregular intervals, attack after attack broke up every attempt at home life by the mother and daughter. The unfortunate girl is now coarse and repulsive in her manner and language during the attack, using oaths and other expressions foreign to the pure nature of her normal life. The skilled physician and the magnetic healer have tried to effect a cure, and failed. And from the inner-life comes a whisper of hope other than that she may soon enter the "gates ajar."

In the case of this mother and daughter, their experience might well be ascribed to their ignorance of the laws governing spirit intercourse. They exposed themselves to dangers that could have been avoided. But the awful sufferings of the granddaughter gave no clue to their cause. No case of insanity can be traced in the family history of the parents and grandparents; and although evidently inheriting some mediumship, the poor girl had done nothing to develop it, nor had she in her sane moments any consciousness of having seen or heard spirits. After the poor girl's case had become hopeless, and the mother had returned from placing her in the asylum that must now be her home, there came a most startling explanation of the unhappy experiences that had followed three generations of this family. The spirit control of a lady medium with whom the mother was a guest, told her that mother, grandmother and daughter had each suffered from the revengeful spirit of that mulatto boy. The lady had entirely forgotten that such an incident had ever occurred, but at last she recalled what she had heard of the taking of the lad from the poor house, and his running away at the end of the year. The medium was a stranger, knowing nothing of the family or its history; and if only as a test of spirit knowledge, the statement would have been interesting to that mother. But the statement, if true, was a lesson that the world would do well to heed.

The subject of "Spirit Revenge" is of tremendous importance to us all, and, as far as I remember, has been carefully "let alone" by our teachers on both sides the line. Indeed there are Spiritualists of great prominence who deny the power of any evil spirit to return to earth, asserting that progressed spirits have abundant power to hold them in check. But when they go on to assert that every such experience is the outworkings of the inner nature of the mortal, they but insult many a worthy sensitive, who knows from sad experience that there are both friends and foes on the spirit side of life. There are hundreds of readers of this article who will recognize that this case is only remarkable in its extending through three generations, and they know that the whole subject of the power of a revengeful spirit must be probed to its lowest depths if we would find safety for our mediumistic sons and daughters, as well as for ourselves.

SAN LEANDRO, CAL.

Lincoln

He belonged to no church, yet he was the uncanonized saint of all churches. He never uttered a prayer in public, yet prayers for him fastened our cause daily with golden chains around the feet of God. He had one characteristic which was often imputed to him as a fault, but which I think a most creditable quality: he was entirely destitute of gratitude for political services rendered to himself. He filled his cabinet with enemies and rivals, and refused any reward to those energetic politicians who did so much to nominate him at Chicago. This, I cannot but think, is true republicanism. The Republic is ungrateful. It ought to be. It is worthy of our best work without gratitude.—*John Hay.*

There is nothing truer than physiognomy taken in connection with manners.—*Charles Dickens.*

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

Many people believe there is a God who caused or permitted the recent earthquake in Japan, by which thousands of lives and many thousands of homes were destroyed. Should any one cause a far-less calamity, his fellow-men would make mince meat of him in short order, and would lift their hands in horror at mention of his wicked deed; but when they speak of God, they raise their hands in adoration, and "praise his holy name!" Is it the nature of man to be so utterly inconsistent; or is God worship a species of insanity?

The relation in heaven of slave to master, soldier to prince, peasant to peer, mail to mistress, Parish to Bishop, proletariat to exploiter, parvenu to elite, would be an inexhaustible theme for a clerical discourse.—*Round Table.*

The relation of such in heaven as pictured by Christ's words would be a problem interesting to solve; but the spirit world, as described by returned spirits, presents a condition of things as unequal as this world, but a great deal better. Here we are compelled to associate with uncongenial people whose lives will not like, and I harm my will regulate the discord that must exist, o'times, a great discomfort.

As soon as the World's Fair was located, work began to be pushed forward, and will continue to advance by years to come. The landholders of Chicago are paramount beneficiaries, although all who must pay higher rents for a shelter over their heads, are injured. To one class the Fair is a help; to all others a necessity to be hurt. Can that be called a "well ordered society" in which such results are produced? Wages will not be increased, because of the ready workmen are crowding into the city. Hotels, boarding houses and manufacturers will be helped; retail dealers, landlords, salesmen and agents will be thrown out of employment, or reduced in their wages. Very few will be helped by exposition, but the entire state of things that was contemplated when the location was first decided upon.

A dispatch from Cumberland, Md., November 20th, says: "A man named Laffin was injured while trying to kill a calf with a fearful gash being cut in one of his legs. He was carried to the office of Dr. Craigin, the county physician, who dressed the wound, and in addition to other injuries had two ribs broken and the doctor at once cut the stitches, saying he must attend, for nothing. The dispatch says, "Dr. Craigin was in charge of the jail, the almshouse, and examining physician for the Legal Examining Board of Physicians for that district." Well, if Dr. Craigin is permitted to retain his official position, he is a performer as that, the people of Cumberland will prove themselves as reprehensible as he is, and such a community is one to be shunned by people to avoid. Let Cumberland boycott Craigin, or the people of Cumberland.

A correspondent of *The Public Ledger* thus refers to the writers of the plays known as Shakespeare's, says:

"It is of the utmost value, and I never can be too well known to be certain, who in all this world could be so much behind the scenes?

"Suppose we knew to a certainty the names of the real author, what would we have but a name? And why isn't Shakespeare as good a name as any other? Or the man himself, the people of our time can know little; and if they did, probably they would find him very much like other men. What do we really know of Washington or Napoleon today. The name brings to the mind a picture, an ideal, which must be far from true, because it is so diverse in different minds. As for Shakespeare, although one man may have revised most of the plays, and notwithstanding they were based on historical facts, yet one person could not have been familiar with the thousands of technicalities introduced, and capable of minutely describing events and characters covering such a vast range of thought. Shakespeare, or some one using that name, was an inspired, not an able editor, but not necessarily an originator. The idea that he was a "medium" I do not care to consider. That is of no consequence. It is much more likely that the plays were written by various persons in this country and re-modelled by another person who put upon the stage (Shakespeare) who gave them to the world at large to read, but who in fact has no name or station. I have thought for years that the truth was due to us.

I have often met Dr. Cranmell Cranmell. He is a very positive man. Probably he was always positive in his utterances, if not in his conduct. He was a good scholar, a cultured gentleman, and a true very different man from how we knew him in this respect. His change of views is certainly progress, but the tests to which he has put his methods with his opponents was not such as reform has not yet permeated to certain things. The intelligence of Professor has been developed, but the spiritual Pentecost has not yet crossed mind now Mr. Peebles says, "I do not know what is a material cause is." He also says:

"The proof of Dr. Cranmell's claims should be that the alleged Cranmell and Southwick cannot be seen with all demonstrated. This must not be understood to be a challenge, that is to say, they could be invited or asked to be present."

While it is true that spiritual manifestations of a high order can only be fully appreciated by those who have some spiritual development in them, that is not a necessary law of spirit phenomena—physical manifestations can be demonstrated. The admission that spirits have sufficient power to effect a knowledge of the existence of spirit power is sufficient to admitting that all spirit phenomena are the result of the realization of the spirit. Professor Hare and Crookes and other scientists did not need to be mediums to investigate spirit phenomena, but they were compelled to submit to certain conditions during the evidence was required. To fully comprehend the principles of spiritism, it may be, some spiritual gift is necessary, but the manifestations are in fact as susceptible of scientific investigation. Grass grows; we see it grow, but we cannot possess personal knowledge as how it grows. Some mental faculty must be developed in order to see the connection between mental power and the brain, but the mind itself is beyond physical investigation. That is known as spirit phenomena, mental and physical. That such phenomena are of spirit origin is as much a matter of scientific facts as any other fact ever proved by physical means.

In a letter from Dr. Peebles, Mr. Peebles submits having witnessed very remarkable phenomena in the presence of three mediums in whom not all the persons in the world he could have confidence, but he cannot find any natural or artificial agency, he unscrupulously chooses to ignore without assigning the proper or any agency other than some unknown beings in the realms of their ordinary surroundings. "I keep severe control of tables tipped, musical instruments were played and rose before my eyes, etc., etc., yet he says, "Nothing ever happened that could not immediately and without discussion be duplicated by every operator." He then cites an exception which he says he cannot explain, and adds: "It may be a combination of both the above words, apparently without human hand, control playedthe, but I could disappear at from its box; he could not be locked and I know he never went in some. That also I have evidence to believe." He states that not one of the three mediums, as I understand, believed that no charge was practiced. "No experiments were ever more earnestly or honestly made, or more successful, and never with more sincere proof of their genuine, supernatural human powers." How this was proved he does not state. It probably is as much an

assumption. Its object first to make all the four wards from All may have been in motion, and yet all have been directed not only in their individuality, but in spirit and [illegible] nominal [illegible]

On page [illegible] will be found a poem, "Reminiscences of Kansas," which we regret the editor did not see fit to [illegible] the reason that it is good as a poem, but because the writer—without intending to do so—shows up clearly what I suppose we call the "boys of Kansas." According to the poem, these citizens the company of [illegible] passion [illegible] a [illegible] surrounded [illegible] and the [illegible] associates. The [illegible] No [illegible] the reverse—that these [illegible] woman, and had to [illegible] meanmated soul [illegible] story is told.

A Mr Chetty, the [illegible] lately [illegible] and from Sudsex, [illegible] appeared at the [illegible] the following [illegible] place:

Sudsex—You must [illegible] dated by you in your [illegible]

Chetty—Of [illegible]

Sudsex—You are a [illegible] Your husband got [illegible] by you then [illegible] tals disease upon you.

Chetty—How [illegible]

Sudsex—Wait [illegible]

In fifteen days [illegible]

And this is the [illegible] mitted by visitors [illegible] civilization is [illegible] ing God before!

Spiritualists [illegible] know that [illegible] Jesus Christ [illegible] for, will that [illegible] rejecting all that [illegible]

The *Theosophist* [illegible] *Sinnbiar Letters* [illegible] the notion and the translation [illegible] following [illegible] specimen:

"Nature or primordial matter in the case of the [illegible] collection of effects [illegible] are too near, or else we would be loaded in an instant [illegible] Thus [illegible] are the obstacles that we have to [illegible] are the [illegible] both. As the Great Principle [illegible] cons [illegible] sell-consciousness [illegible] and the rest, and the [illegible]

The [illegible] that suit the [illegible] use in the world [illegible]

In the next [illegible] repute themselves [illegible] is less [illegible] make a [illegible] instance.

Nature [illegible] and spiritual [illegible] requirements [illegible] and spirit.

Now the [illegible] express [illegible] per [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

The Baby In the Morning Glories.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

The sweet blue cups are turning down,
Over the green leaves growing brown
Of every morning-glory;
As many a fortune-teller weaves,
With only a cup of colored leaves,
A blushing maiden's story.

Yet these small cups are telling me,
Out in the wind like a summer sea,
Of a charming little daughter,
Who came to me one early time,
That sweetly sped as poet's rhyme
Or singing woodland water.

Gath'ring the cups all blue and white
Waking fair in the dawning light
On gray walls flower-laden;
Calling, "Gamma! come and see,"
Counting "'leven, five, an' free,"
Such happy little maiden.

Brown, dimpled hands heaping them in,
Filling her glasses and cups of tin,
O, precious baby daughter!
And while she bruised each blooming head,
I had the bud with her cheeks of red,
Sweet as the blooms in the water.

This rosy little messenger
Had many flowers awaiting her,
Red, blue, and white, and yellow,
Bright marigolds with summer gleam,
Like orioles along the stream
Where sang the brooding swallow.

O, could my birdie come to me
Numb'ring her flow'rs "five an' free,"
Lighting her cups of water,
I'd give her every blossom to hold,
The blue, and white, the red, and gold,
"Her "gamma's" little daughter.

The morning glories shining still,
As beacons on the window-sill;
Mem'ry was mine—that only,
And a saucer or two with flowers afloat,
Like shallow lakes with a painted boat,
When she left me sad and lonely.

In his lecture on "The Seven Souls" Gerald Massey claims that the faculties employed by the adepts are identical with those of our mediums and clairvoyants, and that "they are blind guides who set up the past as superior to the present." He says:

"I want the ignorant to know; I want the abject and degraded to be raised and humanized, and would have all means to that end proclaimed world-wide—not patented for the individual few, and kept strictly private for the many. That is only a survival of priestcraft, under whatsoever name. . . The very essence of all such mysteries as are got up from the refuse leavings of the past is pretence imposition and imposture."

The Two Worlds copies the foregoing approvingly, and truthfully adds: "We are with Mr. Massey all the way. Spiritualism makes public all that Theosophy would hide. Spiritually-minded Spiritualists have attained all that Theosophy can offer, without the aid of despotic Masters."

The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy firesides.

Prize Essays.

The following essays took the first and second prizes offered by Mr. Morse to the children of the Progressive Lyceum for the best essays on the Origin and Objects of the Lyceum. The first is by

MISS JENNIE PAMPERIN.

The first thought of a Lyceum came to Andrew Jackson Davis, he having seen a Spiritual Lyceum while in a clairvoyant state. Its object was to encourage spiritual, mental and physical development. It is an improvement on the Sunday School of the churches, because they are taught that "belief in Jesus," will bring them to heaven. We are taught that we are responsible for our own actions, and that nothing but doing right will give us a heaven. We will be better fitted for life here and hereafter if we try to learn a lesson from each instruction given. We can improve our Lyceum by commencing the exercises in time, and by all trying to be interested and interesting. We have often read of many who are working for the love of a spiritual truths. If they could do no more, they could give us a call, and say a few words of encouragement, as Mrs. Hendee did a few Sundays ago. This is the place to lay the foundation. The Lyceum has been in San Francisco about twenty-two years.

The following, awarded the second prize, was written by

ELLA LINCOLN.

The first Lyceum happened to be started by Andrew Jackson Davis by directions from the spirit-world. The form was taken from the Lyceums in existence in the spirit-world at that time.

Its object is to educate the children of Spiritualists, or others, in the principles and the workings of the Spiritual philosophy.

The first Lyceum that was started in San Francisco, was organized by Mrs. Laverna Matthews in 1870. [The first was organized by R. Moore in 1865.]

The Lyceum is a great improvement on the Orthodox or Christian so called Sunday-school.

The Lyceum teaches the children and others attending it altogether a different idea of God, heaven and hell. Instead of being taught that He is a revengeful and passionate God, they are instructed that He is a merciful and loving parent. .

Yes, certainly! the teachings we receive here we believe to be highly beneficial both in the life here and the life hereafter.

A Historical Fact.

W. C. Owen, late of California, is engaged in translating from the German Bebel's "Woman and Socialism," which he hopes to complete before the close of this month. Mr. Owen says: "Bebel traces the various relationships between the sexes as they developed and altered from age to age in consonance with changed industrial conditions. Concluding his review of the long and highly progressive period during which mother-right prevailed—descent being traced through the female, and woman having a preponderating influence in both domestic and public affairs—he says: 'Under the mother-right communism prevailed; with the triumph of the father-right the dominion of private property commences, and with the triumph of the father-right comes the oppression and the servitude of woman.' The ladies have been hitherto in blissful ignorance of this, their early history. We are however rapidly changing all this, and they are learning from their own sister-scholars that these are facts written on papyrus, chiseled on stone, and absolutely irrefutable."

Good manners are the eternal graces of good character. By such graces the commonest acts of life are made beautiful.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

A Visit to God's Highlands

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

One chill evening I was sitting
In the firelight's fitful glow,
Toying with the fancies flitting
Round my heart, as cold as snow.
When a dream of bliss stole o'er me,
Like a flood of moonday light,
And an angel stood before me
Clad in robes of misty white.

On my brow she placed her finger
Softly soothing me to sleep,
Saying sweetly, she would linger
Till I sank in slumber deep.
And would lead me far away
Where immortal spirits stray,
And an hour would entertain me
On the shining hills of day.

In the shadowy presence lady,
Dimness gathered, round me slowly,
And no sound the stillness broke,
Save the low and harp-like singing
Which the spirit lips were flinging
O'er me, till an Heaven I woke.
And my guiding angel spoken
Knowest thou, my fair shining angel,
Who is Love's devout evangel?"
Azure eyes with fondness beaming,
Looked upon me from afar,
As I saw an angel gleaming
Bright as evening's proudest star.
Swift as light she came to meet me,
Whispering in my startled ear,
"I'm thy mother child, who greets thee
In this lovely, heavenly sphere."

Mother," name I'd ever cherished,
But had never known her love,
For in early time she perished
'Mid earth's storms as I went above.
And within the country church yard
I had wreathed a grassy mound
O'er with flowers, for there hold me
Mother slept within the ground.
But, where purest angels hover
In the holy realms above
I had found my dearest mother,
I had found a mother's love!

Tenderly she spoke of sorrow
Which had chilled her orphan child,
But she whispered: "Thy to-morrow
Shall with Peace be reconciled
Be brave-hearted, do thy duty,
Then come up to realms of beauty."

Voicelessly she whispered to me
"Wouldst thou roam our spirit land?
Come with me and I will guide thee,"
And she clasped my trembling hand.

O'er scenes of dreamlike beauty
Bathed in glory circling light,
On we passed, the air was sweet as
All was radiant and bright.

Soon we reached a shining river
And while resting by its wave,
Shall I tell you?" said the spirit
"Of a toiling, fettered slave?"

When the Earth had been denounced,
And had decked her breast with flowers
Down the path of ages glounced
Sin, a stranger to its bowers.

A companion there it found
Among all other heartrending things,
So the boon were quickly bound.
And Soul folded close its wings.

Soul, the shining heavenly sin
Body maiden toiling slave
And it panted pale and faint
As a struggler on the wave

"Custom came with shining chain
Wreathing it; for life it seized
But its tears and cries were vain.
Body's fingers clinked the clasp.

In its dark and gloomy cage.
Cooking, sweeping, light or fire
It has toiled for many an age
To abate the hard desires

Still benumbed with toil and sin
Silent as a pulsing star.
Longs the soul to enter in
To the goal it sees afar.

Like a wing-clipped dove it pines
Leaning from its prison bars
Out to watch the cheering signs,
Countless almost as the stars.

But things to teach the slave
As we teach it unto thee
To reform the exacting knave,
Body, era it can be free.

Heaven commissioned, child I send thee
Back to toil again on Earth,
Holy angel and will bend thee
And then knowest will its worth.
Be brave-hearted, do thy duty,
Then come up to realms of beauty.

Slowly then the vision faded
And Earth's curtains fell o'er all

Written for The Carrier Dove.

An Orient Sisterhood

MIRIAM BAIRD BUCK

A new moon hangs in "Nippon's" sky
Over dark eyed Asian maid and maid
Will it bring a kinder destiny
Or be a threatening, pendulous blade
A silvery sword of blameless
Over heads of the gentle Japanese?

We dream of you, sweet winsome wives,
And on the dark, dream spainted scene,
From fateful clouds that shadow your lives,
Bloom out hope's happy stars between
For ever sacred hope sun
A new moon rises for Japan.

O tender light, stream down upon
Her lotus pools, in green above
Make bright her homes and horizon
And sparkle purer law and love!
Your illustrated fate be ever waged
O holy loving wife and maid!

Take refuge in great Dear one
A potent one this seems to be
Woman and man are parallels
Of one mind, world, or unity
Your Bud has left the heathen ways
To win from truth some silver rays

And from this never sunset land
By impulse moved to speed home more
Across your Island Strand
We greet you, Orient Sisterhood,
And pray a higher code to bless
Your winning, wifely, faithfulness.

Redmond, Neb.

The new political outlook of Japan.

If thou canst tell me something kind
That has been thought or spoken
If thou canst lift a spirit up,
Cast off by treachery broken,
Repeat it, dear, my faith I spare
If never said it seems.
For I would fain be restful still
Nor wake from life's sweet dreams.

My Sixty ninth Birthday.

BY MRS. F. A. LOGAN

Old? Oh no, call me not old
Although I am bent in form,
And sixty-nine the record told
Of summer's heat and storm

Old? oh, yes; some wrinkles trace
Their lines on cheek and brow,
And not so fair the dimpled face
As when I made my bow

Upon the stage of earthly life,
To mother's heart was pressed
Or when, in after years, as wife,
In bridal robe was dressed.

Then followed years of weary toil,
Of mingled joy and grief,
Until disbarred me by turmoil,
My spirit sought relief.

So angels took the helm and steered
My little barque safe through
The thoughtless crowd, who sometimes jeered
And thought they all things knew

As teacher of the truth I stood
Before the motley throng,
And gave to them, pure spirit food,
Sometimes inspired with song

My pilgrimage through many years
Was fraught with blessings sweet,
In healing bodies, drying tears,
With deeds of good replete.

Though household cares oft came between
My speaking, healing hours,
Sustained in all, with mind serene,
I served the spirit power.

And only when, with censure cold,
My efforts were maligned,
Did ever thought of growing old
Suggest itself to mind

When working for the public good,
Without regard to cost,
'Twas sad to be misunderstood
By some I'd served the most.

Old? oh, yes. I weary now,
And yet I want to stay
To do more good, to crown my brow
With heaven's beauteous ray.

With gen'rous deeds and kindly words
To those who long have striven,
Until the ir souls are deeply stirred,
And pray to be forgiven.

Old? oh, yes, but should I care.
If only pure and good,
With shining on the golden stair
Where all are understood.

The Child's Face.

ERNEST W. BURTLEFF.

There's nothing more pure in heaven
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine
Than the smile of a little child

So sweet it is, so simple
And yet so angel wise,
With the peace of God on the dear, sinless brow,
And the love of Christ in the eyes.

The sinless lips, half parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of those rings hair

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world
Like the dawn are breaking through

Correspondence.

Teachings of the "Carrier Dove" Commended and Criticized.

EDITOR OF CARRIER DOVE: The October number of your able and interesting magazine has just reached me by the dilatory and somewhat uncertain mail route to this place. I find it full of instructive and useful matter.

A magazine is an auditorium. The readers are the auditors, the various contributors are the speakers, and the editor is the presiding officer. We may imagine that they are all assembled. Those who have thoughts to utter, offer them, like one who rises to speak. The president may recognize him or not. He has this advantage, however, over presiding officers of ordinary assemblages; he knows just what each one has to say, and how he is going to say it. This knowledge imposes on him a greater responsibility, because it gives him greater power, and he recognizes or refuses to recognize, as his judgment dictates.

This method of arranging thought and presenting it for consideration, is grand and effectual. In assemblages of individuals, the thoughts presented are dependent on the memory, while in the magazine form they are recorded, and ever ready for reference.

The number of your magazine above mentioned I find full of instruct and instruction. The contribution from Mrs. Langley affords much light on one of the greatest and most important problems of this, or any other age. We are rapidly nearing a crisis the outcome of which is enough to alarm the stoutest hearts. What is most needed is a knowledge of the equitable relations of labor and capital. The series of chapters, of which this is one, affords lessons of instruction, forcibly and beautifully presented.

The next speaker is Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She speaks eloquently of the Coming Man, "coming to help, to guide, to save." She speaks so hopefully and so confidently, that her brief poem is like a ray of sunlight on a dark and gloomy day.

Then comes some more lessons from our worthy and persistent friend, Wm. Emmette Coleman, whose contributions have shed so much light on the fallacies of "Theosophy." There is a strange tendency in persons who have no settled convictions to follow any false light that they may happen to discover. It matters not how inconsistent the doctrines are, and it sometimes seems that the more inconsistent the more eagerly and persistently they are followed. they always find followers. Joe Smith's story of his finding a revelation written on leaves of gold was a most outrageous lie. Were his statement true, how easy it would have been for him to have presented the original for inspection! But no one ever saw it. Like the "holy coat" at Treves, it has been the object of wonder and veneration, but now it is not even mentioned; yet faith in the alleged revelation is as strong as ever. The truth is, such people are like lost sheep; they feel an intuitive sense of danger, and are ready to accept anything that promises safety. Friend Coleman is worthy of high commendation for his able and scholarly contributions; they have done, are doing, and will do much good.

We have next a poem on "Progress," by W. H. Kernan. This is cheering and assuring. Progress has another name known to scientists as "Evolution."

Emily Dickinson hopes not to "live in vain." Her one stanza shows that she has not lived in vain, by the presentation of the beautiful thought she has expressed.

The invocation in four stanzas, by A. P. Miller, is grand and inspiring. It breathes forth the true philosophy of life:

> "When to do good alone men shall be bold
> And seek out suffering as they seek for gold"

Then comes "Spirit Instruction," by Raymonde. It is a matter of surprise and regret that all our learned Divines are so obscure and contradictory on the subject of a future state. They cannot be blamed, however; they have nothing to offer worthy of serious consideration. The lessons by Raymonde are full of interest and instruction. People who contemplate removing to a new and unknown country are eager to learn everything they can about it. They want to know what to take with them that will best serve them, and how to prepare for their journey. And so it is with our knowledge of the spiritual world. We are informed by this Teacher that true wealth is spiritual wealth, and that the gentle Nazarene was right: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." Again he says, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. Raymonde shows how blind the clergy are, and on entering the spirit-world, how sure they are to fall from their anticipated height. And yet millions follow them to meet with a like fate!

Dr. Babbitt gives us very interesting ideas about "Plureo-Physiognomy," showing what can be accomplished by a proper knowledge of it. Some suggestions of practical value are given. There is a "plentiful lack" of knowledge on this important subject which is greatly to be deprecated.

Next comes the keen and scathing criticisms of our most worthy friend, W. N. Slocum. He deplores the mendacity of the people, in consequence of which the true state of affairs in the world is beyond the reach of human knowledge. He enlightens us in regard to the so-called fixed value of gold. What power gold has in finance is controlled by law. This is to favor the moneyed classes who daily accumulate their wealth. The real standard of value is labor, because labor produces all values. A portion of it, measured by time, is the true unit of value. That unit is the expression of the representative of value. He next criticises the expression, "The only chance for happiness lies in the extinguishment of self." Self cannot be extinguished without self annihilation. Self should forget its own individuality in seeking the good of others. In doing so we find greater happiness than in selfishly ministering to our own gratification, but this is not "extinguishing self." He is elevating ourselves. He kindly criticizes the author of "Henry Ward Beecher's Experiences in Spirit Life." The preacher, through a medium, is the purported work of Beecher, Hamerdale and others, wholly unworthy of such exalted names. He thinks the medium has been imposed on, and the suggestion may serve for some other publications that I have seen. He calls to mind the increasing poverty of our country by a quotation from a writer well qualified to know what he says, by stating that "More evictions take place in the city of New York every month than are heard of in one year in all Ireland." He then speaks of the tendency of college graduates to seek the overcrowded professions, and having nothing to do there "will become shoppers and swindlers." He next pays his respects to A. K. Owen, from whom I expect. "We are a devout, religious and a God-loving people, but we are not believers in theology."

In the sense in which Mr. Owen used this language, I cannot dissent from it. But do not be scared at the word "religious" in its natural sense. To be religious is simply to exercise the natural religious faculties of which hope, veneration and faith in humanity are the most important. To hope for the good, to respect and venerate all that is good and worthy, and to confide in the inherent goodness of human nature, are religious exercises. Of all the words in the English vocabulary, theology is the least worthy of a place. The science of God, its etymological meaning, is

simply incomprehensible. When a pint cup can hold all the water in the Pacific ocean at one filling, we can begin to study theology. When the finite can comprehend the Infinite, theology may begin to be understood. Mr. Owen used the word in the sense of a scheme of salvation as taught by these called Christians. Mr. Owen was a little unfortunate in his expression, "Women without permission to quarrel will not be permitted upon our Institutions." He then is to be conveyed was that all women shall have mental exemptions that they may not be financially dependent on the other sex as they are under our present system.

In regard to State voting, Mr. Owen holds that as all great financial enterprises in which corporations are engaged, and under the laws of the State from which our charters were taken, conduct all their business by share voting, as required by the laws of that State, it will be better to employ that method until the business is more established. The organization of the Equitable company is not yet effected, if it were, Mr. Sheame's criticisms would be well taken.

The extracts from Mrs. Plunkett's poem contain an excellent point forcibly set on. "A marriage cannot be made valid by legal enactment only, there must be behind it the true conditions for such a union. The financial dependence of women, and the overmastering lust of the "stronger sex," are causes that lead to many heedless, and consequently unhappy marriages. It seems a little too severe to denounce such marriages as prostitution while those "favored with a love ordained by Nature," are let off with a less severe term. The present evils of marriage are necessarily incidental to the moral and spiritual enclosure of the race. When women have equal opportunities in the industrial world with men, the marriage relation will be vastly improved. Until then, we must wait with patience.

L. J. Ashworth treats on "Immoral Novels." The subject is too important to be dismissed with so brief an article. It deserves a volume. Fiction has become an established branch of literature and is a powerful factor in the civilization of the world; but immoral fiction must be eliminated from the catalogue of civilizing forces.

Next comes Dean Clarke's "Trumpet Call." He shows that strong and determined efforts are being made to check, pervert and defeat the progress of Spiritualism on the earth. This is a serious matter, and demands that every true Spiritualist should come to the rescue. His appeal is strong, eloquent and timely. The purposes stated and the means of attainment are clearly and forcibly expressed, and well taken. The Cardinal Principles constitute the true philosophy of life, in the main, and are worthy of the most careful study. Let all who love truth and humanity, heed the warnings given, and unite in one common cause to resist the wrong and aid the right.

Lapsh continues in the "Book of Chronicles," a history of the great conflict between the North and the South, in the emancipation of slavery.

An account of Stead has been given by W. W. Hutson, wherein is stated his views of capital punishment, and some comments on the discrimination in race distinction and Christian civilization.

Moses Hull writes a lively and interesting letter showing his appreciation of the Carrier Dove, and the silent, yet faithful workers at its editorial desk, and something of his whereabouts and his methods; speaks of the improved health of Mrs. Hull.

J. H. Wade, the sage orator and devoted friend of reform speaks feelingly of Mrs. Hull's self-sacrificing and untiring worker.

Emma Tuttle Wentworth Emerson, in a poem, breathing the most sacred moral sentiments, has opened. In reading it, one involuntarily would call to mind Shelley. We need no better poetry. Thy kingdom come.

J. Wm. Carpenter, by Mrs. Wentworth Emerson, very beautifully expresses the sentiment that we know there is no death, and to those who know it, what a joy and strength it brings!

Ada Bates writes finely of "Our Dead," and the influence they should exert on our lives.

Adelaide A. Proctor gives some beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed.

Then comes the editorial in a vigorous endorsement of Dean Clarke's appeal. Theosophy is regarded as the greatest enemy to Spiritualism because the mysterious unknown has a weird attraction for the human mind. The hunters on the plains succeeded in killing the antelope in great numbers by concealing themselves, and flourishing over their heads a red cloth. The silly creatures, by their excited curiosity, were attracted to certain destruction. Is it not strange that men of intelligence should ignore the well established principles of science in this enlightened age, to follow after the vagaries of a half-civilized people who have remained at a stand still in regard to material or spiritual progress, for thousands of years? If these people are so wise, why did they not divulge to us some knowledge of those sciences that have contributed so much to advance the progress of civilization? What do they know of mechanics, of chemistry, geology or astronomy, except what they have learned from the European races? Their assumed knowledge is mystery, and many silly minds, in the light of modern civilization, run after them!

Mr. Ravlin attacks reincarnation in a most vigorous manner. It is, of all modern fads, the most inconsistent and absurd. The simple fact of hereditary transmission is sufficient to lay bare its absurdity. The law of heredity runs through all organized structures. The tree brings forth after its kind, modified by surrounding conditions, so does the highest structure of organic life, the human being. The fact of heredity is as well established in science as is that of gravitation. It seems like a waste of words to combat so preposterous an idea as that of reincarnation. Mr. Ravlin is a host in himself, and will not cease his efforts to establish and vindicate the truth.

We are next favored with "Visions," by William Bennett, giving additional testimony to the clairvoyant power of the human soul. In these visions Mr. Bennett gives dates and names for verification, if desired.

The Boston *Globe* furnishes some prophecies of an Indian medicine man, which go to corroborate Professor Buchanan's famous prophecies given more than a year ago.

"Dove Notes" furnish general information regarding spiritual movements, mediums and lecturers throughout the country.

An investigator gives an account of Dr. Schlesinger's doings in Springfield, Mo. The Dr. astonished the good people of that city, but the readers of the DOVE are so familiar with the medium-ship of the Doctor that it is not necessary to give it further notice here. "Investigator" wants to know why the clergy or scientists do not expose his trickery, as they call it. Sure enough!

Then we have an able and lengthy review of "Spencer versus Spencer," by Mr. Sassum. The author of the book reviewed is W. C. Owen, formerly of San Francisco. The review shows that Spencer opened up a mine of thought which gave to the world practical ideas of social reconstruction in the development of evolution, which must result in continued stages of advancement of the human race.

I perceive my letter is already too long. There are many more remarkably good things that I cannot mention here.

This is one session of the various assembly mentioned at the beginning of this letter. Twelve of these occur every year. Admission fee a trifle over 20 cents, or $2.50 for the twelve. You could not obtain so much instructive literature in book

form for four times the money. Magazine form is quite convenient, and the entire series of numbers can be easily preserved.

It is better than book literature, because it partakes of the character of a journal, and records passing events when of sufficient importance. It is a strong, vigorous, able and well conducted magazine. Nearly all of its columns are filled with original matter, treating on the most important subjects of modern life.

May this white-winged DOVE convey messages of love, instruction and cheer that will gladden and strengthen the hearts of many, many thousands, is the earnest prayer of

Faithfully yours, E. J. SCHELLHOUS.

ZARAGOZA, Nov. 12, 1891.

Letter from L. M. Bowdoin.

Theosophy—Spiritualism at Santa Cruz—State Organization of Spiritualists Proposed—Maud Lord Drake in Stockton—The Cause Prospering.

SANTA CRUZ, NOV. 15.

Dr. Dean Clarke's "Appeal to Spiritualists," published in the DOVE, has the right ring, and should receive a hearty response. It is time for Spiritualists to draw the lines and ascertain who is with them and who ignores the basic truths of Spiritualism. Theosophists have drawn much of their support from the Spiritual ranks and have used our papers to air their hobbies, but the visit of W. Q. Judge, the great mogul of the Theosophists of the United States ought to remove all mist from our eyes, and show us our true position towards them, so that in future they may be left to "paddle their own canoe."

In Judge's lecture at Santa Cruz he went further out of his way to antagonize Spiritualism than any other belief. It is well that the truth is known, and masquerading ends now. With the kindest feelings toward Theosophists we must remind them that Spiritualism has no favors to ask, but prefers to fight the battle with old Theology alone, with our own weapons—the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. Spiritualists have a lively society here at Santa Cruz. There is much good material in it, which makes it the best nucleus for a State Society that I know of. A state encampment should be formed, to have their camp-meeting and grounds here. There is some talk of such a movement here, and I hope it may be seconded by our friends at other points, and result in concerted action. The society is holding weekly meetings of great interest under the ministrations of Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, late of Philadelphia, now of Fresno. She spoke with much acceptance at Stockton two months last fall. Besides their Sunday meetings, forenoon and evening, they have a sociable and mediums' meeting two other evenings that are well attended.

STOCKTON, NOV. 20.

This letter was begun at Santa Cruz and continued here. Judge spoke here too, in the same vein as at Santa Cruz. There is a representative of Spiritualism here at present, Mrs. Maud Lord Drake. Her visit gives us a good chance to compare the two beliefs, and note the difference between Theosophy and Spiritualism.

Last summer as two ladies, Mrs. E. and Mrs. G., were coming from one of the Theosophical meetings, Mrs. E. said to Mrs. G., "We've been attending these meetings now nearly a year, and what do you know?" "Well," says Mrs. G., "I don't know anything, do you?" "No," was the reply.

A few days since, Mrs. Maud Lord Drake held her first circle here, and I noticed that Mrs. E., who had recently lost a beloved daughter, was present. Her daughter came to her in such tangible shape that she and a married daughter saw the spirit's face distinctly, and the spirit daughter patted them on the cheek and spoke of family affairs that no others present knew of, and in various ways made them feel that the dear lost one was still alive and could come to them.

The next morning I called at Mrs. Drake's room to return some chairs borrowed the previous night, and as I came out, Mrs. E. went in, and, grasping Mrs. Drake's hand, exclaimed, "I neve was so happy in my life as I have been since last night."

This shows clearly the great contrast in the character of the two movements, and this incident is only one out of scores that have occurred during Mrs. Drake's short stay here. Many are the sad hearts that have been brightened by getting indisputable evidence that their friends still live and can come to them. Has Theosophy anything to compare with this as the fruits of its teachings? Yet, some good souls, who received their first baptism of the spirit in a similar way, have gone after Theosophy as something "better than phenomenal Spiritualism." It has become the fashion with some to say, "Oh, we don't deny the phenomena, but we are done with that, and are seeking something higher." I have watched to see where they were going to find 'something higher,' but have not yet been rewarded by the first glimmer of anything that could bring comfort to the distressed soul. If there is anything 'higher' for the person who has lost one after another of his dearest ones than to have them come and give him proof that they are present with words of love, sympathy, and exalting counsel, I have not been able to discover it. If our Theosophic friends have it, they keep it securely locked within their "inner consciousness."

Mrs. Drake's circles are held in total darkness, and this makes the novice and many old Spiritualists suspicious that the darkness is for the purpose of concealing fraud. It is true that where fraud is intended darkness is required, but in many of the processes of Nature darkness is necessary. If the physical manifestations of the of the dark circles give rise to suspicions of fraud, such doubts are at once allayed by the communications, the proofs of intelligence and knowledge of matters unknown to the medium. The darkness could not manufacture them—such, for instance, as this:

During this circle it was said, "Mr. Bowdoin, a spirit gives the name of Michael, and says he was your grandfather and that you were named for him and for an uncle. This was a fact. I was named for my grandfather, Michael Bowdoin, and for his oldest son who had the same name, and not a soul in California knew it. Another test I received was this: my first wife, who died thirty-two years ago, told me of something that only she and I ever knew about.

In these circles, when conditions are right, a guitar floats around the room and is played on while the medium is held by the hand. While the medium is speaking other voices in different parts of the circle are heard, and through these voices many messages are given to those in the circle. These voices often contradict what the medium says, correcting her when she is in error, and it has been proved that the voice is correct every time. There has been a more widespread interest awakened by Mrs. Drake's visit here than ever before. It has extended to all classes—doctors, lawyers, merchants, laborers, and men and women in all stations of life, except clergymen.

It is hoped that the interest may not be confined to the phenomena, but that a desire to study the philosophy and teachings may follow, and result in the formation of a society to support lectures. To make converts there is nothing like the phenomena coming home to the bereaved soul prostrated by the loss of its loved ones. When Spiritualists, in hopes of getting something higher, turn away from our phenomena and philosophy and lose themselves in the vague, misty, absurd theories of Theosophy, they are simply forsaking the substance for the shadow. Many of them have found this out and more will.

L. M. BOWDOIN.

Oakland Spiritualists.

The Mission Spiritual Society of Oakland had two splendid meetings last Sunday, Nov. 15. Mr. N. F. Raylin, a noble worker in the cause of Spiritualism, delivered a fine lecture in the afternoon, and Mrs. M. J. Hendee gave an excellent address and psychometric readings in the evening. We are doing a great work, and have large audiences.

K. THOMPSON, SEC.

Letter from Mrs. Melissa Miller.

DEAR SISTER: I am obliged to remain here [83 Salem street, Malden, Mass.] during the winter, under the care of the same physician whose medicine I took in Salt Lake. He lives here, and is one of the best physicians in the place. Added to his knowledge of medical books and practice, he is a first-class medium. His spirit guides examine patients and tell him what medicine to use. His treatment is helping me, but he says I must abandon all public work, keep perfectly quiet, and give my system a chance to build up. He says if I do this I have a chance to live many years, and do a grand, good work for Spiritualism.

As I am obliged to keep quiet, I must have something to read, and have requested the DOVE, *Progressive Thinker*, *Better Way* and *Banner* to be forwarded to my new address.

Yours for truth and progress. MELISSA MILLER.

On The Wing.

SAN FRANCISCO, DEC. 1, 1894.

After mailing my last letter to the DOVE from Fort Bidwell, I started south, passing through Surprise Valley, which is very productive in fruit and grain. After organizing a number of Alliances in the valley and at other points, I organized the County Alliance at Alturas, which represents nine sub-Alliances. I then returned to Lassen and started a few more Alliances and then organized the County Alliance at Susanville. From there I went to Plumas county and founded several Alliances, making twenty one in all in the three counties.

Having been elected by the Lassen county Alliance to represent them as delegate at the Los Angeles State Convention to form a People's Party, I then started for that city. After traveling seventy miles, mostly on foot, I reached the railroad at Beggs. After a ride of over four hundred miles, I reached Los Angeles on the morning that the convention convened. Everything passed off harmoniously, and good results may be expected from the new party that with great enthusiasm was organized.

While at Los Angeles, I had my spiritual strength renewed by visiting several mediums. I saw fine materializing under test conditions at Mrs. Miller's, and spirit telegraphy and slate writing through another noted medium. The questions on my ballots were answered in keeping with them by telegraphy. The double slates that I seated together without any pencil inclosed were filled on the inside with writing in nine different colors, and a good picture of Thomas Paul in three colors. One slate contained a message signed by my father, mother, aunt and three sisters. The medium did not know the name of any of them.

From Los Angeles I went to Summerland, where I lectured and gave an entertainment one evening at the Lelaine Hotel. While there I had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Nichols and Prof. Loveland lecture. Summerland in time will be a pleasant place when shade trees are grown. The view of the ocean and the island in the distance is fine. There are about three hundred people there now.

A six miles ride took me to Santa Barbara. Ventura and Santa Barbara are the banner counties for growing pumpkins and lima beans. Millions of bushels of beans are grown every year. After two days visit with friends at Santa Barbara I took the steamer for this city. Since being here I have had quite a rest, and greatly enjoyed myself in attending seances, necktie parties, a Lyceum entertainment and a dinner given by the Lyceum. Mrs. M. A. Richardson can be considered a benevolent woman, as she got up the baked beans in grand style.

Since being in the city I have lectured for the Pacific National Club and Peoples Party, so have not been idle. In my travels I find that the cause of Spiritualism is on the gain, and so are all reform ideas. By the time this reaches the readers of the DOVE I will be on the Alliance work in Mariposa and other counties, as I have been appointed Organizer for the second congressional district, which covers thirteen counties. J. H. WHITE, Organizer.

FOR THE CARRIER DOVE.

NATIONALISM.

BY R. L. COMPTON.

There's a beacon now with a dazzling light
That shall blaze and burn through future's night,
That shall lead mankind from Poverty's woe
To fields where streamlets of plenty flow.

Competition shall fade from the earth away,
And a new era dawn with a more genial sway;
Then the tyrant Gold with his treacherous hand
No longer shall curse this "Promised Land."

To the drumbeat of Poverty stepping in time
Two millions of Tramps are now forming in line.
Should the war blast of battle resound on the air,
They would be the first the loved banner to bear.

Monopoly now with her fingernail wheel,
With an armor of gold, with a heart cased in steel,
Is crushing her victims from Georgia to Maine;
Their cries far exceed those from India's plain.

As she tumbles along over Liberty's land,
Vile slaves all prostrate themselves in the sand,
Their fetters are stronger, their fate is far worse,
Than the blacks of the South during slavery's curse.

Will you fight for the flag that brings blessings to me
While a withering curse is extended to thee?
Why give to the bondholder millions in gold,
And thousands of others in poverty hold?

As we gaze on the mountain the valley, the plain,
We see wealth everywhere, wessee ships on the main,
Rich products they bring from the foreigner's shore
And yet poverty reigns in this country all o'er.

All the land of this planet for man has been made,
With its hills and its valleys, its sunshine and shade,
And yet barefooted waifs you can find on the street
Who are trembling with cold and have nothing to eat.

For while houses are empty they live in the street,
And with warehouses filled they have nothing to eat,
And with clothing piled high on the shelves to be sold,
Clothed in tatters and rags they go shivering with cold.

We see tenements void of the comforts of life,
And where want and disease bringeth sorrow and strife,
Yet our country so boasted this evil doth see,
In Monopoly's chains is the "Land of the Free."

While the blessings of life all around us do lie,
They are all for the rich who have money to buy
You can sing all you please of this Land of the Free,
But a barbarous reign is all I can see.

But a new era dawns, and a new banner waves
That will strike off the shackles, give freedom to slaves,
Then a shout will arise and will float o'er the sea,
"Hurrah for the Flag!" "'Tis the Land of the Free."

Phil Armour, the Chicago millionaire, who is so widely known for his charities, was one day waited upon by a clergyman who asked him to contribute to the relief of a woman and her babe who had been found starving to death; and Mr. A. promptly responded with fifteen or twenty dollars. An hour or so later the minister returned, and with a sanctimonious face gave back the money, saying that since he received it he had learned that the woman was not respectable. Mr. Armour ordered the clergyman from his office, and immediately sent to the poor woman what was needed to save her life.

New Books.

A Remarkable Book

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist? Curious revelations from the Life of Lincoln. Twice Married. By Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard. With portraits, letters and poems. Philadelphia: Rufus E. Hartranft. 750 Spring Garden street. 1891. 12mo. Illustrations. 415.

This is a book not to be read and then laid aside, but to be studied by all admirers of the world-mind, and all who are interested in psychic phenomena. The facts given are sustained by strong corroborative evidence, and the truthful character of the narrative is vouched for by many well known people. The book is a memorial tribute to the beloved memory of Mrs. Maynard's husband, and a vindication of her first knowledge of Spiritualism, and her subsequent mediumship. Spiritualism, of course, has had its opponents, and during the early years of her first knowledge of Spiritualism, Mrs. Maynard had to encounter much opposition and ridicule, but she bravely stood her ground. It appears from this narrative, that although Spiritualism did not originate with Andrew Jackson Davis, he was the first to suggest the idea of purchasing Hydesville, and thus secure the means for the enforcement of the psychical laws. Mr. Davis was also the first to suggest, when there was great opposition to the Spiritual movement, the appointment of a President's committee. But the committee was never appointed. It was Congressman Sam Cox who was the first to introduce a bill, and after a great pressure had been brought to bear, it was passed, but the enforcement of the proclamation, Mr. Lincoln's untimely death prevented. Mrs. Maynard's interviews with Mr. Lincoln, and the part he took in the matter, are given in the book. Mr. Lincoln's belief in Spiritualism, and the principles of human freedom, were the same.

On the medium's second visit to Washington, Mr. Lincoln gave her a letter, Rev. John Pierpont, of Medford, Mass., to the writer, who was then in the House. The letter suggested that Mrs. Colburn should visit the Spiritual Bureau. Gen. Sickles is also mentioned. Many interesting sittings with the Poet Laureate of Spiritualism, Mr. Pierpont, are given, and as the medium was a musician, the poet wrote many poems for her. There is considerable about the Fox sisters, and the Davenport Brothers, the latter visiting at the house of Mrs. Maynard's father, and giving a number of sittings at a circle at which many prominent people were present. The book is also rich in choice selections of spirit poems from the medium. Mr. Maynard's own poem, "Immortality," which gained a high order of merit, is also given. The book is illustrated with portraits, letters, poems, etc., and will be read with interest by thousands.

Mrs. Maynard has been a resident of Washington for many years, and for three years has been engaged in the practice of medicine, besides lecturing and exhibiting great power. Her success in healing has resulted in the establishment of a large practice, and she has the confidence and comparative respect of the people of the capital city. As a medium, lecturer, and healer, she has a host of friends, and her life history will not only interest the Spiritualists, but will be read with interest by all. The book is published at the low price of $1.50, and will not only repay the reader for the investment, but will at the same time add one who has been a doubter to the ranks of believers in Spiritualism.

"Heavenly Messenger, or Immortality Demonstrated," being appeals to Methodists by the spirit of Gilbert Haven, a bishop of the Methodist church, is a pamphlet of about forty pages in which Methodists and all others are urged to live as true Christians. After ten years in spirit life the Bishop claims that the religion taught by Jesus and John Spiritualism are the same. The publisher is S. M. Baldwin, 1202 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C., who thinks the pamphlet is of such great good it can be placed in proper hands. He will send copies to societies for $2.00 a hundred. Workers might have them at cost.

In an Arkansas court recently a witness refused to be sworn because he was not an atheist. The witness also refused to answer the judge asked the lawyer what that had to do with the case. Then the lawyer put another question: "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Who does?" inquired the witness. "I hope I do," replied the lawyer. "Oh well," remarked His Honor, "I'm a Bishop, do sir!"

Spencer versus Spencer.

[illegible] by W. Oxon. 24 pages paper cover. London: Progressive Publishing Company. New York: [illegible]

Part 5 second of this interesting work begins with a quotation from "Woman and Socialism" by Herr August Bebel an English edition of which was translated by Mr. Owen and soon be published by the Humboldt Company. The quotation is as follows: "If Socialism is to be carried out well go under; but if it rests on truth, then it is a fact that is the natural outcome of our social evolution that no power on earth can prevent its realization. Socialism as well break its own way to the front, and no one the less if [illegible] Mr. Owen rightly declares:

"That the [illegible] Socialists now take of their own motion to reason for the holidays with which they never [illegible] the [illegible] Comte, of Darwin, and of the Whole school of evolutionists among whose chief interpreters is Mr. Herbert Spencer.

Mr. Owen, therefore, puts upon consideration of the "Laws of conduct" as enunciated by Spencer. He says:

The law of the universe is by necessity the law of and for the laws of the individual. The lesser is held. It is therefore the law of life and thus [illegible] Nature, whose law is unity, for its [illegible] Mr. Spencer, confining the subject matter of Ethics, has given us a generic [illegible] as the development of life as [illegible] to conditions. The fitness and mutual interdependency which life experienced and continued even in its most developed [illegible] The increasing interdependence as we mount in the [illegible] an interdependence by no means limited to the [illegible] which commercialism would necessarily [illegible] and the necessity of peace, or, as Socialism would put it, the necessity for substituting harmonious cooperation for all these which [illegible] and impliedly, set out in what he [illegible] I have considered Mr. Spencer's exposition, because [illegible] I have given entire throughout [illegible] as [illegible] to give a correct representation of [illegible] doctrine.

The following [illegible] is the real purpose of [illegible] and [illegible] that such purpose is so faithfully [illegible] in the preceding pages that the most ardent admirer of Mr. Spencer cannot find fault. This exposition of Mr. Spencer's views, with a running commentary thereon, occupies most [illegible] of the volume. It embraces chapters on "Utilitarianism," "Evolutionary Proofs," "Egoism," "Altruism," etc. At the close of a chapter on "The Coming Slave," Mr. Owen [illegible] the Pope engendered. Mr. Owen says: "I am by conviction a Socialist, pointing out that the individual exercise of new accomplishing itself in municipal affairs, and even in the [illegible] necessary adequacy, as the very [illegible] Herbert Spencer and the Pope refused to. The one [illegible] hitherto."

In a chapter [illegible] "The Society that Has Come," in considering Mr. Spencer's opinion of that government interference involves the evil of doing for others what it would be far better that they should do for themselves, he says:

It is unquestionable since both biology and history endorse, as I have previously shown, [illegible] kinds of the external [illegible] to the [illegible] to the [illegible] to the

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grow worse as our present industrial system grows more and more *impossible*. To complain of this is to complain of one of Nature's most essential laws. Pain has a genuine function to perform; it tells us when we are going wrong; it is now loudly reminding us of our folly in retaining a system that has had its day."

The Revised Book of Job.

There was a man in the land of Wayback whose name was Job, and he kept a printing office, and he also published a weekly newspaper.

And over the outer door of his house he hung a shingle, whereon there were inscribed these words, "Job Printing."

And his substance was much cord-wood and corn and beans, and many large eggs and pumpkins and sour apples and pot-cheeses, and a very great variety of other products of the land all about and the animals thereon. And there was to him a need of many things that he had not at all.

And it was so, when the days were gone about during which his subscribers had received their papers, and they came not to pay just tribute for what they had taken unto themselves, that Job communed with himself and thus unto himself spake:

"Lo! Have I not toiled all this time that the people of Wayback might be enlightened by that which I printed in my paper? And should not they render unto me now that which is my just due?"

And having thusly queried unto himself, he thus made answer, saying: "Verily now, they should; for there are many things which are not to my household. My children's feet are bare, and covered with stone-bruises from walking up and down upon the earth with nothing to cover the nakedness of their feet; and she that is my wife is tattered as to her garments, and there is to me a need of a new overcoat, and there is to all my family need of many things.

"Verily, therefore, I must have money wherewith I may purchase all these things."

And Job sat him down, and made out many bills, and sent forth messengers that they might go abroad among his subscribers and collect that which was due even to the last shekel thereof.

And in the fullness of time there returned unto him a messenger and said: "Lo and behold, I have been among thy subscribers, and besought them to render unto me in thy behalf that which they owed thee.

"And they arose and cursed me, and fell upon me and beat me and stepped on my neck, saying: 'Are we deadbeats that we should thus be dunned?'"

While he was yet speaking, there came also another and said: "The wrath of madness is on thy subscribers and their hands are on their purse-strings and they will not pay."

While he was yet speaking there came also another and said: "Thy subscribers said unto me: 'Let thy master wait until such time as we are ready; for is he not an editor, and rich and powerful in the land? while we are poor and toil from day to day that we may eat.'"

Then Job arose and rent his suspender and ground his teeth in rage, and rent his hair, the little that was left him, and smote with his fist upon the desk a mighty smite and said:

"Lo and behold, there are no shekels in the newspaper business, and the man that is wise getteth out therefrom in haste and letteth it severely alone."

And Job went forth even to his front door and took down the shingle whereon there was inscribed the legend "Job Printing." And all his possessions he sold for many shekels.

And he bought him a clothing store and on the outer gates he hung a sign whereon in gilded letters he that ran might read "Job Lots."

In all this Job erred not and showed that there was to him a great head.

There are 40,000 women studying in the various colleges in America. And yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

How Miracle Workers are Made.

[From the Springfield (Mo.) Democrat]

Prentice Mulford was a shy, quiet, sensitive man of genius. He was one of the ablest journalists in New York city until he became interested in the philosophy he afterward put before the world in the publications of the White Cross Library. From this time, although still doing occasional newspaper work as ably as ever, his main life task, until his sudden death from apoplexy, was thinking out and writing his metaphysical doctrines. As this work engaged him he withdrew into himself more and more, and gave himself up to it. Most of all he loved to be alone with nature under the trees or upon the water.

He was a Spiritualist, and believed he held communication with departed ones. But he was in no sense whatever a crank or a long haired prophet. He was a neatly dressed, quiet gentleman, with nothing at all extraordinary in his appearance or manners. He himself would have been the last man to claim that he could work miracles or that he had as yet attained any weird occult power that would enable him to kill by a flash of will, like the child in Bulwer's "Coming Race." Such was Prentice Mulford, as his best friends knew him.

But no sooner was he out of the body than most extravagant fairy tales began to cluster about his memory. Stories that would strain to the cracking point the credulity of the most gullible began to be told. We hear how he would be walking along the street and suddenly turn into somebody else—a withered up old man, a child with a piping voice and of course a big Injun who said "ugh," in bloodcurdling tones. Most tremendous of all, long documents are poured into the newspapers purporting to be dictated by the disembodied spirit of Mr. Mulford.

That these documents, however able, have not a trace of Mulford's style or methods of thought, are nothing at all to the point. That the crazy things, such as losing himself and turning into somebody else on the public street, and asking his way over pavements his feet trod daily, were never witnessed by those who saw him familiarly and often during the last years of his life, is nothing to the point either. Still less is it to the point to ask, if these extraordinary stories are true, why did not the persons who knew them tell them during his lifetime, instead of waiting till after he was dead?

All the same, the stories grow like a soft snow ball rolling down hill. In a little while the sensitive, gifted man, with not a speck of humbug or claptrap about him, will stand before the world as a Blavatsky, a Paracelsus or perhaps one of those old hermits who could raise a thunderstorm or cure a case of measles at will. Very good. Go on. Prentice Mulford will make as good a miracle worker as any of them.

HOG!

That's what it is, simon-pure hog! The system under which we live is for the special benefit of the swine; altogether hoggish, thoroughly devilish; a system of practical anarchy, and that of the worst form, since the poor are forced to stand with folded hands while the rich thieves satisfy themselves with their plunder. Another term expressing the same idea is "Individualism"—that is, "Every fellow for himself—the devil take the hindermost." Certain political economists of a very new school call it "Private Enterprise," and declare that it must not be interfered with! Ah!

We believe that we have reached a point where we are ready to advance to something better than a system which cultivates only the base, sordid, selfish and brutal side of human nature; ready to advance to a system under which human life will be something better than a cold, pitiless, tooth-and-nail struggle for a living, and Christ's sermon on the mount something more than the wild vagary of a hair-brained enthusiast. Anyhow, we are gathering our energies for a determind pull in that direction. Stand from under! As sure as God lives, we mean it! Death to the hogs.—*Rev. Jas. J. Edwards.*

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Are coming, and I propose to give the readers of the CARRIER DOVE the difference between the wholesale and retail prices (with exception of costs) of my publications, until January 1st. The books were written to be read, and to be read they must be sold. The sales have been so large and the support given me, even from the first announcement made asking for subscriptions, so generous, that I am now able to share this generosity with those who may desire to purchase. The books are all neatly bound, and are excellent holiday gifts.

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A cooking school is part of the public school system of Milwaukee.

THE CARRIER DOVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER, 1891.

To Our Readers.

We respectfully request all of our subscribers whose year expires with this number of the DOVE to renew at once. Do not wait for a special notice informing you that your subscription has expired, as the date of expiration is printed with the address upon each wrapper. Some who have been in arrears have been notified by letter; but this takes time, and money for postage, which we cannot afford; therefore we want all who care to receive the DOVE regularly to look carefully at the date, and renew before their time expires, so that no number shall be missed. We hope with the new year to give more and more each month of mental and spiritual food, served in such tasteful, artistic style that it will be relished by all. Our Holiday or New Year number will be replete with good things and very attractive in appearance and matter. Send for extra copies for your friends, and do a little substantial missionary work. We have worked faithfully for over eight years, carefully studying the needs of Spiritualists and investigators, and feel that we understand the situation very well. During this time *Experience* has been our most valuable teacher, and we hope that her lessons have been so well learned that we may be able to impart to others something of value to them whereby they may be saved the painful methods that *Experience* adopts in her process of imparting knowledge.

Miss Beresford Joy.

Miss Beresford Joy, whose sweet songs were a great attraction at Metropolitan Temple during the ministrations of Mrs. E. L. Watson several years ago, writes a very interesting letter from London to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dodge, from which we are permitted to make some extracts. Miss Joy says, "I am very well indeed, although not in as excellent health as when in Paris, owing, I think, to the English cooking, which is not as wholesome as the French 'cuisine'. I am becoming very fond of London. At first I thought it dull and gloomy, after Paris, but once accustomed to it one develops a great fondness for it. It is such a truly wonderful city, and so interesting from an historical point of view, and so immense. I think I shall get on beautifully. I have sung at two concerts with undoubted success, and arrangements for three more are pending. I shall not get discouraged, for I know I shall win success in the end."

Miss Joy's letter has the true ring, and if good wishes an I "best thoughts" amount to anything as helps, then success will surely crown her efforts, for she is followed by kind remembrances from scores of friends in San Francisco.

Carrier Dove Free Library and Reading Room.

We have long realized the necessity for a Free Library and Reading Room where Spiritual and Liberal literature can be accessible to the public, and have decided to do our best to supply this demand by devoting our own private library to the purpose. We have not, at present, a very extensive collection, having given away many valuable books and loaned many that have never been returned. But we feel that it is as unwise to "hide our light" in shelved books as "under a bushel" and therefore have determined to spread the light to the best of our ability through the free use of such literature as is calculated to instruct readers.

The Reading Room will be supplied with all the current periodicals devoted to Spiritualism and reform subjects, and with many of the popular magazines. Any one wishing to aid us in this enterprize by the donation of books or funds with which to purchase them will be credited with the same upon our contributors' list and receive not only the thanks of the founders of this work, but also the gratitude of the patrons. We expect to have our Library and Reading Room ready to open to the public about the first of January and will give due notice of the event. In the meantime all contributions of books will be received and acknowledged by the librarian, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, or by the proprietor, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, at 667 Minna street, corner of Eighth street, or at the CARRIER DOVE office.

Spiritualists' Badge.

Mr. C. D. Haines is the originator of a beautiful and unique design called the "Sunflower" badge, which is being adopted by many as an emblem or sign of recognition whereby Spiritualists may know one another. It is not expensive and yet is neat, tasteful and beautiful. The design shows a sunflower of pure enamel on gold. It resymbolizes its meaning. As the sunflower turns its face toward the sun, so does the spiritual man or woman turn towards the sun of Truth, seeking spiritual warmth and light. The petals of the sunflower represent the cardinal virtues and principles of the spirit. The badge is expressive of spiritual truth, and will become the universal emblem of the fraternity. When traveling among strangers how gladly will this little emblem be hailed upon the breast of another; for it will reveal the presence of a friend and brother as truly as the secret sign of masonry reveals a brother craftsman. We are prepared to furnish to all who desire one of these beautiful badges. We also desire agents to canvass among Spiritualists to whom we will pay a liberal commission.

Mrs. L. M. Sloper, 143 Golden Gate avenue, appears to have a number of spiritual gifts of a high order. With comparatively little experience she has become an excellent public speaker, both under control, and when entirely conscious of what she is saying. She also sees spirit forms, hears spirit voices, writes messages, personates spirits, and is now developing as a materializing medium, her seances being under conditions rendering deception quite impossible. The forms are more ethereal than those seen at most circles, and sometimes they do not have power to leave the cabinet, but their genuineness is beyond question. Some visitors are disappointed because they do not see solid forms dancing around the circle, shaking hands and exchanging caresses. The seances do not partake of the nature of a "show." Spirits come to friends in the circle, or visitors are called to the cabinet, and others in the room can neither see nor hear much not intended specially for them. While a medium is in course of development for materialization darkness at the seances is indispensable, but as conditions improve the light may be increased. Until then those who say, or *think*, "the darkness confirms my doubts," better not attend.

Organization

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Concerning my Plan of Organization, as published in the *Spiritual Offering* in October 28th, I will say, in my opinion, a progressive thinking Spiritualists will never successfully organize with even the shadow of creed or dogmatism in the plan, for Spiritualism teaches the absolute continuity of life and has no exemption, and that the conditions that will emerge from the spirit side of life is reached depend upon the mental and moral education while in the material life. Hence the protection of the principles of the American laws, or governments essential to the success of spiritualistic ideas exist. The absolute divorce existed of Church and State was necessary to be advocated by each branch of the Christian creeds. Spiritualists and liberal and progressive thinkers need sustain a secular governmental in order to protect themselves and others in the enjoyment of religious liberty. In this age they will need to safeguard universal political equality in order to preserve the nonsectarian public school system, which is the bulwark of American political and religious freedom. A declaration from the enactments of the ordained heads of Roman Catholicism and especially from the results growing out of their parochial schools of the Roman Catholic Church.

The fundamental principles of my plan of organization was much to do with the secret and proposed organization of Spiritualists, whether that plan is proposed by the sage of Wisconsin, or by "A Private in the Ranks" or is born in Bethlehem or Judea, and of parentage unknown.

M. J. MATTHEWS

200 Canfield St., Detroit, Mich.

The only reason why the proposed plan was not copied into the DOVE is that it did not appear to be what the occasion requires. We are willing, however, to let our readers know what the plan is that they may judge for themselves. Mr. Matthews has prepared articles of association under the title of "Psychologic and Philosophic Association of America." Article I declares:

The objects of this association are:

1. To promote the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States of America.

2. To maintain the absolute and perpetual divorcement of Church and State.

3. To sustain a free universal government.

4. To promote absolute liberty.

5. To maintain the American unsectarian public school system.

6. To advocate universal political equality.

7. To assist in the establishment of twelve place-names, scientific and spiritual [illegible] progressive existing to bring to the world a higher civilization, wherein man and woman may be better prepared in their spiritual being for the environments of a progressive and ever changing eternity.

Although most Spiritualists agree to all that is here proposed, and many have labored and will do all in their power to forward these objects, we are quite sure that they will not be satisfied with a plan which does not in any sense define the principles of Spiritualism. That the plan does not is evident at a glance. There is not a word or sentence of what Spiritualists, as such, believe.

Object No. 7 pledges assistance to something which is not defined. Object No. 1 endorses the Declaration, with the Constitution, which every intelligent Spiritualist knows that they are very dissimilar documents, the one setting forth the rights of man, while the other records those rights to such a degree that for more than fifty years the Constitution was the bulwark of human slavery, and even in its amended form it sanctions a system under which the many are forced into a condition of poverty and dependency or servitude, while the few roll in illgotten wealth and rule the commanded many. Intelligent Spiritualists aim to overthrow such a system the corner stone of them all [illegible] and would make the "law of evolution" the foundation upon which to build a higher and grander civilization and not to be governed by laws which can be discerned with a microscope. Nor could we endorse that advanced spirits are so desperately [illegible] to have any government existing on earth set up as a model by which the principles of Spiritualism may be formed and the spiritual nature of man developed.

We have carefully read the articles of association prepared by Mr. Matthews, and find them quite as faulty as the declaration of objects above given. They provide for two classes of members, one executive, the other associative, the first to control everything and pay ten dollars each per annum for the privilege, the second to have no voice or vote, and pay one dollar each per annum, the only object in doing which appears to be to give financial aid to the $10 fellows who rule. Lest it might be supposed that the ruling members *represent* the one dollar members, it may be well to state that the only representation provided for in the articles is that of societies organized to carry out the seven objects above set forth. Such societies are allowed one delegate each to the annual conventions, and for this privilege they have to pay $25 for charter fee and $25 per annum into the central treasury, and if a society has more than fifty members it must pay fifty cents per annum per capita.

It is quite evident that an association organized under such articles would be controlled by comparatively few persons. It is wholly undemocratic, and in our opinion would be wholly unsatisfactory to the mass of Spiritualists.

The author sends the DOVE an article favorable to organization, which, as it advocates no special plan, will be given place in the January issue.

New Method in Music

One of the most remarkable discoveries in music, the correspondence between musical sounds and colors, has been made of practical value by an invention of Mrs. L. Staples, called "The Pianoforte Harmony Instructor," by means of which any person, whether understanding music or not, can learn how to accompany another instrument or singing. The Instructor" is a chart marked in different colors to represent the different chords, and can be used in any "key," comprising the "Major" and "Minor," the "Dominant Seventh," etc. This card is really an ingenious contrivance. Nothing like it has ever been placed before the musical world. It is the perfection of simplicity and effectiveness. Music teachers will find it of the greatest help in advancing dull pupils. Those who do not understand music at all can readily learn to play accompaniments correctly in any key by a form of popular songs marked to correspond with the Harmony Instructor. It saves years of study. Mrs. Staples has testimonials from some of the leading musicians as to its merits. She also received the diploma at the Mechanics exhibition. She gives lessons in accompaniments at 168 Mason street. The charts are for sale at this office. Price One Dollar.

Father Chiniquy, now 82 years old, said, in a late address in Chicago, that it is the intention of the Catholics to get control of America [if they can], that are endeavoring, first to destroy the public school system; that they succeeded in banishing the Bible and prayers from the schools on the ground that they made the schools sectarian, and now they object because they are godless schools. They expect to get political control by union of all Catholic voters, they holding the balance of power between parties.

The psychometric readings of Mrs. M. J. Hendee generally give entire satisfaction. Mrs. Hendee is also one of the oldest and best test and business mediums in the city, besides being a successful healer. Her circles for tests and messages are on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for spiritual development Wednesday afternoon and Thursday evening. Sittings daily. Her rooms are in the Carrier Dove building, corner of Eighth street and Minna. Entrance 167 Minna.

N. F. Ravlin's Discourses.

The following are a few notes taken of Mr. Ravlin's addresses during the month. One of his morning subjects was "Growth," in which he showed that we have that which we earn, and that notwithstanding organization and environments have much to do with progress, yet in one sense we are the arbiters of our own destiny; we have the power of choice between good and evil, and we exercise such power, notwithstanding all the metaphysical niceties which seem to make us the slaves of circumstance.

An evening discourse was on "God and the Devil Fighting a Duel." Mr. Ravlin showed the absurdities of the Bible account of the conflict between God and the Devil, proving quite conclusively that if God had not the power to destroy the Devil he was not God, and if he had the power and did not exercise it he was responsible for all the evil done by the the Devil; in short, the Jewish Jehovah was a monster of wickedness, no more worthy of worship than the Devil himself. The discourse was a good one for the large class of people who have not yet grown wholly out of the old theological idea.

"Spiritual Illumination" was the subject of a Sunday morning discourse of deep import to Spiritualists. The speaker clearly drew the line, and defined spiritual illumination as in contradistinction to mere comprehension or cognizance of spiritual phenomena.

"The natural man knoweth not the things of the spirit." They are not comprehended from the physical plane. As well might a blind man attempt to describe the beautifully blended colors of the rainbow, or the thousand variegated colors, with tints and shades, of the numberless flowers that comprise the wonderful flora of the material world, as for the physical man to attempt to describe the things of the spirit in their entirety. There are grand, illuminated souls, to whom have been revealed glimpses of the spiritual and invisible. As the heavens, which were once thought to be bounded by our material vision are now known to extend far into the illimitable spaces beyond the powers of sense to grasp or contemplate, so it is with spiritual things. As man becomes receptive to spiritual illumination new worlds are opened to his vision. Spirit forms are seen, spirit voices heard, and spiritual truths revealed to his understanding. Great Nature's secrets are more clearly read and comprehended in this new light. As the microscope reveals a world of knowledge not cognized by the physical senses, so, when spiritual illumination comes, the spiritual world, with its hitherto unveiled secrets, stands revealed as the world of cause, the source of life, of energy, and of all the great forces and potentialities which act upon, in and through material things.

One of the most practical and sorely needed lessons delivered before the society during Mr. Ravlin's ministrations was his lecture entitled "Cause for Tears." The subject was suggested, he said, by an editorial in the *Daily Report* of this city. The occasion of the editorial was a remark made by the Rev. Mr. Sunderland, agent for a foreign missionary society, that he almost wept when making an appeal for aid for the heathen. Mr. Ravlin thought the zeal and sentimentalism manifested by those who favor sending the gospel to the perishing heathen was misplaced, as the heathen are no nearer perdition than the church itself. He had been long enough acquainted with the rank and file of missionary societies to know that much of the money consumed, in paying salaries to agents is wrung from poor working women who are made to believe that the salvation of the whole heathen nation depends upon their efforts. Mr. Sunderland, he said, had expatiated upon the importance of evangelizing the world, and claims that now is a most opportune time for the work, but the *Report* editor thought there is real "cause for tears" right here, and that San Francisco is a good field for missionaries to distinguish themselves in. Mr. Ravlin said, if all the churches in the United States should concentrate their efforts for the next hundred years, they could not evangelize San Francisco. Look at the Chinese quarter, and see the saloons there that are conducted by Chinamen and largely patronized by American young men and even women. Suppose a census were taken of all who are patrons of these terrible places, what a list it would make. What a tale would be unfolded. People have become so accustomed to these things that they do not realize the wreck and ruin around them. These ruined, fallen ones were once the happy, bright-eyed boys and girls, whose ringing laugh and bounding footsteps made sweet music in the hearts of fathers and mothers, and brightened their now desolated homes. By what authority are these places opened where youthful innocence is blighted and criminals and harlots are manufactured? Is there any argument for licensing this state of things? You say the state derives a revenue from the licensing of saloons and houses of prostitution; so would it derive a revenue from the license of of horse stealing and counterfeiting; and are the bodies and souls of your children of less value than your animals and gold? Suppose a company for the purpose of kidnaping the children of wealthy parents should be organized and licensed, giving legal authority for stealing children for the sake of the reward that would be demanded, how long do you think such an institution would be tolerated? In this case the children would be returned safe and unharmed; while the present kidnaping process gives them back ruined, besotted, debauched—often transformed into criminals, active enemies of society.

The speaker made a strong plea for an organized effort among the young of both sexes to counteract the terrible influence of the saloon, and appealed to voters to stand bravely for the temperance cause, even if it were necessary to desert old political parties and take a new departure for the protection of the innocence of coming generations.

Work.

If some angel spoke to me to-night,
In awful language of the unknown land,
Bidding me choose from treasure infinite,
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand,
The thing I coveted, what should I take?
Fame's wreath of bays? The fickle world's esteem?
Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,
And world's applauding passeth as a dream.
Should I choose love to fill my empty heart
With soft, strong sweetness, as in days of old?
Nay, for love's rapture hath an after smart,
And on love's rose the thorns are manifold.
Should I choose life with long succeeding years?
Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.
I would choose work and never-failing power
To work without weak hindrance by the way,
Without recurrence of the weary hour
When tired tyrant Nature holds its sway
Over the busy brain and toiling hand.
Ah! if an angel came to me to-night,
Speaking in language of the unknown land,
So would I choose from treasures infinite.
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
The tireless strength for never-ending task,
Is not for this life. But beyond the grave
It may be I shall find the thing I ask;
For I believe there is a better land
Where will and work and strength go hand in hand.

Dove Notes.

The address of Moses Hull during December is 59 Camp st., New Orleans.

Mrs. Ada H. Foye is engaged in Brooklyn, N. Y., during December and January.

Geo. F. Perkins and wife are in Brooklyn, N. Y., giving lectures and seances. Residence, 190 Madison street.

Prof. F. Corden White and wife have arrived in the city for the winter from Salt Lake City, Utah. They are located at 1049 Market St., Palo Alto House.

The following "ingredients" are said to be the essential elements of Theosophy: Asiatic Mysticism, 2 parts; Debased Christianity, 2 parts; Crude Metaphysics, 1 part; Pure Twaddle, 95 parts.

The editor of London *Light*, after a visit to Scotland, has returned to his post, sufficiently improved in health to resume editorial work. He reports great interest in Spiritualism wherever he has been.

In Mr. Coleman's contribution for this month, page 330, tenth line from bottom of first column, the word *been* should be omitted; and on page 331, eighth line from top, *stormed* should be printed *formed*.

Mr. William Heap, President of the San Bernardino Spiritual Society, is reported to be failing in health, greatly to the regret of many friends who know how long and faithfully he has labored in behalf of Spiritualism.

Miss Anna Abbott, the Georgia Wonder, or "Little Magnet," as she is sometimes called, is giving exhibitions in London, greatly to the mystification of the people. Many scientists and men of eminence have visited her.

The Spiritualists of San Bernardino had a "basket social" November 15th, as a farewell testimonial to Mrs. E. B. Cross-sette, and a welcome to Dr. J. M. Temple, who is now there giving tests and drawing large audiences.

The first letter under "Correspondence" is good. Don't be deterred from reading it because you may at first think it only "taffy" for the DOVE. The points of dissent are many and valuable, and the suggestions are worthy of heed.

The Wednesday evening meetings at 111 Larkin street, under the direction of Mrs. Briggs-Voy are kept up with old-time interest. Recently the circles, which at one time were abandoned, have been resumed, occupying the hour from 9 to 10. The first hour is devoted to brief speeches, platform tests and music.

A friend writing a personal letter to the editor, in which allusion is made to the course of the CARRIER DOVE, says: "If you have not a secret order or bugaboo to hold before your readers, you have something infinitely rarer—common sense. That is a standard one should be proud to carry, even if its followers sometimes seem few."

Readers who desire facts concerning Spirit Photography can get a lecture on the subject by E. A. D. Opie, which gives an account of many successful experiments made under test conditions, also some notice of frauds in spirit photography. The price is not given, but probably ten cents would pay for pamphlet and postage. Address E. A. D. Opie, Adelaide, Australia.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph* gives an account of a young man residing in Tiflis, Russia, who apparently dies every Saturday and revives the next Monday. He says nothing, perhaps knows nothing, of his two days experience, but he is able to tell all visitors of the secret sins of their lives, and many confessions have been made of the truth of his revelations, the accused begging him to pray for their forgiveness.

The editor of the DOVE has often solicited from speakers and mediums information concerning their work, and the excuse has been made that they favored other journals only because the DOVE was issued but once a month. Now if all such will kindly contribute to THE CARRIER DOVE, their communications will be promptly published, and the public as well as the mediums will be benefited.

Letters from St. Paul, Duluth, and other cities where Dr. Schlesinger has been, gratefully acknowledge the excellence of his mediumship, and urge him to return. The weather in Minnesota was too cold for his endurance. Writing from St. Louis, a city having nearly double the population of San Francisco, he says there is not half the interest in Spiritualism that there is here. The Doctor is now in New Orleans on his way home.

Sun day Spiritual meetings are numerous and well attended in San Francisco. Dr. Ravlin speaks in Washington Hall, morning and evening, and presides over a mediums' conference in the afternoon. Mrs. Logan has a meeting at St. George's Hall at 11 A M., and Mr. Rimmes in the same room in the evening. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake gives tests at Irving Hall in the afternoon and John Slater in the evening. Mrs. Waite occupies the platform in Scottish Hall, and numerous circles are held in other parts of the city.

The Sunday meetings at Washington Hall under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists are well attended, and doing much good, enlightening both Spiritualists and investigators concerning the philosophy of Spiritualism. Dr. N. F. Ravlin is inspired by a class of spiritual intelligences well advanced in the knowledge of spiritual things, and their teachings are calculated to make wiser and better all who listen to them. At two o'clock in the afternoon Dr. Ravlin conducts a conference and mediums' meeting which is increasing in interest each week.

The DOVE this month contains several fine original poems, one by Mary Baird Finch, page 340, and several on page 341, beginning with the spiritual offering of Emma Rood Tuttle It contains a practical lesson for every reader. Next is the beautiful poem by Miriam Baird Buck (sister of Mrs. Finch), a loving greeting to our natural and unassuming sisters of Japan. The conception is poetical and the rhythm nearly perfect The poem as a whole is worthy of a place in the leading magazines of the world. On the same page the friends of Mrs. F. A. Logan will find a cheerful song written by her on her sixty-ninth birthday.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for December opens with an interesting article on the materialistic and spiritualistic idea, by Edmund Montgomery, M. D. The next is a burlesque on Olcott and Blavatsky, by A. L. Rawson, followed by "The Evolution of the Devil," by Henry Frank, being the concluding chapter. There is a fine poem, "The Cry of the Oppressed," by Nelly Booth Simmons; Mr. Beane's address at the funeral of James Parton; an argument against immortality by Herman Wettstein, on the assumption that "infinite" space is not capacious enough to contain the infinity of souls born on the various planets, with other interesting articles.

The letters of General Sherman now being published in the *Cosmopolitan* not only throw a new light upon the character of the great man himself, but upon the operations then in process of being carried out. The second and last paper, which appears in the December *Cosmopolitan*, is illustrated by a man who sat at Sherman's mess table during the campaigns of which he writes. An article in the December number which will be read with wide interest is on Rapid Transit, by Captain Lewis M. Humpt. Mrs. Burton Harrison begins a new novel, "The Daughter of the South," and another southern article is entitled "Social Life in Richmond During the War." The number contains 140 illustrations.

Children's Department

The sweetest note of the clearest flute,
The fall of water where all is mute
Save the fountain's flow, is far less dear
Than a pure child's voice to my waiting ear;
For heaven's light fills those innocent eyes,
And the lips breathe the music of Paradise!—*Griffith*

Cradle Song.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

In the garden of Dreamland a flower ever grows,
In form like a lily, in hue like a rose,
With odor like jessamine sprinkled with dew,
And it bourgeons and blossoms, my darling, for you.
Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland—
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go
Happily smiling to Dreamland.

In the garden of Dreamland in summer is heard,
Trilling there in the moonlight, a beautiful bird;
And it sings, and it sings, all the pleasant night through,
And its music, my darling, is only for you.
Then travel, my baby, to Dreamland—
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go
Happily smiling to Dreamland.

To-morrow, my darling, refreshed by her rest,
With the bird in her hand, and the flower on her breast,
Shall return to her mother to frolic and crow,
But to-night on her journey to Dreamland must go.
Then travel, dear baby, to Dreamland—
Slowly rock, cradle, to carry the baby;
Steadily, readily rock, and it may be,
Ere she shall know it, the baby will go
Happily smiling to Dreamland.

The Little Maid For Me.

I know a little maiden,
Whom I always see arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and petted little elf,
For she never helps her mother nor her sister nor her brother;
But, forgetting all around her, lives entirely for herself.
So she simpers and she sighs,
And she mopes and she cries,
And knows not where the happy hours flee.
Now let me tell you privately, my darling little friends,
She is as miserable as miserable can be,
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another maiden,
Whom I've often seen arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but not always; she's a prudent little elf;
And she always helps her mother and her sister and her brother,
And lives for all around her quite regardless of herself.
So she laughs and she sings,
And the hours on happy wings
Shower gladness around her pathway as they flee.
Now, need I tell you privately, my darling little friends,
She's as happy as a little maid can be?
This is surely just the little maid for me.—*Harper's Young People.*

Little Stories For Little Folks.

BY MISS FIRMNESS OAK.

I know the mothers are the ones who read the Children's Department, so, to reach the mothers, I pretend to talk to the children. Little birds are pretty things; I like to look at them; but all the while I am thinking of the mother bird, who is too cute to be caught by chaff. We will see. Here is a story about

MRS. HARPER AND MRS. LUCE.

I was housekeeper for both, being an excellent housekeeper before I was twelve years old. I took great pride in housework, and could teach people much older than I how to do it systematically and thoroughly. Generally the relieved mothers enjoyed the rest; but there seemed to be no rest for Mrs. Harper. She did not know how to rest. No one can rest who frets. She would begin in the morning:

"Elsie Harper, go right back to your bed an I keep still."

This to a five-year old girl who wanted to wash her face and play awhile before breakfast.

"Emma, stop talking and let me sleep." If she had not been ill tempered she could sleep.

After awhile she would get up, make her toilet and come to the table with the two little girls. Of course she had no appetite, for she had not breathed the fresh air, and she ate a supper that was too stimulating for a big man. She would sit down to a very carefully prepared breakfast—enough for a dozen people—and as she ate she would complain all the time. The coffee was too weak, or too strong; the mush was too thin or too thick. She would fret about the children not eating, and if she could find nothing else to grow about, she would tell me I must not eat so much raw fruit although I paid for the fruit myself).

After breakfast, if the little girls wished to dress their dolls, she would say: "no, you must not waste cloth; you could not make a doll's dress, you are too little." Then the children would want to put a board through the fence and teeter. She would call them, and tell them, "that is not lady-like." She forbade them to climb trees, because they might fall; they must not make mud marbles or mud pies, for that would spoil their dresses; they must not make soap-bubbles, because they would get their sleeves wet; and they must not wash dolls clothes, for they would soil their own clothes in doing it; but they might spin a top or nurse a doll, or play with Noah's Ark. Surely that was enough. Then she would go out calling, and the moment her back was turned the two little girls would take scissors, go to the drawers, and cut off pieces of cloth to make doll's dresses. They would be cutting, basting and sewing till their mamma returned, then she would box their ears and put one in one corner of the room, and the other in another corner, and scold me for letting them cut the cloth. I did not engage to "boss" the children. I knew they must do something. I told her I never would interfere with the children.

A HAPPY HOME.

I was glad to go to Mrs. Luce's. She was always merry. Although she was tired, she enjoyed her rest, and I enjoyed seeing her resting. When I went to Mrs. Luce's she said, "I am very glad you have come. Now I will get a chance to entertain my children more; and it will be so pleasant to have my house kept in order; and I hear you are such an excellent cook, you can make wholesome meals without much cost. We are more particular about cleanliness than anything else. Mrs. Blair says you are very cleanly; that you even use a microscope to examine food with." I told her that was so. Every morning the children got up when they pleased, and that was as soon as they awoke. They always took a bath before dressing; then they would run, jump, climb trees, play marbles,

and enjoy themselves as they liked, their mamma sleeping as sound as a child. It was delightful to hear their merry voices. For fully an hour they played out in the cold morning air; then when their mother had arisen and I had breakfast ready, they came in. When all were seated, instead of asking a blessing, Mrs. Lane read a fairy story from a child's paper called "Spare Moments," then they ate their breakfast with a hearty appetite, and praised everything; yet they did not have half the variety that Mrs. Harper always had.

After breakfast Mrs. Lane asked the children what they wanted to do. Agnes wanted to dress a doll; Sarah wanted of embroider or draw pictures. Agnes was seven years old and Sarah was four. Thus they spent the day, relieving their eyes occasionally by running out in the garden and playground; for embroidery and sewing is hard on the eyes, and people who do needle work need to look at something away off, and running, climbing and jumping are all good for the eyes.

Perhaps you think that play cannot strengthen the eyes, but it does; you cannot improve any part of your body without helping all. The exercise that does not make active every part of the body is not healthy exercise. Now, perhaps, you will say, embroidery does not cultivate every part of the body; but if you sit in a proper position, and do not sit too long, and if you really love to embroider, your happy thoughts help to cultivate every part of your body. Every thought you think leaves an impression on your whole body. Your hands and feet express your thoughts. But embroidery by hand is only fit for children. It is too slow work for a grown person, and grown up people never should do by hand what can be done by machinery. But it is delightful play for children. It develops the organs of form, color and size. Children need fine work to make their hands supple, and also to keep them from mischief.

CHILDREN NEED SOMETHING TO DO

When I was about five years old I begged my stepmother to let me make a doll's dress, cut, fit, baste and sew it. She refused, saying I was too young. Then I cried for something to do, and she gave me some beans to sort over for dinner, telling me to pick out all the good ones and leave the broken ones and the bits of earth. It was morning, and because I had nothing to do that I liked better, I spent hours playing with the beans. When I got them all ready for cooking I wanted something else to do, but my stepmother said I had done enough. She would not let me go outside for more than ten minutes at a time, because she was afraid I would get lost. I hadn't sense enough to ask for more beans to pick, and I hated to be idle, so I mixed the beans with the earth, that I could have the pleasure of sorting them out again. Just then my stepmother came to get the beans to cook. She had a terrible temper, and you can imagine her rage; but, lucky for me, her hands were fat and soft, so her blows did not hurt much. This experience gave me an idea that it was a sin for little girls to work; that to sit still was the greatest of virtues.

SMELL FROM THE EAST.

When in Canada I knew a family the mother of which kept her large and beautiful house in perfect order and everything clean as a mountain top. The children were always clean and prettily dressed there was a large family, too, and not more than twenty months between their ages. The mother milked two cows, fed the calves, did all her own sewing and washing, studied music, practised painting, and often committed to memory poems to speak at little parties where they used to dance, sing, speak and play games. She always took *every child* with her, and the little ones were as merry as the older ones. She never looked tired, but was always fresh and blooming, and dressed very prettily. I asked her how she managed to do so much work and not be tired. She told me she cooked food for the family not oftener than once in three days, and sometimes only once each week; and she *never baked*. They soaked wheat and ate it raw. They ate fruits and nuts mostly. When she did cook, it was usually a large pot of potatoes that would last three days. Generally she baked them; then they lasted four or five days. She put them in earthenware jars, because those were the coolest, then put the jars in a cool cellar that was shaded by trees. Sometimes she cooked rice and kept it thus. They never tasted food until it was cold, and drank only cold water. The children drank milk during the first three years; after that they drank only water. Nothing was cooked that could be eaten raw. She said that to have beautiful, strong, healthy, white teeth one needs to chew one's food a great deal, and cooked food cannot be sufficiently chewed to keep the teeth healthy. The cooler the blood is kept, the better the teeth will be.

Then she dressed the children in such a way that they could play without getting wet or dirty. She left their arms and neck bare, so they could play in water or mud. As there was less cloth than is usual in their garments, they were more easily washed

I know another family who lived in the forest, near where I was raised, the children belonging to which went all summer perfectly naked. They were the healthiest children on the island, and were always well in winter when many others were sick. They wore only enough clothing to keep them from freezing, and were so poor they thought they had a feast when they got enough cold potatoes and salt to eat. You may think these children endured the cold because they were healthy. I think they were healthy because exposed to the cold, and fed on the very plainest food. You may think I am a crank; but the time will come when the world will be full of such cranks, and when to eat the flesh of any animal will be looked upon with the same disgust people now feel when they think of eating the flesh of the animal called man. Really there is little difference in the *quality* of flesh-animal and human; both are alike poisonous, and unfit for food. All races of flesh-eating animals will even actually die out or become herbivorous

Every one knows that a vegetable diet costs far less than one of meat. The same land that sustains a score of persons now will feed hundreds when men derive support directly from the soil. Our present system is not only barbarous and degrading, but it is exceedingly wasteful, and in one thousand years from now the world will be so densely populated that people will be compelled to abandon flesh-eating, whether they wish to or no. It is true that *fish* can be propagated cheaply and in abundance, but even fish will be discarded in time.) As man advances in intelligence and morality the rate of increase of population will gradually grow less. It is only among the lower orders of life that there are swarming millions. The spiritual man is less prolific. This is the decree of nature, and because it is, the fear of over-population in the future is groundless. The Malthusian idea, which looks so formidable now, will dwindle into nothingness as the race progresses.

That man is ere long to discard the use of flesh as food is inevitable; and the sooner he accepts the inevitable the sooner will he begin to make rapid progress. Wars will then cease, crime will diminish; human hatreds will die; true love will spring into being, and man will then be fairly on the road that leads to physical perfection, to mental and moral improvement, spiritual development, and finally to that state where death will virtually cease, and, as a tired child falls asleep on its mother's breast, so shall we gently close our eyes to scenes of earth and open them in paradise.

The great artist, Benjamin West, tells that his mother once kissed him eagerly when he showed her a likeness he had sketched of his baby sister, and he adds, "That kiss made me a painter."

Spiritualism in California.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—On every hand Spiritualists are talking of organization; but who among them are doing practical work? Dr. Dean Clarke has given the Trumpet Call. Have there been any responses? If so, they have not been published for the encouragement of the timid,

Have any of our California journals knowledge of how many organized societies there are in the state? What is the membership and what the attendance at the meetings? The presentation of these facts would give our people encouragement, and save such a mistake as that made by J. P. Bogardus, who, writing for the *Better Way* of Nov. 28th, says that "outside of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and Summerland, there are no organized Sunday meetings in the broad extent of our state."

To his list can be added the strong, harmonious society of National City, the San Bernardino society, which has had an existence of more than a quarter of a century, and has owned its own hall and grounds for many years. Then there is an old society at San Jose that conducts a Lyceum and holds regular meetings, and a live energetic organization in Santa Cruz. Others may be able to increase the list by reports from different parts of the state, and thus it will be learned that California Spiritualists are more active than they seem. But as the work is now conducted, there is no general knowledge of the strength of the movement, and no means of obtaining it.

Concert of action is necessary if we would know our strength. Active local work brings the desire to know what is being done elsewhere and how it is being done. Interest so excited will naturally lead to a State Convention. Such a gathering would not be a higher court of appeal, nor a campmeeting for lectures and tests; but a meeting of workers—presidents, secretaries, Lyceum leaders and the laity—to report past work and plans for the future, learning by each other's successes and failures how best to carry forward the work. A Spiritualist convention is neither to uphold a creed or dogma, nor endorse or condemn this or that medium or phase of mediumship, but for work. Fellow Spiritualists, let us begin. Sincerely,

San Miguel, Cal. EUDORA B. CROSSETTE.

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Nellie Hayden, of Denver, eleven years ago was a salesgirl in a Boston dry goods store. She invested all her savings, amounting to $300, in Denver real-estate, and by reinvesting her profits in suburban property she has accumulated a fortune of $1,300,000.

Mrs. Susan Gale Cooke, who took Miss Phoebe Couzin's place last spring as secretary of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Commission, is a quick, energetic worker, and has been engaged in charitable labors for some years. She is a New Yorker by birth, and was at one time a manager of the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum.

Addie F. Johnson, nineteen years old, who lives near Talyho, W. Va., has had the entire charge for three years of an engine which runs a grist and planing mill. She has a natural talent for machinery, and can take down and put together an engine as quickly and deftly as any experienced male engineer in that part of the country.

A German woman artist recently made some beautiful painted lace, which is still the rage in Paris. The predominating hue was gold, but paint, not "bronze powder," was used, and small quantities of red and blue were introduced to suit the costume or surroundings. Its charm was the delicacy of its harmony, and it takes the actual touch of finger-tips to convince one that the yellow is not gold.

Miss Sophie B. Wright, of New Orleans, teaches free of charge a night school for working men and boys. This school numbers fifty men and boys whose daily labors debar them from attending schools. Miss Wright is a teacher by profession, and conducts a school called the Home Institute. She is an invalid, and is often compelled to teach her night school supported in her chair by pillows, yet she never wearies in well-doing.

Sufferings of a Spirit.

There are many among Spiritualists who imagine there is no hell. A lake of liquid fire probably there is not; but returned spirits teach that the pangs of remorse, the unhappy mental state of evil doers, continues long after entering the spirit-world. The following wail of an unhappy spirit is given in the little book published by Mrs. Logan, as received through the mediumship of her sister, Lucy Lovinia Browne. The spirit was permitted to visit the circle for temporary relief and to give warning of the unhappiness that naturally and necessarily follows persistent evildoing in this life. Such spirits, in time, grow out of their unhappy condition, but the advance is a growth, not a forgiviness. There is no forgiviness in nature. Effects follow causes. We are what we make ourselves. Even though we inherit evil tendencies there is no way out of low conditions into higher except by growth, and there is no growth without effort.

WAIL OF A SPIRIT.

"Oh I'm so weary! weary!! weary!!! ah! God, how long must I remain in this dark, loathsome cell to linger out a miseable life—more of death than life?" "Oh, how long shall I remain an outcast from society in this miserable damp, cold, slimy hell? Is there no rescue? Is there no God? Is there nothing in heaven, or earth, or in hell on which a man may lay hold and lift himself up out of this dungeon of despair? No! oh no! I see no light, hear no sound, save that of the moanings and wailings of those whom I have wounded and crushed in my fiendish might and will to conquer. My evil deeds rise before me, as grim spectres to haunt my weary life. . . . . The vibratory thought, poisoned with injustice and tipped as an arrow with the consuming fire of remorse, quivers in the halls of memory, and stings as a scorpion the sin-stained soul. I see no light, I hear no sound, save the dull, hollow, and sometimes frenzied echo of my own voice as it reverberates back from the earth-bound shore throughout the vaults of this darkened hell of the condemned criminal that I am. Oh, God! if there be a God! Oh Savior! if there be a Savior! come to me and lift the burden of iniquity from my self-depraved and self-condemned soul. I have tortured the innocent into submission, to gratify my insatiable longings for gold and power; I have laid snares deep as hell and strong as the remorse which now environs me, only to mock at the calamities of those that perished by my fiendish hand. And now from this dreary dungeon of blackness and despair, from this damp, stifling aimosphere, which penetrates every fibre of my being, I ask to be redeemed. I am resolved to make restitution.

To the circle: Would you know why I'm here to-day? It is to relieve myself of this terrible incubus that has weighed me down for years—it seems like centuries, so acute have been my sufferings. But my time expires and I am commanded back to the gloom of my own hell. Good Bye.

Question—Who is this spirit? What is the name of the author of the communication? Will he be kind enough to inform us?

Answer—My name is not necessary to the communication. It is enough that it is true.

The colored women of Boston nominated Miss Alice Miller for member of the school board in that city.

Mrs. Gladstone has contracted to write a series of articles for the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, especially intended for American women. The series will be called "Hints from a Mother's Life," and in it she will tell the method she adopted in bringing up her children.

Mrs. Francis Woodring has held the office of superintendent of a coal mine, at Ashland, Pennsylvania, since the death of her husband several years ago. She employs one hundred and eighty men, and is liked by them all. At an early hour she appears at the head of the shaft, and remains there until the men have all gone to work. She keeps a close supervision over the propping of the mine and the air supply, and is actively benevolent to the wives and families of the miners. Not a single accident has occurred in the mine since she assumed charge of it.

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Glad that We're Living Here Today
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The Angel Kissed Me
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On the Mountains of Charity
Open the Golden Gates Wide

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When the Dear Ones Gather Home
We'll All be Gathered Home
All are Waiting Over There
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